

1912

*M. S. [unclear]*

# -THE-ECHO-



*June 1912*



# -THE-ECHO-



JUNE, 1912.

ALBANY, . . . . .

NEW YORK



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## THE ECHO.

Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before October 15th; single copies 15 cents.

Contributions and expressions of opinions are solicited from the student body and interested alumni.

Address all business communications to the business manager, 82 N. Allen street.

THE ECHO is entered in the Albany Post Office as second-class matter.

# THE ECHO.

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XXII.

JUNE, 1912.

No. 10

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### Literary Department.

#### THE FIRST SPRING RAIN.

When I awoke this morning,  
I heard the sweetest sound;  
'Twas the tap of rain upon my pane —  
Its fall upon the ground.  
And I knew in my heart that the wintertime  
With its cold and snow was o'er,

For the rain drops sang a little song,  
    " The springtime comes once more."  
The clouds in the sky are gray and wet,  
    And the mud on the road is deep,  
But these are the early promises  
    That flowers will wake, that sleep;  
And the little birds along the way  
    Will their old glad love outpour,  
For rainy days, and muddy ways  
    Are the spring's wide open door.

NAOMI HOWELLS, '14.

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### RODOLPH AND HIS KING.

" Tell me, father," said the child at Rodolph's knee, " tell me of the King."

" There is no king, my child," said Rodolph. " What you have heard are old women's tales. Do not believe them, for there is no king."

" But why, then," queried the child, " do all the people praise and call on Him; why do the birds sing of the King; and why do the brooks always prattle His name, as they dance from the hills to the sea?"

" Nay," answered Rodolph, " you imagine these things; there is no King. Believe me, child, there is no King."

So spoke Rodolph; but scarcely had he uttered the words when the cricket in the chimney corner chirped loudly, and his shrill notes seemed to say: " The King — the King." Rodolph could hardly believe his ears. How had the cricket learned to chirp these words? It was beyond all understanding. But still the cricket chirped, and still the musical monotone seemed to say, " The King — the King," until, with an angry frown, Ro-

dolph strode from his house, leaving the child to hear the cricket's song alone.

But there were other voices to remind Rodolph of the King. The sparrows were fluttering under the eaves, and they twittered noisily as Rodolph strode along, "The King, King, King!" Their little tones were full of gladness and praise. A thrush sat in the hedge, and she was singing her morning song. It was a hymn of praise — how beautiful it was! "The King — the King — the King," sang the thrush, and she sang, too, of His goodness — it was a wondrous song, and it was all about the King. The doves cooed in the elm trees. "Sing to us!" cried their little ones, stretching out their pretty heads from the nests. Then the doves nestled hard by and murmured lullabies, and the lullabies were of the King, who watched over and protected even the little birds in their nests.

Rudolph heard these things, and they filled him with anger.

"It is a lie!" muttered Rodolph; and in great petulance he came to the brook.

How noisy and romping the brook was; how capricious; how playful! And how it called to the willows and prattled to the listening grass, as it scampered on its way! But Rodolph turned aside and his face grew darker. He did not like the voice of the brook; for, lo! just as the cricket had chirped and the birds had sung, so did the brook murmur and prattle and sing ever of the King, the King, the King.

So, always after that, wherever Rodolph went, he heard voices that told him of the King; yes, even in their quiet, humble way, the flowers seemed to whisper the King's name, and every breeze that fanned his brow had a tale to tell of the King and His goodness.

"But there is no King!" cried Rodolph. "They all conspire to plague me! There is no King — there is no King!"

Then, in great anger, Rodolph said: "I will go to the moun-

tain tops; there I shall find no birds, trees, brooks, or flowers to prate of a monarch no one has ever seen. There shall be nothing there to displease me with its murmurings or superstitions."

So Rodolph went to the mountains, and scaled the loftiest pinnacle, hoping that there at last he might hear no more of that King whom none had ever seen. And as he stood upon the pinnacle, what a mighty panorama was spread out before him, and what a mighty anthem swelled upon his ears! The peopled plains, with their songs and murmurings, lay far below; on every side the mountain peaks loomed up in snowy grandeur; and overhead he saw the sky, blue, cold, and cloudless, from horizon to horizon.

What voice was that which spoke in Rodolph's bosom as his eyes beheld this revelation?

"There is a King!" said the voice. "The King lives, and this is His abiding place!"

And now Rodolph's heart stood still as he felt Silence proclaim the King — not in the tones of singing birds and brooks, but so quietly, so surely, so grandly, that Rodolph's soul was filled with awe.

Then Rodolph cried: "There is a King, and I acknowledge Him! Henceforth my voice shall swell the songs of all on earth, in air, and sea that know and praise His name!"

So Rodolph went to his home. He heard the cricket singing of the King; yes, and the sparrow under the eaves, the thrush in the hedge, the doves in the elms, and the brook, too, all singing of the King; and Rodolph's heart was gladdened by their music. And all the earth and the things of the earth seemed more beautiful to Rodolph now that he believed in the King; and to the songs of nature Rodolph joined his voice and Rodolph's heart made harmonious response.

"There is a King, my child," said Rodolph to his little one. "Together let us sing to Him, for He is our King, and His goodness abideth forever and forever."

CHARLES A. SNYDER, '15.



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### DESCRIPTION OF SILVER-BOW CABIN, ON LITTLE GOAT MOUNTAIN.

As you come through the last narrow gap in the winding valley, cut through the mountains by Sheep creek, and advance into the broader, level stretch, you invariably pause, as on the threshold of an open door, and look well at your surroundings. The sharp-pointed peaks of the mountains directly in front of you impress themselves upon your sight, then the more gently-molded mountains on either side. And as your eye wanders over the rocky sides, it is caught by a silvery-gray gleam, an elusive spot of light, on which your attention is immediately centered. This little gray spot is nothing but a cabin, set on the edge of a deep ravine which is half filled with snow, even in summer.

The trail winds slowly upward, back and forth and across, and now and then, as you stop to rest, you catch a further glimpse which serves only to excite your curiosity. It soon appears that the cabin possesses a window, a tall stove-pipe, and, if it is noontime or evening, a light-colored film of smoke shows against the snow.

At last you stand on the edge of the ravine, just opposite the cabin, and can note its outer details. The boards have become a silvery-gray color from the winter storms and summer sun; the roof is mossgrown, and sags a little on either side of the ridge-pole; the shed door swings open on its hinges, and the boards are uneven at the bottom, giving it an odd, ragged appearance. A thick iron cable is anchored in an immense pile of rocks on the mountain side above the cabin, and is fastened from there to the ridge-pole, that the snows in winter may not push the frail building from its foundations.

If you are not an experienced mountain climber, you cross the ravine with "fear and trembling," for the path in the snow is

narrow, and it looks to be a very long distance down to where the rocks crop out. In the little graded space before the doorstep, stands an immense chopping-block of gnarled wood, its many cuts giving evidence of the toughness of the scrub pine used for fuel. In all probability, a pile of twisted trunks lies near, to which the miners add a load each night. On the cable hang several pairs of red or gray socks and some heavy, warm underclothing, while a pair of thick shoes is drying beside the flat stone doorstep.

You swing the shed door back and stand on the threshold of a miniature blacksmith shop. There are two or three sacks of coal, a square forge, an old pair of hand bellows, and a tiny anvil crowded into the least possible space, with drills of every size and sort lined up against the wall.

Then you open the heavy door of the cabin itself and enter. The interior is probably about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide; the floor is rough and uneven, and the walls of unplanned boards, with more than one crack. Someone has cut out a few brightly-colored magazine prints and fastened them on the wall, and there is a little mirror hanging under a set of shelves just at one side of the window.

The room does not really boast of much furniture — only a long table covered with a brownish-yellow oilcloth, worn almost through in spots, a Yukon stove, three bunks, some queerly fashioned chairs and benches, and a combination table and cupboard, well stocked with canned vegetables, meats, and a plentiful supply of granite cups, plates, cooking-utensils, and steel cutlery. From the beams hang sides of bacon, hams, and strings of dried onions. A swinging shelf provides a safe place for rice, beans and flour, since mice and weasels are sly little folk, apt to make the best of every opportunity for plundering.

The Yukon stove is a rectangular affair, made of sheet iron, having three holes and a tiny oven, in which, if you are very ex-

pert, you can bake one loaf of bread. It is set on a square bed of rocks and sand, and so brought up to the height of an ordinary stove.

Two of the bunks are double, one set above the other, while the third is built for one person. There are no mattresses, only thick beds of sweet-smelling heather, gathered fresh each week. The blankets are thick and gray, for it is no easy task to pack unnecessary articles up the mountain trail. The little shelves bear a motley array, consisting of quartz specimens, field-glasses, government geological reports, liniments, a bottle of ink, and an ancient, time-worn pen. The mirror is round, and reflects your face in queer wavy streaks, but nevertheless it is one of the most precious possessions of the cabin, for the miners believe that, if a looking-glass is broken, seven years of bad luck will surely follow. Back of the door stand two rifles, both bearing marks of hard usage, and a belt containing shells and two revolvers hang across the corner of one bunk. Beside the door is a bench with a water pail, wash basin and tin soap dish upon it, and, just above usually hang two dirty, rusty-looking towels.

And so, the first impression of the cabin, gained when you enter, weary from the long trail, is not over pleasant. But at night the men come home, and soon the welcome smell of bacon and beans and flapjacks fills the room, while the ringing sound of the mallet beating the white-hot drill into sharpness for the next day, mingled with the slow squeak of the bellows, speaks of life and company. Then and there you decide that the Silver-Bow cabin on Little Goat Mountain is a very pleasurable place indeed, and I may as well tell you that I speak, not from hearsay, but from real experience.

HELEN T. DENNY, '15.

## THE SCYTHER AND THE HOUR-GLASS.

Along the snowy streets of a great city came a man, haggard and stooped. He tried to support himself by catching hold of a post nearby, but the effort was too great, and with a gasp he sank into the snow. People hurried by, but no one glanced at the old, bent man. Soon he made a great effort to arise, and, after many laborious attempts, was again on his feet. Slowly down the street he walked, passing gay drinking houses, whence came the sound of revelry and debauchery.

“Ah!” sighed the old man, “a year ago to-night they were drinking and celebrating in my honor. To-night, it is another, a mere child whom they honor. My allotted time of life is at an end — one short year, ushered in with such celebration and dying out with such pain and sorrow.”

The old man went on, passing a theatre from which came hundreds of merry people. His back was bent lower and his steps tottered. Only once did he look up. His gaze rested on a steeple clock, whose hands pointed to ten minutes of midnight.

“Ah!” gasped the old man, “only ten more minutes to live.” Then he sank into the soft snow.

Soon, a child came running along the lonely road, a child full of life and vigor, a child unspotted by the world’s sin and vice. The old man called out feebly. The child stopped and tried to help him to rise, but it was of no use. The man was dying. In gasping tones he said:

“Child, I was like you a year ago to-night — young, strong, and courageous. I resolved to help the old and helpless even as you have done, but my resolutions were too burdensome. You will soon enter the city where all stand ready to welcome you; opportunities for doing good and evil will be yours, and during your short life you will be called upon to decide great questions, questions involving the welfare of many nations. When it is

over, your shoulders will be as stooped and your body as broken as mine."

The child laughed gleefully and ran along, leaving the old man by the roadside. Soon a great din arose. Bells rang, whistles blew, and cannons boomed. As the clock in the steeple struck twelve the old man died, while he breathed:

"May the New Year do better than the Old Year has done."

ALICE TOOLE, '13.

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### THE FATE OF UNRULY TONGUES.

Once upon a time two literary gents hired a stable rig, and went for a ride, out where the lambs do gambol and the brooks do purl. And it came to pass that the golden sunshine, the green grass, the woodsy odors, all noticed our adventurers and jointly invited them to tarry in their midst. And our urban friends, being good sports, accepted the invitation. So we are not surprised to find them stopping before a farm house and entering into negotiations with the gude wife thereof. And as they went on their way rejoicing, they were poorer by one "bone," but richer by ten sandwiches, two pies, a jug of milk, and a measure of oats; of which lay-out the last-named item shows that they were merciful men, for a merciful man is merciful to his beast.

And as they rode along right merrily, our heroes spied a lovely, shady nook near a babbling little brook — a lovely, shady nook that gave them pause.

"Methinks 'twere well," quoth Hero the First,

"If here we stopped and quenched our thirst."

"Methinks you're right, by all that's truth;"

These were the words of Hero the Twoth.

And, having drunk, they drank again,

And then sat down upon the plain,

smooth surface of a rock and looked about.

“Methinks,” quoth Hero Number One,  
 “I’d feel better if I ate a bun.”  
 “Methinks your thinks are mighty true;”  
 These were the words of Number Two.

And, having eaten, they ate again,  
 And then lay down upon the plain,  
 smooth surface of a rock and mused a while.

Then quoth our Hero who was tall,  
 “We haven’t fed our steed at all.”  
 Then quoth our Hero who was short,  
 “By all that’s holy, we have not.”

And as they were merciful men, for a merciful man is merciful to his beast, it came to pass that they proffered food to their equine friend.

“Forsooth,” quoth our Hero who was thin,  
 “He can’t eat food with his bit in.”  
 “Forsooth,” quoth our Hero who was stout,  
 “He can’t eat food till we take it out.”

So the bit was removed by most gentle hands,  
 And then they loosened up the bands  
 that held the harness on his back.

In short, they unharnessed their steed complete,  
 Gave him his oats, and bade him eat.

From all of which it would seem that not only were our Heroes merciful men, but capable as well; for who can separate a harness from a horse if he be not learned in the art?

[But be not quick to judge, lest you mistake;  
 Our Heroes’ *seeming* capabilities — perhaps are just  
 a fake.]

And the horse did go to his oats with a will,  
 He ate and ate — in short, ate his fill.  
 And, meanwhile, it came to pass,

As our Heroes sat upon the grass,  
 That one did say — the one with a cap —  
 “Methinks ’twere well to take a nap.”  
 And ’tother replied — he wore a hat —  
 “Methinks ’twere well to do just that.”  
 So they stretched their limbs upon the ground,  
 And the sleep they slept was mighty sound.  
 They slept and slept, and then some more;  
 A cough — a restless move — a mighty snore —  
 An awful dream, *and then they swore.*

From which it will be seen that, though merciful and possibly capable, our Heroes were neither angels nor near-angels.

When they awoke, the sun had sunk,  
 So many winks these twain had wunk.

And it came to pass that they took a vote on what should be done, and the result was a unanimous decision to harness up Bucephalus and beat it home.

They got the harness and they got the horse,  
 But it so happened that neither of our Heroes could put the puzzle together. Eventually, with strength of arm and strength of tongue, they got the parts adjusted, all but the bridle. As was said before, though merciful, they had not virtuous tongues; and the gods do frown upon those whose language is too vehement. So it was meet that our Heroes should have trouble, pain and grief.

Full many a try they made to fit the bally bridle,  
 But each and every one was futile, vain and idle.  
 “Methinks,” quoth the one — for food he was wan —  
 “We’ll have to wait for the beast to yawn.”  
 “Methinks,” quoth ’tother—and his hunger was sharp—  
 “We’ll have to wait for the beast to gape.”\*

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\*(The reader will probably notice that these rhymes were made in Boston.)

Here endeth our little story of the two literary gents who hired a stable rig and went for a ride out where the lambs do gambol and the brooks do purl.

What became of them? Well, I'd like to bet,  
If the beast hasn't yawned, they're waiting yet.

HARLEY P. COOK, '12.

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### AN IDYL OF SPRING.

The spring is here! The warm rains fall softly and are followed by sunshine as bright as the gold of Midas. In the city parks the grass is already green, and the trees are beginning to put forth tender, young shoots. The earth is awakening! In the woods the shy hepaticas hide their star-like blossoms among the dead leaves of a season past, the arbutus trails its pink bloom on the soft earth, and the dog-tooth violet peeps out from the most unexpected places. The Jay, in his blue jacket, has long since screamed his cheerful message. Sir Robin Redbreast and his lady have leased Old Elm Tree Castle for the summer, and you may hear their gentle love-calls, piping cheerfully in the morning, when they greet the waking world, and trilling sweetly through the twilight, as they bid each other a tender good-night. The air is full of sweet, earthy fragrance. Life is springing everywhere. The world is beautiful!

Now, in this happy season, when every living creature feels the thrilling of a new joy, I shall tell you a tale of spring flowers and early birds — not a treatise, with long botanical names and zoological terms, nor yet a description of the forest beauties, but a story of the souls that dwell within the bright little flower-



cups, and of the lives of the timid, woodland creatures that few mortals are destined to know.

Ah, you will laugh at me, and say that the flowers have no souls, and the wild creatures are void of understanding; but it is you who do not understand, for your eyes are blinded by constant contact with a hard and unromantic world. So put away the practical, the sensible, and come with me to the land of magic and romance. Listen to my tale!

Once Spring came to the earth — perhaps a year, perhaps a thousand years, ago — for Spring comes ever the same — and the warm sun awoke, with its golden rays, a humble, star-like blossom, which had slumbered all winter in a tiny nook in the forest. The gentle rains nourished it, and the soft earth was its bed, and it looked toward the sky with a great thankfulness in its simple little soul.

Bye and bye the birds began to arrive, and the Hepatica watched them with interest. First of all, the boastful Jay came screaming through the forest, telling everywhere of the great exploits he had accomplished during the winter. After him the Robins came, and they straightway set about building their summer home, singing cheerfully at their task, and now and then speaking gently to the trees and flowers, for the Robins are kind neighbors. Then others came, the Woodpecker, the Oriole, the Catbird, and the gossiping Crow; and they all told of a beautiful land far away to the southward, where the fruits were luscious, and the gardens all abloom with a profusion of gay flowers.

The Hepatica listened eagerly to their chatter, and often wondered what that marvelous country must be like. Then, one day, the Jay came to visit her.

“I am going away to-morrow,” he boisterously announced, as he lit on the ground beside her.

“Indeed; where are you going?” asked the flower.

“ Oh,” said the Jay, winking his beady eyes, and looking very superior, “ I am going back to the southland. The north is too cold and dreary for me.”

“ But the sunshine is very warm and bright,” put in the Hepatica, timidly.

“ In the southland,” continued the Jay, “ the sun is always shining. The earth is warm and soft, and the grass velvety green, and the fountains are playing all the time. The flowers there grow large, and wear richly-colored dresses, and their petals are like satin. You flowers here in the north do not know how to grow. You ought to live in a garden in the south. That is the place to be! ”

The Hepatica was thoughtful, and kept silence, and the Jay continued:

“ While I was in the southland, I lived in a garden, where a lovely lady came to walk. We called her the Princess, and the garden is known as the Garden of the Heart’s Delight. Oh, but the Princess is beautiful! ”

“ Is she like that? ” asked the Hepatica, indicating a bare-footed girl, who came tripping through the forest, a merry little maid, with laughing eyes and tangled, wind-blown hair tossed about her sun-browned face.

“ Like that! ” exclaimed the Jay, in disdain. “ Like that uncouth little creature? No, no! There is as much difference between that girl and the Princess as there is between you and the Rose. Why, the Princess is the fairest being on earth! She is as stately as the Lily, and her hair gleams like spun gold when the sun shines upon it. Her eyes are like two clear pools that reflect the blue sky, and her skin is white as the purest ivory.”

“ And does she come often into the garden? ” inquired the flower eagerly.

“ Yes, every day, and she feeds the birds and caresses the

Roses. The Princess is very fond of the Roses. The beautiful to the beautiful, you know. Well, good-bye, Hepatica, I must go, for I must reach the Garden of the Heart's Delight before to-morrow evening."

The Jay was gone, and the Hepatica was alone once more. Somehow, the sunshine seemed less bright, and the world less beautiful than before, and the flower thought a great deal about the Princess and the beautiful garden. The more she thought about them, the more discontented she became; and so things went on, day after day, until she began to wither and droop with vain longing, and it seemed as if she must die if she could not reach the southland.

But one day there came through the wood a merry little sprite named Puck, and, when he saw the drooping floweret, he stopped to inquire her ailment; for though he often plays mischievous pranks upon the skeptical of mortal kind, he is ever a friend of the gentle wood creatures.

"Alas!" the Hepatica sighed, in answer to his query. "Alas, kind Puck! I shall surely die if I do not obtain what I am longing for!"

"Then you are easily cured!" laughed Puck, twirling around on one toe; for what could a flower wish? A drop of rain, perhaps, or a ray of sunshine.

"Will you really grant my wish?" asked the blossom, now no longer drooping. "Do you promise me, Puck?"

"Yes, I promise you—by that which every fairy holds most sacred. Now, what is your wish, little flower?"

"I wish to dwell in the southland," replied the Hepatica, "in the Garden of the Heart's Delight, where the musical fountains play, and the golden-haired Princess comes to walk."

Puck's merry face grew grave, for he knew that the wish was not a wise one; but his word had been given.

"Think a moment, little flower," he said. "Is there nothing else that you would have instead?"

“No, nothing,” was the answer.

“Very well, then, have your wish!” cried Puck.

In a twinkling the tiny blossom found herself in the wonderful garden. It was morning, and the grass about her was wet with pearls of dew. Above her, the Roses nodded their heavy heads in the gentle breeze, and over all the sky stretched in cloudless blue. The sun shone with gentle warmth, and the music of the fountain, plashing in its marble basin, came faintly from the distance. The wild flower was fairly dazzled by the beauty around her. Only the Princess was needed to make the place complete.

But as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer and warmer, until even the Roses drooped their heads, and the fountain seemed to play languidly in the fierce heat of the tropical noon-day. The rays beat down on the little Hepatica with a merciless warmth that seemed to sap her very life, and she thought with regret of her home in the cool, northern woodland, and longed for a drop of rain.

Soon the sky clouded. Darker and darker it grew. Thunder rumbled fitfully in the distance, and vivid lightning flashed across the heavens. Then came the rain, suddenly, heavily, falling in torrents, and beating down everything in its way. The Roses, on their strong, supple stems, bent and swayed before it, and arose refreshed; but the tender little wild flower, used to the shelter of the dense forest, was crushed to earth.

At last the shower ceased, and the sun shone again. The fountain tinkled musically, and all the plants of the tropical garden seemed revived.

Towards evening, the Princess came, moving with stately grace among the flowers. She was beautiful, the Hepatica thought, yet there was something lacking in her beauty. The flower thought of the barefooted girl, a child of nature, strong, and full of life. Beside her the Princess seemed without ani-

mation. Her blue eyes mirrored no feeling; her pale face expressed no thought. She stooped to touch the Roses as she passed along, but the simple woodland blossom lay unnoticed at her feet.

Later, in the darkness of the tropical night, the Hepatica was lonely. No friendly Robins called good-night; no little brown squirrels frisked by; Puck, with his merry quips, was absent. Even the stars seemed strange and far away, as they winked in the velvet sky. Oh, how lonely she was, and how homesick! The sun had wilted her, the rain had crushed her, the Princess had no eyes for so plain a floweret. How she longed for her woodland home!

“How, now?” cried a friendly voice. “Are you happy in the Garden of the Heart’s Delight?” And there was Puck, seated cross-legged on a rose branch.

“Puck!” cried the Hepatica. “Oh, Puck! Take me home! Take me back to the cool forest, where the sun is not burning hot, nor the rain a cruel, rushing torrent! Take me back to the Robins, and the Squirrels, and all the dear wood creatures, for I am so lonely!”

“And how about the Princess?” asked Puck, laughing slyly.

“Oh, the Princess!” said the Hepatica. “She is not so fair as the Blue Jay said.”

Once more the flower was in her native home. Never before had the woodlands seemed so beautiful, nor the Robin’s song so sweet. Never before had the sunshine seemed more fair, nor life more worth the living. The little Hepatica was happy, for she was just where she was meant to be.

My tale is done. We must leave the magic woodlands and the talking flowers, and depart from the land of romance, to return to the grim realities of this work-a-day world. I have spoken to you of things that are not. I have peopled the forest

with creatures of my imagination, and have woven them into the meshes of a fanciful dream. Now the spell is broken, and my fairy pictures dissolve like the morning mist. Nothing is left but the dim, lingering memory of that mystic land. And yet, if you have enjoyed my story, gentle reader, you cannot have failed to guess its lesson.

HELEN HILTON SHEPARD, '15.

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### THE FATED OPAL.

The misty gray shadows of a winter twilight were falling over the snowy city streets like the ghostly, trailing garments of some spirit band. From far below, the clanging of the trolley cars and the various sounds of toil and confusion arose, muffled and broken. The girl, sitting by the window on the top floor in a tall apartment house, could no longer see the street, nor hear distinctly its discordant noises. She sighed and slowly arose from her chair. Almost supper-time! But it was pleasant to sit in the twilight, and think, and dream.

The door at the end of the hall was opened and was shut with a bang. Swift footsteps came down the passage, and there in the doorway was Jack, the girl's "kid" brother!

"Oh, Sis!" he said, "look here. See what I bought for you to-day in that little Orient store on Broadway. I can't wait to see what you think of it. Open it, quick!"

The girl took the little square box from his hand, and with an impatience equal to his own, untied the red string around it. Under the queer wrapping paper was a little, red velvet ring box, and in the little box, one of the oddest, most foreign-looking rings she had ever seen. She gave a cry of pleasure, and took it closer to the light — an opal, as blue as the sea, set in gold so strangely carved that it attracted her attention more than the

stone itself. The curved prongs which held the opal were as sharp as pin-points.

"Where did this come from, do you suppose?" said the girl. "It is so old-looking and odd, there must be a story connected with it."

"I was just about to tell you, Sis," replied the boy, eagerly. "There is a 'spooky' story about it. I always did love mystery and here's one for you. You know they always say that it is bad luck to wear an opal unless your birthday is in October. I always laughed at that nonsense, though. Yes, yes, I'm coming to the story part. The old fellow who sold it to me felt called upon to tell me that it was a fated stone, and that no person except an October-born could possibly wear it. He seemed awfully scared about it and kept saying: 'Eet iss fated, eet is a fated stone.' Finally I begged its story from him, and possibly the old man was so afraid to tell, that he scarcely spoke above a whisper. It seems it once belonged to an Indian prince, who gave it to a wife of whom he was very fond. She proved faithless to him, and in his rage he used his magic arts to place an everlasting curse upon the ring. Whoever wears this ring, if he be not October-born, is fated to eternal ill-fortune and to terrible dreams of the faithless wife. But to the favored person, who has this stone for his birthstone, it is a talisman, for it is said that its color will change to warn him of danger. Of course I know your birthday is in March, but mine is in October; so if you're afraid to wear the fated ring—"

The girl tossed her head. "I'm not a fraid-cat," she said. Then she patted the ring in its box.

"I like you," she said, "and I'm going to wear you. You may as well make up your mind to it."

The following evening she sat again at the window, watching the ghostly shadows gather over the busy streets. This time she wore the ring — wore it for the first time — to show Jack her

contempt for his foolish "fates and curses." Now and then she looked at it, and thought of its strange, wild story, but her eyes wandered out over the sea of roofs. Engrossed in her dreams and fancies, she did not look around when the door softly opened and closed again, for one of her own family might be passing in, or out, and her thoughts seemed too deep to be disturbed. Then, impelled by some strange force, she turned her gaze from the window, and there in the centre of the little room beheld a terrifying figure. She sat frozen with an unspeakable horror. The Indian princess! It was she! Her black eyes were fixed upon the girl's hands, but she spoke no word. Then she moved forward a step with hand outstretched, and the girl could hear the jingle of the bangles on her bare brown ankles, and of the chains about her neck; could see, too, the soft movement of her red silk draperies and the swing of her long, black braids. She reached forward to take the ring from the girl's hand. The girl tried to scream, but choked instead. Then, bang! went the door at the end of the hall, and the Indian woman fled from the room through another open door, but as she had turned in haste one of her braids had caught in the prongs of the ring for a moment. She was gone!

When Jack came bouncing into the room, his sister stood for one moment looking at him with white and terrified face, then quietly fainted away. When she awoke, she looked at the ring, and there, caught in one of the prongs, was a long black hair. She tore the fated jewel from her finger and threw it into a box on the table. Then she told Jack her story. In conclusion she added:

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, boy, but *I can't* wear that ring again. I hate it. I used to laugh at superstitions. Now it's your turn to laugh at me. Do it as much as you please. I can't wear that ring! As the man in the funny paper says, 'Never again!'"



Jack did laugh. Then he decided to wear the ring. He was October-born, he declared, and he wondered if it would do anything for him. So he put it on his finger, and kept it there. And every time the girl looked at it she shivered.

A couple of months later, Jack announced to his family that he had to go on a business trip and would start west the following day on the 10:30 Empire. The girl, who was sitting next to him, suddenly started.

"Jack! Jack! Look at your ring!" she cried.

The opal gleamed with an orange-red light. It was no longer blue. They stared in silence for a moment, then the girl declared passionately:

"You must not, you shall not go on that train. It's a warning. Oh, brother, that ring will drive me crazy!"

"Nonsense, Sis. You're nervous and excited over nothing."

But "Sis's" nervousness prevailed, and Jack promised to wait for the "Second Empire." They ate dinner together the next day, both continually casting anxious glances at the ring's odd color. They felt troubled and fearful, in spite of their attempts at cheerfulness. Then a noise in the street attracted them. It was of the newsboys calling an "Extra." Jack left the room to buy a paper and when he returned he was strangely agitated. He merely held up the sheet so that the girl could read the headlines. "Terrible Wreck of Empire State," she read. She shivered. Then both with one accord, looked at the opal. It was blue — as blue as the summer sky!

The girl raised her head. "The fated opal! It has the power of fulfilling its fate!" she said.

"We must believe it," replied the boy.

LOUISE H. POWERS, '15.

**CANST THOU DENY?**

Thou callst me beggar,  
And lookst me down ;  
But the coin thou offerest  
Is not so bright  
As one gold star  
In the summer night,  
And that is mine  
As much as thine.  
Canst thou deny ?

Thou callst me wretch,  
And lookst me down ;  
Yet here I stand  
In this oak tree's shade,  
Which not for one,  
But all, was made.  
It shelters me  
As much as thee.  
Canst thou deny ?

Thou callst me fool,  
And lookst me down ;  
Yet what keepst thou  
That I keep not ?  
Thy silk in rags shall soon be rent ;  
Thy gold in vanity be spent ;  
Thy wealth avail  
Thee not one jot.  
But the sky and trees  
Are always here ;  
The flowers bloom fresh

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With every year;  
And these are mine  
As much as thine.  
Canst thou deny?

GRACE M. YOUNG, '13.

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### **Editorial Department.**

There are many things in life, which, because they occur rather frequently and more or less regularly, fail to be appreciated. June brings to us each year, among other things — Commencement. Yet, at each arrival of graduation time, men pause to greet it, for Commencement indeed means much. The world sees, stepping forth into its paths, young lives, which it realizes are destined soon to direct its affairs. To the graduate this time comes, attended by the realization that, "Our sweetest pleasure with some pain is fraught." Commencement is as the summit of a great divide, where college life with its friendships is left behind, and real life, accompanied by memories of the past, begins. But Commencement is above all a time of hope. The limited college world suddenly expands into the great boundless world of human endeavor, with all its successes, all its "slippery turns." The time approaches when we must bid farewell to our Senior class. This is their period of reward and of hope. Let them not leave us without receiving the expression of our trust in the purity of their ideals, our faith in the surety of their success.

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With the Seniors are departing several of the former ECHO board. We know that in the carrying on of the work which

they have left us to do we have their best wishes, and it is our first duty to them to give evidence that their trust in us, the new board, has not been misplaced. Of course, they realize, as must we, that the extent of our accomplishments depends upon the support given us by the student body. But in justice to our fellow-students, let us not doubt that if we do our duty, they will not fail to do theirs. In return for the kind feelings of the old board toward us, we wish for them the joy of winning; yet may each of them be guided in his search for the goal by those words which have always so influenced the deeds of their editor-in-chief, "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true." May success through truth, which is, after all, the only true success, be theirs.

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"Examinations mean hard work, and after that — vacation." Vacation, with what a loving accent do we hear that word pronounced just now. With all of us our enjoyment of vacation is going to depend somewhat upon how we succeed with exams. With most of us, let us hope we may say all, our enjoyment is going to depend quite as much upon the manner in which we passed exams. as upon the realization that we have passed. The end is important, but the means in this case is equally so. Wise men have always known that a clean conscience is the greatest, most fundamental factor in real happiness. We all need to enjoy our vacations, in order that we may return next fall fully prepared to resume our duties with pleasure. Here's hoping that each one may experience "real happiness" in the enjoyment of his vacation.

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## News Department.

### SENIOR NOTES.

For the last time the notes of the class of 1912 will occupy this space. Soon we shall have gone and left this room for those who follow. This might almost be called our obituary notice, but that would not be in accordance with the feeling of the class, whose motto is, "*Non scholae, sed vitae discimus.*" This we shall endeavor to put into actual practice now, as we leave this abode of learning and of the learned, to take our places among the teachers in the schools of the country. A few of us have already taken such places, for a while. Mr. Rice, Miss Bennett, and Miss Flaherty have been substituting. Of course, we have *all* taught and have gained from our teaching; we have all studied and have gained from our studying; we have all learned and have gained from our learning.

Our time is nearly filled with meetings, and with practicing for Class Day, not to speak of ordinary things, such as work.

To THE ECHO and its readers, the Class of 1912 bids farewell.

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### JUNIOR NOTES.

The Junior Class assumed its full dignity with Moving-Up Day. This dignity and good sense was further shown by the election of officers, which was held Tuesday, May the twenty-first. It resulted as follows:

- President — Laura Bristol.
- Vice-president — Charlotte Wright.
- Secretary — Minnie Scotland.
- Treasurer — Nola Rieffanaugh.
- Reporter — Amy Wood.

Miss Lena Tefft, a member of the class during the freshman year, visited the college on May 17th.

We are pleased to have Miss McNally with us again after her long absence.

The class of 1913 will step into the place left vacant by the class of 1912. It is the earnest wish of the seniors-of-to-morrow that they, in their turn, may be as worthy and sincere as the seniors-of-to-day. And the class of 1913 extends the heartiest congratulations to those who, with the completion of this year, complete their college life. May they do honor to their Alma Mater.

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### SOPHOMORE NOTES.

At the last meeting of the Sophomore Class the following officers were elected:

President — Lois Atwood.

Vice-president — Ballard L. Bowen.

Secretary — Marjorie Davidson.

Treasurer — Naomi Howells.

Reporter — Edith Casey.

On Friday, May 24th, a debate was held in the auditorium, between teams representing English II. and English IX. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved: That New York State should adopt the recall of judges." Mr. Pepis, Mr. L. Ward and Miss Kerley from English IX. supported the affirmative. Mr. J. H. Ward, Mr. Wood, and Miss Howells favored the negative. The negative was victorious. Hurrah for English II!

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Miss Jeannette Campbell in the loss of her mother.

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**SENIOR HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS NOTES.**

The class luncheon, given in the green dining-room of the Ten Eyck, Saturday, May 25th, was a very pretty and successful affair. Miss Schliefer, president of the class, acted as toast mistress. Professor Smith, with the officers, and those who were to take part in the exercises, occupied the head table. The color scheme was carried out in the class colors, maroon and corn color, by means of Jack and Lady Hilldale roses. The toasts were as follows:

“Our Faculty,” Lillian Houbertz.

“Our Class,” Emma Zinke.

“Our Alma Mater,” Nina Robie.

“Class History,” Frances Wood.

“Class Prophecy,” Anna Henzel.

“Our Future,” Edna Levens.

Miss Peters and Professor Bronson gave speeches. Professor Smith spoke very inspiringly in reply to the presentation, made by the president. At the conclusion the entire company arose and sang the class song, written by Miss Frances Wood.

The entire class, and the members of the faculty connected with the Household Economics Department, participated in the joyful occasion. As a result, plans are being made for a permanent class organization.

The Senior H. E. class, together with the Freshman H. E. girls, are planning a trip by boat to Kingston, Saturday, June 1st.

Miss Florence Cunningham has been entertaining her sister, Rosemary, of Plattsburg, and her father, of Chicago.

Miss Lourdes Lynch has had as house guests recently Miss Isabelle Sloane, of New York city, and Miss Florence Fisher, of Northville, N. Y.

Miss Alta Everson attended a large dinner party, and also a

bridge party, in connection with the functions of the week-end (May 11th) spent at the home of Miss I. Conant, of Troy, N. Y.

Miss Bessie King, of Coxsackie, N. Y., was the guest of her cousin, Elizabeth Adams, during the week of May 13th.

General house cleaning is going on in the H. E. locker rooms. Those recently seen prostrate before lockers, piled high with debris, etc., were the Misses Windsor, Hoag, Hakes, Clements, E. Smith, Ely, Fleming and Worms.

Has anybody seen Miss Vedder's scissors? Six inches long.

The Misses Frances Wood, Elizabeth Adams, Alta Everson and Belle Windsor took trips over Decoration Day to their respective homes at Kingston, Coxsackie, Fonda and Windsor.

Evelyn Smith spent a few days in New York city recently.

Miss Nina Robie took a trip to the Catskills the week end of May 26th.

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#### FRESHMAN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS NOTES.

Miss Diefendorf entertained her mother May 3-6.

Miss Parkiss, of Amsterdam, was the guest of Miss Comrie during the last week of April.

Miss Dorothy Rogers was called to Graceville on May 14, to attend the funeral of her grandfather.

Mrs. D. Y. Bray, of Union Springs, visited her daughter, May 24-29.

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#### HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

Students of other places may not have known, but we certainly did, that May 18 was Peace Day. This subject formed part of the talk on Current Events, May 17. The pathetic appeal of Senator Tillman for re-election was shown as being in



strong contrast with his past energetic fights in Congress. A most vivid picture was drawn for us of "the Campaigners"—Roosevelt, the fighter, and Taft, the judge. The opinion of our English cousins on the campaign is that it makes it "hard to remember to respect the head of our nation." Needless to say, the English are not the only ones who are having that difficulty. In the midst of the campaign two discussions are being carried on that will perhaps influence future elections. They are, the proposition for a six-year term for the President, and the passage of the "sixteenth amendment," by Congress, providing for direct elections of Senators.

An interesting historical "find" that recently has been placed before the public is the Lamon collection of Lincoln letters which has been sold.

The inauguration of President Hibbens of Princeton was "a landmark in education," and his ideal of the aim of education, "the making of a man," is worthy of this prominent educator. But in the course of study which he outlined as being desirable for a freshman, he included science, English, psychology, and logic, but left out all history, which was an action in great contrast to the proceedings, which were historical.

To those who have attended this course in "History In the Making," there has come a sense of appreciation of events that are occurring now, as well as of events that have occurred in the past. We have not only learned, but we have enjoyed it, and we hope that the interest of the students in this course next year will be so great that it will be given with renewed vigor and inspiration.

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#### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. is nearing its last meeting of the year, not without a feeling of time and of effort well spent. The work

has been fine, the girls enthusiastic, and the results stimulating. There is a Y. W. C. A. spirit, and the girls have it. Keep up your spirit, girls, and come back here next September with more of it than ever, so much more that you can share it with the freshmen who enter next fall.

There have been two meetings since Miss Corbett was here. One was led by Emily Schraeder, whose talk was on "Lessons from the Doubting Thomas."

Then, there was a Silver Bay meeting, and who doesn't get all sorts of good out of that sort of meeting? The delegates of last year again gave their impressions of Silver Bay, which they have given so often before, and which we are always so glad to hear.

And from the first of June on, everything will be — Silver Bay. And why not? Would that Silver Bay could be shared by all of the members, instead of by a chosen few. Girls, don't let anything stand in your way. Where there's a will, there's a way. *Will* to go and you can go, if you *will* hard enough.

The delegates who have been asked, and who expect to go to Silver Bay this year are Helen Odell, Nola Rieffenaugh, Katherine Kinne, Mernette Chapman, Barbara Pratt, Gertrude Wells, Lena Knapp and Laura Sexton. About six others are to go, but have not yet been selected.

The association wishes to extend its richest blessings upon those who will go to represent it at Silver Bay. May they come back filled with that inspiration which lasts.

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### PROMETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Promethean Literary Society gave a luncheon in the "mezzanine" of the gymnasium, on Friday, May the thirty-first. A splendid menu was served, under the direction of the

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committee, and much enthusiasm was shown. The decorations were in pink and green, the society colors. Several toasts were responded to, on the following topics: "Our Faculty," "Our New Year," "The Vacation," "Our Seniors." It is hoped that this luncheon will become an annual event. The interest displayed at this gathering of the members augurs well for the future of the organization.

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### BORUSSIA.

The German play surely was a success. The comedy in itself was highly entertaining, but the clever interpretation by our fellow-students deserved all the appreciation from the audience which it received. Nathaniel H. Pepis took the part of Marsland, "der Gutbesitzer," with most praiseworthy naturalness and ease. Loretta Austin and Olive Maxwell, as Gespielinnen, played their parts so charmingly one hardly wonders at the almost lifelike interpretations which the nephews gave their respective parts — Gerald Pratt as nephew of Lothair Macdonald, and Harold Goewey as nephew of Marsland. Joyce E. Sharer suited the role of "Gouvernante" to perfection, while Gertrude Brasch, as the "Virtue," appeared "recht deutsch." Samuel Hayford, "der Bibliothekar," provoked much mirth, both by his comical "get-up" and clever acting. Anton Schneider, the uncle with the monocle and the fixed idea, showed an excellent command of the "Buhnensprache." Ballard Bowen, the poor "Schneider," took all the fun which was poked at him with such good grace that he won the sympathy of the audience from the beginning. A fine presentation of the German gentleman was given by Earle B. Elmore. The roles of "Kammerdiener" and "Kommissionar" were faithfully enacted by Neil Quackenbusch and Charles Snyder. When the

curtain fell for the last time the audience seemed to have caught the spirit of the play, for such expressions as "Ganz gut!" "Recht schon!" "Vollkomme!" were heard on all sides.

At the next regular meeting of Borussia new officers will be elected for the following year. For the last meeting a special literary program has been arranged, after which refreshments will be served.

The outgoing members of Borussia wish for those who remain a prosperous and successful year. We hope the work will be taken up with renewed interest next fall, so that Borussia may become in all reality what it aims to be — the center of German spirit in the College.

Auf wiedersehen!

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### THE JAPANESE GIRL.

Wednesday evening, May 22, a large number of the student body, with many of their friends, assembled in the auditorium to listen to the very attractive operetta, "The Japanese Girl," given by Prof. Belding's chorus singing class. The operetta depicted in a charming manner the festivities attending the debut of a Japanese girl.

Miss Emilie Hendrie, in the leading part, was all that could be wished in a Japanese girl. The other solo parts were well rendered by the Misses Becker, Cunningham, Worms, Barnet, Blair, and Seigle.

One of the features of the operetta was a Japanese dance, in which the entire chorus took part.

The stage, decorated to represent a Japanese garden, was a fitting background for the prettily gowned girls of the chorus.

Great credit is due all those who helped to make "The Japanese Girl" the success that it was, especially to Prof. Belding, the musical director.

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**BASEBALL.**

The Normal nine was defeated by the Albany Y. M. C. A. team at Ridgefield park on Saturday, May 18. The cause — lack of practice, and strong opponents.

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**GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.**

Have you seen the S. N. C. seals that some of the girls are wearing? The association is proud to be the donor of the college letters to those of its members who have become proficient enough in basketball and tennis. At the regular meeting held on Wednesday, May 8, the letters were awarded to the members of the champion basketball team, the Juniors, with the exception of those who had played in but one match game. The Juniors on the team were Misses Duncan, Coghlin, Scotland, Wood, Bristol and Toole. To the Sophomores and Freshmen who played in the match games were given the class numerals. Those of the Sophomores who are now privileged to wear the blue and white '14 are Misses Sexton, Starr, Wells, Campbell, Pier and Davidson. The Freshmen who are now wearing a '15 are Misses Alberts, McKillegett, Rickon, Mosier, Chapman, Pratt and Denny. The Misses Ploss, Surdam and McGovern also received numerals.

The walking trips have been enjoyed by a portion of our members. On Friday and Saturday, May 10th and 11th, Kenwood was visited, while on Saturday, May 25th, Devils' Den was the scene of a most thrilling baseball game. Reports conflict as to the numbers attending. But that matters little. Suffice it to say that the walking clubs are a successful feature of the association's activities and will be continued next year.

The association extends its best wishes for a happy vacation to all its members. While on vacation trips, think of the association, and seek to gather new ideas for next year.

**DELTA OMEGA NOTES.**

The annual week-end festivities of the Sorority took place May 10th and 11th. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Wm. B. Aspinwall entertained the girls at her home on South Lake avenue. On Friday evening a dance was held in the gymnasium, which had been prettily decorated with palms and the colors of the Sorority, gold and white. Saturday noon the girls enjoyed a luncheon at the Knickerbocker.

Those who came for the week-end festivities were: Mrs. Nellie Cochrane Van Alstyne, of Chatham Center; Mrs. Flora Haviland Seamans, of Glens Falls; Miss Edith Perry, of Saratoga; Miss Rose Markham, of Haverstraw; Miss Eleanor Marsh, of Boston; Miss Helen Bennett, of Norwich; Miss Pauline Rockwell, of Rensselaer; Miss Elizabeth Ovitt, of Mechanicville; Misses Elizabeth Wheeler and Edna Smith, of Schenectady; Miss Berna Hunt, of South Glens Falls; Miss Leah Hollands, of Watervliet; Mrs. Wellington D. Ives, Mrs. William B. Aspinwall, Miss Eunice Perine, Miss Anne Cushing and Miss Charlotte Loeb, of Albany.

Misses Le Compte and Woolworth spent the week-end of May 18th at Hudson.

The girls at the Sorority apartment gave their last "at home" for this semester on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 20th.

Miss Elizabeth Williamson spent the week-end of May 25th with Miss Ethel Everingham at her home in Delmar.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 29th, Dr. Richardson gave us one of his interesting talks, which we all enjoyed very much.

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### PSI GAMMA NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Sorority was held May 18th, at the home of Miss Hope Duncan. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Hope Duncan; vice-president, Miss Beatrice Wright; recording secretary, Miss Marjorie Davidson; corresponding secretary, Miss Helen Quick; critic, Miss Edna Hall; treasurer, Miss Harriet Maynard; chaplain, Miss Marie Simmons; literary editor, Miss Clara Dater.

Miss Edna Hall has recently been entertaining Miss Jessie Cleveland.

We were glad to have Mrs. Holt, of Union Springs, a charter member of Psi Gamma, with us the past week.

Miss Beatrice Wright, who has been ill for the past month, is very much better, and we are delighted to have her back with us.

Psi Gamma heartily welcomes her new faculty member, Mrs. Frear.

The last meeting of the year was held May 30 at the home of Miss Helen Quick. After the installation of officers a short entertainment, in honor of the Psi Gamma Seniors, was given by the remainder of the sorority.

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### KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

On Memorial Day the Kappa Delta girls, with the faculty members as guests, enjoyed their annual picnic to the Helderbergs.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn spent Decoration Day at the home of her sister at Red Hook.

A party of the Sorority girls and friends spent the afternoon and evening of June first at Ballston Lake.

The Misses Pratt, Rieffanaugh, Wells and Kinne will be among the Y. W. C. A. representatives at Silver Bay this summer.

The last regular meeting of the Sorority was held Tuesday evening, May 28th, when the officers were elected for next fall.

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### ETA PHI NOTES.

Since the last issue of the ECHO three very delightful meetings of the Sorority have been held. At the last meeting officers for the next year were elected. They are: President, Esther Mitchell; vice-president, Martha Kinnear; secretary, Jessie Cole; treasurer, Myrtle Vine; marshal, Ruth De Freest; chaplain, Elizabeth Otte; reporter, Pearl Shaffer.

On the afternoon of May 18th Eta Phi held a theater party at the Hall. In the evening, at the home of Edna Burdick, the Sorority gave a shower in honor of the "engaged girls," Florence Keller, Adeline Raynsford, Frances Seeley and Lillian Houbertz.

Eta Phi will hold her annual breakfast at the Ten Eyck on June 15.

The picnic to Kingston on May 30th was a most enjoyable affair.

Miss Betsey Smith, of Camillus, visited her sister, Helen, May 25-29.

Lillian Haubertz, Lela Farnham, Helen Smith and Grace Wilcox spent the week-end of May 11th with Edith Gilmore, at her home in Salem.



## Alumni Department.

The Alumni Association will give a reception and luncheon to the class of 1912, on June 18th, 1912, following the Commencement exercises.

The regular annual reunion and banquet of the Alumni Association will be held on Friday, October 18th, 1912, instead of the usual time in June.

The engagement of Miss Minnie Higginson Schultz, 1908, to Mr. William Arnold Spicer, Jr., of Providence, R. I., has been announced.

Miss Mary Denboe, 1910, will teach mathematics in the Schenectady High School during the coming year of 1912-13. For the last two years Miss Denboe has been teaching in Jamesburg, N. J.

We have received short visits from Miss McHenry, Miss Sheboe and Miss Phillips, all of the class of 1911.

The State Normal College as a whole, and the French Department in particular, will suffer a loss by the resignation of Miss H. Louise McCutcheon, A. B., Pd. B. Miss McCutcheon has been head of the Department of French in this institution for eight years, and during that time has done most splendid work. Previous to teaching here she taught in Brooklyn Heights Seminary, in Short Hills High School, Short Hills, New Jersey, and in the Geneseo State Normal School. Miss McCutcheon is a graduate of Vassar College, and of the State Normal College, 1903. She has also studied in Paris, at Columbia University, at the University of New York, and at McGill University. The best wishes of the students go with her to her new work in New York city.

## FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

“ Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,  
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign;  
And loose your fingers in the tresses of  
The cypress-slender Minister of Wine.”

These words keep coming to my mind, as I hear frantic students ejaculating wildly about me, heedless of disturbing my lofty thoughts, and even worse — regardless of the fact that this is the “official hour” of Colonel's nap. The great problems that confront you, my dear students, will still be unsolved when you “have shuffled off this mortal coil!” So you might better make a “bingle” than a bungle. And what will it all matter a thousand years from now, whether or not you passed a few paltry exams.? Why, they never had them when I was young, and lived on Olympus. What is this life, any way? Some one has defined it as “merely the interval between the time your teeth are almost through and the time when you are almost through with your teeth.” So it doesn't pay to gnash your molars and wear away your brief span of existence.

That wine that Omar speaks of — I wonder if it is as violent a stimulant as a certain concoction called beef tea, concerning which I heard much discussion the other day. A certain damsel, worthy, indeed, to be a pupil of Socrates, astonished me by the following fact: “There is absolutely no nutriment in beef tea! Absolutely none! No, I don't care what the doctors say. You consult Hutchinson's Food and Dietetics, page 170, and you will find all my statements corroborated!” (What a martial sound there is in that last word as it booms forth!)

Jokes have been very rare this month — that is, they have needed more cooking up. I like a nicely browned joke. I take to it, as the English teacher says, as a duck takes to water (—for *divers* reasons).

"Procrastination," they say, "is the thief of time." Perhaps he is accountable for various other missing articles that mysteriously leave their locker-homes.

I am becoming clear flabbergasted over the Teddy-Taft race. From all I can gather, Teddy is a "fizzle" and Taft is a "fuzzle." Or, is Teddy a "fuzzle" and Taft a "fizzle?" One drinks milk, and the other water, but what has that to do with the gentle art of governing?

History has ever appealed to me, because I was always an eye witness. There is a phase of this great science that has not been treated adequately. They learn here the History of Civilization, with its blood-curdling(?) shocks, History of Art (nothing to say on that), History of Music (which speaks, or rather sings, for itself), and, of course, History of American Biography, where the professor told that terrible(?) joke about Lincoln. But what of the History of Dress? Did not your modern Lincoln once say: "A skirt divided against itself cannot hobble?" No, you even spurned the classic harem skirt. "I might lecture on this topic, but I prefer to have you look it up. Refer to McDonald's Select Documents."

Friday, the last day of May, to be accurate, at quarter after the hour of four, *apres-midi*, a strange and weird sound floated down the stairs. The snake at my feet writhed in agony, and I, myself, so forgot by dignity as to look curious. That the noise came from the mysterious above bothered me much, for I had always set an ideal for the angel choruses. Seizing my spear firmly in the right hand, I decided to rush to the scene of revelry. The earth itself was all a-tremble, for what grim ghost of classic ages did not turn in his grave and say: "Who taketh my name in vain?" Slowly it came to my wondering mind that the dearly beloved odes of Horace were being flung ruthlessly to the breezes! Ah! cruel fate! They called it a "Latin song." I add that it is worthy of becoming a Latin "sing-song."

Did you all hear of the canine over in the clay modeling department? Quite a thing, that. If I were an artist, I would draw it for you, with the dejected-looking tail and the saucy-looking head cocked on one side, and the hopeful-looking tongue, about to take a round trip of the mouth. *Cave canem!*

There is a saying that goes something like this: "Matter is dirt out of place." Now, a certain freshman of pale features and studious complexion found a news boy standing at my feet the other day, contemplating my august visage. In righteous wrath the student seized the lad by the wrist, exclaiming the while —

"O matter and impertinency mixed,  
What desireth thou?"

And the boy, with me in his last fond gaze, died! I cite this instance as a refutation of the so-called decline of modern bravery.

"Nothing succeeds like success" is the watchword of one of our honored faculty. In order to join the Down-and-Out Club, you have to nominate yourself and second the motion! Smile! Obey that impulse! "Everybody's doin' it now!" "Be a Joiner!"

Now, you are going to leave me for a while. Some of you are not coming back. I am moved to quote this little toast:

"Happy are we met,  
Happy have we been,  
Happy may we part,  
And happy meet again!"

It's vacation! Vacation! That is the cry. Those last few days of June, which are all the more sweet because of the bitterness which precedes them;—the antithesis of the times, you know! Then come the sultry burning days of July and August, with little to vary the monotony of the weather,—with farmers

complaining because of the lack of rain, and the pretty picnic girls because of the occasional presence of it. Then September, with its return to work, and the same old story of trials, failures and success. That's the way it has been ever since I've been. No matter how much of my intellect I've tried to contribute to the minds of these masses, they are ever glad to leave a loyal friend — Minerva, Athene. They are always glad to sing as sang one student not many moons ago :

“ Goddess of the reeking study,  
To whom we poured libations  
Of near-coffee, turbid, muddy,  
Ere the dawn of recitations,  
We renounce you,  
Stern denounce you,  
Task maid of procrastinations,  
How we hate you!! . . .  
But we fete you,  
Fair our lady of flirtations!  
Goddess Venus,  
Come and wean us  
From the mirthless monastery!  
We are frowsy,  
We are drowsy,  
And our locks are long and scary.  
We've been ages  
Glued to pages;  
Come, sweet goddess, smile you, tarry! . . .  
In your glances,  
Songs and dances,  
We refute the seven sages!  
For, Minerva, we are weary  
Of this humdrum life of grinding;  
Give us now a little respite,  
Pleasure now in life we're finding!”

So you see I feel that I've had one of the biggest courses that is given here,— a course in disappointment, like that history man said Stephen Arnold Douglas didn't have. Poor Stevie! "Put not your trust in princes," Roosevelt, or Land, or what was it the Fra said? I would say put not your trust in students — for they're ever glad to leave you.

But then, I'm becoming terribly pessimistic. I do believe it's because I'm getting tired myself. Of course, they should be glad to leave these halls for a couple of months,— "if not, why not?" Haven't the dear people labored hard and long? Mine should be, not to lament their careless departure, but rather to wish those who go with rejoicing and anticipation all the happiness and pleasure they can get from this summer,— the gladness of the birds and the other bright things with wings,— and those few who go with sorrow and regret, for there are some, those whose college days are over,—to them be the peace and joy that comes from living to the full,—getting all the good possible from life,—and from work! Auf Wiedersehen! (From the Greek.)

Minerva's talks are o'er. If she has said aught that is displeasing, may she have your pardon, for she has meant to be fair. Remember, these things have been from *her* point of view, and she may not, even in her eminence, have commanded a broad view. It would seem well to close as we began,—

"O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us,—  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us."

AMY WOOD, '13.

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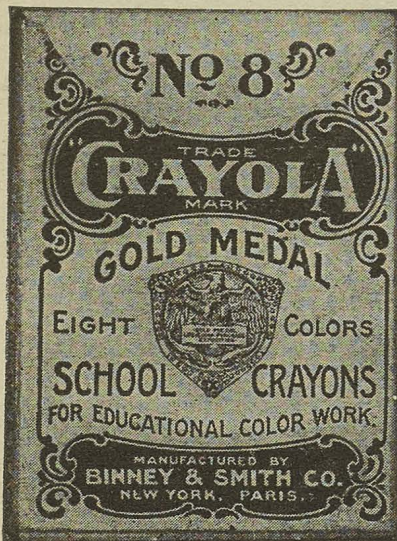
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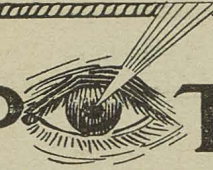
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