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The Echo


VOL. XXIII

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 3

Literary Department

The Opera House

HE great opera house looks cold and colorless. The dim, forlorn light which penetrates through the few openings from the outer world seems to add a dreary chill to the place. Here and there vague shadows skulk among the dark rows of seats. The stage looms up gaunt, desolate and bare, save for the fragments of a prison scene scattered about.

Like the forest stripped of its beautiful colors, so is the opera house bereft of its branching lights. The boxes stare vacantly in grim, monotonous row. The gaping tiers of empty orchestra stalls have an air of melancholy. Scrub women toil among the boxes, and occasionally peer over the rails and look with dull curiosity in their eyes at the moving shades in the pit below. No streaks of light mark the entrances, nothing but a solid shadow pervades the back of the house. Scattered about in the orchestra are members of the company, conversing in subdued whispers which are carried like the voices of ghosts concealed in the lurking shadows.

* * * * *

How changed in a few hours! Thousands of lights leap everywhere, the ceiling breaking out in a perfect fountain of brilliance. Now the balconies stand out

clearly and beautifully, the tiers of seats, the aisles, all are quite distinct. For truly everything should surpass itself on this gala night, when the greatest of all casts is to present "Madame Butterfly," that most heart-rending of operas. The brilliance of the audience is such as only New York can reveal. Beautiful women handsomely gowned, men immaculately garbed in evening dress, among them not a few noblemen and their ladies. Down through the aisles, now crowded, they stream, led by hurrying ushers. The lower circle of boxes becomes animated. What wealth is here, in this circle, so aptly termed the "Golden Horseshoe." Some are real lovers of art, but all who sit away up in the topmost gallery are genuine in their interest. It is there that the first applause bursts forth when the artistic is felt, yes, and there that it comes most surely from the hearts.

The house is packed. The glitter of jewels caught in the reflection of other lights, sends scintillating cascades of various colors. The eye is caught and dazzled by the lustre of priceless ornaments. The low hum of conversation suddenly ends with the appearance of the conductor and the brief introduction floats up from the invisible orchestra. Suddenly the curtain rises and with it a subdued gasp of admiration for the Japanese scene.

No need to explain in detail that portrayal of the suffering of Madame Butterfly as she waits long and patiently for the promised return of her American husband. Finally the last scene is revealed; she has waited all night, having seen his battleship in the harbor. Now it is morning, and, still hopeful, she prepares herself and child to meet him. He comes — but with an American wife. The music, embodying all the emotion of these events, sweeps and carries the

breathless audience with it. Even the habitually uninterested money king leans forward with real concern; the entire gathering, with rapt attention, drinks in the wonders of the work. Oh! that poignant grief, that keen pain of the Japanese girl, at the sight of her American rival! How the composer breathes it from the strings, moans it from the woodwinds! Here is true art; for the moment all feel its divine touch in a vital way. How beautiful — and yet how brief!

Pinkerton bursts in after little Butterfly has stabbed herself, voicing remorse at this tragedy of his own causing. The audience, now unable to restrain any longer its pent-up feelings, bursts out in mingled applause and weeping. The house is hysterical. Grand ladies, usually calm, weep like children, even the men are suspiciously silent. In the gallery it is as if a mob of maniacs filled the place. They shout, they cry, they wring their hands like deranged people.

* * * * *

And now it is over. The last bow has been made, the last applause and cheering has been stilled, and, with its beauties still thrilling through every nerve, they have gone. Once more the opera house is in darkness, and the tragedy but a memory — a memory of the art and genius which for a few hours had lived within that place and given it a moment of intense life.

KOLIN HAGAR, '17.

At the Sign of the Question Point

Dwellers at The Sign of the Question Point.

Mustard (The Soul of).....
 Has majored in Latin and Greek
 Ignoramus.....Specializes in Ignorance
 Brass Tacks.....Senior in Household Economics
 Eugenia.....Active Member of Sociology Class
 H₂O. Dealer in Test Tubes and Mathematical Formulæ
 Miss Wordsworth.....English Department Satellite
 L. M.....Life Member of Normal College
 The Pedagogue.....Former Graduate
 Fräulein.....Has Passed German
 Heraclita.....The Philosopher
 Fuzzy.....A Freshman

“Will you please see if you can get it for me at the ten-cent store?”

“Get what?” inquired Brass Tacks, patiently, as she sewed up the rip in her glove, preparatory to going down town.

“A tape-measure.”

“By the great horn spoon, Heraclita! What do you want with a tape-measure? Do you want one with a one at both ends? I didn’t know you took sewing.”

Heraclita lifted her nose from “A Variety of Religious Experiences.” “Who said sewing? I want to measure the soul. Now, Dr. Painter says——”

“What!” and Miss Wordsworth broke loose, shaking “Vanity Fair” vigorously in the Philosopher’s face. “Do you dare say you can measure so sublime a thing as the soul? Did you ever *see* a soul?”

“Now, what?” This was Fuzzy’s plaintive voice. “Now, whatever does that man mean when he says

we can't see a person — we can't see him? Now, what does that stuff mean? I always thought I could *see* people."

"Little flower in the crannied wall," began Miss Wordsworth, but the Ignoramus interrupted her.

"Didn't you see the Soul of Sugar the other night? Haven't we got the Soul of Mustard with us?" The Ignoramus never does anything but ask questions.

"But I don't *see*," said Fuzzy, stamping her foot.

"Let me try," said the Pedagogue, adjusting her spectacles. "Now, did you ever *see* the thing that makes the brown seed come to life?"

"Hum," mused the Life Member. "That's the inductive method, if I remember correctly. From the known to the unknown. You're not up to the times, my dear. That's not been in vogue since we moved into the new building. One *never* speaks of it now."

"Huh!" sniffed the Pedagogue. "Very presently you'll be telling me there is no such thing as the divine afflatus, or the last analysis, or a tip-top man, or a sight sensation, or a subjunctive mood, or a——"

"Just so, Rip Van Winkle, just so," interrupted the Soul of Mustard. "Have you read 'The Inside of the Cup?'— No? Then you have a great pleasure in store for you."

"That book," commented the English exponent, eyeing Fuzzy savagely, "teaches that the world is to be saved only by the force of personality."

"Yes, but what a mutt he was to preach a sermon while he was getting engaged," grumbled the Freshman, indignantly, squirming under Miss Wordsworth's fixed gaze.

"Why bother our heads about the infinite, the soul, and all such nonsense?" thrust in H₂O at this point, bringing the odor of a drug store into the room with

her. "You can read the secrets of the universe through mathematics! Things must be exact."

"Yes, take the Jukes family," supplemented Eugenia. "Now, there's system for you."

Brass Tacks was putting on her O K'ed hat and had hatpins in her mouth, but she spluttered, "Feed the Jukes on good, nourishing food — teach them how to cook — and they'll be as good citizens as the Jonathan Edwards. Does anyone else want anything down town?"

"Would you mind stopping in at the Equal Suffrage Club and getting me the latest pamphlets?" begged Fräulein, earnestly.

"Fräulein! Whatever? Was ist mit Ihnen? Bitte. Fräulein?" And here Brass Tacks stopped, for she knows no more German.

"I am driven to it," sighed Fräulein. "So geht es mit Einem. One must do something to strengthen one's moral fibre if one is to major in German."

"I *must* get indignant over something, and it may as well be that as anything! Goethe does get on my nerves so!"

"Very well, I'll stop for it," agreed Brass Tacks. "I was going down to get a buckram lining for a hat, and a paper of B. B. pins, and a package of cornstarch, and a yard of green denim, and a pair of embroidery scissors, and a baking tin, and a 'Modern Priscilla,' and——"

"For evermore!" wailed Eugenia, pushing Brass Tacks bodily out of the room. "It's good for society that all members of Household Economics do not hold audible conversations with themselves."

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied," quoted Miss Wordsworth in the pause that followed.

Then with her usual irrelevance, the Ignoramus explosively inquired, "Will anyone tell me what is meant by college spirit?"

"Support THE ECHO," was the Pedagogue's quick reply.

"Don't get in wrong with the Faculty," was Fuzzy's solution.

"Learn the rudiments of the proprieties of social conduct," snapped Mustard.

"The feeling of good will towards men," Heraclita announced.

"MEN! Would that we had a man apiece!" put in the Life Member. "You might better say the college spirit is 'Get more men.'"

"To my mind, it's 'Follow the Gleam,'" said Miss Wordsworth, soberly, after the laughter had subsided.

"I *knew* you'd say that," scoffed H₂O. "And how often have I proved to you there's no such thing as a Gleam shooting around in the ether. All the world's forces may be resolved into elements and all these elements into mathematical equations. College spirit consists in making more equations."

"I'm not quite sure I agree with you, H₂O," reflected Eugenia. "The college spirit may be said to correspond to the public conscience. Very likely you'll find it in the College Club, putting votes into the new question-box on 'Is Sulzer Guilty or not Guilty?'"

"Or down at the lunch counter making jam sandwiches," said Fräulein, with a reminiscent groan.

"Yes," Eugenia confirmed, "that's Brass Tacks' idea of college spirit. 'Strong mind in a strong body.' But what do *you* think, my dear?" she finished, thinking that for once she had the Ignoramus nicely cornered.

But the Ignoramus still squirmed. "Did it ever occur to you," she at length asked, "that there might be a College Blue Bird?"

"If there is, then I'm Milk, and I'm going to *turn*," remarked H₂O decisively. "The Ignoramus drives me nearly *crazy* with all her wild speculations about perfectly impossible things. The very next thing, she'll ask, 'Are we Free Agents?' and that's a through train, and I don't intend to get on!"

"You're mistaken in your apperceptive basis," corrected the Pedagogue with precision. "You're water, not milk."

"There's no such thing as an apperceptive basis," amended the Life Member in her turn. "We speak now of traits of heredity and environment."

"Deliver me!" cried the Pedagogue. "What was the use of my coming to college at all, before, if I have to learn everything over again? Can it be that after all these years, college spirit does not mean 'Support THE ECHO,' but instead 'You must grow?'"

"What do you feel like while you are growing?" asked Fuzzy, wrinkling her nose with curiosity.

"I feel like an oyster outgrowing sixteen shells a week,—I feel like a backwoods farm turned into a nursery plant in a month,—I feel like a crocheted cap made for an infant and stretched to fit a giant,—I feel like an old-fashioned teacher come back to a new-fashioned college."

"Poor Peddy, poor Peddy! I'm afraid you're in for getting your neck broken," chaffed Heraclita.

"I *know* I am," and Peddy was so emphatic that she all but threw her spectacles in the waste paper basket. "What will I do — what will I do about it? I can't back out now."

"Oh, never mind," said Eugenia, definitely, "they'll fix you."

"They — who?" mazed Peddy.

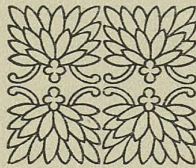
"Oh, they — it — the college spirit."

"And starve you to death in the meantime, I'll be bound." This was the brisk, out-of-door voice of Brass Tacks, coming in on the company groping in the twilight over twilight questions.

"Where is the committee on dietetics this week? *Where* is the supper? And the Household Decoration hasn't lit the lamp. College spirit, did you say? College spirit means 'Get busy!'"

And after that there was the sound of the clashing of many cups and saucers at "The Sign of the Question Point."

"THE ECHO BOX."



The Conquest of Mr. Andrews

The bus stopped before the hotel veranda. Breathless anticipation might have been observed on the countenance of anyone of twelve young ladies. They were about to behold for the first time the much-read-about, much-talked-about Mr. Andrews, mining engineer, author, poet — and young man. The door opened. . . . A great, lanky, khaki-clad figure with cowhide boots reaching to the knees, with crops of red hair sprouting out in spots from under a broad-brimmed sombrero — carrying on his back a knapsack, which screamed "Fish" before it was seen, grinned his way into the company.

The mammas, ever on the look-out for eligible young men, seemed suddenly to scent an offensive odor on the breeze; the daughters turned their backs, and, alone, but undaunted, the "Hero" entered the hotel.

At seven o'clock that evening the doors of the dining hall opened on a goodly sight. Twelve befluffed and beflooned young ladies sat in one corner vying with each other in hurling abusive epithets at the unconscious "poet man." A dark shadow appeared in the doorway — larger than any previous dark shadow. A minute later "he" was walking down the dining hall.

His entrance surprised a confusion of "Ohs" out of a group of confused young ladies. Yes, it was Mr. Andrews, but Mr. Andrews in his "Sunday-go-to-meetings." He no longer grinned — but smiled. His hair had been spanked into submission. His face glowed in its new-found cleanliness. He was everything that could have been desired — by these twelve young ladies.

Twenty minutes were sufficient to gain an introduction, and now a process of charming the "unique" prize was under way.

"O, Mr. Andrews, you are coming to the dance to-night, aren't you?" offered Miss Billington, one of the previous season's society buds.

"Dance, to-night! You don't say — well, I'll be pleased to come, I assure you."

"Don't you adore dancing? I think it is so poetic," came from another irrepressible charmer.

"Oh — wonderfully. Just splendid."

"And we're going to have a moon to-night. Such inspiration — don't you think so, Mr. Andrews?"

"Marvelous — just marvelous!"

Mr. Andrews' adjectives were giving out. At length, with a hazy smile, he broke away.

"Uh — you see — uh — I — uh — my trunk, you see, I'm packing and——"

"Oh, we understand. Run right along now. We'll see you to-night?"

"Oh — uh — yes!"

And with this elevating response Mr. Andrews, conscious of the scrutiny of all eyes, prepared for a hasty but dignified exit. But — his feet and the chairs became hopelessly enamored, the way stretched out in an endless maze, and when — at length — he reached the door his relief was as unbounded as his "stunts" had been wonderful.

The dance was in full swing when a group of anxious "daughters" left the hall.

"The whole amount of it is, you didn't tell him where the hall was," said one.

"Well, he could find out that, I guess, if he'd been dying to come."

“He may be a little timid,” was another solution.

“I’ll tell you what — lets three of us go and find him.”

This seemed to be the most plausible way out, and so three of the company left in search of the missing “He.” First, the hotel was thoroughly explored. He was not to be found. Then slowly the undaunted three marched out to the road. It was brightened by the moonlight, but the bushes at the side cast horrible shadows over their path. Their hearts were thumping with the excitement of the search. At the slightest stir among the leaves they stopped, quaking inwardly.

Suddenly a throaty, half-strangled “Oh” escaped one of them. At the same time she pointed to a spot near a tree. Something was moving there — something large and spready. Three shrieks cut the air. On the instant, part of the thing unfolded. It had arms — and red hair. In one hand it held a can, in the other something that moved — that squirmed. Now the thing spoke.

“I — I beg your pardon! Uh — really now, I — I didn’t mean to startle you. I’m deucedly sorry, you know.”

By this time the ladies had recovered sufficiently to realize that this part of the thing was Mr. Andrews.

“But why didn’t you come to the dance,” exclaimed Miss Billington, seizing her opportunity.

“Great guns — the dance! I — I — why, you see, I forgot it. Uh — uh — I’m going fishing to-morrow, and I — well, I needed some bait, and I came out here — uh, you know I wouldn’t have missed it for anything — why.”

“Yes — well, aren’t you coming now?”

"Sure, just as soon as I get a few more night-crawlers."

Imagine his dismay when the three ladies, with scornful looks, turned and left him. Words floated back to him. He made out of the jumble a few phrases.

"Brute!"

"Uncivilized hayseed!"

"Let him talk to his old bugs."

Forthwith Mr. Andrews gave vent to his feelings.

"Never knew a girl yet with any sense in her head! Dance, dance, dance — that's all they can think of. It's enough to give you a pain in the neck!"

"Yis, sir!" peeped a wee little voice out of the "other part of the thing."

"You little son of a gun, I thought you'd gone!"

"Yis, sir."

"Well, go on, then."

"Yis, sir; but I'm waitin' for me pay."

"What pay, you little shrimp?"

"Twenty-nine worms, sir; an' eighteen and a half night-crawlers — half a cent a worm, sir, penny a night-crawler."

"Here — now scoot."

"Yis, sir; shall I keep the change, sir?"

"Yes, go on!"

"Yis, sir; thank ye, sir."

And the little nine-year-old, grinning all over, stuck the fifty-cent piece in his mouth and "scooted."

Mr. Andrews now deposited the worm — still wriggling — with its brethren, rolled his handkerchief around the can, and placed the whole in his pocket —

the pocket of his "Sunday-go-to-meetings." His thoughts were elsewhere, however, and as he glanced in the direction of the disappearing three, he shamed the little night-peepers into silence with the words:

"The devil with their dance, I'm goin' for a walk!"

And, with a breath of relief Mr. Andrews and his worms started down the road.

* * * * *

Morning, gray and misty, crept over the sleepy world. As the hotel clock struck five, a man — undoubtedly fishward bent — stepped stealthily out on the hotel porch. He looked about him, slowly straightened up, scanned the cloud-laden sky, and grinned a satisfied grin. Yes, it was real fish weather.

Fifteen minutes later he was still grinning, as, standing in the middle of a sparkling stream, he lured a "juicy" trout to its doom.

Time passed by — hours of silent rapture. At length, placing his tackle carefully on the ground, he threw himself beside it with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"Ye Gods, what a day for fish — and I — I fooled 'em. Gee, what an escape! Somehow I never could appreciate feminine charms."

And his chuckle deepened into a laugh — a laugh that rang through the miniature woods behind him. Just then a crackle sounded in the woods. Not one crackle — no — someone was coming through! Mr. Andrews gave a quick, panicky look behind him. He had visions of a group of Fluffy Ruffles with outstretched arms. But, when he saw what was there, he fairly shrieked:

"You little beauty! Where did you hail from?"

A golden-curled Miss of three stood before him — self-possessed and inquisitive.

"What you doin'?"

"Me? Fishing. How did you get here? Uh, are you alone?" he added, suspiciously.

"I'm goin' ta 'fishing,' too." And his eyes opened wide and his mouth fell as he saw one of his precious reels splashing and gurgling among the fish family.

"Oh, here now — you mustn't do that, you know — Why — here, *give me that!*"

For she was preparing to go through a like procedure with the worms.

"Tan me have that?" she pointed at his rod — the last straw.

"No! You can't have that! You're a bad girl, you've spoiled my reel. You've —"

"Oh, Oh, no! Me isn't a bad girl, no! I don' like you. I want my moth-er — Take me to my moth-er."

"Yes, yes — just wait a few minutes."

"No — now! I want to go wight away quick! I'm losted!"

"Can't I fish *just* a couple minutes more?"

"Oh — I want t' go home. I want my moth-ther!"

Sadly Mr. Andrews waded through the creek, brought up his reel from its watery grave, gathered together his tackle, and turned toward her.

"Now where d' you live?" The big blue eyes looked blank amazement.

"Don't you know where you live!" The fisherman was getting excited.

"It's a big house, over there." She pointed in a vague manner at the nearest tree.

"Uh — do you live with a whole lot of other people?"

"Yes — O, yes — and we eats in a big woom wif music."

And as, with a sigh of relief, Mr. Andrews grasped her tiny hand, she said softly —

“ Me love you. Me’ll kiss you, big man.”

And stooping down with red face and shining eyes he received his first kiss from a lady.

“ Gee — you’re worth a month’s fishing!” and in a lower tone he added “ Now if *you* were grown up, maybe — !”

And Mr. Andrews grinned.

AGNES E. FUTTERER, '16.



Stefan

Stefan lay shivering in the trenches listening to the bullets that whined and whistled over, and to the shells that burst on either side of that narrow ditch. All day long he and his comrades had lain thus, while slowly that horrible fear had grown upon him. To his left — he moved shuddering to the right as he thought of it — lay Ivan — Ivan who had played with him in boyhood, who had emigrated to America with him, who had been his partner in the little bootblack shop in free New York, who had returned with him at the call of the Fatherland, and who had been in the path of one of the few Turkish shells to reach its goal. Could he ever forget that bursting shell, that last cry, "Stefan," of his friend; and that bloody bundle lying close to him, but at which he feared to look? He closed his eyes and covered his ears involuntarily at the recollection, but opened them quickly, lest death should catch him unawares.

Suddenly the man at his right, worn out by the weary waiting, sprang to his feet and, unheeding the frantic commands of his officers, emptied the magazine of his rifle toward the Turkish trenches. Stefan reached for his own rifle and was scrambling to his knees when the man, lurching forward, fell and lay still half out of the trench with a red stream flowing from his forehead. Stefan sank back almost unconscious from fear. Dimly he heard the bursting shells and the dull knock of the bullets as they struck the trees in the wood at his rear. Early in the day he had furtively looked over this wood as a means of escape, but the sound of trees falling before those deadly shells had deterred him. Then, as in a dream, he seemed to hear again the voice of his friend, Ivan, calling him.

"Stefan," said the voice, "what do you fear? Because I have died, why do you fear that you may be called to die also? Is life more dear to you than it was to me or to any of our countrymen who have fallen? But, Stefan, if a life of shame is better to you than the death of a man, follow me."

Stefan seemed to see the form of his friend glide along the trench to the dry bed of a stream, which Stefan now remembered led to the rear. Then the form vanished. Stefan came to himself and looked around. Yes, there was the dry watercourse leading to the rear — and on back to the little bootblack shop in New York. He glanced at his captain, but that officer was readjusting a bloody bandage on his left arm. Stefan raised himself and crept by the body of his friend.

"Good-bye, Ivan," he whispered and he seemed to hear a mournful voice reply, "Farewell, Stefan." Suddenly he stopped and the hunted look left his face.

"Ivan," he said softly, "I'll stay."

That night after the Bulgarians swarmed over the Turkish ramparts, a little Bulgarian private, desperately wounded, but with a smile on his face, was found clinging to a Turkish battleflag.

"Take good care of him," said the captain to the American surgeon who was examining the soldier, "He is a brave man."

"Yes, and an adopted countryman of mine," said the doctor. He pointed to the boy's chest. Upon it was tattooed an American flag and under it two clasped hands with the words "Ivan" and "Stefan."

FRANCIS W. SMITH, '14.

The Ruse That Failed

"Now, Larry," said Mrs. Kennedy, as her husband put three handbags on the seat beside her and handed over her ticket, "I want you to be sure and write to me every day, and tell me everything you think, how much you miss me, and all about the way the servants get along. Don't omit any of the details, thinking I won't be interested, for every word that you write, dear, will be precious to me. Put plenty of local color in your letters."

"Oh, I'll keep you posted," he replied. "You have a good time and don't worry about me. I'll get along, somehow. Of course it'll be lonely and all that, but I'll manage to pass the time. It'll be rather dismal for me to sit in the garden alone when it begins to get dark, thinking of you in a gay crowd having a good time and never giving a thought to ——"

"Larry," his pretty wife interrupted, "if you continue to talk that way, I just shan't go. You know I shall think of you every minute I'm away, and if the doctor hadn't said the sea air would be good for me, I wouldn't have thought of going at all. Please don't fret me. Remember that, wherever I may be or however gay my surroundings, I shall be thinking of you."

They threw kisses at each other as the train moved away. Then Kennedy went to his office and began writing letters. He wrote fourteen of them — enough to last two weeks. They were to his wife.

In general outline the letters were about the same. He started each by filling a sheet with terms of endearment and declarations of how lonely he was without his darling. Then followed the local color she wanted, in form of comments on the occurrences of the day in and about their home. They were not dated, but

he sealed and addressed them, and arranged them in a neat pile so that his lady clerk could take one off the top each day and drop it in the letterbox.

Then he went off with a male companion, determined to have a good time for ten or twelve days.

He had been gone nearly a week when there came a telegram for him. Of course telegrams had to be opened, and when Miss Grey, the lady clerk, read the message, she turned pale.

"Why don't you answer my questions about the housemaid's ankle and your liver? Am awfully worried."

That was what Laura Kennedy had telegraphed.

After studying the matter for a while, Miss Grey decided that it was necessary for her to act. She was clever enough to fill a position that not more than one man out of fifty could have held, and she had a habit of keeping her eyes and ears open. Still, she said to herself, "The housemaid's ankle? I can see how he might know something about his own liver, but why should his wife, of all people, want him to see about it? Well, if I ever get married —"

Instead of finishing what she started to say, she wrote the following dispatch:

"Leg and liver O. K. Don't worry."

It was about ten o'clock the next day when another telegram for Larry Kennedy was received. It read:

"Yesterday's letter contradicts telegram. Why are you deceiving me? Are you better to-day? Shall I come home?"

The lady clerk's reply was as follows:

"Am true as steel. Don't think of coming home."

Miss Grey had just begun to feel that she had succeeded in settling the disagreeable business, when a messenger boy arrived with another telegram, in which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you mean by being true as steel? Something tells me you are worse. Wire immediately."

The lady clerk replied:

"Never mind reference to steel. Am all right."

Mrs. Kennedy watched eagerly for the postman on the following day, and when he handed her Larry's letter, she opened it with trembling fingers. Eagerly she scanned the first page and was about half through the second when she jumped up and ran to her aunt, crying:

"Merciful goodness! What can this mean? Three days ago Larry wrote that the housemaid was still laid up with her lame ankle, which I have tried to get him to tell me about in vain, and that he was not feeling well, and the doctor had told him his liver was out of order. Yet here in to-day's letter, he tells me the housemaid has fallen downstairs, spraining her ankle, and that he made himself a Welch rarebit the night before last and ate so much his liver is all upset. Why on earth did the housemaid fall down stairs when she had a sprained ankle, and whatever possessed Larry to eat a Welch rarebit when the doctor had warned him about his liver?"

The aunt was trying to work it out, when Laura Kennedy happened to think of the telegram she had received the day before.

"This letter must have been written about the time it was sent," she said. "I'm going home. Something's wrong. Larry's liver trouble has gone to his head! My poor darling has lost his reason! He writes a thing and denies it by telegraph. By starting to-night, I can be with him to-morrow morning. Oh, how shall I pass the weary hours?"

Miss Grey broke down and made a full confession, when Mrs. Kennedy rushed, wide-eyed and pale, into

her husband's office. Then the two women sat together in the private room and wept.

"If I hadn't accidentally knocked over the pile of letters he left to be posted," the lady clerk sobbed, "they would not have been mixed up; there would have been no reference to the spraining of the housemaid's ankle before it happened, and his liver would not have troubled him until after he ate the rarebit. How shall I ever be able to explain it to him?"

"You needn't try," Mrs. Kennedy answered. "I'll explain it to him when he comes back home! Dear old fellow! I'm so glad he doesn't know anything about this. He mightn't be having a good time at all if he did."

GRACE MATTHEWS, '16.



Mine Own People

Little Feather stole into the outer ring of light from the campfire. He squatted down behind fat old Buffalo, and turned his bright eyes upon the Indian who stood in the center of the group. That was Far Wanderer. He had just received this new name because of the great journey from which he had returned. He was recounting his adventure to the circle of braves. Little Feather's keen ears missed no word.

"I hunted for many days. The animals had gone from my old hunting ground. One day I stood on a hill. I saw the ocean. In the harbor was a great boat, greater by many times than you have ever seen. On the shore were dwellings. They were not as our tents. They were built of trees. Far Wanderer knew no fear. He went down among the tents. There were men with white faces and hair like the cornsilk in autumn. By signs they told me they had come in the great boat across the water. Some were going back. They took me to the great boat in a flat canoe, which they moved by paddles on both sides. Many days we sailed ——."

Little Feather heard no more, for two hands grabbed him from behind, and in a second he was on his back within a tent. His grandmother's huge form bent above him. Her fat forefinger moved slowly, near to his nose.

"It is no good to you to listen to such stories. Why could Far Wanderer find no game in his old hunting ground? Because the white strangers had scared all away. There is no good in them. Listen not to the strange story."

The old woman nodded solemnly three times in rythm with her shaking finger; then seated herself in the opening of the tent. Little Feather lay impotently scowling at her broad back until he fell asleep.

Early next morning Far Wanderer took his bow and arrow and strode away through the forest. He was all unconscious of the boy who, trained to the woodsman's life, followed him as noiselessly as his own tread. An arrow sped past Far Wanderer and a robin dropped from a branch before him. A white man would have been startled and would have shown it. If the Indian was surprised he did not show it. Only, quick as the flight of the first arrow, he turned with bow raised and arrow fitted.

A dozen feet away stood Little Feather. His soul was satisfied. His shot had been so sure and deadly that a warrior had been put on the defensive by it. Yet the purpose of his presence there was not forgotten.

"Will you tell me of your journey, of the land across the sea?" asked the boy.

"Yes. I will tell you. I will teach you their language. Many of the white men will come to our land, and it is good that some of us should know how to speak to them. They want skins and corn. When you are a man you may trade with them."

Many days Little Feather went with Far Wanderer, until he knew all that the warrior could teach him. A purpose was in the boy's mind. It was growing stronger with the strength of an unconfided purpose in one of a silent race.

So one morning Little Feather was absent from the lodge. Many days he traveled toward the coast, and at last he stood on the hill where Far Wanderer had

first seen the great ship. It was all there as he had said.

Little Feather went down toward the houses until he met a boy of his own size. So peculiar was his appearance to the Indian boy that it was several minutes before he stopped staring and made use for the first time of his imperfect English.

"See Capt'n Rob'son."

"You want to see Captain Robinson?" asked the English boy.

Little Feather nodded.

"Come with me, then."

They found the Captain on the wharf.

"Here is an Indian boy to see you, sir."

"To see me? What is it, boy?"

"I go En'lan'."

"What?"

"I go En'lan'," repeated Little Feather, pointing to the ship and then across the sea.

"You want to go to England with me?"

The boy nodded.

The Captain looked over the sturdy little figure and resolute, eager face.

"Why, then, you shall. Take him aboard, men. We will sail to-night with the tide."

All day Little Feather enjoyed the wonders of the ship. Toward evening he sat on some coils of rope in the prow and watched the bustle of preparation for departure on shore and on shipboard. The sun dropped behind the near hills. A great shadow and a great stillness lay over the sea. The first puffs of the wind that would soon bear the ship out to sea blew against Little Feather's face.

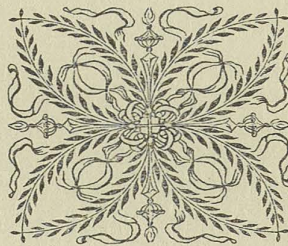
All the people of the tiny settlement came out of their houses, down to the wharf. They shook hands

with the Captain and with several others. One man took a little boy in his arms and kissed him again and again till those pulling away in the ship's boat called him.

Little Feather saw all this and a feeling, new and strange, like all the experiences of this day, came over him. It grew and grew until all the world was miserable; and he the most miserable thing in its vast desolation. Then the scent of the campfires came to him through the twilight. He thought of his homely, fat, solemn-faced, old grandmother.

A second later he was over the side and making for the shore with strong, even strokes. From the shelter of the high bushes Little Feather watched the ship pass out to sea; then he laid his head upon the dry leaves and fell contentedly asleep in the forest which was his home.

PEARL LUKENS, '17.





The Echo

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NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 3

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

"THE ECHO" is published (monthly except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State Normal College.

Editorial Department

"THE ECHO" wishes to acknowledge a mistake made in the News Department of the October issue. A portion of the Delta Omega notes was printed under Eta Phi and a portion of Eta Phi notes was printed under Delta Omega.

Thanksgiving — Then and Now

The wind is howling in from the east to-night, pelting the dead leaves from the sighing trees against my window pane. With every gust I seem to hear the "breaking waves" dash high on a "stern and rock-bound coast" as they did over a hundred years ago when

"A band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

Thanksgiving day! In imagination I am carried back to the days of our rugged Puritan forefathers. I see my sturdy, stalwart ancestor tramping home to his moss-chinked cabin, with the old firelock over his shoulder and the wild turkey under his arm, and the wife blowing up the fire upon the hearth in preparation for the Thanksgiving feast. And for what do they give thanks? For the feast—for their wild turkey and corn cakes? No, "freedom to worship God."

There is a world of meaning in that phrase. It includes the privilege of not only unmolestedly following one's own creed and worshipping one's own God, but of voicing one's own thoughts, forming one's own opinions, educating one's children according to one's own belief, pursuing one's own ideal of happiness in so far as it does not injure others, *living one's own life*.

Have we these privileges now? Yes, in multiplied form. Do we give thanks for them? Very seldom—only in the moments of our "waking dreams" when the glamour of artificial life begins to pall and, falling away, leaves the substantial fabric upon which our dreams are woven.

Unfortunately Thanksgiving Day now is the signal for a general gourmandizing, accompanied by a feel-

ing of general discomfort. We strain the capacity of our stomachs with a motley and unhealthy assortment of pies and puddings and certain rare and impossible concoctions of culinary art. We confuse our senses and deaden our minds by an evening's dissipation at the theater or the dance. At the best, our Thanksgiving holiday leaves with us an all pervading sensation of sleepiness.

The Echo Play

On Tuesday night, November 25, there will be presented in the college auditorium Shakespeare's well-known comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew." It has of late years been the custom of the ECHO Board to offer some production of this character in order to partly defray the expenses of issuing the college paper. Hitherto these plays have always been a success and a credit to the institution and, inasmuch as this year's drama is to be supported by some of the very best talent in our college, the ECHO Board confidently promises a pleasant and profitable evening to every S. N. C. student as well as to the friends whom he may care to invite.

The cast for "The Taming of the Shrew" is as follows:

Baptista	Donald Jones
Vincentio	Neil Quackenbush
Lucentio	William Nussbaum
Petruchio	Harold Goewey
Gremio	Jacques Horowitz
Hortensio	Willard Pearsall
Tranio	Jay Ellis
Biondello	George Anderson
Grumio	Louis Ward
Curtis	Leon Orr

Pedant	John McCracken
Katharina	Agnes Futterer
Bianca	Marion Wheeler
Widow	Babette Singer
Tailor	} Percy Davis
Haberdasher	
Servants	

News Department

Faculty Notes

THE ECHO wishes to express its sorrow on learning of the serious illness of Dr. Milne. We are glad to report that at present writing he is rapidly improving.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 21, Prof. R. H. Kirtland addressed the Mothers' Club of Albany. The subject of his address was "The Home School," and it was greatly appreciated by the ladies present. On Tuesday afternoon, October 8, Prof. Kirtland gave a talk on Maeterlink at Harmanus Bleecker Hall.

The week of October 26, Prof. Smith attended a conference held at Grand Rapids, Mich., for all those interested in Industrial Education.

Saturday, November 1, Prof. Risley refereed a football game at Charlottesville, Va., between the universities of Virginia and Vanderbilt.

College Notes

An Inter-Sorority Tea was held at the College, Saturday afternoon, October 18th.

On Wednesday evening, October 8, Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams gave a most interesting illustrated lecture on "Hawaii." On Tuesday evening, October 14, Mrs.

Williams gave in dramatic recital, "As You Like It." All attending were much pleased with the delightful rendering of the play.

At chapel hour, October 29, Prof. Thomas of Tuskegee Institute spoke briefly on the ways in which we may aid the negro. He emphasized particularly the fact that it is not so much the dollars we may give, which help the negro, as the favorable public opinion which we may create in his behalf.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 29, a basketball game occurred between the Seniors and Sophomores, the latter winning by a score of 27-5. All those interested in promoting college spirit were pleased to note the large attendance at this game, and it is hoped that even more of the students will come out in the future.

We haven't many men
Tho we wish we had, I ken,
So spite of all this scarcity
Let's support our men in S. N. C.

The annual ECHO play will probably be held just preceding the Thanksgiving recess. This year Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" is to be given. Those of you who have never attended an ECHO play, come and see the best production of the college year; those of you who have, need no further urging. We know you won't miss it.

Junior Notes

A meeting of the Junior Class was held on October 22. Plans for the Junior Freshman Frolic were discussed.

The Frolic, which was held on Friday evening, October 24th, took the form of a County Fair. The

Juniors, clad in aprons, and sun bonnets, treated the Freshmen to pop corn, peanuts, doughnuts, chewing gum and pink lemonade. Much amusement was furnished by the shooting and photograph galleries and the fortune tellers, but the best of all the side shows was that marvelous phenomenon, the only living monkey with a high school education. Dancing and perambulator rides were enjoyed throughout the evening, and we trust that the guests departed in a happy frame of mind.

Senior Notes

To the Practice Teachers.

When we think that our teaching is perfect,
That our class is a bright shining light,
Then the critic politely informs us,
"It knows nothing, you're not doing right."

Then sad are the long, dreary noontimes,
When we toil with the stars near the stairs,
And their heads are like sieves, and a barrel
Would hardly hold some of their airs.

When the last method plan's been completed
And the last recitation's been said,
When the practice teaching is finished,
And the last High School dummy has fled,

Let us die; and in truth, we shall need to,
For in a brief hour or two,
A call to the office 'll inform us
We must teach next semester anew.

MARY F. GILLIGAN, '14.

On October 17th the Seniors were glad to welcome the faculty and students at the reception in the college gymnasium. We were glad to be youthful and jolly once more before the proverbial gray hairs adorn our weary temples.

Have you noticed the pins and rings? Just gaze at the new display of gold on any Senior, from the adorable oval "pinkeys" to the stately real pins, and you'll discover "Minerva" to be the class goddess.

The class is proud to announce to the college the Editor of our year book, Mr. J. Harry Ward. We, as a class, pledge our hearty support to him and hope you will, too, to make our book the best ever.

Meetings have been held frequently to decide upon and settle matters of importance. *And!* Seniors don't forget that *dues* are due. Adieu!

We would like to recommend to all underclassmen a delightful course on "Modern Slang," (Psych 2) conducted by Dr. Painter.

The following conversation was overheard after the ringing of the first bell in the hurry and scramble by the bulletin board:

1st Senior.—"Where are *you* going?"

2nd Senior.—"To rapid review of High School Latin. It's so rapid we don't know we're moving!"

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Indications are not wanting that the present year will prove an unusually successful one for the Association. The membership has reached the two hundred mark, as a result of the vigorous campaign conducted by Miss Mabel Thompson and Miss Barbara Pratt, the former winning by 8 members. The lunch room conducted by the Association has also justified

the time and energy expended upon it by the Y. W. C. A. girls, being well managed and well patronized.

On October 8th, Miss Mary Dabney led the regular meeting of the Association, her subject being "Friendship." On the 23d of the same month, Miss Marjorie Davidson gave an interesting talk on the "Value of Song." Miss Kelsey, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Association, conducted a large overflow meeting in the College Auditorium on the 16th, when she showed the great need for missionaries in the Far East.

On Saturday, October 4th, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the students and faculty of the College by an out-of-door party on the campus.

Promethean Literary Society

The Promethean Literary Society held its first regular meeting Friday evening, October 3, in the High School chapel. The program consisted mainly of readings from Kipling by Miss Ruth Evans and Mr. Ballard Bowen, and singing by the Society. Those who were present spent a very enjoyable evening.

The Society expects to hold its meetings on the first and third Fridays of each month, and attractive programs are being planned. All students who are interested in supporting a literary society in our college are invited to these meetings and to membership in this organization.

The College Club

Those of us who stay on Friday afternoons to hear the addresses given at the meetings of the College Club, think that our time is well spent.

On October 17, Mr. William C. Rogers, Acting Commissioner of Labor, spoke on the work of this State department. Its organization, the work of the various bureaus, the investigations now being carried on by the State in regard to minimum wage, and the strikes occurring within the past year, were treated in a way that compelled attention.

At the next meeting, Jacob L. Ten Eyck, a prominent lawyer of this city, told us his opinions about the action of the Court of Impeachment in the removal of Mr. Sulzer. His unbiased reasoning and his fairness in judging made his talk intensely interesting.

We hope that any who missed these meetings will be able to come to those yet to be. We know that those who have attended will come again without urging.

The Chemical Club

Meetings of the Chemical Club have been held regularly since the early part of October, and have proved very instructive to the members. Papers on different subjects have been presented, and the club enjoyed a trip to the State Hygienic Laboratory, which was very interesting.

Owing to circumstances, it was found necessary to change the time of meeting. The club now meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 5 o'clock.

Borussia

The meetings of Borussia held thus far this year have been largely taken up with the initiation of new members. Borussia misses the members who grad-

uated last year, but is glad to have so many new ones to help fill the places left vacant. At the meeting upon October 14th, the Rev. Mr. Reller of Albany spoke about the German people and the German language. The gist of his talk was: "Das deutsche Volk ist ein Urvolk und die deutsche Sprache ist eine Ursprache." Borussia hopes to have speakers occasionally during the winter and will be glad to have any one interested attend these meetings.

The Girls Musical Club

Under ye title of "The Musical Club" ye College Orchestra has been conducted for two years. Ye object has been to furnish music for ye College affairs, and to give a recital at ye end of ye year.

All those who play ye violin, mandolin, banjo, or guitar are asked to join ye club at once.

Ye music is not difficult, so stay not away, but come and help ye old members to make ye successful club.

Those who wish to join may hand their names to Mary Bradt or Marguerite McKelligett, or present themselves at one of ye meetings.

There are no dues, but ye club desires ye presence of all ye members at every meeting.

Ye hour for meeting is (until further notice) 4.15 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Come Ye All!

Girls Athletic Association

A meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was held October 15, 1913, for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1913. The following were elected:

President — Mary Dabney.
Vice-President — Barbara Pratt.
Secretary — Bessie Baremore.
Treasurer — Margaret Hays.
ECHO Reporter — Helen Rosebrook.

A meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was held October 29, 1913.

On Monday, November 3, a frolic was held in the College gymnasium.

Orchestra Notes

The men's orchestra has been organized in the college, with the following members:

Conductor — William Nussbaum.

Violins — Edward Leroy Long.

Arthur Bates.

Piano — Harry Daley.

Cornets — Othello Saunders.

Leroy Dolan.

Drums — Charles Snyder.

Chester Wood.

All those who are interested and can play any instrument are invited to join.

Meetings Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 4.10.

Delta Omega

Miss Agnes Futterer entertained at her home on Clinton avenue, Saturday evening, October 25.

A tea was given at the Delta Omega apartment on Tuesday, October 9.

Miss Hannah Bray, '13, is teaching in Mobile, Alabama.

November 15, Mrs. Ives gave a delightful Thanksgiving party to the Delta girls and their friends, at her home on Manning Boulevard.

Miss Helen Odell, '13, was a guest at the Delta Omega flat the week-end of October 18.

A luncheon was held at college Tuesday noon, October 16.

Saturday afternoon, November 8, Miss Ruth Bayer entertained at cards at her home on Lakewood Place, Troy.

Miss Adele Kaemmerlen, '13, is visiting Mrs. George Percy at Center Moriches, L. I., where she is recovering from a long illness.

Friday evening, October 31, an enjoyable Hallowe'en party was held at the flat.

Eta Phi

On the evening of October 11th, Eta Phi entertained a number of guests at a theater party.

Miss Elsie Danaher entertained the sorority girls and their friends at a delightful party, Saturday, October 25th, at her home, 446 Clinton avenue.

Miss Esther Mitchell, '13, is teaching drawing in the Normal High School.

Eta Phi is pleased to welcome to her membership Miss Elsie Austin of the class of '16.

On Saturday, November 1st, "Much Ado About Sulzer" was presented by the Eta Phi All-star cast at the home of Miss Geraldine Murray, 125 Manning Boulevard.

Miss Helen James, '13, and Miss Martha Kinnear, '13, are taking special courses in the college.

Miss Elizabeth Otte, '13, is teaching cooking in the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Ruth DeFreest, '13, is taking a business course at Miss Comfort's school.

Miss Helen Smith, '12, who is teaching Domestic Science in Easton, Pennsylvania, visited the Eta Phi girls on Wednesday, October 22.

Kappa Delta

Miss Jessie Haskins and her sister spent the week-end of October 11, at the house.

We are glad to welcome Grace MacNeal, '16, and Katherine Ensign, '16, into Kappa Delta.

The Kappa Delta Minstrels visited the house on Monday evening, October 27.

Miss Gertrude Wells entertained the Kappa Deltas and a few friends at a Hallowe'en party, Saturday evening, November 1, at her home on Pine avenue.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn, '12, spent several days at the house last month.

Psi Gamma

Psi Gamma welcomes her new faculty member, Mrs. Randell, and her two sister members, Gertrude Swift and Elizabeth McMartin.

Miss Hope Duncan spent the week end of the 11th and 12th at the sorority house.

Miss Esther Eveleigh entertained her mother and father from Adams Center and Dr. and Mrs. Eveleigh of Schenectady over the week end of October 6th.

Miss Alice Hurd, of Syracuse University, visited Marion Chapman at the house.

A farewell dinner was given for Miss Margie Vedder before she left for Georgia.

The Misses Beatrice Wright, Marjorie Davidson, Helen Quick and Clara Wallace attended a house party at the home of Frances Wood, Kingston, October 24th to 27th.

Esther Eveleigh spent the week end at the home of Mary Robbins, Saratoga Springs.

Marion Chapman attended the Military Ball and week end in Catskill, October 31.

Newman Notes

At Miss Devine's home, on Manning Boulevard, a business meeting was held to complete the discussion of the plans for the year.

A social, at which many of the members were present, was held at Miss Lonergan's.

Sigma Nu Kappa

Brother Ernest K. Smith has left college and is teaching school near Middleburgh.

Wednesday evening, October 22, the fraternity was the guest of Brother and Mrs. F. W. Smith, 3 Elberon Place.

Sigma Nu Kappa announces the election to membership of:

Anton Schneider, B. S.; Gerald S. Pratt, '14; Samuel A. Baillie, M. D.; Harold Goewey, '14; Ballard Bowen, '14; Martin Reynolds, '15.

Alumni Department

[The alumni editor would be very pleased to accept any contributions in the way of news from alumni readers of THE ECHO.]

Miss Helen Schermerhorn, '12, has been in town recently.

Miss Beulah Brandow, '11, is studying art at Syracuse University.

Miss Adele Kaemmerlin, '13, is so far recovered from her serious illness that she expects to make an extended visit with Mrs. George Percy (Florence Gardner, 13).

Miss Emily Hoag, '10, and Miss Isabelle Biglemann, '11, have returned to S. N. C. to take up graduate work.

Miss Junia Morse, '11, is teaching in Gloversville.

Miss Mary Denbow, '10, and Miss Ada Edwards are teaching in Schenectady.

Miss Anna Boochever, '12, is spending the winter with her parents in this city.

Miss Mildred Lawson, '12, and Miss Ruth Calkins, '12, visited the college recently.

Exchange Department

The number of exchanges on the top of the filing stand in the library is steadily increasing. That means an opportunity for S. N. C. students to get in touch with the spirit of other colleges. Let us not neglect this chance for broadening our mental horizons.

Read *The Mirror* of Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas, and observe the breezy atmosphere it maintains throughout. Where there is life there is spice.

Students of Spanish will find exceedingly interesting reading in *El Monitor de la Educación Común*, Buenos Ayres, and for those who cannot read Spanish the illustrations in this magazine will be educationally valuable.

Jokes

There once were some young practice teachers,
Who really were well-meaning creatures:

 When they entered a room
 They diffused a gloom,
But that was a trick of their features.

“Is your mother a suffragette?”

“You bet she ain’t, me father’s a prize fighter.”—*Life*.

“What is frenzied finance?”

“Financing your friends.”—*Judge*.

In a registration booth in San Francisco an old colored woman had just finished registering for the first time.

“Am you shore,” she asked the clerk, “that I’s done all I has to do?”

“Quite sure,” replied the clerk, “you see it’s very simple.”

“I’d ought to knowed it,” said the old woman. “If those fool men folks been doing it all dese years, I might ’a knowed it was a powerful simple process.”
—*Life*.

“Every one has some secret sorrow,” says a philosophizing friend. “Even the fattest and jolliest of us has a skeleton in his midst.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

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The Ten Eyck, State Street.

JEWELRY :

Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.
Warren & Co., 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUSIC:

Kirk's Dance Orchestra, 631 Central Avenue.

OPTOMETRY:

Ben V. Smith, 50 North Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Kovar, 55 North Pearl Street.

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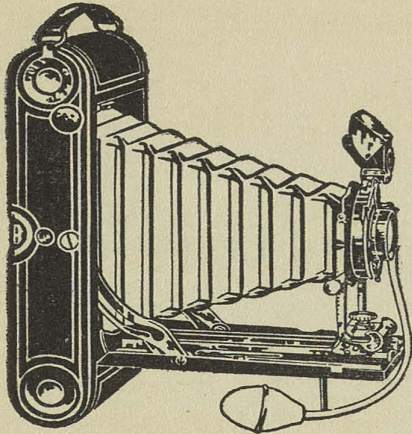
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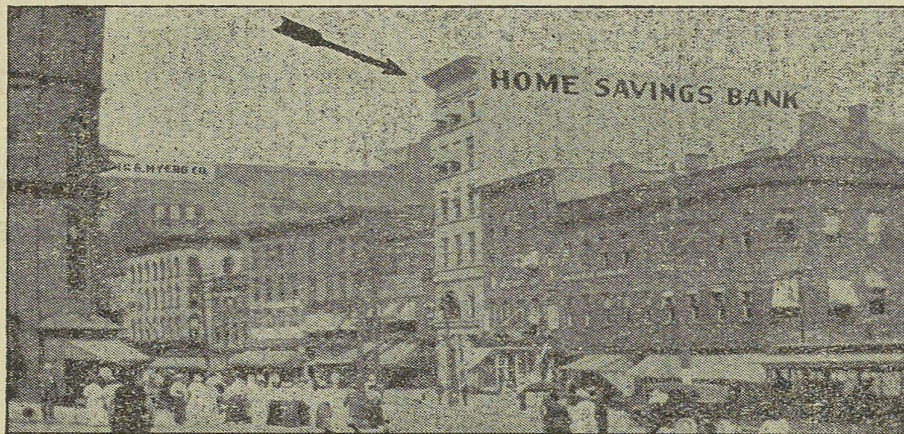
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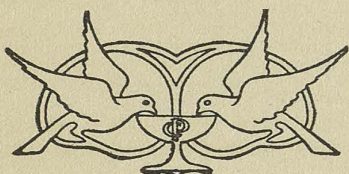
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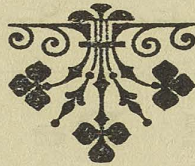
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