

Miss McClelland

-THE-ECHO-



APRIL, 1910

ALBANY,

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NEW YORK

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THE ECHO

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The Echo

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XVIII

APRIL, 1910

No. 7

Literary Department

Notes in The Margin.

Great song is great only in this—that a voice may become surcharged with all the stress of a living soul; all hopes, all discontents, all yearnings, all sorrows, all delights, all passionate acclaims and denials—life itself—may be sent forth upon a tone.

That a soul shall be able thus to project itself in song or symphony, in marble victory or cathedral dome, in Madonna canvas or Psalm of David, this, this only, is genius.

The Mission of the Man of Galilee will surely bring into the life of every Martha who will have it so, the saving graces of Mary. You and I know no workers who cannot also have faith; we know no burden bearers whose burdens cannot be lightened by their hopes; we know no toilers in mile-deep mines who may not brighten physical gloom with light from the country heavenly. Carlyle calls blessed the man who sings at his work. Not always have men been able to sing at their work, and not all men are able now, it may be; but the union of dreamer and doer, seer and teller, poet and craftsman is come, and coming more fully every day, thanks be to *Him*.

Profoundest conclusions of intellect are not colorless or cold; a real mathematician thinks in formulae, and feels and hopes there, too; science *is* poetry, to the man who has mastered his science; the full-rounded spirit comprehends both outer fact and inner melody throughout the range of experience. Browning tells twelve times the story of a murder in mediaeval Rome, and when all's done, he gives us to infer that in the process he has

"Note by note, brought music from his mind
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived."

Poetry? Creation's a-quiver! All's a poem. But woe for the loss from our dull ears!

Even as a mother can know human love at its deepest, so can no man comprehend except by experience how indeed a good book is the very heart's blood of its maker. Pain is the price. What if the way to Elysium *be* in the shadow of the crossing of swords; what if penance and denial of the flesh be still as of old the only terms of saintliness, and the martyr's fire transmute to the radiance of the house not made with hands? Give us, God, to see in the shadow and to feel in the flame the Ultimate Beauty and Light.

A friend who knows and can speak, or look, or clasp our hand ; a song warm and a-quiver from a heart that beats in rythm like ours ; a bit of poem miraculously telling what cannot be told ; a figure in marble, chiseled by a hand God-guided in the perfect revelation of a dream inspired ; a pine-clad hill, with the wind singing in every branch the epic of creation unbegun and never to be ended ; sunlight, rich infinitely beyond measure of our power to respond—rich through the realms of rays caloric, rays visual, rays actinic, rays x and n and q, on into the rays which only God and a soul can know ; darkness, silence, pain and loss, throwing open the gates for the heavenly visitant, such are the *sources of renewal*.

Thanks be to the God who made us, for music ; for the laughter of children ; for friends ; for great books ; for all summer woods and lakes and streams and carpets of green ; for spring flowers, bird songs, prophecies ; for autumn harvests, autumn air, autumn's rich landscapes in color ; for the sterner beauty and the rigorous challenge of the winter time ; for storms with their terrific orchestra of waves and winds and earth-jarring thunders ; for all calms ; for peace and rest of body and mind ; for that life which revealed the way to live above envy and bitterness and hate ; for all these things, and a thousand more, thanks be to the God who made us !

R. H. KIRTLAND.

An April day.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mold
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pheasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide

Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought

Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, 'till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed. —Longfellow.

In these stanzas, so especially appropriate to the April season, the poet has expressed the thoughts which have been welling in our hearts for the past weeks. The pictures of the reawakening of nature are painted in an appreciative way, and we know that the poet has felt all the Spring delights, the warm sun, the budding trees, and the sweet fragrance of the earth, after the showers—those showers which possess the magic power of transforming the universe.

While Longfellow has never been allowed a place on the highest round of the literary ladder, yet no American writer has been more popular or more widely read. Wherever the English language is known, may be found eager and appreciative readers of the gentle, manly, sympathetic and simply beautiful verses of Longfellow. All of the poet's work possesses a grace and touch that are especially characteristic of the man's whole life and personality. That intimate and individual note may be seen in "An April Day."

E.W.S., 1911.

The Meaning of the Idylls of the King.

In the dedication to this series of poems, Tennyson sketches the character of Arthur as it is to appear in the poems:

“Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her.”

In the coming of Arthur, Tennyson pictures the disturbed conditions existing in the land, which is awaiting the regenerator. Arthur is the king who is to bring about the changes. But the people cannot and will not accept him. They refuse to see his high qualities. Arthur falls in love with Guinevere, the daughter of Leodogran. Leodogran hardly knows what answer to make to Arthur's story, so Bedivere is sent for, and tells Arthur's story, but still Leodogran doubts,

“Shall I say yea or nay?”

In a dream, he sees Arthur crowned in heaven, and he believes in him, and promises him Guinevere.

The group of tales to which *The Coming of Arthur* serves as a prelude, tells of the achievements of the knights of the Round Table. In the story of Gareth and Lynette, Arthur's court is presented. His is a city founded on the noblest ideals,

“The city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever.”

Music seems to typify here the aspirations, the longings, the striving for the highest good, which the best inspires. These desires are unattainable—“Therefore never built at all,”—but they endure forever, as long as hearts have power to feel.

Arthur, the ideal knight, rules over the city, righting the wrongs of mankind and upholding purity. Gareth stands for

youth, eager, impetuous, seeking better things, burning with high purposes, anxious to do some good, to make the world a little better for his life. Lynette is his opportunity; she is the means of his being able to use his power. She is elusive, fickle, taunting. When success seems near, she taunts him, but he perseveres, overcoming every difficulty placed in his path, and triumphantly returns to Arthur's court, having "fought a good fight, and kept the faith." Lancelot says of him,

"Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knight art thou
To the King's best wish."

In Geraint and Enid, evil has crept into the court. Guinevere is not as strong and noble as Arthur and cannot live up to the standard set by him. The poison has worked insidiously throughout the court. Geraint feels its influence; he does not have complete faith in Enid.

"He bled underneath his armour secretly
—nor told his gentle wife,

What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself."

He could not be perfectly frank with her; his love was tinged with jealousy. He did not recognize her personality. Enid is a pure, trusting woman. The effect of this trouble upon her is given in one masterful sentence:

"She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart."

She was utterly crushed, the light of her world would have gone out. This is all expressed in the sentence; the words contain so much that does not appear on the surface, they are so rich in suggestion.

Good triumphs, Geraint sees his error, and faith overcomes doubt.

In Merlin and Vivien, we have a picture of the worldly, seductive woman, Vivien, with her "vivid smiles." Merlin tells of her power, grace and fascination when he likens her to

"The curled white of the coming wave,
Glassed in the slippery sand before it breaks."

She represents the growing power of evil. Merlin, who stands

for worldly wisdom, is at last overcome by her. Evil appears to be triumphant.

In the next poem, Lancelot and Elaine, the gloom grows greater. Lancelot wins the love of the Lily Maid of Astolot and because of his unholy passion for the queen, cannot return it. The Lily Maid, like the flower she symbolizes, droops, pines and withers. This story excites the compassion of the court, and Arthur reproaches Lancelot. The king's grief at his reply leads Lancelot to consider his life seriously, and he muses thus,

"For what am I?
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must
break these bonds that so defame me:"

The Sangrael, which stands for the Christian idea of purity of life, and service for others, has been lost to some at Arthur's court. When sin enters, it disappears. In the next poem, the Holy Grail, we have an account of Sir Percival's quest. The prophecy of Arthur,

"That most of us would follow wandering firs,"

has come true. At the outset, the knights of Arthur believe with Sir Launfal,—that the Grail is a beautiful vision to be seen with the physical eyes. Percivale, Bors and Lancelot here learn that it is not an external vision, it is an experience. In this tale, Lancelot seems to have thrown aside his easy, sinful life.

Pelleas and Ettare is another of the dark pictures of Arthur's court. Pelleas

"Loved all maidens, but no maid in special."

He meets the beautiful Ettare, and loves her with all the strength of a pure, first love, but Ettare is not faithful. Thinking him dead, she transfers her affections to Gawain. When Pelleas comes back and discovers this, he is broken-hearted. On his return to Arthur's hall, he is questioned by the knights, and leaves suddenly.

“The Queen look’d hard upon her lover, he on her;
And each foresaw the dolorous day to be—
The time is hard at hand.”

This passage foreshadows the downfall of Arthur’s court, because of the evil which was working secretly there.

Tennyson calls the Last Tournament the “Tournament of Dead Innocence.” There is an air of sadness and heaviness in these last stories, which contrasts sharply with the joy and hopefulness of the first ones.

Tristram, a new knight, is victorious, and as the vanquished Lancelot hands him the jewels, he says,

“Art thou the purest, brother?”

This confession of failure on the part of “Arthur’s greatest knight” casts a gloom over the scene, which is fittingly reflected in the physical world by a rainstorm. There is an added element of sadness in

“Free love—free field—we love but while we may;
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before.”

This is a complete reversal of the “love for only one.” The gloom is intensified when

“That night came Arthur home, and while he climb’d,
All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom - - - saw
The great Queen’s bower was dark.”

Guinevere feels the weight of her sins. She flees from the court and takes refuge in a nunnery where Arthur finds her. He forgives her; Guinevere, who has been the cause of the blighting of his pure purpose and lofty ideals. When Guinevere, in the abandon of her grief, prostrates herself at Arthur’s feet, he says,

“Vast pity almost make me die
To see thee, laying thy golden head—at my feet.
I forgive thee, as Eternal God forgives.”

In the last tale, the Passing of Arthur, we find Arthur crossing to the happier land. Excalibur has been returned to the Lady

of the Lake, and Arthur lies peacefully in the barge, piloted by the three Queens, "who should help him at his need."

This seems to be a dark picture. Arthur began with an ideal kingdom, and his scheme to better the world seems to have been completely frustrated by the growth of evil, but we must remember that Arthur himself is the ideal. In spite of the sin around him, he did not lose sight of his aim. His conscience was his king to the end, and his love for Guinevere was deep and unchanging. The knights of his court are the earthly elements, and because of human frailty, fall short of Arthur's ideal. The apparent failure of Arthur's kingdom signifies the folly of dependence on things of the earth, which are beautiful while they last, but wither like "flowers of the field." Arthur is a seeker of the Holy Grail. The Holy Grail he looks for is an ideal kingdom, where Love shall rule, where no Evil enters. He is searching for "The Blue Flower," and seems to grasp it in a vision, only to find it vanished when he arrives at the place where he saw it. Like the other knights who sought the Holy Grail, Arthur expected to find it, and see it with his eyes; his kingdom is never realized on earth. Sin exists, therefore, the earthly kingdom cannot be, but there is no change in the noble ideal, it is unscathed by the corruption which surrounds it and

"God fulfills himself in many ways."

HARRIET B. OSBORN, 1910.

**The Misfortunes Hardest to Bear are those that
Never Come.**

A bride sate on the cellar stairs,
A bride of fortnights three.
She sate upon the dingy stairs,
Full bitterly wept she.
Came then her knight, her Galahad,
Her mate of fortnights three,
And prayed her there with eyes so sad,
What might the matter be.

“Oh, Donald, help my agonies,
Seest yon huge hatchet grim,
That hangs like sword of Damocles
Beneath the rafters dim?
Oh, Donald, dear, sometime, perchance
We'll have a bonny son.
Methought I saw his dimpling glance,
His face so full of fun.

“Methought I sent the lad down here
To fetch a flask of fruit,—
The dread axe fell as he drew near
And struck him stark and mute.”
Oh, husband, then, and wife, then,
Sate on the stairs together
And mourned the little life, then,
And it was rainy weather.

Came then the mother of the bride
To know their cause of woe,
And, having heard, sate down beside

And fast her tears did flow.
Oh, husband, wife and mother, then,
Wept on the stairs together,
And solaced one another, then,
And it was stormy weather.

“ A SPECIAL.”

“Nance.”

Above the mantelpiece at my grandfather's home hangs the picture of a black horse. One glance at the picture shows that the animal is a thoroughbred of the famous Morgan breed. The small, beautifully shaped head and the alert ears tell of the creature's intelligence, while the long compact body and the slender though rather short legs show the horse has the endurance for which its race is noted. Under the picture is the one word, “Nance.”

“Grandfather,” I said one day, as I stood gazing at the picture, “Tell me about Nance.” I had often heard the same story, but I never tired of hearing of the noble little horse and her career in the Civil War. “Well,” the old man said, with a faraway look in his eyes, “I will tell you.”

“My father gave Nance to me when I was seventeen. Years afterwards, I learned that he paid seven hundred dollars for her, but never before or since were seven hundred dollars better invested. Dogs are claimed to be the most intelligent of animals, but I have never believed it since I knew Nance. I could ride her without bit or bridle and she would obey any command I gave her.

“In the summer of sixty-one, Lincoln called for volunteers. I was twenty then and eager for excitement, so when the summons

came, I joined a regiment from our neighborhood and went to the front, mounted on black Nance.

“One night, after I had been in camp for about six weeks, I was rudely awakened by the captain. ‘Boy,’ he said, ‘You have the best horse in the regiment. Saddle and report at headquarters at once.’ I saddled Nance in a moment and galloped to the general’s tent. ‘Jones,’ said the gallant old soldier, ‘Unless General White receives these orders before daybreak, his whole regiment will fall into the hands of the rebels. Every telegraph is cut between here and there. It is fifty miles and you have only four hours to do it in. If your horse can’t do it, there is no need to try. Go, and God keep you.’ With the order inside my coat, I started off. A drizzling rain was falling and I had only four hours in which to ride fifty miles through the mud and darkness. I clapped both hands on Nance’s neck and the noble little animal responded with a bound. She fell into a loping gait, which she kept up mile after mile. After a long time, I felt her sides heaving, but she still went on and on. Finally, the command, ‘Halt!’ told me we had reached our destination. I was thankful, for brave little Nance had begun to stagger. She had covered the fifty miles in just four hours and ten minutes and all the way through mud and rain. This was a feat of her splendid endurance, but the place where she showed her almost human intelligence was at Gettysburg.

“It was on the first day of the battle and, at the command to charge, Nance went forward with the rest. At the very opening of the fight, I was struck by a fragment of a shell and fell from the saddle. Nance was carried along in the rush, but I knew she would turn and come back to me when she got the chance. But as day wore on and night came, and still she did not come, I was sure she must have been killed. It must have been about ten o’clock that night when I felt a warm nose thrust into my face. I was almost dead from cold and thirst and I thought of the canteen and saddle blanket on Nance’s back. ‘Kneel, Nance,’ I said, and down she came. It was a trick I had taught her

years before, but had almost forgotten she knew it. As she lay beside me, I saw by the moonlight that a broken rope was dangling from her neck. Then I knew why she had not come before. Some horseless rider had captured her and had tied her for the night, but she had broken away and had come back, over the battlefield, searching among the dead and wounded until she found me.

“I went home as soon as I was able to travel and took Nance with me. However, in spite of every care, she died soon after we got back, from the effects of a gunshot wound received that day at Gettysburg.”

Tears stood in my companion's eyes as he finished the story of the noble little horse. “Nance,” he said softly, looking at the picture, “was the queen of horses.”

LAURA BRISTOL, 1913.

Editorials

Our Farewell

With this issue, the present board of editors withdraws from editorial duties. Next month, new hands take up the work. The hearty goodwill of the present board is extended to those who are to succeed them. The articles that have appeared in **THE ECHO** thus far have represented the best we had to offer, and if any contribution has grated upon the ear of any reader we make no apology for it; the complainer should have substituted something better in its place.

We, the present board of editors, accepted the office entrusted to us with sincere appreciation of its responsibilities, fortified by the determination to make any personal sacrifice in the face of many difficulties in order to make the paper a success, and we thank our subscribers for any aid or co-operation they have lent us. A college paper reflects the atmosphere of the college it represents. It is an interpreter of the life of that institution, and it should be the common mouthpiece of all the students. In order that a bright, cheerful and attractive paper may be published, there must be a backing of a large number of subscribers and contributors ready to submit original and well-written articles and to give advice and encouragement.

To successfully maintain a college paper, hearty student co-operation is an essential quality, and we therefore make an appeal to the students and alumnae to subscribe for the paper and, in other respects also, to manifest interest in the new board.

Thanking the faculty and students for all the aid and co-operation they have lent us and trusting that they may continue the good work in behalf of the new board, we leave **THE ECHO** with the feeling that a successful and brilliant future is in store for it.

The New Board.

The Echo Board, in conjunction with an advisory committee of the faculty, has elected the following Editorial Staff for the coming year.

Editor-in-Chief, Ella R. Watson; Assistant Editor, Harley Cook; Literary Editor, Edith W. Scott; Assistant Literary Editor, Anna Boochever; News Department, Howard Dabney, Evelyn Barrett; Exchange Department, Marie Phillips; Alumni Department: Lela Farnham, Ethel Everingham; General Business Manager, Howard Fitzpatrick; Advertising Agent, Henry B. Steer; Circulation Manager, Stanley Rice.

It is hardly necessary for us to call the attention of the students to the fact that the above are all "tip top" people, eminently capable of carrying on the arduous work connected with the publication of a college paper.

Exchanges

O, for a joke as huge as a barn,
As wild as a Spanish sailor's yarn;
So high and wide and big and fat
That the echoes thereof would scare the cat;
Make the watch-dog howl and the chickens scud,
And the mill-dams break and cause a flood;
A joke so sharp and witty and rich
That grim old Nestor's lips would twitch,
And the worthies old would suddenly pause
And fill the air with their loud guffaws;
A joke so fresh and a joke so rare
That fret and worry and long-faced care
Would slip to their lairs for a year and a day,
'Till the sides of mortals should ache with pain
And their mouths would never come straight again.

Oh, for a joke, a joke, a joke !!

Of all the signs of weather,
This is the surest thing:
When a fellow sits on a carpet tack,
It's a sign of early spring.

College Men! Take Hope!

The most sacred tradition of Wellesley has been broken. Into the classes of this institution, formerly exclusive to the female sex, there was recently admitted a young man, Diran Hagopian. He is an Armenian and it is said he comes of royal blood. He worked his way to this country and finally settled in Wellesley.

After working about college, one of the teachers became interested in Hagopian and eventually the faculty gave him permission to attend lectures and recite in certain courses. The faculty is as yet undecided as to whether Hagopian will be awarded a degree upon the completion of his studies.

College Organizations

Senior Notes.

The Senior class is making active preparations for commencement week. Class meetings are being held weekly. At a meeting held Monday, April 4th, the Class Day program was arranged as follows:

President's Oration	- - - -	Roy C. VanDenbergh
Class Poem,	- - - -	Miss Russell
Class Prophecy,	- - - -	Miss Hoag
Class History,	- - - -	Miss Hannigan
Ivy Oration,	- - - -	Miss Fitzpatrick
Presentation of Husted Fellowship Fund,	-	Miss Brooke

Many of the Seniors attended the reception given by our sister class, the Sophomores, and enjoyed it very much.

Junior Class Notes.

Miss Emma Conant spent Easter Sunday with Miss Ione Schubert at Catskill.

A regular meeting of the class was held Monday, April 4th.

Miss Beulah Brandow spent Easter at her home in Catskill.

Miss Marie Phillips spent the week end, April 2nd-3rd, in Schenectady.

Miss Elizabeth Everett and Miss Anna Fraser spent Easter week-end at the home of Miss Effa Vanerzee of Troy.

Freshman Notes.

On Friday evening, March 4th, the Freshman class held a most enjoyable social in Room M. The committee is to be congratulated on the novelty of its entertainment, and particularly on its bizarre decorative scheme of cake, crackers, etc.

Mr. Schneider has been elected first vice-president of the newly organized German society.

More distinction for the Freshmen! "1913" is the first class to enter the carpentry shop; we are regularly turning out "what-nots" three times a week in Room 150.

On the afternoon of March 30th, a rally of the Freshman girls was held in Room B to arouse interest in Y. W. C. A. work. Miss Gardenr led the meeting, the subject being "Living Up to One's Best." There were about thirty present.

Tuesday, April 5th, the Sophomore girls defeated the Freshman girls at basket-ball by a score of 15 to 12. Miss Duncan's playing was a feature of the game.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Miss Grace Becker was the leader of an interesting meeting held Wednesday afternoon, March 2nd. The topic, "How the Bible Has Withstood the Test of Time," was well developed. Quotations were given from prominent speakers who were at Silver Bay during the recent conferences. Special music was enjoyed.

"Laws of Imitation" was the topic of a meeting held Wednesday, March 9th. Miss Everett, the leader, gave a very helpful talk on the subject.

The election of officers for the coming year took place March 10th. The results were as follows:

President ,Emma Conant; Vice-President Florence Keller; Secretary, Grace Becker; Treasurer, Florence Chase.

Wednesday, March 30th, Miss Florence Gardner conducted a Freshman rally. The Freshman class was well represented and each contributed to the interest of the meeting by reading quotations or by giving personal experiences.

Professor Kirtland gave an inspiring fifteen-minute talk on the Psalms, Wednesday noon, March 27th.

On April 6th, Dr. Myers, Chairman of the National Y. W. C. A. Committee of China, addressed the Association. Dr. Myers made very plain and urgent the physical, social and spiritual needs of the women of China, drawing illustrations from her own experiences in the mission hospital of which she has charge. She made a special appeal for teachers, because of the educational crisis in China.

Athletic Association.

Miss Dunsford, on March 17th, went to the Ypsilanti State Normal College in Michigan, where she acted as one of the judges at the annual Junior-Senior inter-track meet.

The Senior girls' team, which has always (?) defeated the Juniors' team, did really win a victory on March 3rd. The score was 6 to 4.

Reception.

On March 5th, the Association gave a reception to the faculty and student body. Following a game of basket-ball in which the Seniors defeated the Freshmen 25-10, Mr. McCormack gave

a brief history of the joint association. Mr. Wilson outlined the past and future work of the Association; and Miss Ella R. Watson told why girls should be interested in athletics. Dancing and refreshments made the evening a most enjoyable one.

Basket-Ball.

In the season just passed, the team played eight regularly scheduled games, winning four and losing four. The first two games, owing to our lack of experience, were easily won by our opponents. The remaining games were all well contested as a glance at the scores will show. Considering the fact that only two men on the team had played basket-ball before, this season is a very creditable showing.

As the season advanced, two factors detracted from the success of the team. These were: first, the lack of a scrub team to practice against, and second, the absence of support from the student body at the games. Let us hope for a better showing in both these respects next year.

The regular team was composed of: Steer, right forward; Wilson, left forward; Sherwood (Capt.) center; Rice, right guard; McCormack, left guard.

Besides these, the following substituted in one or more games: Pells, two; Allison, one; Williams, one.

Of the regular team, three will graduate this year, leaving as a nucleus for next season, Rice and Steer, together with this year's substitutes.

Below are the scores for the season :

S. N. C., 10	A. M. C., 53
S. N. C., 6	Union, '13, 26
S. N. C., 16	H. A. C., 14
S. N. C., 17	Congregationals, 20
S. N. C., 34	R. H. S., 25
S. N. C., 31	Imperials, 18
S. N. C., 21	Congregationals, 26
S. N. C., 29	N. H. S., 27

Delta Omega Notes.

The society enjoyed a jolly masquerade party on the evening of March 12th, at 155 Lancaster street.

Miss Mollie Kingston of Little Falls has been the recent guest of Miss Helen Bennett.

A social evening was given at 2 Delaware avenue, Thursday, March 31st, in honor of Miss Fanny Drevenstedt, who has been a guest of Miss Jennie Anthony of this city.

On Saturday, April 23rd, the following girls were initiated into the sorority: Miss Adele Kaemmerlen, Miss Helen Odell, Miss Florence Gardner, and Miss Ethel Secor.

Eta Phi Notes.

The following girls have been received into the pledge chapter of Eta Phi: Misses Myra Young, Ethel Ziegler, Martha Kinnear; Jessie Cole, Esther Mitchell, Marjorie James, Grace Beaver, and Helen MacHarg.

The Misses Kitts and Seeley were at home Saturday afternoon, February 26th, to a number of their friends. They were assisted by the Misses McCutcheon and Cushing.

Miss Helen Broadbent of Utica and Miss Mabel Hughes of Simmons' College, Boston, have been the recent guests of Miss Sarah Trembly.

Eta Phi and a few of her friends enjoyed a theatre party at the Hall Saturday afternoon, March 12th. Afterwards, tea was enjoyed at the TenEyck.

Regular meetings of the sorority were held March 3rd and 10th at the home of the president, Miss Raynsford.

Kappa Delta Notes.

Kappa Delta entertained a few friends at a theatre party on March 12th at Harmanus where "Brown of Harvard" was presented. Refreshments were afterwards enjoyed in the mezzanine of the TenEyck.

The sorority and her friends enjoyed a luncheon in Room M, Friday, March 4th.

Miss Isabelle Knapp and Miss Ada Edwards gave a St. Patrick's Day party to Kappa Delta and friends at the home of Miss Knapp. Games and music appropriate to the occasion were enjoyed.

Miss Ada Craig Reed of the class of 1907 made a short visit at the Kappa Delta House recently. Miss Reed is now teaching at Irvington, N. J.

On Saturday evening, April 23rd the following were initiated into membership in Kappa Delta: Miss Anna Boochever, Miss Jessie Haskins, Miss Laura Bristol, Miss Katherine Kinne, Miss Nola Rieffenaugh, Miss Charlotte Tracy, Miss Katrina VanDyck, and Miss Amy Wood.

Psi Gamma Notes.

Miss Viola Carnrite was the guest of Miss Fannie Pawel the week-end, March 18th to 20th.

Miss Jessie Cleveland visited her parents from March 25th to the 2th.

Miss Florence Brown of Ft. Ticonderoga, N. Y., called on friends in Albany Friday, March 18th.

Psi Gamma and some of her friends enjoyed an Athletic Party at the College Friday evening, March 4th. After many strenuous games and exercises, dainty refreshments were served. All reported a delightful time.

Miss Fannie Pawel spent April 1st, to 3rd at her home in Hudson Falls.

On Friday afternoon, February 25th, Psi Gamma entertained a few friends at a cooking party. A course dinner was prepared by the girls and their guests. The result spoke well for the domestic ability of the girls.

Phi Delta Notes.

The balmy days of spring have brought to a close the season for the more violent forms of exercise, such as basket-ball and rushing.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Barringer from our list of members.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Babcock back to college again, but regret that he is compelled to be absent for some time.

Certainly, the Sophomores are to be congratulated on the success of their reception. What are the Freshmen going to do?

Newman Study Club.

The Newman Club had a special Easter program on March 30th as follows:

Essay: Literary Work of Newman Miss Hannigan

Poem: Easter Morning Miss Russell

A Short Story in three parts: An Easter Lily

Part 1.—Miss O'Reilly.

Part II.—Miss Kirley.

Part III.—Miss Boyle.

Reading: Sir Galahad Miss Brown

It was decided to close our meetings for the year on April 25th with a special program by the charter members of the Club.

The last of the series of Lenten lectures given by Dr. Walsh in Centennial Hall was held on Monday evening, March 21st. The subject was: "Wraiths and Premonitions." It was excellently treated by Dr. Walsh from a psychological standpoint. Miss Finn and Miss McGovern attended this last lecture.

College Lectures

The Five Nations.

Under the above title, State Archeologist Arthur C. Parker gave an illustrated sketch of the Iroquois Indians of New York State, on Tuesday, March 8th. Mr. Parker himself is a descendant of the famous old Iroquois tribe and on that account his talk had a pleasing personal touch. The American Indian is a subject that is always interesting and Mr. Parker's treatment of it made it still more so.

Industrial Education of the Negro.

Booker T. Washington, L. L. D., Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, gave on March 7th an instructive and interesting lecture on the work done there for the industrial education of the negro. Mr. Washington has shown himself to be a man of wonderful intellect and practical knowledge and his lecture was a clear statement of the needs of the negro, the wonderful development of the race in recent years and the aid education has been towards the uplift of the people. The Institute at Tuskegee has emphasized practical work, as well as knowledge, and has been effectual in removing the old ideas that were so stultifying, and in arousing a new interest, as shown by the negro himself, in manual work. This marks the greatest achievement in racial history,—a changing of the spirit of a race. The negro knows he is down, and wants to rise. He is ready and anxious to improve his condition. Ignorance and lack of experience have been drawbacks, but patience, education and encouragement have made for advance. This problem, like all other race problems, will be solved by the success of the people, and success always means recognition.

Professor Kirtland's "Hours with the Poets."

During the month of March we were again given the opportunity and privilege of hearing Mr. Kirtland's delightful interpretation of the poets. On Friday, March 4th, he opened up a field of wonders hitherto unknown to many of us, in a reading from the American poets of the nineteenth century. On the 18th, "An Hour With Tennyson" was deeply appreciated because of Mr. Kirtland's sympathetic rendering of selections from "In Memoriam;" and was made especially pleasurable by the effective method he used in illustrating the musical qualities of Tennyson's lyrics. We wish to thank both Mr. and Mrs. Kirtland for an inspiring hour, with a sincere hope that it may not be the last.

Forestry in New York State.

On Thursday, March 24th, James S. Whipple, Chairman of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York State, gave an interesting and instructive illustrated talk concerning the present startling conditions of the forests of New York State. Mr. Whipple gave convincing proofs to show that if New York State continues to use up the forests at the present rate, twenty years will see the last tree in the state cut down. The disastrous effects of the loss of the forests upon the state's natural resources can easily be understood. Without trees, we could have no water supply and no farm lands, and with such a condition the Empire State would be uninhabitable.

The United States, so progressive in many lines, has only just begun to face the vital problem of scientific forestry. For six hundred years Germany has had laws which have prevented the cutting down of a single tree without official permission. In Switzerland, every child is taught forestry. The crisis in our country is close at hand and the students of to-day have to face it.

Mr. Whipple's talk could not but appeal to the patriotism of every one present and his strong, convincing arguments left a deep impression upon the minds of his audience. Let each one of us do our best to aid in the solution of this great national problem.

Our Arid West.

On April 1st, George H. Brown, an alumnus of the State Normal College and Principal of Schools at Amityville, gave a very instructive lecture on "Our Arid West." His talk showed a grasp of the subject and a patriotic pride in the national development of natural resources that was contagious. The lecture was well illustrated by scientific tables and beautiful pictures showing the marvelous results of irrigation. We all left the auditorium with a comfortable feeling that the West is doing her part towards internal development and national progress.

Culture and Work.

On April 7th, James S. Kittell, pastor of the First Reformed church, Albany, gave in the college auditorium an interesting and unforgettable talk on "Culture and Work." His eminently personal and practical ideas could not but appeal to those who expect to be teachers; while the high ideal which he suggested were an inspiration to everyone. The most important points of the lecture were: that the old idea of culture, as being isolation and separation from work, is disappearing; that more

and more the new spirit of bringing all our education, refinement and culture to the doing of each task for the uplifting of the world, is coming to prevail; and that this should be our especial labor, so to do each day's work that each task shall be an expression of culture. Mr. Kittell's application of the figure of the printed page was particularly inspiring. The daily work, the necessary toil is likened to the printed portion of the page; and the hours which are our own, to the white margin. There our own individuality is written. The deeds that we, ourselves, print in the margin of life determine our character and the value of our work to the world.

The Land and Poetry of Robert Burns.

On Friday, the eleventh of March, Professor Sayles entertained an appreciative audience with a lecture on the Land and Poetry of Robert Burns. The subject is always interesting, always attractive, because of the spirit and mystery of the Scottish people and scenery. Professor Sayles gave an admirable interpretation of the life and poetry of Nature's interpreter, Scotland's national poet.

Paris and Parisian Life.

Dr. Aspinwall gave a delightful lecture on Paris on March seventeenth, in the college auditorium. The talk was made especially interesting by the beautiful illustrations, and by the personal touch Dr. Aspinwall's own experience gave it. Our imaginative journey under his guidance has given us an appreciation of the beauty of Paris and of art for which we wish to thank Dr. Aspinwall.

About College

Faculty Notes.

The wedding of Professor Harry Birchenough and Miss Daisy Gertrude Fairhurst was solemnized in the Wesley M. E. church, Paterson, N. J., Monday evening, March 28th, 1910.

We are glad to welcome into our midst Professor Harry B. Smith, who is to have charge of the manual and industrial work, which is to be offered at the college next year. Professor Smith is a graduate of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and has pursued post-graduate work at Cornell University, and at the Teachers' College, New York City. For the past two years, Professor Smith has been traveling in Europe, studying the industrial work carried on there. We feel confident that these new industrial courses, which are soon to be offered here, will be very successful under so competent an instructor.

On Friday, March 4th, 1910, the corporation of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn held a memorial meeting in honor of the late Dr. David H. Cochran, who was president of that institution for thirty-five years. Dr. Cochran was president of the State Normal College from 1856 to 1864.

Professor C. Stuart Gager, Ph. D., at one time, member of the faculty of of the State Normal College, and, at present, Director of the Department of Botany of the University of Missouri, has been engaged to serve as director of the Botanical Garden and

Arboretum which is soon to be equipped by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

The contribution by two residents of Brooklyn of \$50,000.00 to the permanent funds of the Brooklyn Institute, the income of which may be used by the institute in properly equipping a Botanic Garden and Arboretum with plants, shrubs, trees and other forms of vegetation, has made possible the establishment of this Garden and Arboretum.

Professor Gager is to commence his work on July 1st and it is expected that the Garden will be planned and organized so that the work of planting and of instruction may begin in the spring of 1911.

Sophomore Reception.

On Friday evening, April 1st, the Sophomore class gave its annual reception to the Faculty and students. Room M was tastefully decorated with the class colors, yellow and white, and the members of the class wore their class flowers, daffodils. There was a short program consisting of numbers suitable to April 1st and the college jokes were enjoyed by all. After refreshments, dancing was enjoyed.

A Welcome to the new Echo Board.

The members of the new ECHO board were most delightfully entertained and initiated into their duties by the outgoing officers on April 5th, at the Kappa Delta House.

Everyone present represented some well known college paper

and much amusement was found in discovering their significance. One young lady, in particular, created confusion by echoing everything that was said. Brilliant hues were very much in evidence, some being more noisy than others, however.

In the playing of original conundrums, the staff clearly demonstrated its cleverness and intelligence. Then, with Miss Hoag as Editor-in-chief pro tem, it prepared and edited a complete sample copy of an ECHO of 1920, which was later read with great appreciation. Special features were poems and illustrations.

A marvelous, but delectable, concoction of unknown constituents was then served and hastily enjoyed. Mr. VanDenberg kindly rendered a solo from an old English ballad and the company broke up with a number of jolly songs.

The Rivals.

In order that the new ECHO board will not be handicapped by financial difficulties, it has been decided to present in the college auditorium on May 13th Richard Brinsley Sheridan's classic comedy, "The Rivals." The cast is made up entirely of college students and the spirit with which they have undertaken it speaks for success. The coach, Mrs. Lincoln of Troy, has had extensive experience in amateur theatricals and excellent results are assured under her efficient management. The enthusiastic sympathy and untiring assistance of Professor Kirtland have made this production possible.

The success of the drama, as such, is unquestionable, but the ECHO board, from past experiences, feels that a special appeal should be made to the students for their *financial* support. "Let the dead past bury its dead" is an excellent principle, once in

a while, but don't bury the living. The ECHO needs your support, and it is your college organ.

Students of the State Normal College, remember your College Spirit, and all be on hand May 13th at 7:45.

Budding Leaves from a Freshman's Diary.

April 2nd, 1910.—I can't do it. That's all there is about it, dear Diary. I can't do it. There's too many of them. No, I don't mean exams, though goodness knows we've had enough of them to sink a ship. I mean the lectures—we've had simply dozens of them, mon amy, and I've been to every last one—that's why I haven't written to you in three weeks. This is no Pepy's diary, anyway. Nobody is going to refer to this for past information like a math notebook handed down through long generations. I saw one that was made before the fire the other day—in fact, I have the promise of it year after next. Besides I haven't exactly enjoyed myself at the lectures lately. In the one on nature study, I was so excited for fear he would emphasize too much and re-smash the pointer that one of the actors in the Echo play shattered when he was trying to be eloquent, that I couldn't get the gist of the talk—only “the scum,” as my little sister says. He said that the crossiest kind of a man, if he be waked by a robin, will be happy all day. It isn't so at all. The next morning the thought occurred to me that I could sing just as well as a robin, so I began on “Yip I Ady” and Peggy woke up crosser than two sticks and didn't speak to me until breakfast time when she wanted to sputter to some one about the toast being all crusts and the milk on it sour. I told her she was the crusty and sour one (Fraulein) and matters were worse than ever. She and I have been having a fearful time lately anyway. Last Saturday

night, she insisted on locking our door because the wind blew it to and fro (I think she felt spooky) and the next morning, lo and behold!—we couldn't unlock it. Finally, Sapiens heard us wailing and wiggling (notice the alliteration—that poetry-stuck Junior told me that) at the lock and she tried for a long time with a nail, a pen knife and a hatpin, but she could not budge the thing, so they went down below and threw us up a ball of twine and we drew up our breakfast in a basket and ate while we waited for the carpenter to come and let us out. I was mad, but Peggy was pleased because there were some lettuce sandwiches in the basket and murmured with her mouth full,

“This world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

For my part, “the more I think about it, the more angry I become,” but that isn't the worst. The next day or so she and a Soph and I got into a great scrap about our attitude towards college work. The Soph told us she had learned that there were just two kinds of fish in the sea—could we guess them? Peggy ventured sharks and bullheads, but she said that was wrong. Now I have a great many weak points but that is my worst one (Fraulein) about whales. In High School percents never appealed to me and I never cared about getting ahead of some one else. I just drifted along a nonentity in every class, just managing to squeeze through the final exams, dear Diary. Well, I brought the same morbid notions to college with me. I never want to be considered better than anybody else. Once in October some one called me a “whale” in French and I didn't study my lesson for a week after. I make Peggy tried. She believes in getting a paper in on time whether there's anything in it worth while or not. I putter along for days on a thing and then maybe don't hand it in. (I never can be on the Honor List in English.) The Soph said she didn't have any sympathy for people who didn't live up to their best selves every day—that for her part, she'd rather have the name of “whale” than the notoriety I've been gaining for myself of being a rather clever

idiot. Oh, dear! I never knew they called me that. I was just furious and said I never pretended to be anything but a weakfish, but that there was another kind of fish in the sea, and I knew it. I'd seen starfish with my very own eyes the night before. She needn't tell me that the Cornell man who was president of the Senior class, a tip-top man in athletics, and who composed and sang almost all the musical selections in the "Misfit Man" was a whale. I'll wager anything that he didn't have his lessons every day, and I imagine he drank strong coffee and crammed for his exams. And he couldn't have been a weakfish either. "No, perhaps not," the Soph conceded, "but I imagine he isn't a victim to his own caprices. I'll bet he can get down and grind when he wants to and he'll put his best foot forward in class every time—bluff—reason—think—he's thoroughly alive every minute." "Not half awake like you, kid," added Peggy in a patronizing tone. And to cap the climax, Sapiens went against me. We all marcehd into her room for final decision as we always do on such questions, and she said, "Yes, kid, there *is* something sick about your theory and you'd better change before you begin to harden. There are three ways to get along in college and in life, too. One is by memory—that's what the whale has—faith is a mighty fine substitute for memory and that's what the starfish has. If you haven't either one of these, you're bad off—you're a weakfish. There isn't much left but a hard, steady grind, but"—and here Sapiens stared hard at me—"I'd be jiggered and bejabbered if I wouldn't *grind!*" Oh, me, dear Diary, I had sad thoughts that night. While Peggy was tying up the souvenirs from her parties I was saying to myself like Patty when she went to college, "Soon I'll be twenty, and then I'll be thirty and then I'll be forty and then I'll be fifty and do you think a woman of that age would deal in morbid and sickly propensities and shirk her work?" Then I couldn't stand it any longer and went over to the window where the soft spring wind was whispering of the buds and green leaves that were coming, and by and by I felt calmer and

before I knew it the words of that vagabond song were saying themselves in my heart, "Make me over, Mother April, when the sap begins to flow." I'm not half caught up, Dear Diary, I'll write you again to-morrow night, but good-night now, because it's late.

April 3rd, 1910.—I heard an awfully funny thing to-day. We saw a Soph going along the hall talking to herself. (They have to talk, you know, all the time anyway—that's the meaning of the word Soph-o-more.) Well, we listened and heard her say:

" 'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
 'To talk of many things,
 Of shoes and ships—and sealing wax—
 Of cabbages—and kings—
 And why the sea is boiling hot—
 And whether pigs have wings.' "

"Is she crazy?" I asked Peggy. "Stupid! no, she's on her way to Psychology class." Peggy was a starfish to see that, wasn't she? I wonder how much grinding it would take for me to learn to recognize a joke when I see it. I wish we had a class in methods of joking. I'd elect it if we did.

9 o'clock, April 4th.—Dear Diary:- I am trying to write an English paper, but I can't keep awake, so I'm going to sandwich you in when I find myself falling asleep. Hum! "The blow has fell." Peggy is invited to join a society and I'm left out in the cold. I know it was cowardly of me, but yesterday I felt just like saying,

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair.
 I will paint me black and will sever my hair.
 I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows
 And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes."

But there wasn't any god of the tempest around—it was such glorious spring weather—all the birds and grasses and trees seemed to be in tune with Nature, so I just threw back my head and walked along at a swinging gait and it wasn't long before I felt lots bigger and more wholesome and clean. I've got my

part to perform in the system of things, dear Diary, and I'm going to try to be bigger than anything that can happen to me. As for Peggy, she feels all out of sorts, too. She never knew she was being "rushed" until she got her invitation—she just thought these girls were nice to her because they wanted her for a special friend and now she felt just as though they had been fishing for her and were waiting to see whether she would nibble the bait or not. I told her that was all bosh and read her a note I took from "Rest Harrow," a story in Scribner's I'm reading, "You can't label a girl unfortunate if, with the chance of being most fortunate, she puts her hand to her chin and says, 'Hum, shall I or shall I not?'" She ought to be in my forlorn boots if she thinks she's bad off (I didn't tell her so, though).

10:30.—Oh, Hum! I have two pages done on my essay. This is splendiferous weather. That makes me think—I found a poem in the library to-day—I actually managed to get in when it was open—but the book I wanted was in use so I looked up some words in the dictionary (wouldn't it be nice if there were dictionaries around in the different rooms?) and read some old college Echos. This is the spring poem I found, written in 1900—a little out of date in some parts, but so expressive of spring.

"O, we know that spring is with us, we can feel it in the air;
We can see the springy symptoms floating round us everywhere.
We can hear it in the music of the budlets on the trees,
And we have corroboration in the softness of the breeze.
And the pleasure that it brings to us is by no means very slight;
Every day some revelation comes to fill us with delight.
But the very rarest pleasure to the *humble* writer's taste
Is the blooming of the *maiden* in the striped shirt waist.

Now we meet them in the parlor and we see them on the street,
And they sort of draw attention from a study of the feet,
And they look so cool and easy as they in the breezes swirl
That a fellow keeps regretting that he wasn't born a girl.
A *maiden* may be pretty or a *maiden* may be plain,
Her name be Maud or Baryl, or just homely Mary Jane.
She is bound to look attractive if she's saucily encased
In the picturesque fullness of a striped shirt waist!"

I've underlined *humble* and *maidens* because the person who could write such a thing ought never to call himself humble and the girls say the German professor says it's as bad to say *maiden* as one (*Fraulein*). That reminds me—I didn't tell you, mon amy, our Deutsche Fur Ein Club gave the cutest German play at our last meeting—the acting in it was great—I couldn't understand much of the German, they spoke it so naturally.

11 o'clock.—My, but I'm sleepy!—I'm on the second page of that old theme now, but "I'll be jiggered and bejabbered" if I won't grind until its done because I'm only a weakfish—"Oh, my goodness gracious!" (I wish I could say that just the way that Cornell fellow did it—it's so expressive of my present thought words.) Our "Rivals" aren't going to be so far behind The Cornell "Masque," though. You should hear Bob Acres and Captain Absolute sing solos which they set to music themselves. It's positively thrilling—I'd go a mile to hear them any day. I just happened in when they were practising the other day. I wanted an extra copy of the Echo and asked them where the Echo office was, and Mr. FitzPatrick said, "Just now the headquarters of the Echo Board are Locker 312, but we're afraid we'll have to find a larger establishment when the advertising material for the play comes in," and then they all laughed and I was mad because I knew they were making fun of me and went away. Who ever heard of a college paper not having any

bigger place than a locker for an office? Maybe, if it's so, that's why it's so sleepy—it doesn't have room to stretch and wake up.

12 o'clock.—The deed is did. The dum deed's done. (Note the alliterative force.) This alliteration is something like those tongue twisters we used to say, isn't it? I learned a new one (Fraulein) this morning. I was walking to college with a Junior and when we came insight of that hideous bill board in front of the college, I groaned as usual. "What vexes your little tin soul?" she asked me. If I had been a starfish like Peggy, I should have said, "A possible 63" or something like that, but instead I told the truth and she laughed at me and said freshmen were apt to take too big burdens on their shoulders and asked me if I ever heard the jingle, "Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored bill so that Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill and the board bill no longer bored Bill." I hadn't, but I learned to say it before we got to college—(I've got a regular whale's memory for things I don't need to remember) Good night, by paper friend—More anon.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Mildred Thompson, '04, of Amenia, N. Y., visited Miss Perine, March 31st to April 1st.

The engagement of Miss Anna M. Smith, '00, to Mr. Sturges F. Cary of Corning, N. Y., has been announced.

Miss Sarah M. Wilson, '00, of New York visited Albany during her Easter vacation.

Miss Louise Hersey, '09, who is now teaching mathematics in the Poughkeepsie High School, spent her Easter vacation with Miss Perine.

Births.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Claude A. Alexander, a son, February 2nd, 1910. Mr. Alexander belonged to the class of '02 and Mrs. Alexander (nee Mildred A. Young) to that of '05.

Obituary.

Miss Julia W. Craver, '08, died suddenly at Peekskill, N. Y., November 3rd, 1909.

Book Reviews---A Modern Chronicle.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to this new and fascinating book by Winston Churchill. It differs from his other novels in that the central figure is a girl instead of a man. A girl of the finest American type full of beauty and strength of character, reared as the daughters of the South were reared twenty years ago. She enters the story at the age of eighteen months as an orphan left to the care of her aunt and uncle, who live in St. Louis. She is a very imaginative child and is much influenced by the stories told about her brilliant father. As she grows, ambitions for wealth and social position dominate all her feelings. We follow her through a year at a fashionable boarding school on the Hudson, then to the home of one of her classmates, where she meets a "Wall Street" man, whom she marries soon after.

This is only the beginning of her life story, which is a repetition of the old story of growing wise by experience.

It is a novel which holds the reader throughout and which contains much worldly wisdom.

It is published by the MacMillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, \$1.50.



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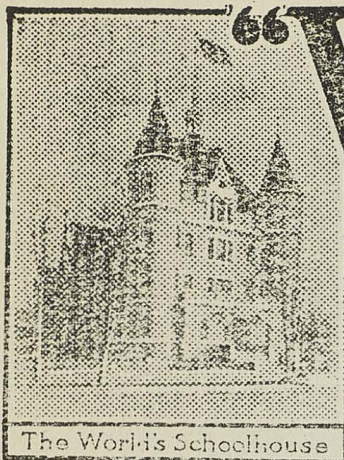
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