

VOL. 15

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Contributions are solicited from alumni and undergraduates, the only requisites being merit and the name of the author accompanying the article. Matter must be in before the tenth of the month.

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before January first; single copies, 15 cents.

In accordance with the United States postal law, THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid and notice of discontinuance is received. Please notify us *at once* of any change in address.

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager, Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

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THE ECHO.

VOL. 15.]

ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1906.

[No. 4.]

Christmas in India.

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks — the
sky is saffron-yellow —
As the women in the village grind the
corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each
calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern day
is born.

O the white dust on the highway!
O the stenches in the byway!
O the clammy fog that hovers over
earth!
And at Home they're making merry
'Neath the white and scarlet berry —
What part have India's exiles in their
mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks — the sky
is blue and staring,
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the
yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path
who is past all hope or caring,
To the ghat below the curling wreaths
of smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly,
As ye bear a brother lowly —
Call on Rama — he may hear perhaps
your voice!
With our hymn-books and our psalters
We appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid "good Christian
men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks — the
sun is hot above us,
As at Home the Christmas Day is
breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner —
those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be
gone!

O the toil that knows no breaking!
O the Heimweh, ceaseless aching!
O the black dividing Sea and alien
Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it,
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it;
And to-day we know the fullness of
our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks — the
parrots fly together —
As the sun is sinking slowly over
Home;
And his last ray seems to mock us,
shackled in a life-long tether
That drags us back howe'er so far we
roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment —
She is ancient, tattered raiment —
India, she the grim Stepmother of our
kind.
If a year of life be lent her,
If her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut — we may not look
behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks — the
 owls begin their chorus —
 As the conches from the temple scream
 and bray.

With the fruitless years behind us, and
 the hopeless years before us,
 Let us honour, O my brothers, Christ-
 mas Day!

Call a truce then to our labours,
 Let us feast with friends and neighbours,
 And be merry as the custom of our
 caste;

For if "faint and forced the laughter,"
 And if sadness follows after,

We are richer by one mocking Christ-
 mas past.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Whoever has felt the pangs of homesickness will understand and appreciate the significance of this poem. It is worth knowing because it expresses with intense pathos the heartache that overwhelms those parted from their nearest and dearest, and compelled to spend Christmas in a foreign land and among an alien people. The contrast between what is going on "over Home" and there in India, repeated in three stanzas, emphasizes strongly the feeling, bitter regret for the choice of India instead of England.

The five divisions of the poem, corresponding to the natural divisions of the day, give an artistic quality to the structure, only second in value to the theme.

—Margaret S. Mooney.

A SCENE IN FIVE ACTS.

- I. Called up by the Phone.
- II. Called in by the Professor.
- III. Called over by the clerk.
- IV. Called down by the Doctor.
- V. Called round for his trunk.

A Winter's Sport at Saratoga.

It was during the holiday vacation that we received the invitation from one of the members of our class at High School to join him in the fun of coasting on the steep hill near his home. Our host lived a short distance from the village, near Lake Lonely. His home was on a hill directly overlooking the lake, and the slope from the front of the house to the lake was just steep enough to send the toboggans flying down to the lake and often out to the center of the glistening sheet of ice, for enough snow had fallen to insure a good quantity on the slide and the weather had been cold enough to make the sleighing fine.

It was a bright afternoon when we gathered at our house to wait for the sleigh which he had promised to send for us. Shortly before three o'clock it arrived in the shape of his father's "bobs," with a quantity of straw and a number of blankets in the bottom to keep us warm. In a short time we were started and a merrier crowd of boys and girls would be difficult to find than ours, as we went on our way singing, shouting and blowing horns.

At length our ride was over and eager to be at our sport we refused the invitation to come in and get warm, and at once raced off to select from the toboggans the one that we wanted. There was one for every four of us and away we started toward the slide. Then the fun began in earnest. Taking our turn at the starting place we were pushed off and went flying to the bottom, followed by the shouts of our friends and the flying snow disturbed by our swift course. As fast as one load reached a safe distance another toboggan was started, and thus a continual line of them was always on the

slide. After some time at this jolly sport a horn sounded which startled most of us, but which we found to be a summons to the house. On reaching there we were shown into the parlors where a bright fire was burning. It was a welcome sight to all, although most of us had been so intent on coasting that we failed to notice how cold we were for the mercury had dropped with the sun.

After we were warm we were shown to a large dining-room where all sorts of delicious eatables awaited us. There was no need for urging on the part of our host. Every one was hungry after the vigorous exercise and all did justice to a hearty supper. When the supper was over the tables were cleared away and dancing was the next feature of our entertainment. Waltzes and two-steps were danced, with once in a while a Saratoga Lancers. All enjoyed the fun and were sorry when one of the party asked if it was not growing late.

Then came the finding and putting on of our outer garments and the merry good-nights, with the general opinion that we had had "the best time of our lives." The ride home was only a repetition of that going out, only the crowd more tired than earlier in the day, was not so hilarious. Then, as we were most of us to leave home in a few days, we separated with farewells and best wishes for each other's future success.

— Mary Riley.

Prof. Cook—What did you think I was trying to do with you?

Mr. Kays—I thought you were trying to roast me.

Prof. Cook—Even tho' I am a "cook" I never roast, but I sometimes fry a little.—Northern Illinois.

An Autumn Soliloquy.

There's many a day in Autumn,
That season of cloud and rain,
When burdens long forgotten
Return with increasing pain.

There's a dreamy, lonesome yearning
That fills the heart with dread;
We sigh for a nameless something:
For hopes of the past, long dead.

Perhaps; but why this sorrow
For visions of days of yore?
They're gone with Summer flowers
To the land of nevermore.

Arouse thee from slumber, dreamer,
Shake off this weight of grief.
This time of doubt and shadow
And trouble will be brief.

Behind these clouds is the sunshine.
To-morrow they'll vanished be.
They're sent for a trial only,
A test for Eternity.

— C. A. Alexander, '02.

"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing in the world except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace."—Henry Van Dyke.

The Event of the Greatest Significance in the American Revolution.

From the time of the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans, from the days of the Israelites and Philistines, since the Persian invasions of Greece, the great nations of the world have waged wars for the purpose of gaining freedom. As a nation develops from infancy, it grows stronger through commerce, education, and increase in population. Soon the time arrives when the people realize their need of and desire for self-government, and their ability to take charge of the affairs of their home land.

Such a time, in 1775, came to the American colonies. With an ocean separating them from their king, and with the rapidly increasing population, they were fast becoming a people destined to be a free and independent nation. Granted certain rights by Parliament, they had enjoyed features of self-government for years. Indeed, they had gained more privileges and concessions than had any other colony of England. When, however, the mother country began to withdraw these privileges the American colonies at once became incensed and resented the action. It was then they discovered their desire for a nation of their own; to be governed as they wished and unrestricted by the will of any monarch.

War was declared against England. But for a time they hid the discovery even from themselves, trying to believe that their purpose in the war was to gain their former rights under the British crown. But in the summer of the year 1777 it was clear to everyone that the American colonies were fighting for a free and separate life. For two years the patriots had belched forth their wrath in passionate outbursts of war.

For a year the Declaration of Independence had waved its brilliant truths before the faces of the brave colonists; and with that glorious proclamation to urge them on the time was now ripe in which to show their ability and to win life for the United States of America. With their small army of untrained country men, under the officers which this infant nation had brought forth, opposed to the numberless, well-trained forces of King George the Third and the English crown, the work to be done was great and serious with an outcome doubtful to all. Burke had realized the true portent of the war and had worked in vain for conciliation. Now, the combatants understood it was a war which allowed no concessions, by compelled a decision by the vanquishing of one of the contestants.

The cause of the colonies had been hallowed by defeat. Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, Sullivan had met disasters at Flat Bush, the British occupied New York, Washington had been forced to retreat through the Jerseys, leaving Long Island and the lower Hudson open and exposed to the attacks of the enemy. Moreover, General Burgoyne had captured the strong fortress of Ticonderoga. An English fleet had sailed up the Hudson and had been met at Albany by an English general. All these things had strengthened the Royal invasion.

But the valiant colonists had also tasted the fruits of victory. In that awful December of 1776 Washington had dispelled all possibilities of danger from Trenton. Now, Boston was free from the British troops and, what was better than all, the colonists had awakened with a new vigor and vitality to meet this decisive year of the struggle. The southern colonies had been aroused. Tennessee, indignant with the king for

using Indians in the war, had severed connections with England. Georgia and the Carolinas had joined in the struggle, and Virginia had shown her spirit by the troops and generals sent out. The whole country was aroused, and the spirit of the contest now declared that the fight was now for the continent.

In New York the tide of war surged the highest during this critical summer. It was General Burgoyne's plan to gain the territory from Fort Oswego to the Mohawk valley, and from here to urge on his conquest of the other colonies. This was the wedge he desired to cut in the heart of New York; and with New England thus cut off from the other colonies great and decisive victories could be won for the crown. Lieutenant-Colonel Barry St. Leger was to march through the Mohawk valley subduing Fort Schuyler as he went. Then he was to join his troops with Burgoyne's force at Albany. With St. Leger's forces were a large band of Indians under Joseph Brant. All the "Six Tribes" except the Oneidas were represented.

At Fort Stanwix, known as Fort Schuyler to the patriots, was Colonel Gansevoort with a small troop of men. The employment of the Indians, who had been ravaging and scalping from the day the British crossed the frontier, had roused the people as nothing else could have done. The frontiersmen and pioneers rose in all directions in response to a call from General Herkimer, for the work of the Indians had awakened them and aroused a fierce spirit of revenge in their American hearts. Eight hundred men gathered at Fort Dayton and, under the leadership of General Herkimer, marched to meet St. Leger.

The result was the battle of Oriskany. Here was the pivot of the whole war.

It was on this battle that the outcome of Burgoyne's plans depended. As the troops advanced from Fort Dayton St. Leger, through Brant, watched their movements. The little band halted at Oriskany and Brant, with his Indian cunning, chose the ravine in which an ambush should be laid for them. The royal troops left camp at night, and in the early morning of August 6, 1777, they lay hidden in and around the ravine at Oriskany. In numbers they were not less than 1,200 men. Indeed, it was of vital importance to St. Leger that the patriots should not successfully attack him, and on that account the largest and best force was sent out to meet the onset.

General Herkimer's force left Fort Dayton August 4th, crossed the Mohawk river at the place where Utica now stands, and reached Whitestown on August 5th. From this place a messenger was sent to Colonel Gansevoort, telling him that General Herkimer would advance as soon as three cannon assured them that aid was ready and a sortie would be made to meet them. But the messenger was delayed and the desired signal was not heard. Fearing Fort Stanwix might be lost by delay, and urged on by his impatient officers and soldiers, General Herkimer gave the command to "March on," at the same time telling them they would be the first to flee at the approach of the enemy.

About ten o'clock they reached the ravine. The untrained band marched in disorder, eagerly pressing forward without a thought of encountering the enemy. Suddenly cries were heard and dark forms rushed out from all sides, surrounding the band. Rifles blazed and tomahawks were hurled into the air. Men fell everywhere. The patriots though surprised, were by no means

overcome by this sudden attack. They were, indeed, familiar with this kind of warfare. Here was a chance to prove their bravery, courage and endurance.

Hand to hand they fought with the crudest of weapons. Here two men stood behind one tree, one firing while the other reloaded. There, with a fierce war whoop, a sleek Indian, brandishing his tomahawk, forced a brave soldier to the ground. Now the patriots were divided, and General Visscher with the rear line was separated from the rest and surrounded, having most of their men and supplies captured. General Herkimer, who was wounded early in the fight, was propped up against a tree on his saddle. From here he issued commands and encouraged the men. Throughout the deadly strife he sat there and calmly smoked his pipe. In this way the gallant old man answered the taunts he had received a few hours before from his men and proved his bravery. At times the fight grew close and the knife ended the fierce struggle. "Ubique plurima mortis imago." Everywhere death was present in many a form. This was not a display of science or military skill; but men stood against men and both sides felt, nay, more, were overwhelmed by Grim Death.

During the fight a severe thunder storm arose, offering respite from the struggle. In this interval plans were made on both sides. Soon after the battle was renewed, a troop of Johnson's Greens, disguised as patriots, drew near. However, their artifice was discovered and thirty of the disguised band were killed. For a time the struggle went on but soon the Indians, discomfited by their losses, turned and attacked the royal troops. Then, raising their cry of retreat, "Oonah! Oonah!" they turned

and fled into the deep forest. The Royal Greens heard the firing of the advancing reinforcements from Fort Stanwix. The British troops fell back and, after five hours of hard fighting, one of the most desperate and bloody battles of the American Revolution came to a close.

The advance from Fort Stanwix, headed by Colonel Willet with two hundred and fifty men, was successful. The patriots raided the British camp, obtaining supplies and letters which were very valuable to them. Also, they captured five British flags. These were raised aloft on Fort Stanwix beneath an American flag roughly made from coats and shirts. This was the first time the flag of the United States had waved in triumphant victory over British colors.

What made this battle the event of the greatest significance in the American Revolution? Surely neither its numbers nor the military training and skill of the participants. True, it is not recorded with Saratoga as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. What, then, was its portent? The battle of Oriskany was the pivot on which the outcome of the whole war turned. Without Oriskany Saratoga would not have been possible, and "everyone admits that Saratoga was the turning point in the American struggle." This heroic sacrifice of a gallant band of patriots saved the American cause.

As at Thermopylae, Leonidas and his little band of Spartans gave their lives to prove that while they lived the Persian hosts would not gain entrance to central Greece. Thus, in the narrow ravine of Oriskany, was fought a battle by 800 yeomen of New York which gained a victory as creditable to the valor of the men who won it as any in the world, and the event of the American Revolu-

tion which made possible the freedom and liberty we to-day enjoy. Thermopylae was lost, but the sacrifice of that noble Three Hundred has passed down into the annals of history as a deed of heroism, stoicism and patriotism. Also, Oriskany brought to view the courage and bravery of those German farmers.

The forces of St. Leger were greatly weakened by the battle and the subsequent siege of Fort Stanwix. When Colonel Gansevoort, at the fort, was relieved by Arnold, St. Leger raised the siege and fled. His advance to Burgoyne had been checked. Their meeting at Albany was prevented. The dread uprising of the royalists in the Mohawk valley was now made impossible. Most important of all, the Indian allies, who had met with many losses at Oriskany and who saw no hope for plunder and spoil, had deserted the British.

The effect of the battle upon the American colonists was electric. Although at Oriskany, as at Mantinea, both sides claimed the victory, yet Oriskany by its results marked the true turning point of the war; and, as John Adams said, "It showed the patriots it was possible to hold a post." However, the true significance of the battle can be shown most plainly by a clear, concise statement of the following facts:

The battle hemmed in St. Leger, Johnson and Brant before Fort Stanwix. It cut off from Burgoyne his right arm, St. Leger. Burgoyne's own statement proves that his failure was due to the prevention of a royalist rising in the valley, and to the gallant, heroic work of Herkimer and his noble band at Oriskany. Had Oriskany and the siege of Fort Stanwix been won by St. Leger the result could not have been other than fatal. The Mo-

hawk valley would have been overrun by Tories. Burgoyne would have gained Albany and General Gates would have been forced to succumb. Even had the battle ended in a decisive defeat St. Leger could have marched back to Oswego and opened a retreat for Burgoyne. This, however, the delay at Oriskany and the siege of Fort Stanwix made impossible. The outcome of the whole affair was the defeat of General Burgoyne at Saratoga and the winning of the cause for which the colonists fought so long and bravely and in order to obtain which so many brave lives were sacrificed. This nation to-day is the leading country of the world and loved by every American with the truest and best love with which he is endowed by nature.

As written in a poem by General J. Watts De Peyster —

"If our country is free and its flag first
displayed
On the ramparts of Stanwix in glories
arrayed;
If the old 'Thirteen Colonies' won the
renown
'Sic semper tyrannis,' beat Tyranny
down.
There, there at Oriskany, the wedge was
first driven
By which British invasion was splintered
and riven;
Though at Hoosic and 'Saratog' the
work was completed,
The end was made clear with St. Leger
defeated.
Nor can boast be disproved, on Oris-
kany's shore
Was worked out the grim problem in-
volved in the war."

Indeed, how true are these words. 'Twas at Oriskany the invasion of the British was checked and weakened. It was there that the Stars and Stripes first waved over British colors. That banner has never since been lowered. May it never see defeat; and may America forever retain the liberty made possible in the struggle at Oriskany by the gallant, glorious sacrifice of General Herkimer's little band.

— Florence G. Brown, '10.

An Old Fashioned Garden.

Roses and hollyhocks, stately and tall,
Grew in profusion by my garden wall.
Dahlias, nasturtiums, zinnias, phlox,
Beds of sweet pansies bordered with box.

Monkshood and larkspur, purple and
white,

Tall, stately primroses blooming at night.
Marigolds, asters, someone's heartsease,
And in one corner a wealth of sweet peas.

Here, four-o'clocks told us the time of
the day,

There, Jack-in-the-pulpit was holding his
sway.

Pink morning-glories climbed over the
eaves,

Hiding themselves in their large heart-
shaped leaves.

Oh, what a number of beauties untold
Blossomed and faded in gardens of old!
Old-fashioned gardens have now had
their day,

But their sweet mem'ries will ne'er pass
away.

— Elizabeth F. Shaver, '08.

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

He rejoiced in the not very humorous name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. Few of his friends had escaped the lash of his tongue, and he had victimized many by his practical jokes — in fact, he never lost an opportunity of being funny. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and naturally a name like that was too good a chance to miss.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone!" he said gaily; "and how is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Oh, quite well, Mr. Wood," was the reply. "How is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"—Harpers Weekly.

A Story of Our Village.

One of the first things a stranger would notice in Rapid City is a large hill, on the summit of which is an immense pile of rocks which look as though they had been dropped on the hill and had been cracked by the fall. On the side of the hill, stretching out one long, bare branch to the rocks, stood a tall, old pine tree. The hill itself looks suggestive of a story but the name, Hangman's Hill, is even more so.

In the spring of 1877, in a little town in Ohio, a mother and her son were standing at the door of their home. The mother's hair was grey; she had borne many sorrows and misfortunes. Her husband, her daughters were dead. She had no one left except her boy, and now he was about to leave her and go into the great West, to the Black Hills, to join the band of seekers after gold. The mother looked on this country as a land of dread. Had not Custer and three hundred of his cavalry been massacred there by the Indians only the year before? How she hated to have her son go, but he was so determined that she could not stop him.

As the boy told his mother of his schemes and talked of the fortune that was to be his only for the taking, his face became flushed with excitement and confidence of youth. Despite the fact that he was leaving his home there was reflected in his eager face some of the bright spring morning.

"Just think, mother," he said, "they say that the gold in the Black Hills lies right on top of the ground. Why, may be in a year I will come back rich and then you can have everything you want. There, Mr. Johnson is at the gate; I must go."

His mother took him in her arms and kissed him.

"Good-bye, Charles; God bless you and keep you; good-bye," she said tenderly.

"Good-bye, mother; remember in a year you can have everything you want," and he ran down the path and climbed into the large prairie schooner.

The mother watched at the door until the wagon was out of sight; then she turned slowly and went into the lonely house.

The journey to the gold fields was long and tiresome and to restless Charles it seemed they never would reach their destination. Every day he watched eagerly for sight of the Hills which were to bring him such wealth.

When, at last, the Hills were visible in the distance the travelers were still two days' journey from them.

The first settlement near them was Rapid City. Here Mr. Johnson rested his horses for a few days and then they pushed on into the Hills. About five miles from Rapid City some part of the wagon broke and it became necessary to stop and fix it. When they had gone some distance farther they were overtaken by two men on horseback, driving a number of other horses which they said they were taking to Deadwood. They offered to take Charles with them if he would help them to drive their horses. Mr. Johnson and Charles had determined to go to the Hill City but the newcomers told such glowing tales of Deadwood that Charles concluded to accept their offer.

They pushed their horses to their utmost speed and planned to get into Deadwood before nightfall. Charles was so anxious to reach Deadwood that it never occurred to him to question their desire

for such haste or the men's frequent glances behind.

At the top of a divide they paused a minute and looked back. Charles saw a party of horsemen coming down a hill about a mile away. His companions saw them, too, and with a quick exclamation and a sharp cut to their horses they tore down the hill.

"You'd better run, boy," they shouted back to Charles.

Not knowing why, Charles followed their example and urged his horse down the hill. But the race was unequal; he was a poor rider and his horse was tired while those of his pursuers were fresh. They soon caught up to him. He was unceremoniously jerked from his horse and his hands and feet roughly tied. The two men went on until their horses were visibly exhausted.

"It's all up with us, Sam; we may as well give up," said one, hoarsely.

"They've got us sure this time," and he pulled up his horse.

"Well, you've got us," he turned defiantly to the crowd.

"Have you got anything to say for yourselves," asked the spokesman of the crowd.

"'Twouldn't do much good, would it?" said one.

"Yes; you've caught us for fair."

"Well, boy, what have you got to say," they asked.

The poor boy could only stare. What did it all mean? The crowd laughed hoarsely.

"The boy wasn't in it. We never saw him until to-day," spoke up one man.

"What Pete says is so," said the other.

"You don't come that dodge on us," answered a man in the crowd. "We've got you 'nd you don't get away. You've all got to hang!"

Hang! Could it be possible? Yes, he saw it all now. The fast speed, the hurried backward glances — these men were horse thieves. Could the crowd think him guilty? Even the thieves had declared him innocent. They had started for town. As the realization of the truth came to him Charles began to plead with his captors, to beg of them to let him go, but they were either deaf or answered him with cruel gibes.

They were in sight of town, headed for a high hill with a large pile of rocks on top and a tall pine tree near the rock. Up this hill they went. Charles saw the men pull out their ropes and fasten them to the tree.

"You fellows will be sorry for this. We never saw that boy till to-day," again said one of the thieves. Then — he was gone.

Was this to be the end of all his hopes? Would his mother ever know what had become of her boy? Oh! that he were back in his home in Ohio. He was roughly pushed forward, a rope was thrust around his neck — a jerk — and he felt no more.

About a year ago, during a terrible windstorm, an old pine tree on Hangman's Hill was blown down. There were several men in our town who were glad to see it go.

— Juliet Mosier, '06.

B——n (giving out hymn) — May we sing No. —.

Leader — 23?

We always laugh at teachers' jokes,
No matter how bad they may be;
But not because they are funny folks,
But because it's policy.

—Ex.

A Poem to the Seniors.

We are glad to tell you, dear Seniors,
We have chosen the color green,
And we hope you are not disappointed
In your most happy dream
To make us poor, little Freshmen
Appear so conspicuously new
By labeling us with a ribbon
Of such a brilliant hue.
It shows to the world around us
We're as green as the ribbon we wear;
But then, we can't be endowed with
The wisdom the Sophomores bear.
Next year we will have the glory
To play our part in the game,
And the poor, little Freshies of next year
Will have to wear the same.
So now we are patiently waving
That beautiful color green;
But then you must always remember
Things are not always what they seem.

— B. S. W., '10.

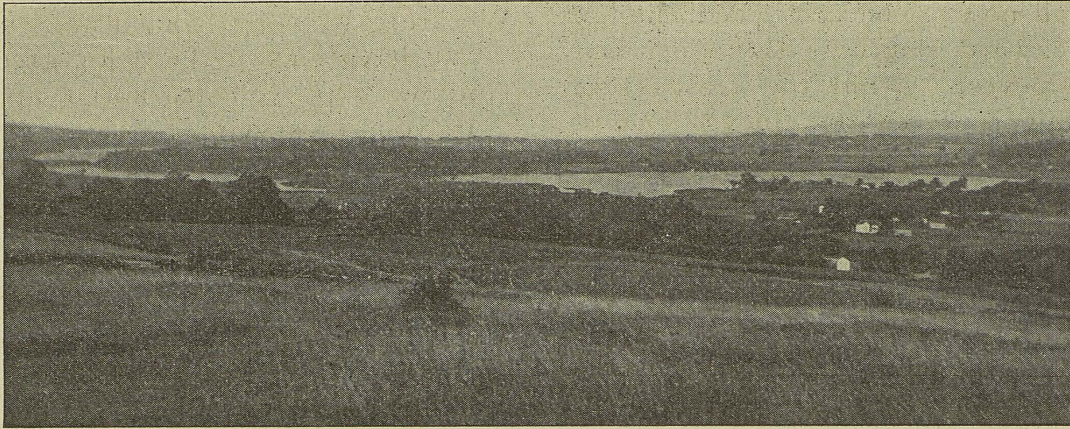
TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY.

A janitor in a school threw up the job the other day. When asked what was the trouble he said: "I'm honest and won't stand for being slurred. If I find a handkerchief or a pencil 'bout the school I hang it up. Every little while the teacher or some one that is too cowardly to face me gives me a slur."

"In what way?" asked the officer.

"Why, a little while ago I saw written on the board, 'find the common multiple.' Well I looked from cellar to garret and I wouldn't know the thing if I met it on the street. What made me quit my job? Last night, in big writin' on the black-board it said: 'Find the greatest common divisor.' Well I says to myself, both of them darned things are lost now and I'll be blamed for swipin' 'em, so I'll quit."

—X.



Bird's-eye View of Cassadaga Lakes.

Lily Dale.

If we take a railway map of New York State and look in the north central part of Chautauqua county we shall find, on the line of the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburg R. R., a branch of the New York Central, thirteen miles south of the city of Dunkirk, a station marked Lily Dale. The information thus obtained would mean but little and would excite no interest until we are told that at this place is situated one of the most beautiful summer resorts to be found anywhere in this grand old State of ours. The assembly which meets here every summer, during the months of July and August, is called the City of Light Assembly.

Lily Dale station is situated on the west shore of the middle one of a chain of three beautiful lakes known as Cassadaga Lakes. The assembly grounds stretch along the eastern shore of the upper and middle lakes, which are connected, as are the middle and lower lakes, by a long, narrow channel. This channel is spanned by a steel arched bridge, resembling closely the one which spans the lake in Washington Park. During the months of July and August the margin

of each of the lakes is thickly studded with those most beautiful of flowers, the *Nymphaea* or white water-lily, so called because dedicated to the water nymphs. From this fact the valley has aptly been styled the Dale of the Lilies, whence the name Lily Dale. At the lower end of this chain of lakes is the village of Cassadaga.

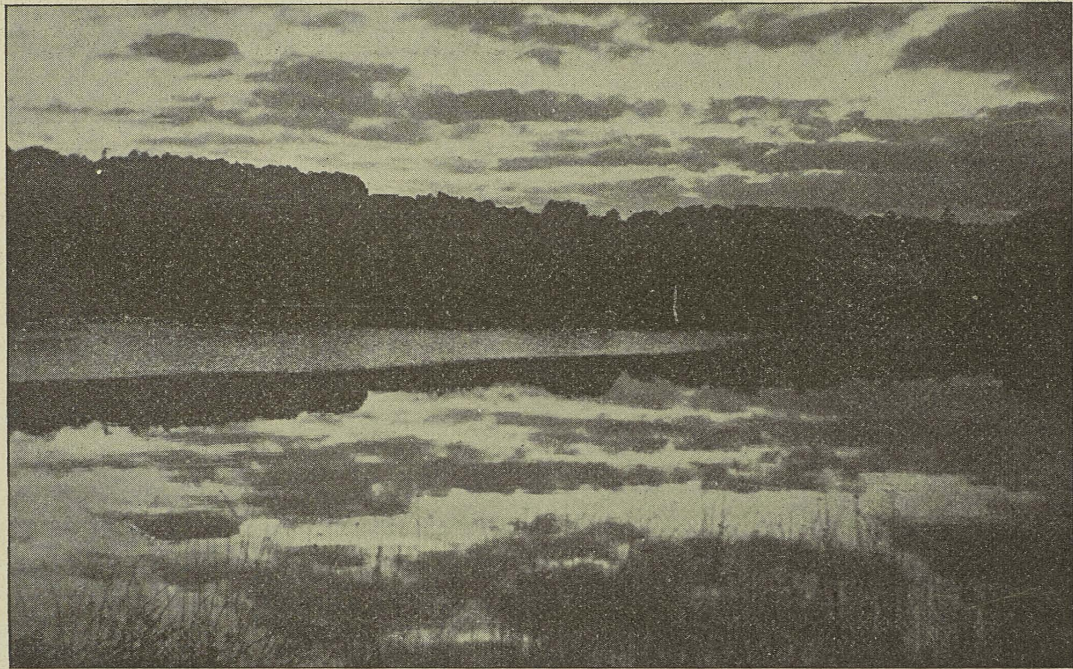
The lakes lie at an elevation of 750 feet above Lake Erie, which makes them 1,297 feet above the sea. They are surrounded by hills which rise from 500 to 700 feet above their level. As one is driving from the village of Stockton, which lies to the westward, and reaches the summit of the hills and looks down into the valley upon the lakes and the village of Cassadaga, the lines of Goldsmith involuntarily come into his mind as the most fitting description of this, one of the most charming views upon which the eye can gaze:

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.”

Standing here, we feel some of Thoreau's intense love and appreciation of Nature flowing into our being when he calls a lake "the liquid eye of Nature."

It was from this vantage point that the birdseye view of Cassadaga lakes was taken. These three lakes form a huge crescent with a distance of two miles between the points. This crescent, in its emerald setting scintillates in the light

with stately maples. Distance, in this case, does not lend all the enchantment, for the lakes lose none of their charm because you come closer to their shores. Following the maple-shaded drive and passing through the pleasant village of Cassadaga, we turn northward along the east shore of the lakes. The drive here follows the windings of the shore and at every point new and exquisitely beautiful



Sunset on Cassadaga Lake, Lily Dale, N. Y.

of the morning sun as if set with that most royal of gems, the diamond. The heavy growth of timber on the eastern or opposite shore from the observer is the spot occupied by the City of Light Assembly. None of its buildings are visible from this point because hidden by the thick grove.

As we descend from this point the lakes are lost from view and do not again appear until, a mile or so farther on, we come upon them again, suddenly, upon our left, after passing along a drive lined

vistas open up before you; the sparkling lakes on the one hand, dotted with water lilies, both white and yellow, and with small craft, from the naphtha launch down to the rowboat, and on the other an alternation of cultivated field and woodland. Water everywhere is Nature's mirror. On its surface is reflected every changing mood with equal fidelity, whether it be the bright sunny smile of a June day or the angry frown of the approaching storm. These lakes are no exception and, should we care to linger

along their eastern shore until Phoebus drives his golden chariot beyond the western horizon, we would see his departing glory mirrored, in all its gorgeousness of color, on their shining bosoms.

Following along this winding drive we come first to the Leolyn House on the left, with its spacious grounds and well-kept drives. Directly across the street is quite an extensive grove of stately pine and hardwood trees. Here are preserved all the primitive conditions except for the drives and paths leading through it, whereby one may the more easily explore its secrets. Just at the rear of the Leolyn House, and between it and the lake, is a fine mineral spring, the water of which is free to all and is equal in medicinal qualities to that of the famous Cambridge Springs in Northern Pennsylvania.

Only a few rods to the north of the Leolyn stands the entrance gate to the City of Light Assembly grounds. Over the entrance is an artistic iron arch, painted white, in which are wrought the words, The City of Light.

Just a word of explanation as to the conditions prevailing within this gate and the purpose of this assembly may be of interest. First and above all it is a propaganda for spiritualistic and all occult principles. Before we may enter the gate we must pay our respects to the gatekeeper whom we cannot pass without a word of introduction. He is one of those characters comparable only to the cicerone of some noted public building and, like that worthy, he is a perfect encyclopedia of information concerning all points of interest. He has held his present position for nineteen years and so is competent to give quite accurate information. Some of our facts are gleaned

from him; some from observation, and still others from those in authority and from former publications.

The assembly grounds proper contain fifty-two acres, lying along the eastern shore of the middle and upper lakes. They are covered with beautiful trees just as Nature planted them and laid out in regular streets. There is an auditorium which seats 1,500 people. There are 182 cottages, besides 19 public buildings, among which is a library containing over 1,300 volumes. Aside from this there are all the conveniences of a city without its attendant noise and confusion. There are complete electric light, water and sewage systems. The gatekeeper will tell you that the grounds are not policed, yet there is never any disorderly conduct. Quoting from the official program we find its purpose stated thus: "Twenty-seven years ago Lily Dale was dedicated for the upliftment of mankind. From year to year it has developed, and stands to-day, at the head of all Summer Assemblies in breadth of its scope, including Science and Religion, Philosophy and Metaphysics, Music and Art, Mental and Physical Culture, as well as Psychic teachings."

The amusements are those of the average summer resort situated on a charming body of water and in a beautiful section of country. There are boating, dancing and bowling. In this age, where everything is under the shadow of the eagle's wing, we are all supposed to have passed beyond the influence of gods and goddesses; but, in the shady groves of the City of Light, we find many worshipping at the shrine of Venus. And, in some seasons, the Prince of Archers spends a few days on the shores of the beautiful Lakes of Cassadaga. Here, also, the disciples of Sir Isaac Walton find sport

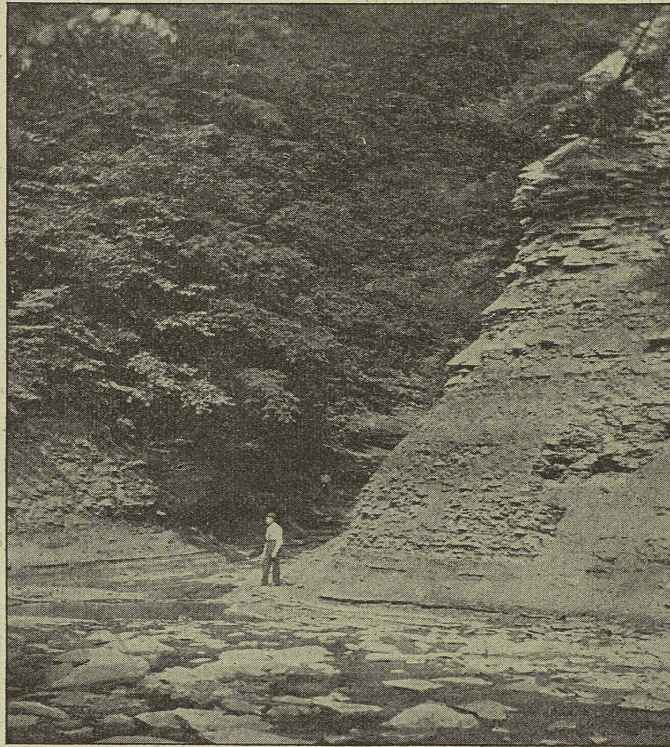
worthy of their rod. The lakes are well stocked with some of the best members of the finny tribe, black and yellow bass, perch, German carp and muskallonge. Of the latter, that most royal of freshwater game fish, individual specimens weighing forty pounds have been taken by local sportsmen. Carp have been taken from the outlet of the lake that weighed twenty pounds. Aside from these amusements and sports there are also excursions to nearby points of interest both scenic and historic.

The surrounding country possesses an interest not alone for the mere seeker-after-pleasure but for the student of geology and of archaeology as well. A casual glance at any good geological map will show that the surrounding region lies within the limits of the ancient ice sheet. There are evidences that at some former age the lakes covered a much greater extent of territory than at present. Two or three small lakes, known as mud lakes, are found nearby that are now in the process of being filled up with vegetable growth; as is evidenced by the fact that one, standing near the shore and jumping up and down, will cause the surface of the ground for several rods in every

direction to tremble. The same conditions are found near the outlet for some distance below the principal lakes. Here are also found extensive deposits of shellmarl which could have been laid down only at the bottom of still water. An hour's drive from Lily Dale will bring you to the beautiful Gorge of the Canadaway Creek where it flows through the Arkwright hills. Here you will find a series of cascades, the highest of which is fully thirty feet. This gorge rivals, in a small way, the famous Ausable Chasm. Here the student finds ample opportunity to study the rock formation.

The evidences of the existence of a prehistoric race in this region are not so conspicuous but are, nevertheless, convincing to the student of archaeology. These evidences

are the remains of fortifications which bear marks of great antiquity that indicate the existence of a nation far more civilized than the present races or any known tribe of North American Indians. Some of these old fortifications are within an hour's drive of Lily Dale. "A series of fortifications extends from Cattaraugus creek to the Pennsylvania line on the south shore of Lake Erie, a distance of fifty miles. They are



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS, CANADAWAY CREEK GORGE.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

— THOMAS MOORE.

elliptical in shape, and some are from two to four miles apart and others less. Some contain five acres. The walls are of earth and are generally on ground where there are appearances of creeks having once flowed into the lake or where there was a bay. Hence, it is inferred that these works were on the margin of Lake Erie, whence it has retreated from two to five miles northward."—Moulton.

Trees from 150 to 300 years old are found growing on these embankments. Earthen and stone pipes and utensils of various forms are found within and around these walls. Old roadways are found in various places which evince a good degree of engineering skill. These have been proven to be artificial by cuts made through them by the Lake Shore railroad. All of these things go to show that "our advent here is but one of the chances of time."

All of these features of Lily Dale are not seen and appreciated by every visitor nor by any one person at his first visit; but, like some great masterpiece of art or literature, each succeeding visit brings added pleasure and profit.

John B. Brunson, '08.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the motor car was coming down on the right side and the dog-cart was trying to pass the motor car, you saw the plaintiff between the carriage and the dog-cart or the motor car and the dog-cart, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the carriage, dog-cart or motor car, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."—Ex.

Ecclesiastes.

1. A stranger arrives in the land.
4. He meeteth Elizabeth, sister of Jesse.

10. The stranger sickeneth. 20. Elizabeth's mourning turneth to rejoicing.

1. Draw near unto me, O ye nations, and give ear, O ye people, to the story of Augustus, son of Rudolph, of the tribe of Germans, from the city of Chicago, and of Elizabeth, sister of Jesse, of the tribe of Americans, of the land of Steuben.

2. Treasure it up in thine hearts, and remember the teaching thereof, for the story indeed is true and the teaching is simple.

3. Now, behold! in the latter days there appeared in the land of Steuben, a stranger, and he was a man of mighty valor, tall and exceedingly fair. His name was Augustus, son of Rudolph. Selah.

4. And it came to pass that as he sojourned in the land that he met a maiden, yea, even Elizabeth, virgin sister of Jesse, ruler over that land. And as he looked upon her, lo! he loved her; yea! he loved her as his own soul.

5. And it came to pass that he spake unto Elizabeth, sister of Jesse, in the language of her fathers, howbeit brokenly, and said:—

6. "Elizabeth, thou hast known me now, for lo! these many months. Now, therefore, if it seemeth good unto thee, if it please thee to grant my petition, let it, I pray thee, be proclaimed that we are to be wed." Selah.

7. And Elizabeth said, "It is well, my beloved, even as thou hast spoken."

8. Then they appointed for themselves the wedding feast, and the news thereof was proclaimed abroad; even unto the

borders of Bath and Corning was it known.

9. But Augustus returned to Chicago, even to his father's country, there to attend to the affairs of his house, and make ready for his beloved.

10. And lo! he sickened, and was taken to an hospital, and the disease was pronounced typhoid, and he was very sick.

11. Now, it was so that Augustus had a friend, even Fredolph, son of Hans, who was to him as a brother; yea, even as David and Jonathan, so were they. Selah.

12. And Elizabeth received a post from Fredolph saying, "Lo! thy beloved, my friend, has passed away."

13. And Elizabeth was sad, yea, exceedingly sorrowful, and her mourning was, as it were, cries of anguish.

14. And all the people said, "Behold, she loved him exceeding much." Selah.

15. And as she mourned, behold! another post cometh from Fredolph saying: "I send unto thee greetings; yea, even the greetings of Fortune, for lo! Augustus hath left thee money, even the half of all his treasure. Of gold and silver there is plenty and of precious jewels not a few.

16. Meet me therefor, I pray thee, in the city of Buffalo, on the 15th day of the month June, there to receive the treasure due unto thee.

17. And it was so, as Elizabeth read these words that she was comforted and she began to make ready for the journey.

18. Now it came to pass as she drew nigh unto the gates of the city that Fredolph, son of Hans, met her, crying "Hail, Elizabeth. Thrice welcome art thou, for lo! I have good tidings for thee."

19. And he led her to an inn.

20. And he said: "Lo! thy beloved was sick; yea, sick unto death. And while thus his mind departed from him and left him, as it were, a lunatic. And the doctors of medicine said, 'He surely cannot regain his right mind.'"

21. Therefore, I wrote unto thee, "He is dead," saying, it were better that she never know, than that she realize his present condition.

22. Howbeit, in the course of time, it chanced that his reason returned unto him, and he began to mend. Selah.

23. Now, therefore, we said among ourselves, "What say we to Elizabeth?"

24. And Augustus spake unto me and said: "Bring her unto us, and let us reveal ourself unto her alive." And now, behold thy friend.

25. And as he spake, lo! the door opened, and there appeared Augustus, fully recovered and in his right mind. Selah.

26. And she was astonished and cried, "Augustus, O my beloved!" and she fell upon his bosom and wept; yea, great tears of joy wept she there.

27. And they were wed that very day.

28. And the happiness of that couple was very great.

Help me to see Thy Face,
To know Thy Will divine,
To do my duty as Thou bid'st,
In humble service for mankind.

Keep me from being swayed
By the world's enticing smiles,
From seeking happiness alone,
In pleasures wandering fires.

Guide me in paths aright,
Rugged tho' they be,
That I may find at last
A home prepared for me.

—Hermonite.

The Pink Tea.

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might have
been.'"

They sat upon the campus green,
The little Freshman class,
But not a one could ere be seen —
They were so like the grass.

A Senior quartet passing by,
With haughty, scornful air,
Heard the Freshmen's gushing cry
But little did they care.

"O! can it be," said one Senior,
"That we were 'Fresh' last year?
Ah! we were then the very shade
That they are now, I fear."

O haughty ones, beware! beware!
Take our advice and boast, O! ne'er,
Lest when you're taken unaware
You'll find that you are napping.

And now, unto all who read,
We wish to make it known
Our Freshies all have chosen green,
How well it suits them has been seen.

All this was done in a special meeting,
And arrangements were made to give
a greeting

To classes all in the Chapel Hall,
For time they saw was quickly fleeting.

These children dear a party planned,
Pink tea and cookies they'd serve.
In faith, 'twould be a stunt so grand,
'Twould even weaken Senior nerve.

Freshy maidens, one, two, three,
Delighted now and full of glee,
Laughed and danced and laughed He!
He!

And swore their friends to secrecy.

But alas! the boys went home,
And that night, as they thought it over,

Around their rooms strange shapes did
roam,
O'er their beds, Seniors' shades did
hover.

Morning light did 'waken them,
Swift they rushed to school,
Now the project they condemn,
Poor, silly little —.

These Freshmen called a meeting
straight,

Then was held a bitter debate;
Squelched were the little maidens three,
"Oh, no," said the boys, "it can never
be!"

To tell the truth, they had "cold feet,"
Their poor little knees were shaking,
They 'fessed up in this second meet,
'Twas for *College Spirit* their hearts
were quaking.

But the girlies then did weep sad weeps,
"There, little girl, don't cry."
Seniors' ghosts didn't make *them* creep,
But, "there, little girl, don't cry."

So, noble we name this one attempt,
For the Freshies sure did try;
For slower bodies we hold — contempt?
Hold, Seniors dear, don't *you* cry.

"Oh! can it be," said one Senior,
"That note-books ne'er will cease?
When 'zaminations' all are o'er
We'll give a merry feast."

The Seniors now are not "in it,"
For still they're thinking o'er,
The way to entertain — nit,
As others have done before.

They are still thinking.

Finis.

— By the class of '08, with apologies
for crudity.

EDITORIAL.

A MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of THE ECHO.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men" is the sentiment which makes a happy Christmas.

Give to others even as you would have them give to you. The gift itself is not enough;—"the gift without the giver is bare."

CHRISTMAS, the foremost festival of the Christian world, is near at hand. Students of our schools and colleges will soon be hastening home to spend the holidays, and even before the day fixed for closing the class-room door for the holiday vacation a silent exodus of youths, filled with the Christmas spirit, will begin. Christmas does not seem all it ought to be unless the whole family can gather about the home hearth on Christmas morning, and the impatience of the young man or woman who is away at college to join the home circle is not only natural, but praiseworthy.

Though the Christmas season is largely devoted to the transfer of gifts from friend to friend and the expression of words and sentiments of good will to our fellows, yet it will not be complete unless some part at least of Christmas Day is set apart for praise and thanksgiving to God for the Unspeakable Gift which he gave unto the world. The gifts received and the good things enjoyed should not be allowed to hide from the view the vision of the Christ, whose birth

we celebrate, who taught when upon earth by example and precept that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and who, at every stage of His earthly career, gave gifts unto man.

THE ECHO wishes its many readers a Merry Christmas.

BEFORE the next issue of THE ECHO will be in your hands a new year will have been ushered in. The year 1907 comes to us freighted, not only with great possibilities and opportunities, but also with equally great responsibilities. Stop and think this over before making your New Year's resolutions.

A MEETING of the entire student body will be held next month (the time and place will be announced soon) for the purpose of electing a new Board of Editors for THE ECHO. It is hoped that this meeting will be largely attended. We believe that it will be. Every student, whether a subscriber or not, has an interest in his college paper, and should exert every effort toward securing the strongest and ablest Board possible. All students who are now subscribers to the paper and who are, as a result, especially interested in the paper, will need to have no arguments advanced to show them that, if they are to serve their own best interests well, they will not fail to have a voice in the choosing of the new Editors.

To those students, however, who are not subscribers, or supporters, of the paper, we wish to speak a few words. Fellow-students attend this meeting. If

you have not deemed the paper worthy of your support in the past, come and help select a Board that will produce a paper more to your liking. If the paper is not what you think it should be, — and we must assume that it is not, be present at this meeting and explain your ideas of how the paper can be improved and turn your influence toward the selection of a Board that will carry out your reforms.

A full attendance at this election will insure the success of THE ECHO for the last semester of the present year. Under such circumstances not only would the most efficient management be chosen, but the new Board of Editors would be given the enthusiasm for their work which is so essential and which can come only from the students themselves, those in whose interests the paper is published, those for whose benefit the Editors labor. Is it asking too much to ask that every student attend the meeting for the election of the new Board of Editors?

WE have yet to hear of one of our graduates expressing regret at having become, early in his course, actively associated with his class organization. We have heard many a graduate, who became connected with his class only during the last few weeks of his undergraduate work, say that the great regret of his course was that he had not earlier identified himself with his class, that he had not learned, until so late in his course, the pleasure and profit derived from a closer association with his classmates.

There are a number of students in college now who are making this same mistake of not becoming active members of

their respective classes. There are Seniors who have not attended a class-meeting this year. There are Juniors whose faces have never even been turned toward a Junior meeting. And so on.

What is the reason for this apparent lack of class spirit on the part of some students? Someone has said that the uncertainty of graduation keeps many away from the Senior meetings. This should not be so. If the Senior has a feeling of uncertainty about measuring up to the requirements for graduation and for that reason hesitates to associate himself with his class, he makes a grave mistake. No one needs the help and encouragement, the life and enthusiasm, which classmates can and do give to each other more than the student who is uncertain of the success of his efforts. By meeting with his classmates he is given a greater confidence in his own ability, is encouraged to face situations with determination to conquer them, and is moved to be optimistic rather than pessimistic and to assert a positive rather than a negative nature. A Senior's chances of successful graduation are many times increased and strengthened by his joining his hopes and interests with those of his classmates. What is true of the Senior is true of the Junior, Sophomore or Freshman.

Suppose a Senior should fail of graduation after having been a moving factor in the life and actions of the Senior class. Would not the temporary defeat be more easily borne and the prospects of future success be more bright as a result of the friendships formed and the enlarged views gained from class associations?

There is no valid reason why every undergraduate should not become an active member of one of the undergraduate classes. Do so at once. Attend every

class meeting. Be alive — to your own best interests.

THE growing life and enthusiasm around college is nowhere more noticeable than in the activities of the Y. W. C. A. The regular meetings occurring on each Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock are well attended and are unusually instructive and helpful.

It is unfortunate that so many of the young women of college are deprived of the privilege of attending these meetings on account of the subject matter classes held at the same time. Would it not be well to change the hour of meeting of those subject matter classes that now meet at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoons? If this cannot be done, why not omit the Wednesday session entirely?

THE Junior class has challenged the Senior class to a series of three inter-class debates. The success of these debates depends largely upon the attitude of the students toward them. If the committees having the arrangements in charge are given enthusiastic support, if the participants in the debates are given the proper backing by their respective classes, the success of the debates is assured. In this new departure in college activities here there is an excellent opportunity for a display of college and class spirit. Hurrah for the coming debates!

IT is with pleasure that we call attention to the announcement in another column of this issue of the making and sale of college pennants and banners by the Y. W. C. A. Here is an opportunity to get a pennant or banner (something which every collegian should possess) at

a reasonable rate and at the same time help along a worthy cause.

WE advise all students to read the Bulletin Boards. It takes only a few minutes each day to glance over the various notices, and we may save ourselves much time and annoyance by so doing. All notices are important to some of us; many announcements to all. No one can afford to neglect his duty in this direction, for everyone is held responsible for a knowledge of that which appears daily on the Bulletin Boards.

THE "A's" HAVE IT.

Adolf, an Austrian artisan, adored Anna, an aristocrat.

Anna adored Adolf.

Another aristocrat, Alfred, an ambassador, adored Anna.

Anna abhorred Alfred.

Alfred addressed Anna, admitting admiration.

Anna assumed amazement.

Alfred adjured Anna.

Anna admonished Alfred.

Adolf adopted aggressiveness.

Alfred's audacity alarmed Anna.

Alfred attempted abducting Anna.

Anna, afraid and agitated, acquainted Adolf.

Adolf accused Alfred.

Alfred, angered, abused Adolf awfully.

Adolf answered Alfred.

Alfred attacked Adolf.

Anna, aghast, aided Adolf.

Adolf and Anna almost annihilated Alfred.

Alfred abdicated absolutely.

Anna accepted Adolf.

Adolf and Anna abruptly absconded, abandoned Austria altogether, arrived at Antwerp and always abided abroad afterward.

News

Junior Class Entertains.

On Friday evening, November 23, the Junior class gave a reception to the faculty and college students in the Primary chapel, 98 Willett street.

The chapel was artistically decorated with four-color combinations, red and white, blue and white, orange and white and green and white. This showed the adaptability of the various colors for decoration and so might be of assistance to the committee in the selection of our fixed class colors.

The walls were also hung with banners representing all our well-known colleges.

The guests were met by the reception committee and were sent upstairs, where paper plates on which were written the names of eatables found on the Thanksgiving table, were pinned on their backs. After going downstairs and finding the persons who wore slips of paper bearing their names, they endeavored to ascertain what the eatables were by questions which were answered by yes or no. As soon as the puzzle was solved, the recipe showing how to prepare the article of food, was written in verse. Later several of these were read and much merriment was caused by their wit and humor.

After this Miss Hardenburg sang and Miss Tallmadge gave a recitation.

Then refreshments, consisting of sherbert and fancy wafers, were served.

A pleasant hour was then spent in singing college songs, and between the songs the college yell was given.

Dr. Jones in behalf of the Junior class challenged the Seniors to three inter-class debates, the first two to be between the young ladies and the last between the gentlemen of the above classes. Mr.

Dann, the president of the Senior class, accepted the challenge for the Seniors.

A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all; the members of the different classes felt better acquainted with each other, and as the gathering broke up the general opinion was that of Oliver Twist, "I want some more, please."

Here's to naughty — eight,

Shout for her,

Here's to naughty — eight,

Shout for her,

Here's to naughty — eight,

She's the class so wise and great,

Here's to naughty — eight,

Shout for her — her — her.

Miss Gincie Gould has been obliged to leave college on account of her mother's illness. Miss Gould was a valued member of THE ECHO Board and we regret to lose her services on the Exchange Department. She will also be greatly missed in all the activities of college life.

Kindergarten.

Miss Sewell had charge of the Kindergarten work at the New York State Institute held at Oyster Bay October 29 to November 2.

The spirit of thankfulness was very evident at Thanksgiving time. Each child brought a donation of some fruit or vegetable which were distributed among poor families.

Miss Vanderwart, a South End Kindergarten and an alumna, gave the girls a talk on her work which was most interesting and helpful.

Miss Katherine S. Hickok has been ill at her home in Crown Point for a few days.

Miss Grace Barrett spent Thanksgiving vacation with Miss Ruth Cheney at her home in Rome.

Miss Gertrude Evans has returned again after several weeks' absence.

Misses Palmer, Kelly, La Lime and Waterbury have completed their work.

Eta Phi.

The Eta Phi apartments are now a reality. On October 26 we opened our flat at 36 Spring street, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends.

The first regular meeting held in the house was on November 9.

At the regular initiation the Misses Louise Clement, Ruth Cook, Josephine Webster, Harriet Osborn, Florence Burchard and Leona Eaton were received into Eta Phi. After initiation a pleasant social time was enjoyed by all.

Miss Florence Palmer, a former student and member of Eta Phi, has returned to complete her course.

During the Thanksgiving vacation we were pleasantly surprised by calls from Miss Florence Graham, Miss Mabel Bryce and Miss Mabel Barnum, '06. All these seemed to be well satisfied with school teaching. As representatives of the alumni, who have stood by us so faithfully in our effort to establish rooms, they were especially welcome.

Mrs. Burchard, of Norwich, was entertained by her daughter, Miss Florence Burchard, during the Thanksgiving vacation.

The Misses Hazel Rugen and Hazel Seaman spent Thanksgiving at their homes in Springfield, Mass., and Frankfort, N. Y., respectively. Miss Jane Doyle returned to her home at Ellenville,

and Miss Florence Palmer entertained her sister, Miss Clara Palmer.

On Friday evening, December 7, a meeting is to be held at the home of Miss Elizabeth Capron, in Troy. All are anticipating a pleasant time.

Mrs. Seaman, of Frankfort, called on the girls at their new home.

The second of the quarterly meetings of the New York Eta Phi Club was held Saturday, Dec. 8, at the marquette in the Pi Beta Phi rooms. Those present were the Misses Abby Leland, Arietta Snyder, Alta Thompson, Ida Mead, Ruth Brodhead, Ruth Sanford, Adeline Wight, Pauline Cohn, Florence Graham, May Hartley and Mary Sharpe. The next meeting is to be held in February, on the date of the Normal College Alumni banquet.

Delta Omega.

The regular meeting was held in the Delta rooms, at 330 Hudson avenue, last week. All members were present and important business was transacted.

One of the charter members of Delta, Miss Farren, has returned to take the college course in view of a degree.

Miss Minnie Schultz was called home suddenly, Wednesday, by the severe illness of one of her relatives.

Saturday afternoon, November 24, the faculty was entertained at a tea by the Deltas in their rooms.

Miss Florence Kelley and Alice Palmer have completed their college course and have returned to their respective homes in Port Chester.

Miss Grace Kelsey took a trip through Massachusetts, stopping at Northampton, Easthampton, Springfield and Mount

Holyoke, visiting Amherst, Smith and Mt. Holyoke Colleges.

Friends of Miss Emma Montross welcomed her at Germantown for Thanksgiving.

Kathleen Phillip spent the week end at Hudson.

Misses Miriam Tyler, Ethel Breitenstein, M. Delena White and Winia Miller are to be initiated into Delta Omega in the near future.

Miss Bertha L. Jordan spent a few days last week in Amsterdam attending the wedding of a friend.

Will the young lady who wishes to dissect angles, remember that that is work for the laboratory rather than the geometry class.

Kappa Delta.

Wednesday evening, November 14, the Kappa Delta Society and a few of their friends were very delightfully entertained by Mrs. Geiser, an alumna of the society.

An initiation was held at the Society house, Saturday, the 24th, when to Miss Viola Marshall and Miss Fannie Payne were revealed the mysteries of a secret society. A jolly time was spent by all and refreshments were served.

Miss Katherine Hickok, who has been at her home in Crown Point for a week on account of illness, has returned to college.

Miss Stella Counsell, of Hartland, Wisconsin, spent Sunday, the 25th, as the guest of her niece, Miss Alice.

Miss Margaret A. Cass spent Thanksgiving with friends in Cohoes; Miss Cornelia Lansing, in Schuylerville and Granville; Miss Ada Reed and Miss Julie

Murdock, in Canajoharie; Miss Sonia Ladoff, in Schenectady; Miss Antoinette Wilson, in Spring Valley; Miss Alice Counsell, in Utica, and Miss Fannie Payne, in Shelter Island.

Sunday, the 2d, Mr. Ladoff, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited his daughter.

Mr. Frank R. Counsell, of Utica, paid an unexpected visit to his sister two weeks ago.

Mrs. Hickok was a recent guest of her daughter, Miss Katherine.

Saturday, the 8th, an initiation was held at the Society house, when the following became members of Kappa Delta: Mary Denbow, Mildred Ham, Nellie Sergeant, Mary Doremus and May Foyle.

A regular meeting was held Saturday, the 24th.

A special meeting was held Wednesday, the 14th, at the home of Miss McKinlay.

Mr. Philip Murdock, of Crown Point, called on his sister, Miss Julie, recently.

Miss Lena Yelverton has finished her course and is teaching now at her home, Poughkeepsie.

Miss Myra Morse, of Staatsburg, visited Miss Guernsey and Miss Jones at Thanksgiving.

Phi Delta.

A regular meeting of the Phi Delta fraternity was held at the home of Mr. Nolan on the evening of Friday, November 9. A short business meeting was held, during which several matters of interest to the Society were discussed. It was decided that at the next meeting the program should be literary, and the feature of the evening should be a debate.

The business meeting was then adjourned and a pleasant social evening was enjoyed. Various games were engaged in, after which refreshments were served, and when the party at length broke up, all were unanimous in declaring Mr. and Mrs. Nolan royal entertainers.

Such social gatherings always tend to create a feeling of good will and loyalty among the members and result in great benefit to the Society.

Edward G. Leefeldt, '06, a former secretary, was in the city calling on friends during a portion of the Thanksgiving vacation.

Messrs. Case, Bassett and Haupin, who remained in the city over the Thanksgiving vacation, were royally entertained by Mr. Roy C. Van Denberg at his home in Rensselaer, on Thanksgiving Day.

Freshie boy and Freshie girl
 Were walking out one Sunday;
 Said Freshie boy to Freshie girl
 Class meeting will be "Wensday."
 Agnes Nolan.

Psi Gamma.

A regular meeting was held at the home of Miss Meigs on Thursday evening, November 15, for the election of first year students.

On Tuesday, November 27, Psi Gamma met with the president, Miss Ostrander.

A special meeting was held Wednesday, December 5.

December 15 Miss Roosa will entertain Psi Gamma at her home on Madison avenue.

Y. W. C. A.

Banners for Sale!

Leave your order with the Y. W. C. A. Girls.

Prices, \$0.35 to \$0.75.

November 5th the meeting was led by Miss Grace Binley, N. H. S. '06. Topic, "Christ's Relation to Us."

Miss Grace Kelsie led the meeting on November 12th. The topic was "Little Things." Miss Kelsie presented the subject in an extremely interesting manner and she suggested several ways in which we, as college girls, could make the "little things" count.

The topic for November 20th, "Autumn Thoughts," as presented by Miss Reed, was peculiarly interesting and appropriate.

The regular weekly meeting was omitted on Thanksgiving week.

The meeting on December 5th was led by Mrs. Christie. The subject was "Prayer." Mrs. Christie emphasized two points in particular—Persistence and Definiteness. The girls who attended this wonderful meeting have testified again and again as to the great amount of strength, help and inspiration they received. Mrs. Christie is a woman of a wonderfully winning personality, and we hope to have her with us again in the near future.

Freshmen Class.

At the regular meeting of Freshman Class held November 4th Miss Florence Hanagan was unanimously elected Class Historian.

The president also appointed the following committees: Class colors—Miss Powell, Miss Harphan, Miss Brooke.

Class song — Miss Coons, Miss Foyle, Mr. Case. Class motto — Miss Woodruff, Miss Finn, Miss Hoag.

Many of the freshmen spent their Thanksgiving vacation at home or visiting friends in other cities.

1910 is glad to see that 1907 is waking up sufficiently to produce those long promised green ribbons. Only a few have been distributed so far, but more are eagerly expected in the near future.

The class is glad to express its appreciation of the kindness of the class of 1908, as shown in the entertainment given by that class on November 23d. Many of our members were present and report a most enjoyable evening.

At a meeting of the student body held on November 21 it was voted to adopt fixed, distinctive class colors for the four undergraduate classes, and a committee consisting of three members from each class was appointed to look after the matter.

President Hadley urges Yale men to join the militia. "For the last forty years we, as a country, have not faced any overwhelming danger. But it is always possible that we may have to fight either external foes or internal anarchy. Therefore, I advise you strongly to enlist in a military organization, and to identify yourselves with the local militia wherever you live. In this way you would be prepared in case of war and could then offer intelligent service when your country needed you most."

Which is the most awkward time for a train to start? 12:50, as it's ten to one if you catch it.—Exchange.

The Alumni

Below will be found extracts from a letter received from Mrs. Mabel Holden Foster, '92, by Dr. Albert N. Husted. Mrs. Foster is now teaching in Balayan, Batanga Prov., P. I., and this account of her journey to the Islands and her work and surroundings there, will be of interest to our readers. Mrs. Foster writes:

"Our ship, the Minnesota, is one of the two largest on the Pacific and moves so easily that neither my husband nor myself were seasick at all. On board, we made the acquaintance of the ex-Governor-General of the Philippines, Luke E. Wright, enroute to Japan as the first ambassador, with full power, ever sent there by the United States. We also made the acquaintance of Consul Hansen and wife, he being Norway's first consul to China. Fifty civil engineers sent out by White and Gould to build railroads in Panay, Cebu and Negros, were among the Minnesota's first cabin passengers. Japan's minister to England was returning to his native land, too.

After a two weeks' voyage from Seattle we arrived at Yokohama, spending several days there and in Tokio. In army, navy and public institutions, Japan is well abreast with our western civilization, but in many respects she seems to us little above the savage state. Immorality in family life is palpably the rule. The Japanese has a veneer of servile politeness, but his national conceit is abnormal. We spent several days at Kobe, passed through the ideally beautiful Inland Seas, and stayed about two weeks at the Nagasaki hotel while our ship was in dry dock.

In Shanghai, were it not for the num-

erous Chinese, one might easily imagine themselves in a large American city.

Our three days in Hong Kong we did not much enjoy. The heat seemed insufferable and we were afraid of the plague. Still the Botanical Gardens there were a great treat, giving us our first sight of many wonderful tropical trees, shrubs and flowers.

Before leaving the subject of China, I wish to say how surprised we were to be so much more favorably impressed with the Chinese than with the Japanese. They appear to us more intelligent, as a people, as well as far more modest and virtuous. We visited them within their own walled city, where the streets are so narrow that no vehicle of any kind is allowed.

We had embarked at Seattle April 29. We arrived in Manila early June 11. As we left on a steamer next day, we did not see Manila very thoroughly. It was so hot we were glad to leave.

We were sent first to Batangus City, our provincial capital, to see our division superintendent. We stayed with him that night, and late the next night reached our own town.

Mr. Foster is supervisor over twelve schools, having a class for his teachers each afternoon. The remainder of the time he is busy with his supervisory duties.

I teach young men and women five hours a day, five days in a week, when there are not holidays. It is not at all as I expected. English is much spoken here and we have little need of any other language. But we are among the Tapa-logs, the leading race in the Philippines. We think our people are more Spanish in blood than they are Filipino, though they do not claim to be. I understand that on

Mindanao the people are proud to lay claim to their Spanish blood, but here it is quite the opposite.

One night, soon after we came, we were awakened by soft, sweet strains of music under our window. It was a fine native orchestra serenading us.

These are a very light-hearted, happy people. The griefs of their numerous family deaths sit lightly upon them. As far as the loss of fathers and mothers, why, fifty is old here. As for the daily burial of infants,—why, "That is our custom," and there are plenty more to follow. "Friestas" are frequent. The music, dancing, and really delicious food last all day and all night.

To us they are very obedient, kind, polite and cordial.

We are by the sea and the forests. Nature is lavish, birds and flowers abundant and beautiful, fruits plentiful and delicious."

The Editors take pleasure in presenting the following letter written to THE ECHO by Miss Burt, who is engaged in teaching at Florence, Alabama. Will the reader please pardon a reminder just at this point that we will gladly publish such a letter from you. You will then help to make this Alumni section of greater interest to all S. N. C. Alumni:

FLORENCE, ALABAMA, Nov. 17, 1906.

Dear Echo.—You may be interested in my life in Alabama and perhaps would like to know about it. I have seen but little of the state outside of the town in which I am teaching, but Florence means so many pleasant things to me that I am glad to tell you about it.

Florence is a beautiful town of about 7,000 inhabitants, on the north bank of the Tennessee in a section of the valley

noted for its charming scenery. From the cupola of one of the high buildings one can see into three states, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee.

Though the weather is still warm, one or two sharp frosts have turned the foliage to the most exquisite colors.

The familiar reds and yellows of the maple and the browns of the oak, are blended with the deep maroon of the sweet-gum, and the scarlet of the sour-tree, the most beautiful of all the autumn trees. Then, too, the soft brown of the cypress, and the green of the cedar and magnolia add a softer touch to the landscape. The soil makes the coloring still more vivid, being of a rich, dark red.

The bluffs along the Tennessee are high, steep and gray. Many say the scenery along the river rivals that of the Hudson.

Long ago, an Indian post was established near what is now Florence. During the Creek war, Gen. Jackson built a road from Nashville south on his way to fight the Creeks and the town grew up around this military road. It was founded in 1819 by people from Virginia and the Carolinas who came into the new country expecting to amass great fortunes. Ex-President Madison, President Monroe, and the future president, Gen. Jackson, bought lots during the cypress land sale.

The people were Scotch-Irish. The Scotch-Irish minister was generally the school teacher and the pupils were well instructed. The boys began Latin at the age of seven and Greek at nine. Later they went from these preparatory schools to Yale, Princeton and Harvard, where they won high honors. For the girls there were schools generally kept by decayed gentlewomen. The most notable

of these teachers was Mrs. Caroline D. Hentz, author of "The Southern Planter's Northern Bride," a book much read at the time. Later the Synodical College took the place of the smaller private schools and numbered students from all the Southern States. What is now the Normal College was, before the war, the Wesleyan University. During the war this building was General Sherman's headquarters, and the room which is now our library, was his office. This building is a large brick structure. Honeysuckle and Southern smilax cover the walls in many places. Window boxes of salvia, geraniums and nasturtiums brighten its gray walls. It is situated in a beautiful grove of oak and hickory. On one side is the garden of roses and lilies. Violets grow on either side of the long walk from the entrance to the road. The grounds cover thirteen acres.

From this sketch of the history of the town, it will be seen that Florence has always been an educational center. The people are hospitable and refined, and reflect the intelligence and culture found always in such towns.

I so often wish my home friends might enjoy the flowers with me. Such a long, delightful procession! There are the arbutus, daffodils and jonquils which bloom in late February and March; the laurel and wild azalia, a little later; the magnolias, lilies and roses which bloom for commencement; the late roses and chrysanthemums in the fall; and last, but sweetest of all, the violets, which bloom profusely all winter long. The Marechel Niel, which climbs up the piazza under my window, still has a few scattering buds. At Christmas time we make our model-school chapel a lovely spot. From corner to corner are long garlands

of cedar, English ivy and bamboo vine, and over doors and windows are branches of magnolia, holly and mistletoe. On the tree are hung the gifts which the children have patiently toiled over for weeks past.

On the first Friday in May we celebrate May Day. The school and its friends assemble on the campus at nine. The May Queen and her court appear, choruses are sung, the queen crowned and the dance around the Maypole follows. Then come the various games and sports and the tennis tournaments. About midday a picnic dinner is eaten, after which the games are continued.

There are many delightful drives through the country about Florence, past large plantations where much cotton is yet to be picked.

On the outskirts of the town are several furnaces, for this is a rich iron country, and two large cotton factories. One of the annual trips of the geography class is a visit to the cotton mills. Here we see the cotton ginned, the seeds made into meal and oil, and the cotton spun into thread and woven into cloth.

Nine miles from the city is Lock Six of the Mussel Shoals Canal, which is built along the river. I have a most delightful recollection of an October day spent on one of the government boats upon the canal. We were treated to "possum," my first and only taste of this Southern delicacy. While the boat was passing through one of the locks we went ashore and shook a persimmon tree till the fruit lay thick upon the ground. All through the day we passed hunters who were shooting wild geese, turkeys and quail.

I cannot close without telling you of a barbecue I attended not long ago. Quite

early in the week we were told that if the weather was fine the barbecue would be held on Saturday. Saturday proved to be a glorious day, bright and warm. Our party of four started about three in the afternoon and drove into the country through a beautiful wood. We forded Little Cypress and Big Cypress and soon saw other carriages and caught sight of people gathered around a fine bonfire. As we had been a little late in starting we were soon bidden to the feast. The table was spread upon the ground on the bank of the creek. The guests numbering twenty-five or thirty sat about on cushions and lap robes. Southern cooks are far-famed and I am sure all did justice to the good things set before them. There were Brunswick stew, hot with red peppers, chicken fried to a turn, beaten biscuits, salads, pickles, fruit, cakes and delicious coffee; but the crowning dish was the barbecued pig. The preparations for the barbecue had begun early in the day. The pit was dug, and the fire built so that there might be a deep bed of coals. When all was ready the pig was suspended over the glowing coals and then turned, basted and seasoned and turned again.

After the remains of the feast had been cleared away we gathered about the bonfire, which seemed brighter than ever, now that the twilight had come. Later we rode home in the moonlight, having a delightful afternoon to add to our store of happy memories.

Our letters are so few and so far between, and the holiday season so near, that I think I may send you greetings and good wishes.

Very sincerely your friend,

CHARLOTTA FORBES BURT.

We are pained to learn that Miss Alma L. Johnson, '06, has sustained the loss of her father, Mr. E. R. K. Johnson, who died at his home near Croton on Saturday, November 11.

The following is an extract from a letter received by our Business Manager from Mr. Allen Henry Wright, '93, of San Diego, Cal.:

"I take pleasure in sending you herewith a check for one dollar, the amount due for the year. I hardly believe there are many others among the Alumni who have taken THE ECHO, as I have, since its first number, and I would dislike to lose the privilege of reading it each month, for in nearly every issue I see some notes in regard to my friends of college days. What I would like to see in larger numbers are the Alumni notes. When I was back in York State I took much pleasure in submitting occasional budgets of news of that class, but away out here I seldom hear of any graduates of old S. N. C. Besides myself, however, I know of at least one—Miss Elizabeth Rogers, '90, who is an honored member of the faculty of the San Diego State Normal School."

PRESCRIPTION FOR HOLIDAY MANNERS.

Of Unselfishness, three drachms; of the tincture of Good Cheer, one ounce; of the essence of Heart's Ease, three drachms; of the extract of the Rose of Sharon, four ounces; of Oil of Charity, three drachms, and no scruples; of the Infusion of Common Sense and Tact, one ounce; of the Spirit of Love, two ounces.

The mixture to be taken when there is the slightest symptom of selfishness, exclusiveness, meanness or I-am-better-than-youness.

SANTA CLAUS, M. D.

Exchanges

A. S. BASSETT.

The Cortland Normal News for November has an excellent article on "Some Phases of Educational Work in New York City." Among other things it touches on qualifications of teachers and teachers' salaries.

The Red and Black of Reading, Pa., is to be commended for its excellent Exchange Department.

PROGRAM FOR CONCERT.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"—With Illustrated Cover.

"Trust Her Not"—For Fifty Cents.

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"See the Conquering Hero Comes"—with full orchestra.

"When the Sun Shall Set No More"—in C.

"The Tale of the Sword-fish"—with many scales.

"After the Ball"—for 2d base.

"Home Sweet Home"—in one flat.

—Ex.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while;

If you bring a smiling visage

To the glass, you meet a smile.

—Ex.

There are meters of accent

And meters of tone,

But the best of all meeters

Is to meet her alone.

—Ex.

"Where there is a will there is a lawsuit."—Ex.

They who tread the path of labor,
Follow where my feet have trod;
They who work without complaining,
Do the holy will of God.

—Van Dyke.

“Don't you believe that all men are
created free and equal?”

“Yes, but most men get married and
spoil it all.”

The Western Courier for November
is a clean, bright, breezy paper. Glad
to see it on our desk again.

Among the many good articles in the
October Forum is one entitled, “A Letter
to Posterity” — with apologies to Ed-
mund Burke. In it the author has suc-
cessfully followed the style of “The Con-
ciliation.”

Sympathetic Person — “Why, my
man, how did you get there?”

Drunkard (gruffly) — Notwithstand-
ing.

“Joe's Home Coming,” “Lamenta-
tions” and “Love's Heritage,” should be
read by all our students. In November
Mirror.

FOUR WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Freshman — Story-teller.

Sophomore — Liar.

Junior — Promulgator of falsehood.

Senior — Pseudologist.

Student — May I be excused from
Physics exam?

Professor — No, nothing but death
will excuse you, and even then we'll hold
a post mortem examination.

Miss X. — “I am disappointed.”
Professor (in an encouraging tone) —
“There is still hope; you are young.” —
Ex.

BOHEMIAN PROVERBS.

Do the hard things first.

It's hard to work, but harder to want.

The heart that loves must be prepared
to suffer.

The world doesn't owe you a living —
it was here first.

Money isn't everything, but it often
makes a good imitation.

A girl with a dimple will laugh at any
fool thing a man says.

It is easier for the average man to keep
a dairy than a diary.

The only man who never made a mis-
take died when he was a boy.

“Say Pat, do you believe in fate?”

“Shure I do. And phwat does yez
take me fur — a Christian Scientist?
And phwat would I stand on, without my
fate?” — Ex.

“Ma, I want a quarter for a poor
cripple.”

“Here it is; you're a good boy. Where
is the poor cripple?”

“He's selling circus tickets.” — Her-
monite.

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