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James S. Adams

AN EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE JOURNAL

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ALBANY, N.Y.

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CONTENTS

LITERARY :	PAGE
Drifting.....	35
The Normal Man's Soliloquy.....	36
New Educational Building.....	37
Class Essay.....	37
College Song.....	41
"To Him Who Waits".....	41
The Reality of the Alps.....	42
Indian Ladder.....	45
The Hilltop in October.....	46
The Student's Dilemma.....	47
Silver Bay.....	48
The Compulsory Law.....	49
Editorials.....	52
News.....	54
The Alumni.....	59
Review.....	60
Exchanges.....	61



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WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION

The Principal of the Cultural Review School is a graduate of the New York State Normal College, Class of 1903

O. M. HEATH, Principal

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THE ECHO.

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[No. 2.]

Drifting.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals.

At peace I lie,
Blown softly by —
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild
Is heaven's own child
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'er-veiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls
With tipsy calls
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand, beguiled
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
 Where traffic blows,
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;
 This happier one
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
 To rise and dip
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails on, and sings anew!

No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

— Thomas Buchanan Read.

This poem expresses the author's appreciation of a scene of surpassing beauty, and suggests, rather than tells, the effect of it upon his memory. The charm of it lies in the effect it produces on the imagination of the reader. A dreamy desire to visit the scene and enjoy it with the author. The unusual rhyme scheme enhances the charm and gives it a musical quality of a soothing, gentle kind.

The Bay of Naples has been described by many travelers, but I doubt if any other description of it has the same power as this to make the reader both see and feel what the poet has here pictured. We recognize the art of the painter in this as well as that of the poet.

Thomas Buchanan Read was both a painter and a poet. We know him best as the author of *Sheridan's Ride*, a poem written within forty-eight hours of the event. He said that he wrote it at one

sitting, under the stimulus of several cups of strong green tea. It was read in public in this city before it was printed.

There could scarcely be found a greater contrast in the poet's moods than these two poems present—the one all fancy dealing with a quiet, restful them; the other all action, dealing with an event in our history that will arouse the passion of patriotism as long as that passion exists in the hearts of Americans.

Many years after this poem was given to the world, the poet painted a picture of Sheridan on the famous "black charger," riding at a furious pace toward Winchester, waving his sword as if to stem the tide of retreat.

Another spirited war poem by Read is called *The Revolutionary Rising*.

Mr. Read's life was spent in the practice of his chosen arts, painting and poetry, in Cincinnati, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and in Europe. He lived in Florence, Italy, several years.

Margaret S. Mooney.

The Normal Man's Soliloquy.

To stay or not to stay; that is the question:

Whether 'tis better to remain alone
 Amid this fair and dazzling crowd of
 maidens;

Or to escape to some far solitude
 While there is time. I'll go and so elude
 them.

But stay; I see another man, and yet one
 more.

Banded together we a trust will form,
 And so the well-known saying will be re-
 enforced,

That it is quality not quantity that counts.

E. F. S.



New Educational Building.

The above cut of the new education building is given through the courtesy of "American Education." The new building will occupy the entire block between the capitol and All Saints cathedral. All the old buildings have been torn down and excavations are now being made for the foundations. The Education Department, the State Library, and the State Museum, will have their offices in this building. The building will also have a large audience hall for educational gatherings. It will add much to the beauty of our city.

Class Essay '07.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SCHOOL-MA'AM.

The art of pedagogy has made great strides since the days of Rousseau and Pestalozzi. It is neither possible nor wise to try to follow out all its lines of progress on this occasion, but we will consider that feature which marks the most noteworthy advance; the appearance of which signals the dawn of a new and more enlightened era in the world of education—the coming of the school mistress.

Here, as everywhere, woman's magic touch has been needed to unlock the springs of knowledge. How well she has succeeded, and in how far she has justified her advent into the teaching profession, are points the obviousness of which leave no room for discussion. Slowly, painfully, but surely she has worked her way to the front and won the recognition and reluctant approval of a cynical masculine world.

But the woman teacher of to-day, as we see her exemplified in the charming, dignified and scholarly young graduate of the State Normal College, has not always been in this full-fledged and highly developed state. We hear a great deal nowadays from the learned scientists about primitive states and amoebic beginnings of things. They also tell us that the path to perfection is long, with many precarious turnings.

In order to trace the growth and unfolding of the teaching instinct we must go back to the days when the little sawdust pupils sat in a stiff row upon the high-backed nursery chairs and faced their erstwhile mother now transformed into a severe mistress with curls drawn

back into a tight knot and a huge pair of spectacles resting on the tip of the small frowning nose. In one hand she held a tattered but gay A B C book, and in the other a large ruler, to remind Rosalie, a stiff-necked, stupid doll, that cat is not spelt with a "k" in good society, and that "q" always comes after "p."

But the reign of the nursery is short and, like all things earthly, its day is but fleeting. When next we meet our pedagogue of the nursery she has become a personage of much importance in the community. She has attained to the giddy height of carrying home a great geography every night, and she does long sums while her father reads the evening paper. She is an autocrat in her own select circle and a recognized authority on such weighty and difficult matters as the intricacies of long division, adverbial phrases and abstract nouns, the climate and flora of Patagonia or the Sandwich Isles, and at one sitting she can bound every State in the Union.

On fair Saturday afternoons, except when her usually submissive subjects become openly mutinous, "teacher's pet," as our little friend is slanderously termed by the malicious big boys, plays school. Here her qualifications in scholarship and discipline are unquestioned. What if she uses methods which would scandalize the child-study psychologists and critic teachers with whom in her later years she is doomed to become all too familiar? She is as yet blissfully oblivious of the existence of such men as Mr. G. Stanley Hall and Dr. James, with their wonderful and voluminous recipes for helping the young idea to shoot. Her enthusiastic and inspired soul is free to work out its own salvation as nature and her own little ingenious brain shall dictate.

Several years have passed by, high school days, with their escapades and frivolities, their platonic friendships and innocent flirtations, have been left behind forever, with only a few secret memories and hidden regrets to mark their passing. Life has suddenly become serious. Our heroine's friends hear a great deal about higher education, the responsibilities of a professional life for women, and the high mission of the teacher. It must be said that the family stand somewhat in awe of this young woman with ideals, and there are vague rumors of a career.

After many family counsels and much gratuitous and irrelevant advice from kindly disposed relatives, our worthy young friend enters the State Normal College with the halo of an exalted purpose brightly visible about her head. Those who are cynically inclined will watch this halo, exhibiting an unholy delight whenever it grows dim for a season or shows signs of vanishing altogether. To such I would say: halos are a part of the royal insignia of Youth, and the tumbling of these crowns of glory into the dust of the every-day world forms the greatest tragedy of the dethronement of that monarch.

But while we are moralizing, our heroine is standing, bewildered and somewhat frightened, at the portals of her college life. The world of methods and double punches is all so new and strange. Everything is so different from her dreams, and the comparison is not always favorable to the reality. She hears such conjuring sounds and phrases as psych, ped, crits, a flunk in Billy Shakes, encores in grammar, and sups in Latin, all of which seem to have a potent significance to the initiated, but fall meaningless on her unsophisticated ear.

We are told that the mind of a fresh-

man is in a plastic state, and new impressions easily efface the old. Certainly this particular freshman whose history we are following could ere long collect bugs with as much success as one to the manner born and by the light of the proverbial midnight lamp evolve concepts and trains of association with a facility that was awe-inspiring.

All went smoothly except for occasional discouragements such as fall to the lot of every conscientious aspirant for fame. Then, too, there were a few violent attacks of that common and malignant malady, the signs of which are a redness about the eyes and a peculiar drooping curve to the under lip. It is noticeable as a curious phenomenon that the appearance of this disease and a home letter were almost simultaneous.

However, it must not be thought that our budding school-ma'am was the home-sick, clinging-vine type. She was a normal young woman with a healthy sense of humor, plenty of pluck, and at least as much energy for fun as for hard work. Her bright, cheery ways won her many friends, while her serious, rational manner of taking her words made the second year girls sagely nod their heads with approval. Nor was life all grind at the Normal College. The rush parties were very exciting, and later came the thrilling experience of wearing a bow of ribbon on the left side of one's shirt waist with the proud consciousness of the distinction of being pledged.

I said all went well. Have you ever felt particularly secure when, before you could even catch your breath, your evil fate, which had been leering at you all the while round the corner suddenly tripped you, turning the world upside down before your eyes? This is what happened. In an evil hour our friend

went into geometry class without having prepared her lesson—such things do occasionally happen among the best regulated students. Every well brought up Normal girl has taken lessons in the art of bluffing in the interests of general culture, so there was some ground beneath her feet, and then she might not be called upon.

The cards rattled in the box. Then slowly, oh, so slowly, one little piece of white cardboard was drawn forth and carefully examined. The muffled voice of Dr. H—— sounded like a call to arms in the ears of the trembling girl.

“The first teacher this morning is Miss ——”—her name echoed and re-echoed through every corner of the room.

Somewhere in the recesses of that horrid box she thought she heard her evil genius chuckle. Dizzily she rose to her feet and smiled a wan smile of reassurance at her friends who, as she passed their chairs, called out in loud whispers, “Don't call on me!” The black-board behaved in a very unsteady manner, as she seized the chalk, and, with a calmness born of desperation, began to draw figures at whose eccentricity of design the class tittered audibly until checked from further impolite demonstration by the eagle eye of the professor.

At last it was over and, while the poor, confused brain of the teacher was endeavoring to recall what she had been told to teach, and whether or not her questions had been psychologically and pedagogically respectable, she heard the mild tones of the Doctor:

“Umph! very interesting, very extraordinary proof, Miss ——.” Then, with a twinkle in his eye which belied the perplexed wrinkles in his forehead, “But I don't find that proposition in my book;

I think you must have a later edition." After a pause: "There are two things necessary in a method class, subject-matter and gumption. The class may judge which of these two requirements Miss —— had in her lesson."

* * * * *

The end of the Senior year has come, bringing with it the consciousness of a new dignity, of hard tasks well and faithfully performed, of crises heroically met. The fiery ordeals of examinations and their aftermath, the receiving of the punch cards, are now, like the goblins of childhood, a part of the dead past. But are there no terrors for the worldly-wise Senior, with her air of immunity to the ills of life?

Ah, a hurry call to the office. Yet even this fails to arouse the old palpitations. There is only the suggestion of a tremble in her voice, a tribute to the memory of the old abject thralldom, as our dignified Senior asks if she is wanted. Yes, there is a gentleman, a Principal, wishes to speak with her. A coldness seizes her, not unlike the old familiar chill when asking for an excuse, after a self-imposed extension of the Christmas holidays. Why didn't she do her hair on the top of her head this morning — it makes her look so much older!

There is barely time to draw on the right glove to hide an ugly ink stain on the thumb, when an impressive shadow is cast before her. A pair of keen grey eyes penetrate her very soul, and even to the buttons on the back of her shirt-waist — she knows the eyes are grey and piercing, although her timorous gaze is fixed on the floor.

After an interminable period, during which this formidable, silent inquisitor has had time to add up and balance the assets and liabilities of her personal and

professional charms, there is a sound like a clearing of the throat. She glances up expectantly. An authoritative voice asks:

"How much experience have you had, Miss ——?"

Our crestfallen Senior sinks limply into the nearest chair. She had been prepared for a catechism on height (she could have told it to the sixteenth of an inch), church attendance, ancestors, and doctor's certificates, but experience!

However, there is good in everything, if one only has the patience and wit to find it, and so it proved in the case of that somewhat fossilized, but withal well-meaning and much maligned species, the school principal. At last Youth and Genius in the person of the Normal graduate are given a chance against staid, middle-aged Tradition. When once given the opportunity what can hinder her conquest, unaided and unimpeded, of the world of rules and text-book dogmatism? With her invulnerable armor of methods and note-books she is prepared for any emergency, whatever its magnitude. But above all she possesses personality and that indefinable, intangible, but indispensable quality, force.

Olive Smith.

[This article was received too late for the September issue.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

THE COLLEGIAN TO HIS BRIDE.

Charmer, on a given straight line,
And which we will call BC.
Meeting at a common point, A.
Draw the lines AC, AB.
But, my sweetest, so arrange it
That they're equal, all the three;
Then you'll find that, in the sequel,
All the angles, too, are equal.
Equal angles so to term them,
Each one opposite its brother!
Equal joys and equal sorrows,
Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother,
Equal — O, divine ecstasies —
Based on H——'s mathematics.—*Ex.*

College Song.

(Air: Austrian National Hymn.)

Near the banks of mighty Hudson
 Stands our Alma Mater dear,
 Famed alike in past and present,
 Loved and honored year by year.

CHORUS:

Hail to thee! hail! hail to thee!
 Alma Mater, S. N. C.
 Source of greatness, source of glory,
 Hail forever! S. N. C.

In the heart of the proud old Capital
 Of our glorious Empire State,
 Rising nobly in the view of all,
 Seen and known since forty-eight.

(Chorus.)

As the tide of years rolls onward
 Oft our hearts will turn to thee.
 May the brilliant light of glory
 On thy walls forever be.

(Chorus.)

Decade after decade passes.
 Hundreds more will roll away.
 Future daughters without number
 Will hail thee then as we to-day.

(Chorus.)

— Emma Fitzpatrick, '10.

“To Him Who Waits.”

Ever since she reached her sixth birthday Barbara had attended school. She always learned her lessons, and ranked well in her classes. But even the most conscientious child needs amusement, and each spring Barbara had gazed longingly at the gaudy posters announcing the arrival of a circus, and above all things she wished to go to a circus. As the time for its coming drew near the young woman who presided over the

school-room would say in a tone which froze one childish heart: “To-morrow there will be a circus in town. You need bring no excuses asking to be excused to see the parade; if Prof. Mathews thinks best he will excuse you all to see it, and I wish to say that none of you need remain home in the afternoon to see the circus. All such absences will be regarded as cases of truancy, and will be treated as such.” Needless to say this warning did not disturb some in the class, who went anyway, but Barbara went to school and the stern young teacher spent the entire afternoon drilling the few faithful ones in mental arithmetic, a thing which Barbara especially dreaded. So it was that she had reached the mature age of sixteen years, and never been to a circus.

The school year had been very hard, and after examinations Barbara was sent to visit some relatives who lived in the country. There were two families living in the same part of the country, and each one wished to see the little city girl; so when she had been with one family long enough to become acquainted the other one wanted her to pay a visit there. It seemed hard to be passed around as though she were a new book, and at first she was lonely. But there were pleasant drives, and long walks, and finally the circus came to town. The circus and the county fair, Barbara learned, are the two great yearly events, to which all the good people looked forward; and she was delighted to think that she could at last go to a circus. No school teacher could prevent it now.

Early on the morning of the great day the carriage was at the door, and while she waited for her aunt she watched the wagon-loads of people pass by. There

were loads of Indians from a nearby reservation, and brown faces smiled beneath hats loaded with every variety of flower, and purple and red ribbons formed a startling contrast as they streamed in the morning breeze. Very soon her aunt came out, they climbed into the carriage and away the horses sped over the smooth road. In a short time they reached the village and drove to the station to see the circus come in. What a sight it was! Ladies, who afterwards wore spangles and smiled on the crowd from gilded chariots, were decidedly plain-looking. Barbara thought some were positively ugly. The men wore "overalls" and looked jaded, even ragged. All the wagons were covered.

After this they drove around and saw the streets of the quiet town crowded with people, and, what was queerest of all to Barbara, people sitting on the curbstone of the court-house square eating their lunches and feeling perfectly at home. Then they saw the parade, and as the ear-splitting notes of the great steam piano were dying away they drove home and ate dinner, and then back again in great haste to see the performance. Everyone went to the tents, and Barbara enjoyed all the prescribed performances to the fullest. Of course, she ate pop-corn, because it was the thing to do, but she contented herself with gazing at the pink lemonade from a distance. After she had laughed at the clowns, wondered at the tricks of the animals, and held her breath while wonderfully robed gymnasts twisted their long-suffering bodies in knots, she went to look at the animals. One cage bore the inscription "Sacred Cattle." A small boy, clinging tightly to his mother's hand,

called out, "Oh, mother! Look at the Scared Cattle!"

Barbara was glad to get away from the crowd into the pure air, and with a little tired sigh settled back in the spacious carriage. When she wrote to her mother she said: "I'm glad, after all, that I never went to a circus in the city, because there no one is enthusiastic. The country is the place to see a circus."

—Harriet B. Osborn, '10.

The Reality of the Alps.

The kingly Alps are the glory of Switzerland. Words and comparisons utterly fail to depict their grandeur as they lift bared head to heaven their huge forms girdled in corselets of ice and snow. Adequate ideas of the Alpine Titans can scarce be better obtained than by walking through the narrow valleys that lie between great walls of stone and wind round gigantic mountain masses. Railway trains creep like centipedes along the sides of the Alps or plunge into their bowels, or venture out upon some narrow bridge that spans a wild, terrible gorge, sullen summits frowning down. From the bosom of the placid Swiss lake into whose clear waters the bordering peaks peer at their own tall shadows, we witness the glory of towering, snow-capped heights wrapped in dazzling sunlight or assuming the rich, rosy hue of Alpine glow.

To be filled with awe by the terrors of the Alps one must tarry at the foot of some monarch of the mountains until the valley quakes with fear as the giant shakes his locks of snow. Besides, no series of mountain views can exhaust the scenic resources of this wonderful land. Wealthy and picturesque cities, charming

villages, romantically perched chalets, mighty engineering achievements, splendid glaciers offer much of pictorial interest and furnish other attractions.

Nevertheless, climbing for us was the chief attraction in Switzerland. Lake Lucerne or Vierwaldstatter See, by which we approached Lucerne, rivals all other Swiss lakes in varied natural features, romantic and historic associations.

Lucerne ranks high among the most charmingly, strongly situated cities of Europe. On either side the mountain sentinels Pilatus and Rigi stand guard. A great wall, with numerous towers, all in good condition, though 300 years old, defends the city in the rear, and in front the city looks for security across the open reaches of the lake to a vast army of mountains wearing hoods of cloud or helmets of snow.

The dark mass of rugged, many-peaked Pilatus is wonderfully attractive. Legend has it that Pilate on his wanderings, filled with horror and remorse, reached this mountain and sprang from its summit to his death. For a long time the mountain was said to be haunted, and the climbing of it on a Friday was forbidden. As a beginning of our mountain exercises we planned to climb Pilatus. Accordingly we repaired one evening to a village at the foot of the mountain, where we spent the night under the huge bags of feathers they use in those parts to smother people with. Before sunrise we each had an alpenstock in hand. At first the path wound around the lower slopes, clothed with pastures and flowers; further up we found ourselves among wild cliffs. The climbing of the mountain is neither dangerous nor difficult and occupies about four hours. At first the summit afforded

superb views of the wrinkled surface of the earth, out to a distant horizon, then long, thin arms of an approaching amorous cloud reached round Pilatus' thick neck and we were entirely enveloped in mist. Suddenly music, pure harmony, is heard. It was at once fine, rich, sweet and seemed to come from the mighty walls of stone. Volumes of sound were poured forth; long, full and grandly harmonious. All the mountains seemed a choir. Chords rose from deepest bass to highest treble seemingly through a dozen octaves as they swept up the mountain side. At times the sounds faded into softest whispers, only to ring out again in richer, clearer tone from the loftiest crags and then to die away in enchanting cadences. All this was the harmony of the Alpine horn's echo. Walking from peak to peak on the summit of the mountain we came upon the bugler with his big wooden instrument, ten feet long. Its end opened out like a funnel, and from it issued harsh, fragmentary phrases. Somehow these, caught up by the rugged rocks and flung from cliff to cliff, ever upward, were transformed into harmonies divine.

What Pilatus is to Lucerne the majestic Jungfrau is to Interlaken, whose name, meaning "between the lakes," well describes its charming situation between Lakes Thun and Brienz. Viewed from this place only that part of her resplendent form can be seen which is covered with eternal snow, so that the mountain appears like a queen robed in dazzling white. As sunset approached everything was glorified with roseate light. The Jungfrau blushes with the kiss of the last ray of the setting sun.

After a day's rest we were ready for another climb. A cog railroad carried

us up the steep mountain side to Muerren, the loftiest hamlet of Switzerland. Upon its crazy streets the houses are deposited at haphazard over a broad plateau as though they had been thrown there by a giant hand. The roofs of the houses extend in broad eaves far beyond the walls and are heavily weighted down with huge stones to keep the fierce Alpine blasts, that run riot at this height, from playing rough pranks with them.

While we slept our shoes were provided with thick soles and heavy-headed hob-nails. When the sun rose and lit up the summits of the mountains around like so many torches, we were well on our way toward the top of a mountain almost 10,000 feet high. The climb was steady, sometimes up steep ridges, but at no time was there danger. Periodically the guide delivered himself of a loud yodling call, waking clear, musical echoes in many directions. Our efforts to imitate him resulted in the most ludicrous cries. At times the march took us along the brink of deep, yawning abysses, where it was possible to look down thousands of feet and see great trees and rocks and houses reduced to the size of toys. The higher we mounted the grander and wilder became the scenery, and our senses were overwhelmed by the magnificence and the majesty of the Alps. With the evening falling fast we trudged resolutely up a last steep stretch to the small wooden hotel in which nothing was modern but the prices.

We rested only until two o'clock in the morning, when the doors were thumped and we were informed that the guide was ready to start out. In half an hour we were on the march with a lantern to guide our way. For an hour we climbed thus, seeing little, but with the

roar of Alpine torrents constantly in our ears. Our feet kept slipping in little streams of water running down from a glacier. After a time a purple line became visible in the east and high above us. Soon a hidden hand seemed to draw back the misty curtain of the night. Slowly the giant forms took shape. First their great crowns stood out in bold relief against the sky and then each fold and feature of their dazzling shapes. Ere long the sun climbed above the rim of the mountain range and all the huge basin in which we found ourselves was flooded with golden light. The glacier which we approached seemed a bright, jeweled highway. For an hour we walked up the glacier. Climbing was not difficult, for the grade was very gradual, but it was treacherous.

To really understand the might of a glacier it is necessary to venture out on its icy flood. From the great eternal snow region on the mountain tops the glaciers creep out, broad wedges of ice often several hundred feet thick. As the glacier in its progress is often forced from broad through narrower channels its back is cracked clear across, and thus deep and often wide crevasses are formed. Parts of the irregular surface often look as though a mass of tossing waves had been frozen at the moment of their wildest agitation. Here and there the ice is covered by earth and stones, ground off from the adjacent mountain side. Here and there huge boulders lie, hurled to the surface by avalanches. The surface furnished abundant evidence of the glacier's slow, steady motion. It had been forced into thousands of fantastic shapes and broad and yawning crevasses wrinkle and furrow its face. And there is constant cracking and

growling and moaning caused by the rendering asunder of huge blocks of ice and the constant grinding and friction of the slow, solid stream. At the summit of the glacier spread splendid fields of pure white snow, the feeders of the glaciers. Descending to the valley we appreciated the reason for our early climb. The sun's heat had so affected the surface that we often sank deep into the softened snow.

For the next and final mountain assaults we determined upon no less an undertaking than the wooing of the Jungfrau. Again we were called at three in the morning, given a light breakfast, and at half-past three were following the dim light of a lantern. While engaged in climbing a guide takes charge of you and does not hesitate to speak to you peremptorily and with conscious authority. They are almost without exception careful and trustworthy, none being allowed to guide travelers who wish to climb the difficult mountains without a special government license. They know their business and know what travelers may do and may not do with safety to themselves.

As we proceeded up the mountain the guide was obliged to hack out of the ice with his ice-axe a place for every foot step, and soon it was so cold that we were glad for the mittens which the guides provided.

As the golden light of the east was pouring over every mountain and glacier of a vast area, and even over unsubstantial cloud-masses, putting forth into the heavens and rivalling in grandeur the mountains themselves, every stately peak caught the blush of morning and unnumbered mountains seemed gathered in extensive ranks for morning worship.

Never was the majesty of the Alps more fully revealed nor more overpowering. Fully a thousand peaks filled the picture. The panorama which unrolled itself with its mingled light and shadow was the most wonderful that lover of mountain scenery might wish to behold.

The train took us back to Interlaken and our possessions; we had spent several days with no more baggage than could be carried in a pack — "Ruecksack" the packs are called. It is often not more than a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. When we reached Interlaken we could scarcely crawl. We shuffled along like some crab bereft of all his legs but two. We were too utterly weary to laugh, but we laid up a store for future merriment. Within a few days we found ourselves again on our journey north.

Our Alpine experiences taught us that amid all the beauty and grandeur there is much that is harsh and terrible. The perils of wandering in the high Alps are awfully real. For rashness and carelessness and weakness the mountains have no mercy. We took away with us visions so sublime and impressive that they can never fade and we are undoubtedly the richer for having come to know the reality of the Alps.

— M. L. N., '08.

Indian Ladder.

Indian Ladder — such was the trip proposed, but in reality the party, under the leadership of Mr. John H. Cook and Miss Florence McKinlay, "did" everything in the neighborhood.

The day was ideal, and though the party lacked numbers, they were full of enthusiasm.

The train was on time, and after what

appeared to us a series of backward and forward motions, we finally reached Meadowdale.

"Meadowdale! Meadowdale!" they called. So out we ran, only to be confronted by a rather serious young man, who said: "Are you all ready for a tramp?" On assuring him that we were, we started off.

In front of us lay a long road; so, thinking to get there quickly, we started on a run, but were advised to save our energy as there was a long climb ahead of us. We walked, and walked, and walked, enjoying the scenery, but wishing to gain the top. Near twelve o'clock we reached our goal. But Indian Ladder of to-day is far different from what it was when the Indians felled trees to get to the top, for we easily — though slowly — made our way up a fairly good road which rounds the side of the cliff to the top.

By the time we had rested and eaten our lunch (which we all enjoyed) it was nearly two. Leaving nature to wash our paper dishes, we started out on another exploring tour. By using a great deal of ingenuity we finally managed to squeeze through the historical crevice of the Helderberg mountains. And there spread out before us was a most beautiful view of the surrounding country. Our trains of association came very rapidly and brought secondary visual images of Miss McClellan's history class and her advice that we should seek a high elevation to get a general survey of the country. Here certainly was a panorama beyond all description.

Sutphen's Cave came next. We walked frog fashion for about one hundred feet and then decided, if we ever intended to see daylight again, to "go the other way."

Of course we could not very well leave without climbing the ladder placed against a cliff for the convenience or amusement of tourists. So to Craig's Court we went. We followed a rather narrow and dangerous path behind Mine Lot Falls and over streams and salamanders until we reached the foot of the cliff. Then, one, two, three, we climbed the ladder so as to look down and laugh at our less fortunate comrades.

Back to the tavern on the mountain, and then we were off behind a fine team of horses for the station. The mosquitoes must not be forgotten in this sketch, for they afforded us plenty of amusement as well as exercise.

Tired out but happy were the girls who boarded the Pine Hills car at seven that evening and all say, "Three cheers for the Y. W. C. A."

The Hilltop in October.

On a rarely clear October morning a party of college girls started for a climb to the hilltop. It was a holiday, and the lessons not yet learned were left for lamplight.

With joyous peals of laughter the party set out. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to the foot of the hill. The leader felt sure of the trail to the summit, but when they had climbed scarcely half the distance, she halted between two paths. Deciding upon one, the party wandered off into a dense wood and had to retrace their steps. The hilltop gained, the well-filled lunch boxes and various wraps were deposited upon a large flat rock.

Breathless, they paused to drink in the beauty of the landscape. Then started for the nearby clump of chestnut trees with full intent of sharing the chip-

munks' feast. Girls can use clubs, and, if need be, climb trees. So, after a vigorous attack, the canvas bag, brought for the purpose, was well filled at no greater harm to any member of the party than a torn dress and blistered hands.

While the hungry girls partook of their appetizing lunch, they feasted their eyes on the charming view. The marvelously clear air made distant objects seem near, and mountains rarely seen showed blue against the horizon. The gorgeous coloring on the hillslopes around was framed in bold relief by the dark hues of the evergreens.

Below, at the right, a charming little lake shimmered in the bright sunlight, and the echo of merry peals of laughter came from a little party just setting out for a row.

Not far from the lake sturdy farmers were "shocking" corn, bringing to view golden pumpkins that had been partially hidden. In a pasture, still green, cattle were peacefully grazing. A loaded team could be seen following the winding road toward an ample barn.

On the right a little village nestled in the valley which was all aglow with the brilliant colors of the maple shade trees. Every hour an electric car could be seen to glide along the bank of a stream, bringing the hamlet in contact with the outside world.

Above mountain and valley and field and wood fleecy clouds sailed over the clear blue sky of October.

Our party was so charmed with the delightful scene that the chipmunks had actually taken a bountiful lunch from their store of nuts before being discovered.

With faces all aglow the girls reluctantly left the hilltop and started out on their homeward way.

The Student's Dilemma.

Oh, dearie me, I'm in a fix
And don't know what to do!
English 6 comes the second hour
And so does Latin 2.

And when I go to Chemistry,
Why, then, it's time for Greek.
And after I'm through with Botany
And History go to seek;

I find 'twas held the hour before
While I was buried deep
In the pages of my new German book,
And at French hour I was asleep.

So what, pray tell, can I ever do
To get my schedule right?
I really can't take *two* things the *same*
hour,
If I sit up all the night.

And here is Math. and Psychology
At the same identical time.
Oh, my! there goes that little bell;
Is it for a class of mine?

I'm sure I don't know, but I'll follow on
Where the crowd seems to lead the
way.

Perhaps I'll go where I ought to be—
If so, it's the first time to-day!

I'm right at last, and begin to take hope
That I'll get it fixed all straight:
If I'll only have patience a day or so
more,

And merely watch and wait.

Elizabeth F. Shaver.

OVERHEARD IN GERMAN CLASS.

Miss B. (translating)—"My best beloved"—"Is that what you would say, Professor?"

Prof. D.—"I don't know what I would say. That's what the German says, however."

Silver Bay.

“Silver Bay’s the place to go
 To form the friendships rare —
 Jolly times and laughter chimes
 And girls from everywhere.
 Glad, oh, be glad,
 And sadly sail away.
 Only don’t forget to sail
 Back to Silver Bay.”

This was, indeed, the sentiment of all the S. N. C. girls who attended the Student Conference, June 21-July 1.

Perchance you do not know about Silver Bay. It is a beautiful spot on the western shore of Lake George, which is owned by an association — The Silver Bay Association — made up of representatives from several of the Christian movements among young people. The place was a summer resort, second (on Lake George) only to the Sagamore, but during the past six summers it has been devoted entirely to the use of conferences — held by the Young Women’s and Young Men’s Christian Associations, the Young People’s Missionary and Student Volunteer Movements, Sunday School Associations and others. To students Silver Bay means the Student Y. W. C. A. Conference — the first of the series held there every summer. This year over eight hundred girls gathered there from colleges and schools all over the United States and from Canada, also a few from Europe and from India, China and Japan.

What do we do at Silver Bay? Well, it is a long story of good things. So, perhaps, the shortest way to tell it is to give the daily program and then tell of the other things.

The day at Silver Bay begins at six-thirty with “lights out” at ten p. m. First, of course, comes breakfast. Then

follow the Mission Study Classes at 8:15, Bible Study at 9, then what is called the Student Session — a period devoted to informal discussions about association work and the exchanging of ideas among representatives of different colleges. At 10:30 the morning platform meeting begins and ends just before first dinner — there are necessarily two sittings for meals. After dinner the regular program gives way and is not taken up again until after supper. Then comes the evening platform meeting at 8 and I might say that by platform meeting is meant a service (held in the large auditorium) resembling a church service, with addresses by such men as Robert E. Speer, John Timothy Stone, Charles Cuthbert Hall and Stanley White. Just before retiring every one meets with the other girls of her own college on a cottage porch, at the dock or, perhaps, at the bath house, and together they sing and talk over the experiences of the day.

You are saying “My, how strenuous!” Aren’t you? Well, of course, if you attempt to take advantage of everything. But on all sides you are strongly advised rather to use your powers of judgment and elimination.

It isn’t all serious either. Don’t forget that time from dinner until supper, which is entirely devoted to fun and frolic — and let me say, the jollifications at Silver Bay are of the sort to be long remembered.

College Day always comes first to mind because it is truly the gala day. Each delegation presents itself in typical costume — made, perhaps, of crepe paper, perhaps of cheese-cloth, and takes its place in line. When all are ready the whole body marches towards the

hotel singing, circles around on the lawn and sits down. Then each delegation in turn is summoned to the front to do a stunt and sing a song. Oh, the awful sinking feeling when the name of your delegation issues from that megaphone! But it is soon over and you can go on enjoying and clapping for the others. After this interesting performance there is a general mix-up. Each of the larger delegations sings and tries to outdo the others.

The tennis, basket-ball and rowing tournaments last all through the conference, the final matches coming during the last days. Every day parties go for launch rides to Fort Ticonderoga, Paradise Bay, Sagamore, etc. Then, whenever you wish, you may get your own party or go with another to the top of Sunrise Mountain, to Jabe's Pond and other places. That was a memorable trip when one afternoon, we, having started, refused to be balked by the rain and walked to the top of Sunrise and back in a downpour.

Of course you want to row a lot, but really you don't have time unless you decide to miss other things.

It certainly is an all-round good experience and we should advise everyone to hunt up the opportunity to go.

This year S. N. C. made extra efforts to send many girls, and even in March the Y. W. C. A. girls sent away for holders that the girls might save their dimes. Each sorority sent a delegate, Fan Payne representing Kappa Delta; Florence Brown, Psi Gamma; Bess Schaupp, Eta Phi; Alice Merrill, Delta Omega. The delegate from the association was the president, Angeline Finney, and also Florence McKinlay, M. Ruth Davis, Lillian Brown, Gertrude Gifford, Flor-

ence Vandenburg, Nellie Fischer, Mabel Talmadge, Ella and Edna Watson, Esther Waterbury, '06, and Grace Binley, N. H. S. '07, were there.

Already we have held a Silver Bay meeting and the girls had some chance to show their enthusiasm. If you wish to hear more about S. B. just ask any of the above girls and they will gladly tell you about their wonderful ten days' trip to Silver Bay.

The Compulsory Law.

By chapter 585 of the Laws of 1907 the Compulsory Law is amended as follows. Portions in (parentheses) are omitted from the former law, and portions in [brackets] are new.

Sec. 3. *Required attendance upon instruction.*—Every child between eight and sixteen years of age in proper physical and mental condition to attend school, shall regularly attend upon instruction at a school in which at least six common school branches of reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and geography are taught, or upon equivalent instruction by a competent teacher elsewhere than at school, as follows: Every such child between fourteen and sixteen years of age, not regularly and lawfully engaged in any useful employment or service and (in cities of the first and second class such child to whom an employment certificate has not been duly issued under the provisions of the Labor Law, and every such child between eight and fourteen years of age) shall so attend upon instruction as many days annually, during the period between the first days of October and the following June, as the public school of his district or city in which such child

resides shall be in session during the same period. Every boy between fourteen and sixteen years of age (in possession of the school record provided for in section 4-a of this act and) who is engaged in any useful employment or service in a city of the first class or a city of the second class and who has not completed such course of study as is required for graduation from the elementary public schools of such city, and who does not hold either a certificate of graduation from the public elementary school or the pre-academic certificate issued by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, or the certificate of the completion of an elementary school issued by the education department, shall attend the public evening schools of such city or other evening schools offering an equivalent course of instruction, for not less than six hours each week for a period of not less than sixteen weeks in each school year or calendar year. If any such child shall so attend upon instruction elsewhere than at a public school such instruction shall be at least substantially equivalent to the instruction given to children of like age at the public school of the city or district in which such child resides; and such attendance shall be for at least as many hours of each day thereof as are required of children of like age at public schools; and no greater total amount of holidays and vacations shall be deducted from such attendance during the period such attendance is required than is allowed in such public school to children of like age. Occasional absences from such attendance, not amounting to irregular attendance in the fair meaning of the term, shall be allowed upon such excuses only as would be allowed in like cases by the

general rules and practice of such public schools.

Sec. 4. *Duties of persons in parental relation to children.*—Every person in parental relation to a child between eight and sixteen years of age, in proper physical and mental condition to attend school, shall cause such child to so attend upon instruction, or shall present to the school authorities of his city or district, proof by affidavit that he is unable to compel such child to so attend (except such child to whom an employment certificate shall have been duly issued under the provisions of the Labor Law, and who is regularly employed). A violation of this section shall be a misdemeanor, punishable for the first offense by a fine not exceeding \$5, and for each subsequent offense by a fine not exceeding \$50 or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Courts of special sessions and police magistrates shall, subject to removal as provided in sections 57 and 58 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, have exclusive jurisdiction in the first instance to hear, try and determine charges of violations of this section within their respective jurisdictions.

[Sec. 4-a. *School record.*—Any principal or chief executive officer of a school to whom application shall have been made for a school record required under the provisions of the Labor Law, shall issue such school record to said child as follows: Such school record shall be issued and signed by the principal or chief executive officer of the school which such child has attended and shall be furnished on demand, to a child entitled thereto or to the board, department or commissioner of health. It shall contain a statement certifying that the child has regu-

larly attended the public schools or schools equivalent thereto or parochial schools for not less than 130 days during the twelve months next preceding his fourteenth birthday or during the twelve months next preceding his application for such school record and is able to read and write simple sentences in the English language, and has received during such period instruction in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar and geography and is familiar with the fundamental operations of arithmetic up to and including fractions. Such school record shall also give the date of birth and residence of the child as shown on the records of the school and the name of its parent or guardian or custodian.]

Sec. 5. *Persons employing children unlawfully to be fined.*—It shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to employ any child under fourteen years of age, in any business or service whatever, during any part of the term during which the public schools of the district in which the child resides are in session; or to employ any child between fourteen and sixteen years of age who does not, at the time of such employment, present [in a city of the first class or a city of the second class, an employment certificate duly issued under the provisions of the Labor Law, or elsewhere, the school record hereinbefore provided; or to employ, in a city of the first class or a city of the second class, any child between fourteen and sixteen years of age who is not in possession of the employment certificate hereinbefore mentioned and who has not completed such course of study as the public elementary schools of such city require for graduation from such schools and who does not hold either a certificate of graduation from

the public elementary school or the pre-academic certificate issued by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, or the certificate of the completion of an elementary school issued by the education department, unless the employer of such child, if a boy, shall keep and display in the place where such child is employed and shall show whenever so requested by any attendance officer, factory inspector, or representative of the police department, a certificate signed by the school authorities of such school officers in said city as said school authorities shall designate, which school authorities, or officers designated by them, are hereby required to issue such certificates to those entitled to them not less frequently than once in each month during which said evening school is in session and at the close of the session of said evening school, stating that said child has been in attendance upon said evening school for not less than six hours each week for such number of weeks as will, when taken in connection with the number of weeks such evening school will be in session during the remainder of the current or calendar year, make up a total attendance on the part of said child in said evening school of not less than six hours per week for a period of not less than sixteen weeks, and any person who shall employ any child contrary to the provisions of this section or who shall fail to keep and display certificates as to the attendance of employees in evening schools when such attendance is required by law shall, for each offense, forfeit and pay to the treasurer of the city or village, or to the supervisor of the town in which such child resides, a penalty of \$50, the same, when paid, to be added to the public school moneys of the city, village or district in which such child resides].

EDITORIAL.

Our New Cover Design.

THE ECHO is indebted to Mr. Javier S. Adrianzen for the cover design which appeared for the first time on our September issue. Mr. Adrianzen is a Peruvian, and is pursuing his course in our institution under the direction of his home government. The Echo appreciates the work of Mr. Adrianzen, and trusts that many of our students and graduates will catch his spirit and submit designs in order that The Echo may appear from time to time in a fresh, new cover.

A few words concerning the present cover design may be of interest to subscribers. The figure at the right, holding in one hand the lyre, represents the goddess of poetry. At the left, the figure of the man with his knee resting on books (the symbol of knowledge), holding a pen in his right hand and a manuscript in his left, stands for the strength of prose. Again, these figures, by their united efforts, hold in uplifted hands the college emblem, which is the embodiment of the State seal, while above all, that American Bird, the Eagle of Freedom, watches proudly, ready if necessary, to spread his protecting wings. Thus by these figures is shown not only the nature and character of the material which fills the pages of our publication and that our college is coeducational, but also that it is the ardent desire of every young man and every young woman who contributes for The Echo, whether in prose or poetry, to raise higher and still more high the fair name of the S. N. C., and to so exalt her among the nations that even the hilltops will gather up and echo and re-echo her praises.

To the Alumni.

THE ECHO is proud of the large circulation which it enjoys among the members of the Alumni Association. Each month it not only gladdens the hearts of loyal graduates from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in Canada and in Mexico, but also crosses the oceans, giving joy and cheer to faithful friends in foreign fields.

The Echo is deeply grateful for the support given and the kind words spoken by former graduates, and believes that the best way to show this gratitude is to strive to make the Alumni Department better—brighter, fresher and more newsy. But to do this, The Echo must have the co-operation of the members of the Alumni, for it is from them only that material for this department is secured. Let every graduate, from time to time, send in an account of himself or herself. S. N. C. wants it, so do the Alumni.

Food for Thought.

WHEN the September number of The Echo was issued this fall, comments, upon the cover design, literary matter, news and various other items, were passed freely about. Some of these comments were favorable and some, otherwise. The favorable ones came from those who appreciate the fact, that while The Echo staff does its work willingly and puts forth its best efforts to publish a paper which shall be of interest to the general public, yet each issue means a considerable amount of work and, to attain any degree of success, requires the hearty co-operation and support of every student in the college. The

unfavorable comments came either from those who are better fitted to criticize than to improve, or from those who have yet to learn the difficulties attendant upon the management of a college paper.

To this latter class, The Echo makes an appeal: Before condemning, ask yourself what you have done to bring the paper up to your standard.

One Way to Help The Echo.

THE Advertising Department of The Echo is, from one standpoint at least, the most important part of our paper. It is this department which makes possible the other departments. Subscriptions alone, helpful and necessary as they are, only partly pay The Echo's running expenses, and without the financial return realized from advertisers our management would soon become insolvent and our paper would live simply in memory.

With The Echo, as with periodicals in general, it is the Advertising Department that regulates the size of an issue, that determines the quality of the paper used, that fixes upon the number and kind of illustrations inserted, and that governs the amount to be expended for general neatness and artistic finish. The larger our Advertising Department, the larger and better will be every department of our publication.

Students who are interested in enlarging The Echo, in improving its appearance, etc., can find no more fruitful field in which to labor than that of building up the Advertising Department. To do this, it is not necessary for a large number of our students to go out and solicit advertisements. Such a course would be

unwise, but it would be a great help to those who do canvass for them to feel that the students are going to give their patronage to those who will advertise in The Echo.

Students, read the advertisements in each issue. You will find some information, many things to interest you, and it is more than probable that you can find a place to earn money by saving it. Patronize the advertisers — even go out of your way to do so — whenever they can do as well by you as others. It is no more than right that you should. Mention The Echo whenever dealing with advertisers, thus letting them know that they are getting returns from their investments. Let us all work together to build up the Advertising Department of our paper that The Echo may continue to grow in size and worth.

NAILING IT FAST.

Once, when I was a little schoolgirl, a teacher said something in a speech he made to which I shall never forget.

"Suppose," he said, "you were building a house, and instead of putting the shingles and weather-boards on with nails, you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work, would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions. None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lessons on so they will stay long enough for the recitation and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?" — *King's Own.*

News

Delta Omega.

Miss Ethel Breitenstein has entered Mount Holyoke College.

We are glad to hear that Miss Leah Hollands, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is convalescent.

Miss M. Dellena White has accepted a position at Port Chester, N. Y.

Miss Miriam Tyler has left for New York to study music.

Miss Mary Knight, '01, has a position in Geneseo Normal School.

Letters have been received from several former members of Delta.

Friday evening, September twenty-seventh, several freshmen were entertained at the Delta rooms. We were glad to find out that so many were well versed in the arts of dressmaking and forestry.

Miss Alice Merrill spent Sunday, October sixth, at her home in Johnstown.

Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, '07, has a position in Schenectady.

Miss Kate Algie has returned to the city.

Miss Fannie Drevenstedt was in town Saturday, October fifth, as the guest of Miss Edith Everett.

Miss Neita Schultze visited her sister, Miss Minnie Schultze, last Saturday.

Miss Louise Wood and Miss Ethelyn Hurst were initiated into the society Friday, October eleventh.

Eta Phi.

Most of our graduates of '07 are now teaching:

Louise Beutler, at Scotia, N. Y.

Louise Bonney, at Staatsburg, N. Y.

Irene Jones, at Boonton, N. J.

Jessie Trieble, at Springfield, N. J.

Ruth Trieble, at Hancock, N. Y.

Hazel Rügen, at Scotia, N. Y.

Elsie Schulze, at Pawling, N. Y.

Hazel Seaman, at Frankfort, N. Y., and Josephine Webster, in The Thomasville High School, Ga.

Two of our '07 girls are this year members of the Faculty: Louise Clement, as Assistant to Mrs. Mooney and teacher of English in the High School Department, and Ruth Cook, as Assistant in Mathematics.

We have a recent marriage to announce, that of Miss Alice Potter, '04, on June nineteenth, to Dr. Harry Rulison, of this city.

On September the twenty-first the girls had a picnic at Castleton, which was a great success. The old girls always enjoy a reunion of this kind, and to the new students invited it was a pleasant revelation.

Jean Laing on September sixteenth entertained the girls at her home. Progressive games were played and the tempting little prize was won by Margareta Shanks. Music and talking filled out the evening until refreshment time. The girls certainly enjoyed themselves very much.

On September thirtieth Agnes Stuart was hostess at a Welsh rarebit party. Margareta Shanks and Jane Doyle are to be congratulated on their skill as rare-bit chefs, while all should tender a vote of thanks to Adaline the Incomparable for her touching Chanson du Chat.

The Sorority has had the great pleasure of welcoming a former member, namely, Miss De Witt.

Psi Gamma.

We are happy to note that Mrs. Gillespie, formerly Miss Ethel Webster, is with us again.

A number of the girls spent very enjoyable days on the tramps taken by the Y. W. C. A., especially to Indian Ladder, Forbes Manor, and Kenwood.

On September twenty-third a regular meeting was held at the home of the President. My, such delicious peneuchi! How, Mabel?

A novel evening was spent at Miss Elsa Shaw's, September twentieth.

A marshmallow toast was given to several of the freshmen at 439E Madison avenue. Games in keeping with the occasion were played. The "froshies" were made to feel quite at home by cutting paper figures.

On Saturday, September twenty-seventh, a party of girls went on a pleasant drive to Loudonville, and on their return had a theatre party at Proctor's.

The regular meeting held October second was very interesting. Miss Florence Brown, Psi Gamma's representative to Silver Bay, gave little anecdotes of her short week spent there. Many of the "stunts" were really very original and amusing.

At a meeting of the senior class held recently for the election of class officers, Miss Viola Carnrite was elected Secretary; also at a sophomore meeting for election of officers, Miss Fannie Pawel was elected Secretary.

Some of the girls heartily appreciated "King Lear," played by Robert Mantell.

Interesting letters were received from members of the Alumnae and from the Misses Roosa and Glann.

Miss Nellie Maher spent Sunday at her home in Valley Falls.

Miss Tallmadge entertained Psi Gamma and her friends at a question party Wednesday evening. The answers proved as funny as "the what is it?"

Miss Amy MacGraw was visited by her brother recently.

Kappa Delta.

The Misses Lapp, of Rochester, visited at the Kappa Delta House on Thursday, October 10th.

Saturday evening, Sept. 28th, the Sorority entertained a party of friends, including several freshmen, at their home on North Allen street.

Miss Bess Myers, of Saratoga, visited Maud Burt on Saturday last.

Miss Mary Doremus spent the weekend at her home in Kingston.

The Misses Cornelia Lansing and Antonette Wilson, Alumni of the Sorority, called on the Kappa Delta last week.

Miss Josephine Du Mont, of Rensselaer, was a visitor here Sunday, October 6th.

If you see Mary Doremus wandering around with a young suit-case you will know it is not because of her studious tendencies, but rather because she is carrying the lunch for the hungry Kappa Deltas.

Miss Katherine Hickock's brother and sister, Mr. Henry Hickock and Mrs. Sherry Skeels stayed over night at the House, Wednesday, October 9th.

Saturday evening, October 5th, Sally Magundy held a party at the House. She taught us how to cut out paper dolls and spear peanuts.

Wednesday evening, October 2d, the Kappa Deltas, with a party of freshmen, making twenty-three in all, skiddooed to a clam chowder supper on Allen street.

Phi Delta.

The Phi Delta fraternity held its first regular meeting of the year on Friday evening, October 11th, with President Brown in the chair. One of the important features of the meeting was the discussion and election of candidates. A general discussion on "How can the Phi Delta help our College?" was led by Alfred S. Bassett, and plans for the year were formulated.

Senior Class.

Rizzol, dozzle, sizzel, sozzle,
Ris boom rate.
College — Seniors — Normal College
Nineteen eight.

Ye under-classmen! Whatever you do, see to it that your candles are trimmed and that you are in readiness to respond to the trumpet-call of the seniors, which will be sounded on the Friday evening before Thanksgiving.

A committee has been appointed by President Campbell to arrange for the purchase of the 1908 class pins. Also a committee to make the preliminary investigations concerning the publishing of a yearly.

While our class meetings are, of course, the best attended and the most enthusiastic of any held in the S. N. C., we are glad to note the life and spirit manifested by the under classes. Let the good work go on.

Class Song '08.

(Air: Clementine.)

Back at College we have gathered,
But no longer as of old.
Then we were but modest Juniors,
Now we are the Seniors bold.

CHORUS.

We are Seniors, noble Seniors,
Seniors of the S. N. C.
We are merry, we are happy,
And as *bright* as we can be.

Under-classmates, pay attention
To the things we do and say,
For remember, heed our warning!
You must take our place some day.

(Chorus.)

We've a year of work before us
Ere we gain our due reward;
Let's be true and never falter,
And still sing with one accord.

(Chorus.)

— E. F. S.

Y. W. C. A.

The Association began its work with the meeting of September 18th, under the leadership of the President, Miss Finney. Miss Pierce addressed the meeting and told the new students what the Association means. The attendance was large and promised a successful year.

The second meeting of the Association was held September 25th, and was a Silver Bay meeting. Miss Merrill led the meeting and told many interesting things about Silver Bay. The several delegates from the Association and sororities, who were at the Silver Bay convention, also spoke.

The Association acknowledges the interest of the societies in sending delegates to the convention and wishes to apologize for omitting to mention, in the last Echo, the delegate from Psi Gamma—Miss Florence Brown, one of the most active members of the Association.

The annual reception of the Association was held at the Primary Chapel, Friday evening, September 27th. Many attended and spent a pleasant evening.

The third meeting of the Association, October 2d, was a Bible Study Rally. Miss McKinlay was the leader. A business meeting was held after the devotional meeting, and the chairmen of the various committees made reports. The election of treasurer to succeed Miss Woodruff, who did not return to College, took place, and Miss Minnie Schultze was elected to that office. The names of about twenty-five new students, who wished to join the Association, were submitted to the members and were elected to the privileges of membership.

Miss Gertrude Gifford led the meeting of October 9th and told about the Student Volunteer Movement, and what it was doing throughout the world.

The cabinet meetings are being held regularly every Monday afternoon, and much work is being done by its members.

Topic cards, telling the dates and subjects of the coming meetings, have been prepared and distributed.

The many tramps, to nearby points of interest, under the direction of the Association, have been enjoyed by many of the College students.

Y. W. C. A. wishes to announce that Dr. Milne has kindly consented to conduct a Bible Study Class for the benefit

of the College students. The class is held at Dr. Milne's home on Elk street. All are invited to these meetings, which are held on Sundays at three o'clock.

Sophomore Notes.

Three cheers for the first Sophomore Class of S. N. C.!

The Sophomore Class elected their new officers for this college year on the twenty-seventh of September. The voting was done by ballot, and the tellers were Mr. Alfred Bassette and Mr. James Haupin. The result of the election is as follows: President, Mr. Floyd H. Case; Vice-President, Miss May Foyle; Secretary, Miss Fannie Pawel; Treasurer, Mr. Roy C. Van Denberg. The class wish to express their thanks to the retiring officers for their careful attention to class affairs last year. Now that we have dropped the color green upon the shoulders of the entering class, we take up the blue very gladly, for it means one year in advance. We hope to make this year's work both pleasant and profitable.

WANTS.

WANTED.—To know why our President and Treasurer did not attend the Freshman class meeting on October first.—The Freshmen.

WANTED.—More wisdom to discern Sophomore plans.—The Freshmen.

WANTED.—Mrs. Mooney to give the Freshman English class special instruction in the rules of punctuation so that the notices of their meetings will not disgrace the Bulletin Board.—The Sophomores.

WANTED.—To know why my watch failed to keep good time on the afternoon of October first.—Mr. Bacon, President of the Freshman Class.

WANTED.—Miss Norton to tell us where we can find a copy of the “imaginary” Roman laws.—European History Class.

Poor, dear little freshies, thinking to imitate the customs of their elders (children are apt to do such things, you know), held a meeting one day, or at least they made an attempt. To make the game more realistic they had it announced at chapel. But, in so doing, they incurred the displeasure of the upper classmen and Sophomores. Of course, preparations were made to stop the proceedings, which was easily done, and with a lecture on proper reverence for their elders, the little ones were sent to their homes, and it is to be hoped that they will heed.

“But, however, notwithstanding” (copyrighted, 1911), cheer up, ye green, fresh, frosh, cheer up; the worst is yet to come.

A regular meeting of the Sophomore class was held at the primary chapel October eighth. The newly elected officers were installed and many matters of importance considered. The new president, Mr. Case, entered upon his duties with such enthusiasm that we feel there is no danger of a lack of class spirit this year if the members follow the example of their president.

It is requested that the freshmen, while in the State Library, refrain from keeping time with their feet when a street organ is heard outside. This is an unnecessary disturbance, and one that ought not to be tolerated.

WHEREAS, Our college sessions this year have been invaded by a certain number of children, all unattended by their nurses, and many of them even without dolls, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the SOPHOMORE CLASS, in pity for their unsophisticated, innocent audacity in presuming to organize themselves into the class of 1911, do hereby resolve the class of 1910 into a Vigilance Committee, to enforce, for the best welfare of these children, and to preserve the dignity of our institution, the following rules, to wit:

1. Those Freshmen who have not certificates of release shall be instantly returned to the orphan asylum.

2. The remainder of the class of 1911 shall be allowed to remain in classes in order that they may absorb as much as their undeveloped minds are able of the wisdom of their elders, the Sophs; provided they conform to all these rules, and such other rules as may be adopted from time to time.

3. These children shall be allowed to play in the park, provided they get the consent of our college chaperon.

4. The Freshman President must show his respect for upper classmen by properly saluting them whenever he meets them.

5. The Freshmen must wear in some conspicuous manner the colors appropriate to their class, to wit, green and white.

6. The Freshmen shall not be allowed to hold a banquet during the year, unless the upper classmen are permitted to attend same.

7. Precedence must at all times be given the upper classmen.

(Signed) VIGILANCE COMMITTEE,
CLASS OF 1910.

Freshmen Class Notes.

The first meeting of the class of 1911 was held Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1907. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Bacon; Vice-President, Miss

Sarah A. Trembley; Secretary, Miss Bertha Bott; Treasurer, Miss Helen Bennett.

A regular and successful meeting of the class of 1911 was held Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1907, despite the efforts of the Sophomores to have it otherwise.

Miss Esther Trumbull and Miss Edith Scott spent Sunday, Oct. 6th, at their homes in Johnstown and Kingston.

Kindergarten Notes.

The classes this year in the Kindergarten work are much smaller than in years past. This gives a great opportunity for individual work, and it is hoped that the girls will eagerly grasp this opportunity.

Miss McElroy has entered upon the Kindergarten course.

Miss Catherine Hickok has been entertaining her brother for a few days.

Miss Gertrude Bushnell, who has been absent several days on account of illness, has returned.

Miss Elise Seaman, who has been ill with a severe cold, has recovered sufficiently to continue her college work.

Miss Pauline Rockwell, who entered the department, has changed her course to the English course.

Miss Mary Coolidge is entertaining friends for a few days.

Mr. B.—That article of your's was great.

Miss B.—What article?

Mr. B.—That one in The Echo. I know of a fellow who had to read it through three times to find out what you meant.

The Alumni

The following extract from a letter received by our business manager from Mr. O. M. Heath, a former editor of The Echo, will be of interest:

"Allow me to congratulate you upon the excellent appearance of your magazine, and upon the high quality of its subject-matter. As you probably note from old files, I was its editor for a year; and am willing to admit that the present magazine is superior to all its predecessors which have ever come under my observation. Hoping that you will continue to issue as attractive a magazine in the future, and wishing you all success, I am," etc.

Miss Mary B. Johnson, '05, is teaching in Washington Academy, Salem, N. Y.

Miss L. Elizabeth Reed, '98, has an excellent position as teacher of languages at Muskegon, Mich.

Miss Edith F. Blades, '06, formerly a teacher in Washington Academy, Salem, N. Y., is now teaching in Schenectady.

Miss Elizabeth Deitz, '06, has resigned her position at Centre Moriches, L. I., to accept a position in Gloversville.

Miss Leah Hollands, '04, a senior in the B. A. course, who has been very ill for several weeks with typhoid fever, is slowly recovering.

Miss Lois A. Riedel, secretary of the Class of '06, proved herself a heroine at the Frontenac disaster on Cayuga lake last summer. Miss Riedel returns to her position of last year in the Utica schools.

Miss Katherine Walsh, '06, has a position in Yonkers for the coming year.

Miss J. Maude Warde, '06, formerly of the High School faculty at Staats-

burg, is now supervising the music in the schools of Hoosick Falls.

Miss Flora J. Bassett, '06, of Chatham, has been appointed teacher in English in one of the night schools of Schenectady. This work is in addition to her regular day work there.

We take the liberty to quote from a letter received from Miss Ernestine A. Knapp, '07, who is teaching at Spring Grove:

"Enclosed you will find one dollar (\$1.00) for one year's subscription for 'The Echo.' I hope that this year may be the best year that 'The Echo' has ever seen because of interest taken in it by the students at S. N. C., and of their loyal support in subscribing for it, and in contributing to it in a literary way. I enjoy reading 'The Echo.' It seems like an old friend, and it is ever welcome in my place of abode."

Miss Cora J. Gratrack, '06, teaches the coming year at Victor, N. Y.

Miss Violet A. Parrish, '05, returns to Piermont, N. Y.

Miss Sonia Ladoff, '07, is specializing in biology at the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Mary D. Lansing, '04, has returned to her teaching in Sequin School, Orange, N. J.

Marriages.

Miss Zinnia P. Wood, '97, to Mr. Girard Sturtevant. Mr. Sturtevant is captain of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, which is stationed at Cardenas, Cuba.

Miss Linda Holmes, '99, to Mr. Winslow Harland Schuyler, May 25, 1907, at Newark, N. Y.

Review

THE FAR HORIZON — LUCAS MALLET.

This is a book in line with many recent ones, and bearing kinship to countless tales back through the ages, yet it is unique in presentation and individual in style.

The theme is the journey of Dominic Iglesias, a journey attended by much doubt and sadness, towards the "Far Horizon." And this, I take it, is spirituality,—distant, dimly beautiful and illusive at first as the early appearance of the dawn, but becoming more and more of a reality as the traveler approaches, until he is at last absorbed into the splendor, the color, beauty, calm and peace of the "Uncreated Sight," the beacon throughout his journey, which shone always, however faintly, on the "Far Horizon."

Mrs. Harrison evidently regarded her theme with the utmost seriousness. The story is sombre, even depressing at times, though happily lacking in the morbidness which characterizes some others of her works.

By some, this book is held to be not quite moral, while again, others gain from it nothing but the most perfect notions. It depends wholly upon one's own attitude of mind. Poppy is not, or at least, has not been a good woman, but it is because her soul has been asleep. Dominic, with his melancholy and noble personality, and his really beautiful Platonic friendship, awakens it.

The character studies of these two central figures are intense, and a trifle wearing to the reader. But as the tension threatens to become great, Mrs. Harrison deftly brings forth some of her minor characters, of whom George

Lovegrove and Serena are of particular interest. The former is rather pathetically amusing, but Serena has no claim on our sympathies. She is absurd,—not in the sense of being impossible, no, indeed, for we meet her often, though perhaps of not such an exaggerated type,—but in that she is utterly ridiculous. Her “wonderings,” her injured vanity, and her silly ideas as to her power of perception and depth of character, are highly entertaining.

Mrs. Harrison is a shrewd observer of persons and things and quite a close student of character. She has also some acquaintance with modern psychology. Her purpose, however, is not quite clear. It might be any one of several that suggest themselves. But it is probably to show how long-hidden temperament, repressed by the dull monotony and relentless practicality of a strictly business life, rises and painfully asserts itself when these are removed and it is free to come forth.

This story, while creating hot controversy among its readers, will probably never become universally and permanently popular, for it is too much a novel of thought, of exposition, and too little one of action and narrative.

Yet it is a book that will repay careful reading.

Dr. W.—If the earth were flat, what part of a ship leaving port would be seen last?

Mr. N.—The whole of it.

Dr. W.—You mean the “hull” of it.

She always darned her hose with silk,
The holes were quite extensive,
The price of silk was very high,
Which made them darned expensive.
— *Ex.*

Exchanges

Our attention has been called to an editorial in the Cortland Normal News in regard to the office of the Exchange Department. They offer the criticism that the exchange department of many college papers is taken up in finding fault with the papers coming to their attention. This is certainly a timely complaint. Such criticisms do little good. They are seldom understood by the students of the college where such exchanges are written, because few outside the exchange editors read the exchanges. On the contrary, the exchange editors of those papers criticised will read the criticisms, and a feeling not akin to friendliness is likely to arise between the colleges. To our mind it is the function of the exchange department to point out the articles in other magazines that are worth special attention from the student body; to write occasional abstracts from the best articles; to make a kindly suggestion now and then, and, finally, to reflect, if possible, the spirit of other colleges. Such shall be the aim of the exchange department of this paper.

We note that Prof. Pollock is associate editor of *American Education*. The September number comes to us in a new and attractive form. Among the articles is the address of President Schaeffer of the N. E. S. at Los Angeles. The subject is “How can the schools aid the peace movement?” He says, in part: Perhaps for police purposes, if not for national protection, we shall need an army and navy during coming centuries, but as soon as the three and a half millions of teachers in the schools of the civilized world shall begin in earnest and with skill to inculcate sentiments of peace

and the principles of justice and fair dealing in the treatment of weaker nations, we may hope for the limitation of armaments and the dawn of an era of peace that is worthy of the disciples of the "Prince of Peace." President Roosevelt and President Schaeffer evidently do not agree on how a child should be trained.

The American Journal of Psychology for July contains an article on the "Index of Correlation." This might (?) untangle some of the webs of psychology 2.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of 'der yeast' and sets behind 'der vest.'"—*University Clinic*.

Syracuse University, it is said, will soon equip a large botanical garden.—*Ex*.

Once a young fellow named T8,
Asked K8 if she'd be his M8.
I'm sorry to ST8,
But I'm married, said K8,
And such was the poor fellow's F8.—*Ex*

The bell used at Wellesley College is from an ancient Buddhist temple, Japan.—*College Mercury*.

Prof. George E. Vincent, president of Chautauqua Institution, has been made dean of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of Chicago. Dr. Vincent has been for a number of years the professor of sociology in that university.

Harry A. Garfield, eldest son of James A. Garfield, has been elected president of Williams College. President Garfield graduated from Williams in 1856, and was on his way to attend the reunion of his class, in 1881, when he was assassinated.—*American Education*.

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