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THE ECHO.

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Literary Department.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

The autumn sun has vanished,
And a mist of lavender light
Gleams low through the half-bared branches,
O'er the gold-strewn path that stretches
Far into the deepening night.

The pale bow moon is setting
In the soft-hued, shadowy west.
The day and the night are meeting
In low-toned evening greeting,
Promising peace and rest.

The voice of the stream grows louder
In its song of perpetual life;
There are themes of hope and sorrow,
Of a fuller power to-morrow,
Told in its endless strife.

My soul breathes deep of the night-wind
That sweeps through the trembling trees;
My heart sings its song with the river
In praise unto God, the Giver.
Of all that it knows and sees.

GRACE M. YOUNG, 1913.

HENRIK IBSEN, DRAMATIST.

The theatrical world has taken note of Ibsen ever since he achieved his first success in 1866 by the publication of a play entitled *Brand*. The playwrights and actors of his time and of our own have studied his dramas until Ibsen's influence is felt and recognized as world wide whether for good or evil. The theatre-going world has made Ibsen's acquaintance through the twenty-three plays in poetry and prose, written in his mother-tongue, Dano-Norwegian, and translated into German, French, and English, for stage representation.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a critical review of Ibsen's works, but rather to tell briefly what he did for Norway

in particular, what for the stage in general, and how his plays are regarded to-day by competent critics like William Archer, his English translator, and Henry Arthur Jones, two English playwrights now living.

It is claimed that in his own language Ibsen's dramas are classics. It goes without saying that the translations fail to give the style of the original, but it is also true that a good translation retains " whatever property was in the original to enlarge, liberalize, and refine the mind."

Norwegian life is perhaps more foreign to us, in our little corner of the United States than is any other nationality of Europe, but it is less so now than it was back in the " sixties," when Ibsen began to publish his plays. Travel and translation have done much to familiarize us with the life of Northern Europe, as before and since they have done much to make plain to us the life, literature, and art of Southern Europe.

The same year that Ibsen published *Brand,* 1866, the Parliament of Norway voted him a " poet pension " of £90 a year. This freed him from the trammels of poverty and his first use of this good fortune was to travel. He went to Italy and spent the summer in a country place near Rome where he lived comfortably and cheaply. Here he began his second important work, a dramatic poem entitled *Peer Gynt.*

Writing to a friend soon after his arrival he speaks of his surroundings as " indescribably beautiful," and adds " I shall soon be setting to work in good earnest. I am still wrestling with my subject, but I know I shall get the upper hand of the brute before long, and then everything will go on smoothly."

Some months later he writes to Hegel in a letter dated from Rome, " Now I must tell you that my new work is well under way. It is to be a long dramatic poem, having as its chief figure one of the Norwegian peasantry's half-mythical, fantastic heroes of *recent* times. It will bear no resemblance to *Brand,* contain

no direct polemics and so forth. I have long had the subject in my thoughts; now the entire plan is worked out and written down and the first act begun. The thing grows as I work at it, and I am certain that you will be satisfied with it." He keeps Hegel informed of the progress of his work, writing him in March, 1867, " the poem has advanced to the middle of the second act," and in August he sends him the complete manuscript of the first three acts, writing at the same time " I am curious to hear how you like the poem. It may interest you to know that Peer Gynt is a real person, who lived in Gudbrandsdal probably at the end of the last or the beginning of this century; but of his exploits not much is known except what is found in *Pictures from the Mountains,* a section of *Norwegian Fairy Tales.* Thus I have not had very much to build upon, but so much the more liberty has been left me." The book was published in November, 1867, within two years from the time *Brand* was finished. Three years later, writing to another friend from Dresden, Ibsen gives more intimate information about the composition of *Peer Gynt.* He says: "After *Brand* came *Peer Gynt* as though of itself. It was written in Southern Italy, in Ischia, and at Sorrento. So far away from one's readers one becomes reckless. This poem contains much that had its origin in the circumstances of my own youth. My own mother — with the necessary exaggerations — served as the model for Ase. Years afterward, in writing of *Peer Gynt,* he said: " I had the circumstances and memories of my own childhood before me when I described the life in the house of the rich ' Jon Gynt.' " And again, " Environment has great influence upon the forms in which imagination creates."

This first-hand knowledge of the author and his theme helps us to understand and estimate his work more justly than what the critics have said about it, and it also helps us to understand the criticisms, both favorable and unfavorable, that have been lavished on these two dramatic poems. One critic declared " *Peer*

Gynt belongs to the domain of polemical journalism. It is not poetry, because in the transmutation of reality into art it falls halfway short of the demands, both of art and reality."

Ibsen resented this criticism in a letter to one of his compatriots. He says: "My book *is* poetry; and if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book." He evidently knew what he was about for his dramas whether in poetic form or in prose are a saturated solution of Norwegian life. His English translator, William Archer, says: "The whole atmosphere of the first three acts and the fifth of *Peer Gynt* is that of Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales," and again he says: "The scenes of poignant and thrilling and haunting poetry are too many to be severally indicated." Mr. Archer wishes the reader to enjoy the pure poetry of *Peer Gynt* rather than search for its symbolic or satiric meanings, although it has these meanings as he points out and classifies under three heads: "First, universal human satire and symbolism, bearing upon human nature in general, irrespective of race or nationality. Next we have satire upon Norwegian human nature in particular, upon the religious and political life of Norway as a nation. Lastly, we find a certain number of local and ephemeral references called in our stage slang 'topical allusions,'" And Bjornson, one of Ibsen's friendly Norwegian critics, says: "*Peer Gynt* is a satire upon Norwegian egoism, narrowness, and self-sufficiency, so executed as to have made me not only again and again laugh till I was sore, but again and again give thanks to the author in my heart, as I here do publicly."

But our curiosity is not satisfied with criticism of this sort. We want to know something about the production of these plays on the stage, since the purpose of the dramatist in writing a play is to have it acted. We find that *Peer Gynt* was produced at the Christiana Theatre in February, 1876. After it had been acted

thirty-seven times a fire, which destroyed some of the scenery, put an end to the performances. At the same theatre, in 1892, the first three acts were revived and repeated fifty times. At the National Theatre it was first presented in 1902, and up to 1906 had been presented eighty-four times. The version that is approved for the Norwegian stage holds to the original five acts, but the fourth and fifth have been cut considerably. The play was produced in Copenhagen, Gothenburg, and Stockholm between 1886 and 1895, and afterward a Swedish company toured with it in Norway and Sweden. It was translated into French and acted in Paris in 1896. The first German translation appeared in 1881. Mr. Archer has found no record of its being performed in German except twice in Vienna, at the Deutsches Volkstheatre, in May, 1902. The first production in the English language took place at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on October 29, 1906, when Mr. Richard Mansfield appeared as Peer Gynt. He played it afterward many times in New York.

We have insufficient data to determine how Ibsen's plays were received when acted in his own country, but a well known New York dramatic critic, Mr. William Winter, writing of the Ibsen drama in 1895, says: "Mr. Ibsen's piece, entitled *The Doll's House,* is neither good for the stage nor good for the closet, for it is found to be slow and tiresome when acted and it is trivial when read. It contains one dramatic situation, but one dramatic situation is not enough to animate the structure of a three-act piece. Years ago *The Doll's House* was produced under the name of *Thora* by Helena Modjeska, but although the brilliant talents of that actress were at their meridian, it was a failure. In 1888 it was tried in London under the auspices of a few crotchety writers, but although momentarily favored, it soon dropped out of sight. Since then it has been performed in America under much the same conditions and with the same result. A few stately persons, mostly

residents in Boston, declared it excellent, because it is surcharged with meaning such as transcends the comprehension of all except the elect. The piece is dull on the stage, for want of interest and dramatic movement, and it is equally dull in the closet, for want of literature."

Mr. Winter outlines the plot of the play and then adds—"Mr. Ibsen's composition is not dramatic, but didactic. The piece is not a play, it is an essay." Mr. Winter takes exceptions to Ibsen's theory of the matrimonial relation in a most sarcastic exposition of it in this fashion: "One blow shall be struck for feminine freedom and Mr. Ibsen feels that he is the man to strike it. Women must no longer be brought up as dolls, or treated as playthings. The woman who is reared as a doll will necessarily behave as such, that is to say, she will lie and steal, and forge because she knows no better. That is the way with dolls. They are dreadfully afraid of being found out when they have done wrong, but at the same time, they never know the difference between right and wrong. Besides they inherit things from their diseased ancestors, and no doll who has inherited anything from a sick progenitor is responsible for her conduct. Judgment on dolls should be exceedingly lenient, as long as husbands are Turks and prigs. The crying need of the hour is perfect equality in the married state. Marriage is impossible and wrong unless the wife, equally with the husband, is acquainted with the Ten Commandments; and no woman can be considered a human being whose independent personality does not at least tower to the height of the Revised Statutes. Mr. Ibsen is firmly persuaded of these truths, and he has written *The Doll's House* in order to establish them."

Such a stone as this, flung by Mr. Winter at *The Doll's House* ought to have made it topple over, if it did not entirely demolish it, but since it has withstood this attack and still per-

sists in standing securely on its foundation, not visibly the worse for the blow, perhaps Mr. Ibsen builded better than Mr. Winter knew when he constructed this *House*.

In an article entitled "Great Actors and Modern Drama," that appeared in Scribner's Magazine last year, the writer says: "Ibsen created two poetic plays containing two characters of such range and depth as to deserve the adjective great—*Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, but as he developed, as his plays became closer pictures and more direct commentaries on his day and generation, his characters shrank, at times almost into meanness. It requires, of course, sure technique and a very genuine talent to play *Hedda Gabler*. But no genius was ever so flaming as to make that character great—nor would it then be Hedda Gabler! It requires a touch of eerie poetry to play *The Lady from the Sea*, but no genius was ever so flaming as to remove from her the taint of nerves, the modern blight." Yet in the same article the author gives Ibsen credit for having had the greatest influence on the drama in the nineteenth century, of any writer of plays. He says: "Ibsen worked for dramatic truth—the perfect correspondence of incident and character."

In *A Study of the Drama*, by Mr. Brander Matthews, Ibsen and his plays are referred to on forty different pages. At the very outset Mr. Matthews makes a striking comparison between Sophocles and Ibsen. He discovers "the same massive simplicity" in Ibsen's *Ghosts* that is found in Sophocles' *Œdipus the King*, but with this difference: the Greek poet shows how fate is inevitable while the Scandinavian seeks to prove that heredity is inexorable. He states that the social plays of Ibsen have powerfully modified the aims and ideals of latter-day dramatists in France and in Spain, in Germany and in England. And again he reminds us that Ibsen, in writing his dramas, had in mind "the narrow-minded vil-

lagers of Grimstad as the individual spectators he wished to startle out of their moral lethargy." "He wrote his social dramas for the old folks at home in Norway, whom he wanted to awaken morally and mentally." Mr. Matthews' appreciation of Ibsen's plays is singularly at variance with that of Mr. Winter.

Ibsen justifies his change from dramatic poetry to prose in a letter to Mr. Edmund Gosse in which he outlines his plan of the play, *The League of Youth*. He writes: "You think my drama ought to be written in verse and that it will gain an advantage if it is. I must simply contradict you; for the piece is, as you will find, developed in the most realistic way possible. The illusion I wish to produce is of truth itself. I want to produce upon the mind of the reader the impression that what he is reading is actually taking place before him." He explains that he could not do this in verse and he then adds: "My drama is not a tragedy in the old world signification of the word, but what I have tried to depict in it is human beings, and for that very reason I have not allowed them to talk the language of the gods."

In Miss Jeanette Lee's book on Ibsen, the exact title of which I cannot now recall, she says, "He failed to satisfy himself in this experiment and he waited ten years before he succeeded in groping his way to a new dramatic form. Prose as a dramatic art-form was unknown to him. He had to hew it out of the rock of his own being. In 1877 he produced *The Pillars of Society* in which he proved that he had found the long sought form. He never varied from it afterward. The new form was symbolism. His symbols are the concrete images of his thought." She dwells upon the fact that Ibsen is an advocate of the "new woman." She considers "the woman of free thought and action the real problem of modern society—the struggle between the old order and the new—woman is to

play an important and inevitable part in this struggle." This idea is brought out clearly in *The Master Builder.* She characterizes *The Lady from the Sea* and *Little Eyolf* as Ibsen's "two plays of the soul," separate, as they are, from modern society and its problems.

When Mr. Henry Arthur Jones visited this country in 1906, he was invited to address the Dramatic Club of Harvard University. He took for his theme on the occasion, "Corner Stones of Modern Drama." After a brief introduction and the statement of the purpose of his lecture, he begs his audience to grant him "time and space for a rather long, but quite relevant parenthesis." I take the liberty of quoting this parenthesis since it is germane to my subject.

Mr. Jones says: "No glance at any corner of the modern drama can leave out of sight the ominous figure of Ibsen. A great destroyer, a great creator, a great poet, a great liberator, in his later prose plays he has freed the European drama, not only from the minor conventions of the stage, such as the aside and the perfunctory soliloquy, but from the deadlier bondage of sentimentality, of one-eyed optimism and sham morality. As there is no modern playwright who understands his craft that does not pay homage to Ibsen's technique, so there is no serious modern dramatist but has been directly or indirectly influenced by him, or whose path has not been made clearer and straighter and easier by Ibsen's matchless veracity, courage and sincerity. Throughout the later plays, again and again, he shows us how far more poignant and startling are inward spiritual situations and the secret surprises and suspenses of the soul, than outward physical situations and the traps and surprises of mechanical ingenuity. Like all great artists, he is greatest not when he is most realistic, but when he is most imaginative. It is true he does not attain those soaring heights of wisdom and sincerity where Sophocles and

Shakespeare and Goethe sit radiantly enthroned, watching all the turbid stream of human life as it flows a hundred thousand leagues beneath their feet. Ibsen, for the most part, looms darkly through a blizzard, in a wilderness made still more bleak and desolate by the gray lava-streams of corrosive irony that have poured from his crater. Yet by this very fact he becomes all the more representative of his age and of the present cast and drift of European thought and philosophy. His generation has heard and received his insistent new gospel, 'Live Your Own Life.'

"But human hearts will always long for that strain of higher mood which we seem to remember, 'Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.' Ibsen is a citizen of a small country; this gives him many signal advantages and some monstrous disadvantages. If his eyes avert their ken from half of human life, yet his vision is the more keen and strenuous for the half that lies before them. If he is a sour and shabby courtier to beauty, he is never a traitor to truth. He will never be surpassed in his angry scorn for lies. He has great fascination, but little charm. Joyous youth will never hobnob with him. For happy lovers he grows no sweet forget-me-nots. The poor in spirit he crushes. Those who have rooted themselves at ease in the rank stubble of modern commercialism, shudder at him as a weed at the ploughshare, as a cancer at the knife. For two-thirds of mankind he has only a comment of self-contempt and a sentence of despair and destruction. But the strong he fortifies, the steadfast he establishes. He is a scourge to slaves, but for them that are free he enlarges the bounds of freedom. They honor him who honor the truth, and they welcome him who welcome the growl of the thunder and the dart of the lightning, rather than the stagnancy and miasma and the fitful shimmer that dances around corruption.

A test of Ibsen's quality is supplied by the characters of the men who have most hated and vilified him. Some tribute may perhaps be offered, belated, but I hope not too late, by those whom his tense and shattering genius has at last conquered and brought to own with great regret that they have in part misjudged, in part underestimated him. He will stand forth a frowning landmark in the domain of the drama. Weak creatures may now be counseled to shun him and to cease from cursing and shrieking at him. He remains. But at present by his circumstances, by his character, by the nature of his genius, by the language he wrote in, Ibsen remains a solitary figure and though he has alarmed and shifted the whole modern drama, he stands mainly apart from it."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has compressed into his parenthesis a whole volume of enthusiastic admiration and understanding of his man. But it is not easy to arrive at a just estimate of the value of Ibsen's plays even after sifting the mass of conflicting evidence furnished by his two classes of critics. As we are not likely to see many of his plays on our semi-provincial stage, perhaps the best thing to do would be to read as many of them as our time and inclination will permit, for there is no doubt in my mind that most, if not all of them, are better for reading than for acting. Evidence of this is found in the fact that "Library Editions" of Ibsen's complete works are published, both in London and New York. My conclusion is—read Ibsen if you wish to know the real character of his dramas, and postpone the reading of criticism on them until you are ready for it or omit it altogether.

MARGARET S. MOONEY.

A MIS-SENT LETTER.

Jack Dalton was sitting in the club house waiting the arrival of his friend, Charles Seymour. These two young men had been the closest friends ever since their days at college. Just two years ago to-night Jack had committed one of those unforeseen blunders which are as irretrievable as death. To-night was to see the result of it. He had written two letters. The first one was to his chum, Charlie, congraulating him upon the announcement of his engagement; the second was to a friend in California. In the latter he told his friend of the letter of congratulation he had written to his chum and how he feared for his future happiness. Speaking of the girl he was to marry, he said:

"She is young, beautiful, virtuous, rich, and well-born. Unfortunately she is my cousin. I have seen her grow up; and there is almost anybody I would rather see Charlie marry. Her ears hear only what it pleases her to hear. She is not lacking gentleness, but she never wearies of talking and letting everybody know about the very smallest act she performs. I fear that after a very short time, strange obstacles will intervene between Charlie and us, who will be of no use to him. You will say that surely she has brains. No, it is not that; it is egotism. Within two years he will either loathe her when he understands her or he will adopt her point of view. O, Jim! only the blind can say it makes no difference whom a man marries.'

After writing this letter he hesitated about sending it but finally decided. While he was sitting in the drawing-room about an hour later, it came to him that he had interchanged the envelopes; and the letter intended for California had been sent to Charlie.

"I thought I might find you here." Jack turned to see Charlie standing beside him.

"Well! How do you happen to be off duty at five o'clock in the afternoon." Then he realized that this accidental meeting was a priceless boon.

"Charlie, I have just sent you a letter."

"Nothing very unusual about it, is there?"

"Yes, because it went to California and the letter which was not intended for you was mailed to you."

"O, well; I'll send it back."

"Send it back! No. I, at first wanted you to do that, but now I want you to promise me you'll read it, but not for two years." Charlie's face became grave, "Why, this is all very mysterious to me, but since you wish it, I will promise it, Jack."

"Put it away and enter a note in your engagement book to that effect."

As Charlie took out his pocketbook, he laughed and said: "I know what it is, an advice against matrimony; but, laying all joking aside, don't you think that you take the matter too seriously?"

"Well, you shall see in two years."

Whatever Charlie's wife had succeeded in doing, she had not in the least broken the friendship of the two chums. They saw each other just as much as before but, as Jack noticed, they seldom met at the former's house. Whether this was his wife's doings he did not know For two years Jack had watched Charlie as one watches an invalid to see which way the crisis will turn. One day, after dinner, Charlie remarked to a group of people, in answer to a question from his wife:

"One simply does not discuss his wife."

"There," thought Jack," "is the whole thing in a nutshell."

"One simply does not discuss his wife," he repeated slowly. That is the solution that he had left out of his calculations.

As he sat in the drawing-room of the clubhouse to-night Jack thought of all that had taken place during the two years that

had elapsed. He had not received even an indication of how the matter would turn out when Charlie should open the letter.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck, but no Charlie appeared. His confidence began to wane.

"Well," he thought, "his failing to come is proof enough of his answer. Perhaps it is better after all."

At a quarter to twelve Jack started to go home and met Charlie on the stairs.

"I've just seen the most splendid performance ever executed," was his greeting. After talking a few minutes, Jack could contain himself no longer, and he said:

"You did not remember the engagement we had? Have you not read my letter?"

"A letter? When did you write me a letter?"

"Two years ago."

Charlie's face lighted. "O, yes, Jack; I am so sorry, I forgot to tell you about that. A short time ago I was burning some old papers and that letter somehow was burned with them."

"Was it burned unread?"

Charlie had his eyes cast toward the ground and for a second remained thus. Then he raised them and looking at Jack, said: "Yes, unread."

Jack saw in that straight, bold, steady glance the look of one who is lying.

JESSIE M. MCAULIFFE, 1913.

THE BOY'S WORLD.

Now, as a young man, I am often envied, for I am told of my fine opportunity to be great in the eyes of the world. But I value that chance little, it is to me one of life's trifles. For I hear a voice, the echo of my boyhood, crying out from my

very soul for my return to the farm. Unless this ever increasing call shall cease, I feel that I can not much longer remain the unwilling guest of the morbid, gray city. I longingly await the time when I may assert myself and journey happily down nature's path to the serene independence of the prosperous farmer.

Not many years ago, as a boy king, I reigned supreme in my own little world. I was satisfied with my subjects—in summer, the blue sky, the trees, the little pebbly brook, the cool grasses, the birds, the chipmunks, the woodchucks, my dog, and the entire farm. In winter what could be more pleasant than the brisk invigorating winds, the carpet of snow and planes of substantial ice, or what more satisfying than an evening about the old fire-place with apples and nuts and sweet cider and stories? And I wish to renew those simple joys as I never wished for anything before.

In the spring, what fun it was to walk through the dewy grass in your bare feet to the back pasture after the cows, and, maybe, attracted by the "whoof-whoof" of your ever attendant dog to find a new woodchuck hole on the other side of the lane stone wall. Then you plugged up the hole with stones, so that later you might try to dig him out. Reluctantly Nig left the hole, but he raced about you again as you went on, and "got up the cows," while you let down the bars. And then you marched along behind the slowly moving cows, hastening the laggards with your long slender willow whip. You put them in the barnyard and dodged into the granary for the four-quart measure full of corn, with which you attempted to satisfy the appetites of the chickens—*your* chickens, for didn't you feed them, and didn't you lock them up every night, and didn't you gather all the eggs yourself? You tried to scare away the old white rooster for he always ate more corn than he deserved, and never laid a single egg. And you quietly threw a handful

of corn off to one side to the young pullets whom the rest of the chickens pecked at and crowded away.

You left the chickens still hunting for the kernels of corn when your father and the hired man came by with the foaming pails of the fresh warm milk. Then you ran up the path to the house, so as to be able to wash and be at the table first.

What need to tell of a spring breakfast on the farm? There were stacks of flapjacks and gallons of home-made maple syrup, dishes of white potatoes, and platters of ham and eggs, (eggs that your own hens had laid the day before). And to fill in the crevices you drank great cupfuls of the still warm milk.

As soon as the meal was over, you went to the stable with the rest of the "men," and busied yourself putting the clevice and whiffletrees on the stone boat. And when Kit and Phil were finally hooked up, you drove to the wagon-house all alone. Here the men put on the plow and you started for the field. The hired man took along the axe and brush-scythe so that he could trim along the fence while your father plowed. Nig trotted along by the side of the stone-boat as it bumped and "skre-a-e-aked" along over the rough lane.

Finally the field was reached, the horses hitched to the plow, and the first furrow started. You followed in the cool furrow and finally picked up enough worms to fill one of your coat pockets. Then whistling for Nig, you started down the lane toward home. When you got to the barn again you fed the worms to your chickens. Then it is ten to one that you wanted a couple of cookies, so you went to the house and interrupted your mother's bread-making with a tale of threatened starvation. You always got the cookies, when you asked mother for them on the farm. Next you filled the jug with the cold spring water for it was pretty warm up in the field. Your father got the first drink, of course. He wiped the drops of sweat and drank long and deeply. The horses stood

patiently as if the short rest was very welcome to them. Then you rode the plow along till you came alongside of the hired man, he dropped his scythe and thankfully took the drink you offered him.

Next you, followed by your dog, went back toward the pasture till you came to the woodchuck hole. However, after a few preliminary sniffs, Nig left the hole in disgust. The look he had plainly spelled "G-o-n-e" and you concluded that digging would be fruitless. So you hung around whittling until the white cloth in the attic window signaled "dinner." You ran back to the field and called, "Hey, dinner's ready," and then your father would say something about it was funny that you always saw the dinner signal first and then he would laugh. You drove the horses down to the barn. Again you were the first one at the table and again you did a man's duty to your mother's cooking.

In the afternoon you drove the horses back to where the plow stood in the furrow, waited to get a few worms and then hurried back to the woodshed where your pole hung with the line, hook, and cork already fastened on. Then you spent your time fishing along the creek which flowed through the lower pasture. If you chanced to catch a fish, you made a hole with your bare heel in the mud close to the water's edge, splashed it full of water and left your captive there. After fishing to your heart's desire, you put your pole back in the woodshed and hunted up an old pail. You returned to the creek, filled the pail with water and proceeded to collect the victims of your skill with the hook and line. When you got them all you carried them to the spring and dumped them in. What did it matter if some of them did swim through the feed pipe into the barrel in the back kitchen. There was always a chance that some of them might grow till they were big enough to eat.

But when it got late in the afternoon, you started for the

field again. Again you drove the horses down to the barn, got the cows, fed the chickens, ate your supper, and went to bed to sleep the sleep of the innocent.

Ah, who was more happy than the farmer's boy? The farm was his world, he was king of all he saw. And he wanted no more. Can you wonder that, having once tasted these delights, I long to leave the humdrum of the burly city and to yield to the call of the farm?

HAROLD W. GOEWEY, 1914.

AN ECHO OF HALLOWE'EN.

It was an afternoon late in autumn and the beautiful October sun was sinking behind the hills to another world and another day. It crept through the golden and scarlet branches of a large maple tree into a little room, where it rested upon two heads, one of silver and one of gold. Suddenly the golden head lifted and the beautiful face of a young girl was disclosed. Her large blue eyes gazed tenderly into the clear, gray ones of the older woman, who said lovingly:

"We cannot read any longer Janice, for the sun is setting and night is coming. Look, dear, see how beautiful the sky is. But there! the sun has gone and twilight is here."

The girl closed the book and slid to the ottoman which lay at the feet of her aunt. Laying her head in the lap of her companion, she said softly:

"To-morrow, aunt, is Hallowe'en. Mother says I may have some friends in the evening to help me celebrate. You will come down, won't you?" she asked, looking questioningly at her aunt.

"No dear, your poor old aunt has passed the age for Hallowe'en parties. I'll stay here and you can tell me about it. Why Janice, I've not been to a party in seventeen years."

"Oh, Aunt," said the girl, disappointment written on her face, "You talk as if you were a hundred years old, instead of only thirty-five. There will be lots of people older than you, for Jack Phillips is going to bring some relatives of his mother's that are visiting at his house. Oh, Aunt Helen, do come," and she patted her aunt's hand affectionately.

"Well, dear, I will see," answered her aunt, smiling down at the sweet up-turned face.

"Oh, you darling," cried the girl, impulsively kissing her aunt. "Now I must go, for it is getting dark." She sprang up lightly from her seat and, putting on her coat and hat, made ready for her departure. She kissed her aunt and opened the door, at the same time saying, "Don't forget, Aunt dear, you are coming to-morrow night."

The woman watched her trip down the hillside, but even when the girl had disappeared from sight she did not move from the window. She sat motionless for a long time in the twilight; then suddenly, and half unconsciously, she said to herself: "Why shouldn't I go? That was all seventeen years ago, but I will not think of that. If he can forget, so can I." She struck a light and then went quickly over to an old chest standing against the wall. She threw it open hastily and drew out an old-fashioned gown of white silk dotted here and there with pale pink rosebuds. She held it up to the light and looked at it silently. At last she said half aloud:

"Seventeen years ago. How long it seems; and yet this old dress seems to bid me go and forget the years that have passed by."

* * * * * * * * *

It was Hallowe'en, and the home of the Ormands was resounding with the merry-making of the young people and the laughter of the older ones. Janice, in a dress of soft white silk, was flitting to and fro, like a little golden-haired fairy. Sud-

denly she felt someone pulling at her sleeve, and, turning, she found herself face to face with young Jack Phillips.

"Say Janice," he asked excitedly, "Is your aunt, Miss Ormand, coming to-night?"

"Yes, I think so—what of it?"

"Well, you know my uncle, who has been away so long and who came with me this evening? I never knew it before, but my mother told me to-night that they were sweet-hearts once and they separated because of some little disagreement at a Hallowe'en party seventeen years ago to-night."

"Jack, is that really so? Oh, we must watch them when they meet, and see what they do. Oh dear, we're missing the games. Come on, hurry up." A ring at the door bell, however, attracted the girl's attention, and she went to answer it.

"Oh Aunt Helen," cried the girl, as she opened the door, "do hurry. We are just beginning the games. See, all the girls are going up stairs," and she pushed her aunt ahead of her up the broad staircase. When they reached the bed room Helen Ormand drew off the long cloak hesitatingly, for she wondered what her niece would say when she saw the dress which belonged to a fashion so long past.

"Oh, Aunt Helen, how beautiful you are!" said the girl, raptly gazing at her aunt, who answered softly, "Oh, you little flatterer, run along and play your games. I'll be down in a moment."

"I have other things to attend to, and all the girls have had their turn so you must take yours. Please, Aunty dear, do it for me. Take this candle and looking glass, and go down the stairs backwards. Then lay your slippers in the form of an initial of your sweetheart and sit down before them. Hold the candle over your head and peer into the looking glass. Then you will see your lover's face."

"Oh, you silly child, I am not eighteen——.'

"That doesn't matter," interrupted Janice. "Please do as I ask, please do," and the girl led her aunt to the head of the stairs.

Down stairs the rest of the company had gone to the dining room, all except Victor Farrington, Jack's uncle, who stood with his back to the staircase looking out of a window into the night. Turning suddenly he saw a form clad in a white silk dress dotted with rosebuds, descending the stairs backwards. It was the form of a woman, whom he had known long, long ago. She held a candle in one hand and a looking-glass in the other. At the foot of the stairs she paused, removed her slippers and placed them in the form of a "V." She then sat down before them and, lifting the candle above her head, looked into the glass. The man by the window stood as if struck dumb, and then he walked quietly over and knelt beside the aunt of Janice, and looking over her shoulder, peered into the mirror.

EDNA HALL, 1914.

PATRICK'S PREDICAMENT.

Pat was an Irishman,—
  Sure you would guess it —
Came from "auld Ireland"—
  May the saints bless it!

Worked on a building —
  Faith an' 'twas high!
'T loomed many stories
  Into the sky.

Upon the ladder
Bearing a hod
Patrick ascended
Rod after rod.

Load now deposited,
Pat would return
Where is the ladder?
That he must learn.

Ladders are queer things
Up in the air;
Now you are on one,
Now it is—where?

Down from below him,
Down on the ground,
Came the boss' query,
Most welcome sound.

"Hurry on down, Pat!"
Why be so slow?"
Patrick called feebly,
"The way I don't know."

"The way you went up, Pat,"
The Irishman cursed,—
"Shure an' I won't now;
That was head first!"

RACHEL A. GRISWOLD, 1914.

Editorial Department.

"When the frost was on the pumpkin and the corn was in the shock" in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and twenty-one, certain gentlemen residing in or near Plymouth, Massachusetts, made the happy discovery that the harvest of that year was far in excess of any record in the crop statistics for that vicinity in previous years. In high glee that "famine no longer stared them in the face," these worthy gentlemen declared that a three days' celebration should be held, the program to be the eating of roast turkey (wild), roast goose (ditto), venison steak (also ditto),— and repeat *ad nauseam*. Such is one conception of the first Thanksgiving Day. Others claim that the first Thanksgiving was held in July, sixteen-twenty-three, the basis of their contention being that the previous celebrations of that nature had no religious services and were not announced by state proclamation.

The exact date, however, is of little moment to most of us to-day. The essential facts are that a custom was formed of setting aside a particular day in the fall of the year for public thanksgiving, and that the manner of celebration was church attendance and inordinate consumption of food — a manner which has been but slightly changed with the passing of time. To be sure, many of us substitute the football field or the theatre for the church, but this is an unimportant change, as it neither signifies lack of reverence nor of gratitude.

To those who live in the country late November seems an appropriate time for Thanksgiving, but the college student would probably prefer late June, and, sometimes, even, has difficulty in finding anything to be particularly grateful for at this time of year. If you are in such a predicament, look about you! There are hundreds of people within your ken whose fate is worse than yours to-day. Be thankful that you are none of

those. There is *always* something to be thankful for. There is a good Thanksgiving sermon in the old story of the woman who, having lost all but two of her teeth, thanked God that those two met!

In the literary department will be found a paper on "Henrik Ibsen, dramatist." It is being published at this time because on the twenty-fourth of this month students of the college are to present, in the auditorium, *The Doll's House,* written by this author. Our article was not written to 'boom' the play at all; in fact, the little mention that is made of *The Doll's House* is meant to be depreciatory.

One fact that cannot fail to impress itself upon you is that anything from Ibsen's pen is *different* from anything else you have ever read or seen. Moreover, when Mr. Winter admits that Ibsen's work is suited to certain "Boston audiences," he is unintentionally paying it the compliment that it will please a particularly intellectual gathering. These two factors — difference and appeal to a highly intelligent audience — are characteristic of all of Ibsen's work. They are evident in *The Doll's House.* It is for this very reason that you want to attend the play. It is no small honor to make a success of such a drama— our work in this line in the past has been child's play compared with it. We have a caste exceptionally well adapted to their parts and we feel sure that they are going to cause much favorable comment in the city. A big and appreciative audience is a mighty power for bringing out their best work. Don't fail to be present. Even those who usually go home Fridays will want to stay over, for Thanksgiving recess begins the following Monday.

For some years past we have had one, and it has always been a good one. Every time we have been entertained by it we have

had evidence of its goodness, and we have been obliged, in justice, to applaud it. The only trouble has been that, however good it was, it was never a real one, but just an imitation. At last, we have a *real* one, and, at its first appearance as an entertainer, it proved conclusively that, like its predecessor, it is a good one and merits our applause. Let the college pause a moment and congratulate itself on the acquisition of a *real* ORCHESTRA.

News Department.

COLUMBUS DAY LECTURE.

On the morning of Columbus Day Professor Risley delivered a lecture on the life and character of the first American discoverer. The account of Columbus' persistent, heroic efforts, his glorious success and his pitiable fate was given an intense and sympathetic presentation; and the type of character exemplified bp this great man was brought nearer as a goal for the earnest effort of us all.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

The Senior Class gave its annual reception to the college Friday evening, Oct. 13, 1911. The Gym was attractively decorated in the class colors, yellow and white, with bunting and palms. The program was of an unusual and most successful character.

In the first number, a selection by the college orchestra, "Sweet Italian Waltz," this most recent of our college organizations gave convincing evidence of its ability.

The minuet was charmingly effective, as danced in colonial costume by Elva Venton, Howard Dabney, Edna Bunce, Harold Goewey, Adele Kaemerlain, Gerald Pratt, Anna Boochever and David Allison.

Following a piano solo by Miss Florence Blair, a clever sailor dance was given by Jessie Cole, Laura Bristol, Florence Gardner, Isabelle Knapp, and Adele LeCompte. The girls wore white sailor costumes.

SENIOR NOTES.

Is it wrong for us to say that we enjoyed our own reception? For we really did, and we hope that everyone did.

Class meetings have been frequent and important, but poorly attended.

Miss May Strouse paid us a fleeting visit recently.

During the past month some of our class have been doing other things ALONG WITH our work. Miss Farnham and Miss Wilcox have spent two pleasant week-ends out of town. Miss Boochever visited friends in Troy.

A pleasant bit of news has just reached our ears and it comes all the way from Peekskill. Miss Leila M. Pierce, formerly of our class, was married to Mr. William J. Smith, of Atlantic City, October 4th. The wedding was a large church wedding, followed by a reception. We congratulate Mrs. Smith and wish her well.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Juniors and Freshmen held a joint meeting during the last week in September. The Juniors assisted the Freshmen in electing a temporary chairman and conducting other business.

The Juniors held a class meeting on October 17 for the purpose of appointing a committee to arrange for the Junior-Freshman frolic, which is to be held between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Miss Charlotte Wright entertained her aunt, Mrs. Ella Johnson, on October 12th and 13th.

Miss Hope Duncan has received a visit from the Misses Connelly and Robertson, of Wappingers Falls.

Miss Marian Ploss spent a few days of the past month at her home in Hunter.

Miss Lelia Allen entertained a few of the Juniors on Saturday evening, October 14th.

Miss Bessie Scrafford entertained Miss Minnie Scotland during the week-end, October 13th to 15th.

Miss Olive Maxwell spent the week-end, October 20th to 23d, at her home.

Mr. Williams was in Schenectady October 14th and 15th.

Miss Bessie Clark entertained Miss Hazel Stam during the past month.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Frazee, of New Paltz Normal School; Miss Surdam, of Oneonta Normal School, and Miss Davis, of Cortland Normal School, as members of our class.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The Sophomores are active in the athletic line. Basketball practice is in full swing.

Miss Gertrude Wells, who has been suffering with Hay-fever, has just undergone a relapse. Her condition is regarded as critical.

An aspiring Sophomore on verse intent, handed in the following lines:

"Now, o'er the Moat there *Springs* a *steed,*
Lord Chester *Wood* a wooing go.
The *Ward* of fortune takes no heed,

To *Wait* for cupid's bow!
" His love *Wells* up and bubbles o'er (*Orr*),
Yet still the maid is hard as *Flint.*
If of this tale you can t*El more,*
Why—kindly take the hint!"

We ask your indulgence for the poet.

Mr. Harold Goewey has had a nervous breakdown, occasioned by his arduous duties as president of the Sophomore Class.

We welcome Miss Anna Rickon and Elizabeth Ditzil into our midst.

Mr. William Meddick was unable to return to College this year on account of his eyes. He is now in Michigan.

Miss Frances Twogood is teaching in Northwood, N. Y.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

At a meeting of the Freshman Class held October the nineteenth, Mr. Harold Springsteed was elected president; Miss Fanny Church, vice-president; Miss Helen Denny, secretary; Mr. Harry France, treasurer, and Miss Barbara Pratt, Echo reporter.

A more detailed report has been received from a disinterested observer of the above meeting. It follows:

If a reverend senior, or a joyous junior, or, perchance, a sagacious sophomore happened to wander into Science Hall, a certain Thursday afternoon in late October, and, passing the portals of Room 150, heard sundry sounds of mirth, mingled with shouts of applause or inexstinguishable laughter from within, he has kept his secret well; no roundabout reports, no vague whispers, no half-suppressed comments, no implied insinuations have reached the ears of the innocent freshmen. But

why innocent? To all intents and purposes, and to all appearances, in their own estimation, at least, the freshman election was conducted in accordance with ancient precedent and all the rules of parliamentary law.

It was a strange fate that made green and white the colors of these adorable freshmen. If green denotes verdancy, who could think them verdant; if white denotes innocence, who could consider them innocent of any knowledge of parliamentary law, as their colors might signify?

Consider the facts which are herewith humbly presented and draw your own conclusions:

It was indeed fortunate that there was a chairman to call the meeting to order, for with the exception of three or four boys seated in the last row, at the extreme end of the room, as near as possible to the door, the assembly was entirely composed of girls. That such a situation was full of manifold possibilities, both in the conversational and electioneering lines, is evident to all. The chairman, in calling the meeting to order, although he did not address it by name—freshmen never do inspire respect— stated the purpose of the meeting, that of electing officers, and expressed an opinion that it would be well to vote on two candidates for president. The high-handed nature of this proceeding did not occur to the freshmen until, two nominations having been made, the worthy chairman was about to proceed to have a vote taken on these two candidates. A protest from one of the girls, versed in the mysteries of parliamentary law, reminded him that no motion had been made to close the nominations. Yet men declare that women are not fit to vote! Before the chairman had had time to recover from this shaft, a second female arose, and stated that she "made a motion" that more girls be nominated for president. After another fair classman had modestly asked the opinion of the chair as to whether girls could nominate boys, and gained her answer from the up-

roar which followed her question, the chairman, during a momentary pause, declared that "it had been nominated that the nominations be closed," and proceeded to declare them closed! The nominees were then requested to rise so that their fellow-classmen might view them and thereby judge of their ability to fill the presidential office. Who could say that a grimace, even though it was caused by modesty, could win its maker votes? Two tellers were nominated by the chairman, one of them being a candidate. A fair classman ventured to remind him of this interesting fact, and during the storm of disapproval which followed, the chairman nominated another pair. He was indeed a generous soul: whoever heard of a chairman who helped count the votes? Where, but in a freshman class-meeting? When it was found that, of the two candidates who had received the greatest number of votes, one was absent from the meeting, the chairman stated that he was "sorry that this was so." Despite this mirth-provoking comment, the other candidate won.

After a short delay, caused by the reluctance of the chairman to give up the chair, the president, upon assuming his new dignity, made a somewhat startling announcement, to the effect, that no more elections would be held that day, because of the absence of many members in the industrial department. Mutters of disapproval indicated plainly the sentiments of those present, and the elections continued.

Who can doubt the constitutionality of motions not seconded, though passed? of motions passed, though not put to the vote? of motions made by the chair? O, those shy and modest freshmen! The successful candidate whose modesty forbade him to make a speech to his supporters, and compelled him merely to rise, with back turned towards those same constituents, arouses our admiration, respect, and, perhaps, our mirth. Surely the declaration of a half-choked suffragette that she would present

the presiding officer with a book on parliamentary law was a joke!

But hush! Don't spread it abroad—we were all freshmen once! These will learn in time, and meanwhile, in their own estimation, if not in yours, they're the finest class alive!

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

SENIOR CLASS.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mrs. Florence D. Frear, of Teachers' College, New York City, who has taken charge of the Dressmaking Department.

We are glad to number as one of us this year, Miss Harriet Ball from New Rochelle; Albany, '94,

Miss Evelyn Smith visited at Cedar Hill, Oct. 14, 15, and 16.

Miss Bessie Schlieper spent the week-end of Oct. 20-23 in Syracuse. While there she witnessed the Syracuse-Lafayette football game.

Miss Harriet Worms was greatly pleased by an unexpected visit from her mother, Mrs. S. Worms and sister, Miss Isabelle Worms, both of Tarrytown, N. Y. The latter was very much interested in the domestic part of the College and hopes to enter the course sometime in the future.

Miss Olive Ely visited in Schenectady Oct. 31.

The Hallowe'en party, given to the "H. E." Freshmen, Oct. 27th, was a great success. The decorations of maroon and corn, the class colors, together with Hallowe'en novelties, were most effective.

Everyone knew everyone else in a short time. Hallowe'en stunts, singing, games and dancing made the evening pass all

too quickly. The refreshments, made in our own kitchen, were an added feature.

We were happy to see our reception to the College, Nov. 10th, so well attended and with so many members of the Faculty present. The decorations, in the class colors, proved very rich. After the program the evening was given over to dancing. The refreshments were again of the "home-made" order and were a splendid innovation and success. It was a good opportunity to show that we really can cook.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

We are grateful to Miss Bessie Schlieper, who with Professor Smith, organized our class Oct. 19. Miss Hazel Bennett was appointed temporary chairman.

First class meeting was held Oct. 23, for the election of officers. They are as follows: President, Hazel Bennett; vice-president, Marie Simmons; treasurer, Florence Wheldon; secretary, Elizabeth Otte; reporter, Helen Marshall.

Miss Helen Marshall visited friends in Hudson Oct. 21-22.

Miss Mildred Dillenbeck spent the week-end of Oct. 8 at her home in Johnstown.

Miss Hazel Bennett recently took a trip to New York with her father, Mr. Carl Bennett, of Waterville, N. Y.

Miss Marie Simmons spent the week-end of Oct. 14 in Fonda, N. Y.

Miss Sweet is entertaining her mother, Mrs. W. W. Sweet, from Carthage.

Miss Otte has been entertaining her brother, Mr. John Otte, of Michigan University.

Mrs. M. M. Lowne, of Rhinebeck, has been visiting her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Lowne.

Plans are under way for a frolic that the members of the Class may become better acquainted. A very good time is looked forward to and we are sure our expectations will be fulfilled.

ALL YE LOYAL ROOTERS.

The basketball season is about to begin. We believe we have the goods, but we can't deliver 'em alone. We won't ask you for any very heavy lifting, but just make it a habit to happen around at the games and boost a little from the side lines.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wurthmann on October 20th, a son, William.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The coming athletic stars had a fine opportunity for displaying their individual athletics at the "Athletic Frolic," held in the gym. A large number of contestants took part in mock events. A spirit of good-natured rivalry dominated throughout the games. There was no distinction of class or dignity — Seniors and Freshmen played side by side. Such cheering! Such rooting! The enthusiasm when the Athletics won the last international baseball game couldn't compare to it! Much excitement was added by the presence of two unbidden guests, who persisted in spectating until — well — until the most athletic of the athletic girls succeeded in hastening their departure. After

they were gone refreshments were served and with flushed faces and high spirits, each girl went home to tell the others about "one bully time."

Tennis! Out-door practice will soon be no longer possible. The tournament resulted as follows:

1. .....Miss Scotland	Scotland (6-3) (6-3)			
2. .....Miss Sexton		Dabney (4-6) (6-2) (10-8)		
3. .....Miss Dabney				
4. Miss Hendrie / 5. Miss Otte	Otte	Dabney (6-1) (6-1)		Wells (7-5) (6-3)
6. Miss Boochever / 7. Miss E. Stuart	Boochever	Boochever (6-3) (6-4)	Wells (6-4) (6-1)	
8. .....Miss Alberts				
9. .....Miss Leonard	Wells (6-3) (6-4)			
10. .....Miss Wells				

But the approach of cool weather does not mean the end of tennis. The girls' tennis club is preparing for an active season of indoor practice. Miss Dunsford has carefully arranged a system of entries by which "the survival of the fittest" is assured. Come out and enter the lists! Play for fun and play to win!

Basket Ball! November First. "Practice is what does it!"

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The attendance at the Y. W. C. A. meetings this fall has been very promising and we are hoping, in a short time, to become one of the strongest student bodies in college. Every student is urged to attend the meetings and derive her share of good.

The Bible Study Committee has organized two Bible Study Classes under the leadership of Elizabeth Williamson and Grace Becker, the former holding her meetings on Tuesday, at 3:30,

with a study of the Prophets, the latter holding her meetings on Thursday, at 3:30, and taking the Life of Christ as her study. The efforts of these two girls are greatly appreciated, and we ask as many girls as can to enter one of these classes.

Wednesday, Oct. 11, the meeting was led by Miss Hazel Vibbard. She gave a very inspiring talk as to the value of Bible Study, and as chairman of Bible Study Committee, presented her plans for Bible Study Classes.

On Oct. 18th, Miss Anna Brown, Student Volunteer Secretary, gave an interesting talk on the "World Consciousness." The meeting was very well attended and Miss Brown given a hearty welcome by all.

On Oct. 25th the meeting was led by Miss Amy Wood, and delegates gave a most entertaining and instructive talk on what Silver Bay stands for in the mind of the Y. W. C. A. girl.

Miss Corbett, Student Secretary for New York, New England, and New Jersey, spent Nov. 1 to 3 at college with the Y. W. C. A. girls. She gave much advice and many plans as to how to make the meetings really mean something to each girl.

The World's Week of Prayer for Y. W. C. A. is the week of November 12-18.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The first regular meeting of the year was held Friday afternoon, Oct. 27, 1911. Howard Dabney was re-elected president, and Grace Young elected secretary. The program was as follows:

Short Story ..... Elizabeth Scott
Translation from Heinie } ..... Grace Young
Poem, "Autumn Twilight" }
Short Story, "The Search" ..... Howard Dabney
Child Poems ..... Jessie Luck

The usual critical discussion followed the reading of papers.

BORUSSIA.

A meeting of Borussia was held on Tuesday, Oct. 24, in the gymnasium, at 4:15. There were about twenty-five members present, and all enjoyed a very pleasing program. After the program, coffee and kuchen were served by the committee of which Miss Austin is chairman. During the time while refreshments were being consumed all conversation in English was forbidden. The result was a most brilliant interchange of ideas in German. At about half-past five the meeting was adjourned until Nov. 7.

S. N. C. ORCHESTRA.

As an outgrowth of the feeling of the intense need of music in our college there has been organized an orchestra. The members have secured as their instructress, Mrs. Miller, and appointed as their leader and manager, Miss Florence Gardner. The arrangement of the members is: First mandolins, Misses Mary Bradt, Olive Ely, Edna Guppy, Lillian Honbertz, Jessie Luck, Helen Odell; second mandolins, Misses Boochever, Gilmore, LeCompte, Esther Mitchell, Helen Smith, Florence Woolworth; first violins, Misses Jeanette Campbell, Florence Gardner; second violins, Mr. Andrews and Miss Leslie Wheeler; accompanists, Misses Lois Atwood and Bessie Schlieper.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

Delta Omega has planned some interesting literary meetings, including current events, for this term's meetings.

Delta Omega girls, with a few friends, enjoyed a picnic at the home of Miss Leslie Wheeler, at Wemple, on Saturday, Oct. 14.

Miss Adele Kaemmerlen was happily surprised by a visit from her sister, Emilie Kaemmerlen.

Misses Kaemmerlen and Odell were visited by Miss Lena Irving, a former High School teacher, and a graduate of the State Normal College.

Mrs. Ives, a charter member of Delta Omega, entertained the girls royally at her home, at Manning Boulevard.

Miss Bessie Schlieper spent the week-end of October 23rd at Syracuse, where she witnessed the football game between Syracuse and Lafayette.

Miss Helen Bennett is teaching physics and chemistry in Norwich High School.

Miss Helen Alcott is at the head of the Math. Dept. in Chatham High School.

Miss Helen Kerr, of Newburgh, N. Y., was married on Saturday, Oct. 21, to Mr. John Chichester Collingwood.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon, brother-in-law and sister of Miss Schermerhorn, spent the week-end, October 20-22, at the house.

Kappa Delta wishes to congratulate her sister sororities on the success of their teas which were enjoyed very much by our girls.

Miss Bertha Wenger proved herself a charming hostess on Tuesday evening, October 17, when she entertained the "house girls" at her home on Orange street.

Miss M. Ruth Davis, a former college student, was married on Wednesday, October 11, to Mr. Paul Van Der Kar. After an extended wedding tour through the west they will make their home in Idaho.

The "home girls" took a delightful trip down the river to

Hudson, where they were entertained at the home of Miss Edith Casey.

Kappa Delta was "at home" to the faculty and students of the college on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 4th, from four to six o'clock.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

The regular meetings of the Sorority were held Oct. 9, Oct. 16, and Oct. 23.

Miss Hazel Stam spent the week-end of Oct. 21 at her home in Cobleskill.

Psi Gamma heartily welcomes her new sister, Clara Dater.

Miss Helen Quick spent the week-end of Oct. 21 at Charlottsville.

Miss Carolyn MacMullen, of Pompton, N. J., has recently been the guest of Miss Robbins.

Miss Kathryn Esselstyn has left N. Y. S. N. C. to take up a course of study in Columbia University.

Miss Mary Hotaling spent the week-end of Oct. 28 at her home in Albany.

Miss Frances Wood spent the week-end of Oct. 14 at her home in Kingston.

Mrs. Hall, of Peekskill, spent Sunday, Oct. 22, with her daughter, Miss Edna Hall.

ETA PHI NOTES.

The Eta Phi Sorority gave its annual tea and reception to the College faculty and students October 12. The main hall was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves.

Miss Myra Young, who is teaching in Chestertown, was home for the Eta Phi tea.

Miss Sarah Trembley spent several days in town and while here, visited the College.

Miss Louise Bentler is teaching in Vocational School at Albany.

Eta Phi entertained a few of the Freshmen at a baby party.

Miss Lillian Houberty spent the week-end at her home in Fultonville.

Alumni Department.

Elizabeth Everett, '10, is teaching in the High School at Barker's, New York.

Olive Eccles, '10, and Catherine Conway, '10, are studying for an M. A. degree at Columbia.

Mary Hotaling, '10, is teaching at Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

Daisy Andrus, '10, is studying in the University of Michigan.

Jessie Cleveland, '10, is teaching English, Biology and History in her home High School at Broadalbin, New York.

Angeline Horne, '10, visited College on October 24th.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

Can any one tell me the meaning of the word "thingame?" It has puzzled me for a long time. I am sure it is not of Greek origin, for I know that language from Alpha to Omega. Nor is it of Latin derivation, for my knowledge of that classic is infinite, second only to that of the present Latin methods class. I did think for a time that it might be an Anglo-Saxon word, but I have even given up that theory.

One day I heard a girl say, as she came in the door: "Hello, Thingame!"

Later somebody said: "Have you got your Thingame made out yet?"

"What Thingame?"

"Oh, you know—your math. method plan?"

So I decided, like Socrates of old, that a "Thingame" was a math. method plan. But alas! Like our same old friend, the Philosopher, I am obliged to show the falsity of this conclusion. For only yesterday one of the girls approached another, asking her if she had brought her "thingames" yet. No, she hadn't. Well, what do you suppose "thingames" proved to be this time? Moulding boards for the Art Department! Now, I am to understand that a "thingame" is the name of a girl, and it may be a math. method plan, or a moulding board!

I've been wondering if there is a kindergarten class here. Some young people have been acting like little children, and I've decided that they are over-grown kindergartners. It surely would delight their teacher's heart, could she hear them reciting their little pieces with the greatest enthusiasm.

"The r-r-r-ragged r-r-rascal r-r-ran a-r-r-r-round the r-r-r-rugged r-r-rock!"

More often it is this:

"Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With loudest threats and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts!"

Then they run around in the greatest glee, punching the posts, and even me too! I suppose it makes it all more realistic for I have heard one of the sufferers say that he was "making the feeling his!"

There is another class of individuals that excites my wonder and amazement. Whenever I see them, I am reminded of Thackeray's expression at the close of his greatest novel,

"*Vanitas vanitatum.*" These people seem to get the greatest pleasure in looking at their own countenances. They sit for long periods on the seats at my side, and make frightful faces at the little flat mirrors which are their invariable companions. One morning all was peace and calm in the halls, when a group of frantic young women rushed down stairs calling earnestly: "O, for a Spiegel!—a Spiegel!" Soon they came rushing up again with more or less (mostly more) small mirrors! Twice since then the same thing has happened. I expect that one of these days I shall see a big wall mirror walking up stairs with some young females.

At times these same girls, and occasionally a man, babble forth peculiar sounds: "E-e-e-e-e"—"A-a-a-a-a," stretching their mouths from ear to ear. I am reminded of a joke I heard the other day. A German doctor was extolling his ability. He could remove the brain and replace it without injury to his patient. His rival, not to be outdone, said: "O, I can do better than that. I can permanently move the ears to the back part of the head."

"But what is the object of this?"

"Why, to make room for some people's mouths."

(If the German phonetics class doesn't take warning, I fear that there will be no little work for this doctor.)

There have been several very gay occasions in these halls lately. They have occurred afternoons, and have been most enjoyable to everybody. Prettily dressed girls received their guests, and treated them to delicacies of all sorts. There was much hand clasping and smiling, and everybody seemed to have a first rate time.

I don't believe that anyone enjoyed them more than I did. I kept observing all around me, and on the whole, I was pleased. For even though I stand as the Arbiter of Wisdom, still I advocate a reasonable attendance to certain social functions. Not

all the education you young people get here should come out of books. The first class women, the "tip top men" are those who have shown their common sense and good judgment by a temperance in study as well as in enjoyment. When you go out into your life work, away from the Alma Mater, away from your teachers and classmates, part of your success depends upon your training in social, as well as intellectual lines. So, verdant Freshmen, gay Sophomores, jolly Juniors and grave Seniors, come out when you can. For the days of youth are not long here.

Of course, you can go to the extreme. Like Horace—by shunning one fault, you may fall into its opposite extreme. But here or elsewhere, there is a golden mean to be sought by all. Don't shirk your daily tasks, for there is a reckoning twice each year. A time will come, nor is it far distant, when you will look back with joy to these days of S. N. C. Enjoy them! Profit by them!

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Mysterious billets-doux have gone out from the "holy of holies" this past month. They are harmless looking, although somewhat official, but I must confess that they cause excitement wherever they go. The "squint" of the matter (this is a new term from the History department), as told in these missives is to the effect that the recipient had better "get busy." I dare say no black-hand notice, with its skull and cross-bones is more formidable than this so-called "invitation to the pink tea"—this First Notice. But as to the Second one—well, I've never yet seen a survivor, so I cannot say!

There is no doubt that most everyone has heard by this time of the most popular animal in College. I know that some organizations have the goat for their favorite steed; but here not the goat, nor the dog (though he is a choice animal), nor the cat are most favored. 'Tis the gallant steed—the pony! I think

several are owned by individuals here. Two girls I know of possess one which, for his bravery in carrying them safely through journeys worse than that from Ghent to Aix, is graced by the name "Dobbin." I have heard other people call the animals "trots," but best of all is the long classical name applied by one person. It is "A. Bominable Translation."

It is not a bad scheme to own a pony or so, but don't get too used to riding. You will get out of practice, and forget how to walk. So exercise your muscles a little, and ride only once in a while. Then you will develop fine muscles, to stand you when the test comes.

According to one young lady, I have long been laboring under a delusion. I have repeatedly mentioned the long chairs and seats in the hall. But I found out from her that they are not chairs nor seats at all. Nor are they wooden benches. They are merely ideas! This girl claims to be a pupil of Plato's school, and she sits there on the "ideas" for hours, declaiming the merits of her particular school of philosophy. For mere ideas, I must say these are unusually strong, for they support this young lady in question with no difficulty, and she is no light weight.

The only time I ever regret that I am obliged to remain in the front hall is when I hear of all the nice things the Domestic Science girls are making. I never see these goodies, although I often get the odor. I hear that some persons are fortunate enough to get invitations to dinner over there. But the greater part of us must be content to get the odor and hear the reports of it. We should be contented, however, for last year I found out that they put in salt for sugar. Plain food for me then!

Dawn is beginning to creep up into the sky, and I must resume my old posture of meditation. More of this next time.