

- THE - ECHO -



December, 1910

ALBANY,

- - -

NEW YORK

Table of Contents

A Christmas Lullaby.....	122
Tolstoi on Education.....	123
A Mooted Question.....	128
Changing Styles.....	131
Exile on Banishment as Illustrated in Shakespear's "Richard II."	133
A Republican Landslide.....	135
How We Do It To-Day.....	138
Review Department.....	139
Editorial Department.....	144
College News.....	147
Senior Thot Book.....	158

THE ECHO

Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before January 1st; single copies 15 cents.

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

Address all business communications to the business manager, 210 Central Avenue.

THE ECHO is entered in the Albany Post Office as second-class matter.

ALUMNI SUBSCRIBERS

THE ECHO will not be forwarded to Alumni after December first, unless their desire for its continuance be expressed by the payment of the annual subscription.

THE ECHO

EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

ELLA R. WATSON

Assistant Editor

HARLEY P. COOK

MARJORIE BENNETT, } *Literary Dept.*
ANNA BOOCHEEVER }

HOWARD DABNEY, } *News Dept.*
ISABELLE BIGELMAN }

MARIE PHILLIPS, *Review Dept.*

LELA FARNHAM, } *Alumni Dept.*
ETHEL EVERINGHAM, }

WORDSWORTH WILLIAMS,
Subscription Manager

HOWARD FITZPATRICK,
General Business Manager

HENRY B. STERR
Advertising Manager

STANLEY S. RICE
Circulating Manager

XIX

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 4

Literary Department

A Christmas Lullaby.

Hush, little baby,
Lie still and sleep,
Shepherds in stillness
Are guarding their sheep;
Angels in heaven
Their watches now keep;
So sleep, little baby, sleep.

There, little baby,
Lie still and rest;
Star of the Christ Child
Shines in the west.
Trees whisper softly
By night-breeze caressed,
So rest, little baby, rest.

Dream, little baby,
Sweet dreams of gold;
Angels in heaven
The tidings have told;
Shepherds are keeping
The lambs in the fold,
So dream, little baby, dream.

Wake, little baby,—
All thru the night,
Mother has watched you
Slumbering light.
Sun on the tree-tops
Is sparkling and bright,
So wake, little baby, wake.

Adele LeCompte, '12.

Tolstoi on Education.

The recent serious illness followed by the death of Count Leo Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist and moralist, has turned anew the attention of the world to the wonderful force of his personality and to a consideration of his views of life and social conditions. It is especially interesting, therefore, to us who are engaged as teachers and students in the work of education, to know that he had definite and lofty opinions on this subject and to learn what was their scope. We do not find that he ever embodied them in a volume devoted entirely to such an exposition, but a few years ago in a letter to his personal friends P. J. and P. N. Birukov, he set forth what seemed to him the purpose and meaning of educational effort. In this

form he later authorized their publication and they appeared first in the Paris magazine, *La Revue*.

Although he had long been denounced by the church, this illustrious and intrepid thinker never gave up his religion; although he was treated as a suspect at home, and often basely criticised abroad, notwithstanding, he retained a firm faith in God. Strong in his religious beliefs and clear in his logical thought, he fearlessly disregarded criticism and confidently declared that "the religious conception of life is the primary principle of every human life. On the religious basis is founded the whole life of man, and is determined, consequently, his whole activity. It is, then, evident that education, that is to say, the preparation of man for life and activity, ought to be founded on religion." For him, education in Russia has been a failure, because this truth has not been recognized, and because religion has been regarded as a useless relic of antiquity, not worthy of universal respect and often failing of proper teaching in the schools.

Moreover, the religious faith which alone can be the true basis of life and education cannot, he said, be either Protestantism or Catholicism, or Judaism, or Mohammedanism, or Buddhism, or Orthodoxy; for these are founded on faith in certain prophets. But it must be a faith "justified by the reason, by the aspirations of the heart, and by the experience of each man. And this doctrine is the Christian doctrine in its simplest and most reasonable form." When once man has recognized in the universe an infinite principle which is the cause of all and of which he is a part, then all morality consists in seeking to learn the will of his infinite principle and in making the life conform to it. According to Tolstoi, the will of God is to bring all human beings into a condition of fraternity, and the object of education is, therefore, to help to make this union possible by increasing the conditions that lead to it and by removing the conditions that hinder its realization.

In all education, he said, there are two parts: first, formal instruction which consists in teaching directly the facts of scientific knowledge, and the trades; and secondly, that development which the child gains unconsciously and intuitively by observing what others do, and by hearing what those about him say, in every day life. But it is to be regretted that in the schools of to-day, formal instruction is made all-important, and the unconscious, intuitive development is wholly neglected. Teachers lay down religious and moral rules, but it would be well if they would add, "Do as I say, but not as I do"; for their lives often contradict their precepts. "Take for example," he continued in his letter and here we perceive his socialistic doctrines, "the family of a land-owner, of a farmer, or even of a painter or writer. They live respectable lives without indulging in drunkenness, or acts of depravity, without injuring or offending their neighbors; they are regarded as a moral family and they desire to give their children a moral education. But in spite of their sincere desire and their solicitude, this education is never attained; because the immorality of the lives led by this family, which the elders who are accustomed to it, do not see, exerts its inevitable influence upon the younger ones, and perverts their conceptions of right. The children hear taught rules on morality and respect for others, but unconsciously they imitate their elders, and adopt as the rule the fact that some are privileged to soil their clothes and others are called upon to clean them; that some are privileged to eat the food that others are obliged to prepare, etc. It is as impossible to train children who live in such an environment, to have the true conception of morality, as it is to bring up with a love of sobriety, a child who will see about him only drunkards, and, who himself will indulge in drunkenness." No moral teaching, he added, can free children who are surrounded by such conditions, from the unconscious suggestions which give them false standards of morality and which prevent them from reason-

ing correctly on the phenomena of life.

Although these examples appear exaggerated and of a distinctly socialistic nature, and also not actually justified by facts, they seem to be used by Tolstoi to bring out more forcibly the fundamental principle which underlies all true education, namely that the first condition under which education can be good, is that the teacher himself shall be above reproach. Not only must he be honest, but his acts must also conform to the rules of morality; he must be an example of character worthy of the imitation of his pupils and he must, furthermore, constantly strive to elevate himself and to aspire to perfection.

As for instruction properly so-called, it is, he said, the transmission to the minds of the pupils, of that which the most intelligent and best men have thought or expressed on the different branches of knowledge. Of these the only true sciences are those of religion, philosophy, natural science, mechanics, physics, chemistry, physiology, and the mathematical sciences, because they are universal and within the reach of all men; they do not, he contended, lend themselves to personal opinion and to individual caprice; they do not admit of half-knowledge; one either knows them or he does not know them. On the other hand all sciences which do not meet these demands, such as theology, law, and particularly history, he regarded as harmful,—science which ought, therefore, to be excluded.

Furthermore, in addition to the learning of a trade, the course of study should include plastic art, painting and sculpture, by which we transmit our thoughts to the eye of another, and music, especially singing, by which we transmit our inspirations and our feelings. In drawing and in music, he advocated the use of the means which are most accessible, as the pencil, crayon and charcoal in the one case and the voice in the other. Painting with oil, and instrumental music should be reserved for those who give decided evidence of special talent for them;

and even this, he added, is a matter of regret, for it results in the abnormal development of one faculty, whereas a complete education is attained only by the equal development of all the faculties.

In conclusion, concerning the organization of the school, Tolstoi prescribed but the one fundamental principle that it shall not interfere with the spontaneity of the pupils. Although the teacher regulates the hours when they shall come to school, the pupils must be free to come or not. For them, absolute liberty is the indispensable condition of all useful education., Just as a child who is not hungry and is forced to eat is in danger of vomiting or of indigestion, so in the development of the mind, the results will be equally harmful, although they may not show themselves as quickly as in the case of the physical nature; and furthermore by being required to work contrary to his wishes, a child will form a strong and permanent dislike for work, while on the other hand by the granting of liberty, this may be avoided, and the child, if unrestrained, will be led to love his studies. Moreover liberty alone makes it possible to know for what studies the pupil has a special fondness, and liberty alone does not violate "the educative influence." In brief the teacher who himself trains his pupils not to do violence to others, would, by restricting their liberty, be committing against them the greatest violence, that to the mind.

[A most interesting and encouraging incident in the development of Russian education, due to the influence of the world-wide advance in democratic civilization and also in part doubtless to the effect of Tolstoi's teaching, is the introduction of a bill in the Duma of the Czar's kingdom, as reported by the press on November 24, 1910, providing for universal free primary instruction throughout the entire empire, for the first time in the history of Russia.]

William B. Aspinwall.

A Mooted Question.

“There is too!” Janet’s angry tones reached from the play-room to the study where Mrs. Wade was writing. She laid her pen down and half started to her feet.

“There is *not!*” responded an equally emphatic voice.

“How do you *know?*” Janet’s voice held a tone of pleading and triumph. She felt sure that Robert didn’t know, but if he *did?* She might as well know the worst.

“Oh, you’re too young to *understand!*” condescended Robert, secure in the wisdom of ten years. He could well afford to assume a lofty tone with six-year old Janet. “But there isn’t one, just the same,” he added by way of elucidation.

“But we saw him last Christmas, you know we did!”

“Huh!” That was father dressed up. I tell you, Jan, there isn’t any Santa Claus, so there!”

“There *is*, so there!” retorted Janet. Janet bade fair to be a “strong-minded” woman.

Robert considered deeply. “I suppose you’d believe mother, wouldn’t you?” She nodded mute assent.

“Well, then, mother was the one who told me.”

“Oh!” Janet threw herself in an exhausted heap on the couch. “Then mother lies!”

“Janet Wade!”

The storm was on; Janet could not retract. “She told *me* there *was* one.”

Robert gathered up his diplomatic strength. “You see, Jan, it’s this way. This is what mother said,—honest and true, lay me down and cut me in two—she said there was a *spirit* around at Christmas time that makes people give presents and—I say, Jan, do you know what a spirit is?”

"No!"

"A ghost."

"What's a *ghost*?"

"Well, it's—it's—it's—I'll tell you what! To-night, right after supper we'll go up in the attic and we'll see him. Promise not to cry?"

"Ye-es," assented Janet.

"My beautiful lesson was taken to heart," murmured Mrs. Wade to herself. "I'd like to spank that son of mine. What in the world will he do to that child up in the attic?" A light broke over her face; she told herself that her resources were as great as her son's.

A few moments later the "Indian Braves" were holding an exciting meeting. "We ought to have masks," affirmed Robert, "get to work, fellows."

"Cinnamon drops make an *awfully* bloody red, said the president. The cinnamon drops were purchased; the precious red was smeared in streaks across the paper faces that were being realistically manufactured in Dr. Wade's barn.

"I'll go get some sheets," said Robert, counting joyfully the "ghosty" faces. "One, two, five, eight!" he assured himself, and was off for his mother's linen closet.

The plans were at last made. "Meet here at half past six *sharp*," dictated the chief, "and bring all the pins you can find. Those sheets are too long."

Robert held Janet's hand fast. Up the creaking stairs they crept.

"Afraid?" whispered Robert.

"Shut-up!" answered Janet.

They reached the top at last. Robert pulled her into the middle of the attic floor. The rays of a candle sent a weird light into the room. Janet drew in her breath. Silently from

behind furniture and posts stole eight figures, their white robes fluttering, their faces gleaming in the dusk.

Janet drew back as one approached her.

“Do you believe in Santa Claus?” The voice was threatening.

“I do—do—n’t don’t know,” she whispered.

“Kneel!” commanded the voice.

She hesitated.

“Draw the sword!” The silent figures became animated. From beneath each gown was drawn a knife. Janet kneeled, her eyes glued to the nearest blade.

Out of the darkness there came an angry deep voice, “Hold!” The ghosts drew away from the kneeling figure hurriedly. Back, back, they drew as into the room glided four white-robed—what were they? Suddenly the room was filled with a wild chant

“Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble”

The voices broke as soon as they had began. The owners bent their ghostly heads. “Listen!” said all in a whisper.

A jolly voice was singing. It was coming nearer, nearer. A sound of bells accompanied it.

“Somebody’s coming, oh who can it be,
Somebody’s coming, but wait till you see.
Somebody’s coming to see you to-night,
Someone to bring you a world of delight.”

The song ceased. A red-coated, be-furred personage rushed into their midst. “Aside, Aside!” he said brusquely. He bent over the kneeling figure and lifted her in his arms. “You shall have all that you want for Christmas,” he whispered. She burst into tears.

“Get a light!” commanded the guest.

Slowly the taller ghosts disappeared. Their thudding footsteps had scarcely died away, when a tramping of feet was

heard on the creaking stairs, four people, headed by one with a brilliantly lighted lamp bore across the floor.

"Robert Wellington Wade, what are you doing?" The voice was stern, but it trembled queerly. No answer.

"Answer me!" The silence was oppressive. Santa Claus rose, and placed his burden in the hands of her mother. From under his coat he drew a light whip.

"Unmask!" he said. "Hurry!" Eight appealing faces stood revealed, the sheets were thrown off, the ghosts assumed attitudes of fright.

"You first," said he of the red lips, and grasped Robert by the hand. He swung the whip deftly—a little hand suddenly clutched him.

"Oh don't," said an imploring voice. "He's my brother, and he believes in you now. Did you send those big ghosts to punish him?"

JUNIA L. MORSE, 1911.

Changing Styles.

When first I met with Adelaide
 She WORE a dress of brown,
 With ruffles, tucks and silken braid,
 And shirring up and down.

Around the skirt 'twas 'bout a mile,
 That in its folds might lie;
 The sleeves were of a flowing style;
 The belt eight inches high.

But, oh, that dainty bit of red
 That perched so saucily
 Upon the charming little head
 Which nodded 'cross to me.

I gazed at her, my heart was lost,
But rosy thoughts were vain,—
I ne'er could conjure up the cost
Of such a gown, 'twas plain.

But soon my hopes were raised to heights
Beyond the heaven's blue;
My mind took soaring, dizzy flights;
My heart went thumping, too.

The styles had changed and now a dress,
That once had been so wide,
Kept shrinking, shrinking, less and less,
Just as the ebbing tide.

But when the price had reached a third
Of that within my purse,
And I had planned to say the word,
Affairs grew somewhat worse.

The hats had taken such a change,
They soon outgrew my say,
And while the gowns decreased their range,
Those hats grew every day.

So that is why I still endure
The "blessed single life;"
The styles so change, one's never sure
He can support a wife.

RACHEL A. GRISWOLD, '14

Exile or Banishment as Illustrated in Shakespeare's "Richard II."

Henry of Bolingbroke, cousin of King Richard, has had a quarrel with Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and there is bitter enmity between them. At a hearing before the King, Bolingbroke accuses Norfolk of being a grafter, a traitor, and the murderer of the King's uncle, Duke of Gloster, and challenges him to mortal combat. Mowbray indignantly denies the charges, and accepts Bolingbroke's challenge. The King tries to force them to a peaceful settlement of their difficulties,—but failing in this, he consents to the trial by arms, and appoints a day for the combat.

On the day set for the fight, just as the men are about to engage, the King suddenly stops the proceedings, and having summoned the combatants before him, banishes them both—Bolingbroke for six years, and Norfolk for life. Such in brief, are the facts. In considering them, we may group our deductions around three alternative questions: 1st. Was exile in this case just or was it tyrannical? 2d. Was it expedient or was it imprudent? 3d. Was it statesmanlike or was it impolitic?

By just, I mean right or wrong in the moral sense. There is no absolute right or wrong independently considered: both are relative terms. If King Richard thought that men ought not to take each others lives,—that breaking his word was a lesser sin than permitting bloodshed, he obeyed his conscience and was right in stopping the duel. If, however, he had in mind some personal advantage to be gained by excluding these men from their native land, or if he did it to escape responsibility, we

must consider it wrong. Richard's words and actions after the banishment, indicate that the latter supposition is the correct one, and that he did not intend to allow Bolingbroke to return any more than Norfolk. Hence we must consider it an act of tyranny.

By *expedient* I mean conducive to self-interest in the narrow, personal sense. Did Richard have personal reasons for wishing to be rid of these men? The King was evidently jealous of Bolingbroke, and envious of his popularity with the common people. Henry was too closely related to the throne and much too powerful to suit his cousin. If he should win against Norfolk his influence and power would be still further increased. Of Norfolk, the King was afraid, as of a tool that has become too sharp by using. He knew too many court secrets to make the throne a perfectly comfortable seat while he was in the kingdom. All in all, Richard would probably have possessed his throne more securely if he could have been rid of them altogether. In this narrow sense, his action can hardly be called imprudent. His error was political rather than personal.

Was it good politics? Banishment had been used since the days of ancient Greece as a means of ridding the country of the politically objectionable; and doubtless in many cases had allayed strife and prevented factions. England was just emerging from the feudal system, and the great landlords were still powerful. Their feuds might have caused confusion at home and serious complications abroad. If Richard thought these men were dangerous to the peace of the country, he had a right to ask them to withdraw. He showed a fatal lack of good judgment in preventing them from settling their dispute in the manner customary for the time. In banishing them he not only lost friends, but gained enemies—at a time when he wished to leave his kingdom to carry on war in Ireland. He could have watched one enemy at home better than two abroad, and the continent was

not far enough away to prevent free intercourse. Here his enemies could plot just beyond his reach, watching in safety a favorable opportunity for their enterprise. By taking Bolingbroke's property and going away, leaving a powerful enemy at his very door, Richard showed a woeful lack of political acumen. He thought he ruled by divine right, and had been so flattered, that he believed no one would dare question his acts or dispute his throne. His injustice and political blindness in banishing his subjects, finally accomplished his downfall.

FRED G. FISCHER, 1911.

A Republican Landslide.

"Now, sisters, to-morrow is election day, and we'd better spend some time at this meeting talking over political questions, so's we can tell our husbands how to vote. Pity 'tis that we can't vote ourselves, but the men say we don't know enough to. Huh! All there is to it is to read what the Republican papers say, and then what the Democratic papers say, and then vote for whichever you think is best. Seems to me that's simple enough. Now, Mis' Brown, suppose you read all the politics in the CLARION—that's a *staunch* Republican organ.

"I didn't know that a Clarion was an organ," interrupted Mrs. Brown, "I thought it was some sort of a cornet."

"I mean the MILFORD CENTER CLARION that husband takes; he calls it an organ, and he ought to know. Then Mis' Styles, you read all the politics in the county DEMOCRAT—that's in the book-rack behind you—and then we'll see which suits us the best. You'd better take a pencil and set down the important things and then read them, so's the rest of us can keep on a tying

this quilt and get it done before supper."

"There, the quilt's just done. Now we'll have some tea, and listen to what Mis' Styles and Mis' Brown has found out. What d'you find Mis' Brown?"

"Well, there's some of it that I couldn't just make out the meaning of but I got quite a lot. In the first place, the paper says that the high cost of living ain't caused by the Republican tariff."

"I knew that Amos Peabody wan't telling the truth when he said that 'twas politics that made ham twenty-eight cents a pound," interjected Mrs. Lovejoy.

"Of course, politics hasn't got anything to do with what Amos charges for meat. Go on, Mis' Brown."

But Mis' Styles broke in, "The DEMOCRAT says, 'Nobody but a lunatic believes that prices haven't gone up since the Republicans changed the tariff.' I don't know when they changed it, but I do know that prices have been going up ever since I can remember."

"Go on, Mis' Brown," from the President.

"Then it says that the Republicans will attempt direct primaries."

"Well, I'm opposed to that," snapped Mrs. Willis, "there can't any of them politicians come up to Miss Davis when it comes to directing primaries. Why, she taught eleven weeks on a stretch in the Plain district without licking a single scholar."

This remark was warmly applauded, and a trend toward Democratic sympathies was apparent. And Mrs. Styles strengthened this feeling by continuing, "and it says here that 'a Democratic victory will be followed by legislation that will purify the ballot throughout the state.' Do you realize, ladies, that that means that the voting place, Joe Hoover's old barber-shop, will be all cleaned up? It's so dirty now that I always feel crawly the day after John gets his hair cut."

By now, the ladies of the Lend-a-Hand Society were fast becoming natural-born, dyed-in-the-wool Democrats; but Mrs. Brown's next reading put a damper on their enthusiasm. "Mr. Dix, the Democratic candidate for governor, works his men thirteen hours a day, and only pays them \$1.60." And the Republican eagle flapped its wings.

"The DEMOCRAT says Mr. Stimpson is a corporation lawyer," Mrs. Styles triumphantly flashed back, and again the star of Democracy was in the ascendant. After a brief pause, Mrs. Styles read again: "William R. Hearst says that the main issue of this election is the trust.' What *do* you s'pose that means? Must be in favor of the Democrats, or 'twouldn't be in this paper."

No one could offer any explanation on the trust subject, and as the *issues* seemed about exhausted, Mrs. Willis moved that the Lend-a-Hand Society instruct its several husbands to vote the straight Democratic ticket. As the President was putting the motion, she was interrupted by Mrs. Brown's voice: "Here is the conclusion of the CLARION'S article on the political situation. I didn't see it before. "It is, therefore, the duty of every voter of this Empire State to elect every candidate on the Republican ticket. This, citizens, is the *duty* of every voter. Let every voter do his duty on the 8th of November.'"

There was but one thing to do, for duty was the very keystone of the Lend-a-Hand Society. Mrs. Willis rose immediately: "Mis' President, I want to change my motion. I move that our husbands be instructed to vote the straight *Republican* ticket."

As the returns came pouring in the following night, the announcer received one which read: "Republican Landslide in Upham's Corners."

HARLEY P. COOK, 1913.

How We Do It To-Day.

In other times we took a car
Drawn by horses, if going far,
And felt that we were blest.
Now the conductor takes the fare,
And sticks a broomstick in the air
And lightning does the rest.

In other days along the street
A glimmering lantern led our feet
When on a midnight stroll.
But now we catch, when night is nigh,
A piece of lightning from the sky
And stick it on a pole.

Time was when one must hold his ear
Close to a whispering voice to hear,
Like a deaf man—nigh and nigher,
But now from town to town he talks
And puts his nose into a box
And whispers through a wire.

[COPIED.]

Review Department

A Review of "Persuasion."

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I anticipated the reading of "Persuasion," and when I shut the book after completing the last sentence, I could honestly say that my anticipations had been fully realized. Jane Austen has somehow gained the reputation of being dull and tiresome, but I think that the critics who first gave her that ill repute, did not read her books from the standpoint in which they were written, that is, to ridicule and burlesque the authors of the Gothic romances. Her aim was, moreover, to prove that she could make a story interesting and popular, which would comprise the narrowest sphere of action and be true to life, and she has succeeded in her aim.

The plot of "Persuasion" is very simple, being the story of the revival and happy consummation of an early love affair of the heroine, Anne Elliott. She is the second of three daughters of Sir Walter Elliott, a purse-proud baronet whose favorite book is the *Peerage* and whose greatest pleasure is obtained from turning to the page which recounts the history of the Elliott family. He can read there of the marriage of his youngest daughter Mary to Charles Musgrove of Upper Cross, who, though not a man of rank is yet well off and will some day be the head of his family. Indeed, it is a habit of the baronet's to leave this book, (lying open at the page,) on table, stand, or any place convenient to be seen by visitors. But Elizabeth, his

oldest daughter, dislikes to see a plain "Miss" before her name and closes it up on every occasion. The baronet's sole aim in life is to marry off his beautiful daughter to the scion of some noble house. A few years before, they had jointly tried to capture William Walter Elliott, the presumptive heir to the estate, but the prize had fallen into the hands of a wealthier, if less noble, young lady.

As for Anne, well, she was "only Ann," a good soul but not pretty enough to ever make a good match, so not to be considered. These were the candid ideas with which the girl had been brought up to regard herself as a nuisance except when she could be of help to her sisters in some menial and rather uncomplimentary manner. Yet there was, or had been, one person to whom she had been more than "only Anne." A young man, visiting in the neighborhood had met her and, impressed by her sweetness and unselfishness, had fallen deeply in love with her. His affection was returned, and for a few months the couple were as near perfect happiness as this world can give, when Anne's relatives discovered her attachment and, with the aid of Lady Russell, a dear friend of both Anne and her sisters and father, persuaded her that she was lowering herself by an alliance with a man who had not a "sir" in the family, who would not for years be able to support a wife in the fashion which Anne's situation should expect, in short who was wholly unsuited for her. She who had always given in to the wishes of others broke off her engagement. Thus "persuasion" changed the course of her life. Captain Wentworth enlisted in the navy and Anne became once more "only Anne."

At the time the story opens, Sir Walter has discovered that he is exceeding his income and must retrench. A family council is called including Sir Walter, Elizabeth, Lady Russell and Shepherd, the lawyer. They decide that Kellynch Hall must be let and the family must either hire a smaller house and

practice economy or go to London or Bath. As Anne dislikes Bath, they decide to go there for the season. Mercifully Providence interferes in Anne's behalf in the shape of her sister Mary who entreats her to stay with her until the end of the Bath season. Mary is peevish, fretful, one of those persons, not uncommonly met with in life, who have such an exaggerated idea of their own importance that they succeed in making every one around them miserable. As also often happens in life, Mary possesses a treasure of a husband, who gives in to her slightest wishes, believes it is his fault if she is out of humor, and spends his whole life in keeping her in it. A simple, good-natured Englishman whom one would never suspect of being that type of martyr, known as "hen-pecked husband," so jovial is he among his companions of the hunt, so convivial with his neighbors. Into this atmosphere Anne, the unselfish, is transferred to humor Mary, enliven Charles, entertain the children and make herself generally useful.

Kellynch Hall is hired by Admiral Croft, a brother-in-law of Captain Wentworth, who is visiting with him. As a matter of course the Musgroves, and Charles' mother and father and two sisters become very friendly with the Crofts. Richard Musgroves, his mother's pride and joy, (as youngest sons usually are) was in the same company with Captain Wentworth, who had some influence over the young scapegrace, whose escapades never made any impression on his loving mother's heart. Just before his death, Dick had written to his mother warm praises of Captain Wentworth, and these were the only things necessary to gain him a warm place in the mother's heart. Consequently Anne and he were destined to be thrown much in each other's way. Not a word had passed between them during their seven years separation, but Anne's heart-beats were most decidedly accelerated when she again beheld the familiar form. Captain Wentwrth betrayed the most utter indifference

and was soon a great admirer of Henrietta "the prettiest," and Louisa, "the possessor of the highest spirits." Dispute soon waxed hot as to which was the favorite, for no one doubted that he was in love with one, if not both. How poor Anne's heart ached during this discussion to which she was forced to listen on all sides.

A cousin of the Musgroves, Charles Haytoo by name, soon partially settled the dispute by announcing his engagement to Henrietta, which was greatly commiserated until he was presented with a handsome living. Louisa was now the only contestant, for Captain Wentworth had now become rich and was, therefore, eligible.

At a visit to Lyme in the house of Captain Harville, they meet a Captain Bendwick, who is in the depths of poetic despair owing to the death of Captain Harville's sister, Fanny, to whom he had been betrothed. Louisa meets with an accident which causes her to be left at Harville's where Mrs. Harville and Anne nurse her back to health. When she is recovering, Anne is called back to Bath to attend Lady Russell and her father and sister who are glad to see her in Bath, for the sake of showing off their new furniture.

She there finds that William Walter Elliott is a constant caller and is paying his addresses to Elizabeth as openly as his fast-expiring term of widowerhood allows. With them also is a Mrs. Clay, a widow whom Elizabeth prizes as a companion, but whom Anne and Lady Russell fear as an aspirant to the title of Lady Wallace Elliott. But that she gain her aspirations is the last wish of William Walter Elliott, the heir presumptive, and when he is not courting Elizabeth or Anne, to whom he soon transfers his affections, he is occupied watching Mrs. Clay.

At Bath, Anne meets an old school friend who is now a widow

in very straightened circumstances. When rumor reaches her of William Walter's evident admiration of Anne, she unfolds to the latter the story of William Wallace's treachery to her husband by encouraging him to spend his money lavishly and leading him to ruin; then after he died under the blow of poverty, refused to aid his widow. Anne now understands the character of her cousin and hastens home to tell her father and Elizabeth. She finds that during her absence Mary and Charles and Captain Wentworth have arrived in Bath, thus causing her to postpone her story. To her unutterable amazement she learns of the engagement of Louisa to Captain Bendwick.

Captain Harville feels very badly at the desertion of Captain Bendwick from the memory of Fanny, and in animated conversation between him and Anne they express their opinions on the forgetfulness of men and women. Anne claims that when a woman has once loved she never forgets, which speech being overheard by Captain Wentworth, fills him with joy and encourages him to write a letter in which he tells her that he has never forgotten her and begs her to renew their engagement. Of course, Anne is most happy to do this, and all ends peacefully. As she herself says, "the only alloy to her happiness arose from the consciousness of having no relations to bestow on him which a man of sense could value.

William Walter, on seeing his aims disclosed, leaves Bath, and Mrs. Clay, to their amazement, disappears the same day; the next news which they hear of her is the rumor that, having failed in becoming Lady Walter Elliott, she still possesses great hopes of becoming Lady William Walter.

Captain Wentworth secures some property for Mrs. Smith which had belonged to her husband and thus enables her to live very comfortably.

The interest of the story lies in the clever character sketches.

Every sentence, not describing some visit which they make, is fraught with suggestions which characterize the different people in the book. The most unimportant characters are clearly outlined. The plot is well developed. Taken in its entirety "Persuasion" is a very pleasing book and well worth the reading.

Editorial Department.

For several years this country has been laboring under the throes of a reform movement—a movement which has had its effect upon nearly everything, from canned meat in Chicago to the divorce laws in South Dakota. Even our holidays have succumbed to its influence; the Great and Glorious Fourth has been re-formed and transformed into a safe and sane Fourth; again, at Thanksgiving, we were urged to let our ravages upon the national bird be governed by safe and sane appetites. But now Christmas is at hand and here, at last, is a holiday which has not been revised and improved up-to-date; we may be just as ous and happy, just as full of Christmas enthusiasm as we were in our childhood. And the beauty of it is that we may let our joy be unconfined, and pour out our peace-on-earth-good-will-to-men spirit in as reckless and insane a fashion as we choose.

As Christmas is about the only thing left for the reformers to attack, it is very possible that even this holy day may be ameliorated by another year—already the magazines are replete with suggestions as to *sensible* gifts—so may this Christmas be for you all a merry, merry Christmas.

Following the wish for a merry Christmas as unfailingly as effect follows cause comes a second wish—a happy New Year! And the fulfillment of this wish lies to a considerable extent in the individual. How common it is to begin the new year by solemnly forming a set of resolutions. And there comes resultant glow of self-satisfaction that raises the head high and makes the step buoyant. But, in a few days, practically all of these resolutions have been shattered and former conditions have been resumed.

If such has been your case in the past, do not, for that reason, eschew New Year's resolutions entirely, but let the previous failures guide you in making this year's resolves. Very probably your past attempts were too radical—great changes do not come in a night—but we can every one of us determine upon some slight improvement and carry it through. Not only will a tiny resolution, faithfully executed, give more happiness than a dozen mighty resolves that vanish in a week or two, but it will also give us strength to accomplish greater things another year. So, let us all make our resolutions again this year, but form them with great care, and, having formed them, make extra efforts to see them fulfilled.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion among the students that some active resistance should be made against the indiscriminate use of our college news by the local press. A decided request (or possibly demand) from the proper authority might not effect complete restraint, but it would show in a positive manner that we are interested in being brought before the public in a fitting and dignified way. A committee consisting of one member of the faculty and two of the student body could be recognized as the only proper and authorized source of information for reporters.

Meanwhile, Students, be more careful in giving items merely

because you know of them, when you have no particular right or authority to do so.

One more word. Items that are of a strictly personal nature are not especially interesting to Albany readers, since most of us are practically unknown here, and they only tend to make us appear ridiculous. It is only thru the "big" things that we are doing, that we wish to be known.

"Wealthy women are extremely zealous in forwarding the introduction of domestic science into our elementary and secondary schools, because they believe that this movement will prove a solution to the servant problem."

It may. But there are other possible results. Domestic science may so foster the instinct of ownership and *must* so raise the status of the "K. M.", that we shall see a generation of home-makers instead of home-keepers.

Or it may so strongly introduce the factor of specialization that "Milady" must secure two or three times as many servants and pay to each several times as much wages. Her one consolation, then, will be that she at least obtains efficient service.

Miss Marjorie Bennett has been elected literary editor in place of Miss Edith Scott who has resigned. Miss Scott has given to the ECHO more than eighteen months of her best effort, and her department has perhaps never been more interesting than during the current year.

College News

Contributors' Club.

On Monday, November twenty-first occurred the first meeting of a new club, organized by the English Department. Plans for the year's work were made, and time and place of meetings decided upon. Membership in this club is the highest honor which the English department can confer upon the students. After due consideration of the manuscripts presented, the following students were found eligible for membership: Howard Dabney, president; Adele LeCompte, secretary; Isabel Biglemann, Katrina Van Dyke, Ella Watson, Edith Scott, Elizabeth Scott, Jessie Luck, Grace Young, Ethel Everingham, David Allison, Junia Morse and Marion Button.

The second meeting of the Contributors' Club was held Thursday evening, December eighth, in Professor Kirtland's class room. Miss Biglemann, Miss Young and Mr. Dabney read papers. This was followed by an interesting discussion.

Dramatic Club Notes.

The Dramatic Club spent its last two meetings in rendering Sophocles' Tragedy of *Autigone*.

As a preparation for the proper appreciation and affective reading of this great drama, brief mythological and historical surveys of the original productions were read by members of the club.

The following persons represented the characters:

Autigone	Miss Kartluke
Ismene	Miss Wittemeir

Creon	Mr. Allison
Strophe	Miss Brown
Anti Strophe	Miss Hotaling
Messenger	Mr. Williams
Tirysis	Miss Barnet
Eurydice	Miss Haskins
Haemon	Mr. Dabney

The present plan of the Club is to read representative productions from each of the great historical dramatic periods. The next tragedy to be rendered will be from Euripides, the second of the great Greek triumvirate of tragedians.

We sincerely hope that all students desiring to cultivate their talents along this line will join the club.

Promethean Literary Society Notes.

A regular meeting of the society was held Thursday evening, Dec. 1. A Bird program for the evening was presented as follows:

Hark, Hark the Lark	Quartet
The Wisdom and Folly of Birds	Miss James
The Humming Bird	Miss Rieffenaugh
When the Birds Go North Again	Miss Ploss
Bird Music	Miss Norton
The Nest (Lowell)	Miss Brown
Quotations about Birds.	

The social part of the evening was mainly spent in guessing a series of Bird Charades. After a brief business session, elaborate and intricate practice in Parliamentary Law was led by Prof. Kirtland. The evening, as usual, proved most delightful.

The program of the Mark Twain evening of December 17 follows:

1. Piano SoloMiss Lois Atwood
2. "Mark Twain; Personal Traits".....Miss Isabel Knapp
3. Quotation: "St. Joan of Arc".....Miss Grace Becker
4. Reading from "Tom Sawyer".....Miss Mary Meade
5. Vocal SoloMr. Stanley Rice
6. "Mark Twain; In the Home, Lecturer, Traveler, Humorist."
Discussion led by the Misses Bertha Parks, Rose McGovern, Margaret Jones, Helen Ode, Theresa Kerley, Joyce Sharer, May Strouse, Anne Morse, Florence McNamara, Marguerite Dee, and Mr. Jacques Rosenbloom.
7. Appreciation, from Dean HowellsMiss Martha Kinnear
8. Piano SoloMiss Mildred Martin

Senior Notes.

The regular meeting of the Senior Class was held Monday afternoon, Nov. 7. Lively discussions are the chief features of the meetings at present.

Miss Thomas enjoyed Thanksgiving Day with friends in Cohoes.

Miss Hotaling, Miss Kartluke, Miss Wittmeier and the Misses Ella and Edna Watson spent the week end of November 12, at the home of Miss Bradshaw in Lansingburg. During this visit many latent talents were brought to light.

Miss Hotaling spent her Thanksgiving vacation with friends at New Baltimore and Cocksackie.

Junior Notes.

Miss Marguerite Dee had a most delightful time during Thanksgiving vacation at Miss Florence Kelly's home, Utica, N. Y.

Miss Margaret Jones spent her vacation in Lennox, Mass.

Much joy was added to Miss Lela Farnham's vacation by the visit of her sister. The latter visited college on November twenty-third, and we hope, it came up to her expectations.

On Monday, November first, we had a very jolly meeting. Miss Everingham finished a game, whereby we could find out our individual fortunes, and the results were most amusing.

Sophomore Notes.

The members of the Sophomore class enjoyed a social meeting on Friday evening, November fourth. Latent dramatic ability was displayed in the production of the farce entitled, "An Old Maid's Convention."

Caste.

President	Alice Toole
Secretary	Florence Jackson
Treasurer, Priscilla Hope	Charlotte Shaw
Mary Ann Barnes	Beatrice Mable
Sarah Jane Springstead	Amy Wood
Miranda	Joyce Sharer
Transformed Sisters	Nola Rieffenaugh, Marion Ploss, Helen Odell, Katherine Kinne.
Professor Pinkerton	David Allison

Refreshments were served and the merry-makers tripped the "light fantastic" until the unwelcomed sound of the watchman's keys signalled the time for departure.

Warning to the Juniors—Look out for the Basket-ball Cham-

pionship! Judging from the enthusiasm already displayed by the Sophomore girls, the tables might be turned

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Miss Rose Walsh, who is now mourning the loss of her father.

Y. W. C. A.

November 2, Mabel Tallmadge led the missionary meeting, bringing out the fact that we can do a share of missionary work in daily life by doing and being.

At the next meeting, November 9, Miss Taylor, the Extension Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., spoke of her work in the factories of this city. Her talk proved most interesting and awakened the girls to a realization of small responsibilities they might assume, and thereby assist her in bringing the factory girls to their better selves.

The world's week of prayer, Nov. 14-19 was observed during the noon hour in the Brown Room.

A Thanksgiving Song Service led by Florence Gardner was held Nov. 16. The programme consisted of musical selections:

1. Two Vocal Solos—Mrs. Winne, soloist in the First Reformed Church.
2. Violin SoloMiss Myra Young
3. Violin Solo Miss Leslie Wheeler
4. Selected Songs from the Y. W. C. A. Hymnal.

At the last meeting in November, the topic of the College Girls' Sunday was well developed by Helen Odell. A piano solo was rendered by Miss Sleeper.

Those who are able to attend the Psalm Study Class are deriving much benefit and enjoyment from it. The room is spacious and all are welcome—so, girls, rally to the interesting meetings held in Professor Kirtland's room on Wednesdays at 3:30.

Athletic Association Notes.

The first meeting of the association was called by the President, Mr. Rice, early in November. At this time it was decided that membership with full privileges should be accorded to all members of the student body upon application and the payment of fifty cents membership fee. Besides sundry business proceedings with reports, arrangements were authorized for the procuring of new suits for this year's basket ball team.

Mr. Rosenbloom has been elected cheer leader with power to adopt regular yells. Practice has already begun among the fellows. Most girls need very little and it is with them that Mr. Rosenbloom will be most successful.

Failure to join the A. A. is a sign of a small, miserly, egotistical, narrow, puritanical, ignorant individual. You of course belong, for you are not of such?

Tennis Championship.

This fall's Tennis Tournament was concluded Nov. 2 by Miss May's defeating Miss Zinche in the finals. Miss May then met the former champion, Miss LeCompte, whom she defeated. By this victory, Miss May wins the girls' championship of the college.

Borussia.

A regular meeting of Borussia was held Tuesday afternoon, November 22, in the Gym. After a short business meeting, the following program was rendered:

Chorus—Deutsh'and, Deutshland uber alles.....Sung by the Society.

Original TalkMiss Everson

Violin SoloMiss Myra Young, accompanied by Miss Florence Gardiner.

Original TalkMiss Morse

Informal LectureProf. Decker

Chorus—Die Wacht am Rheine.....Sung by the Society

January 13 is the date set for the play, *Englisch*. With Mr. Allison to direct the staging and Prof. Decker to help in the pronunciation, it bids fair to be successful. The caste is:

Adele Trenuhr, a widow.....Florence Wittmeier

Marie, her maidMary Hotaling

Banker Solomon IppelbergerDavid Allison

Rosa, his wifeAmelia Kartluke

Edward GibbonSamuel Heyford

John, his servantWordsworth Williams

Billig, proprietor of an innAnton Schneider

Gretchen, waitressSarah Trembley

Hilda, "Isabelle Bigelman

Delta Omega Notes.

Delta Omega entertained some of her friends at Hill Crest Inn, East Greenbush, the evening of November 11.

Miss Hall, alumna of Delta Omega, entertained some of the Delta girls and their friends at afternoon tea at her home in Watervliet, November 5.

Miss Kathleen Phillip of Troy is teaching in Mount Vernon, New York.

Miss Hall was a guest at the Society Flat, November 12.

Misses Helen Bennett and Mabel Northrop spent Thanksgiving

ing at the home of Miss Bennett in Waterville, New York.

Misses Fraser, Everitt and Van der Zee attended the Dingham-Magill wedding at Troy, November 23.

Miss Mabel McMillin of Dundee, Canada, spent Thanksgiving week with her cousin, Miss Fraser, at the Society Flat.

Eta Phi Notes.

Sorority meetings have been held recently at the homes of Miss Raynsford, Miss Beutler and Miss Young.

Miss Eaton, '10, was the guest of our president, Miss Trembly during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Eta Phi is proud to welcome two new honorary members, Mrs. Risley and Mrs. Birchenoungh. They were received into membership at a meeting held at the home of Miss James on December the second.

It is also a pleasure to announce the following new members of the sorority: The Misses Edna Burdick, Marion Button, Jeanette Campbell, Elsie Danaher, Emlie Hendrie, Jean Holmes, Lillian Hubert, Marjorie May, Helen Smith, and Molly Sullivan.

Mrs. Claude Trinder of Manlius, N. Y., was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Farnham, on Thanksgiving Day.

Kappa Delta Notes.

Kappa Delta enjoyed the tea given by her sister Psi Gamma. The House was deserted during the vacation, for the Thanksgiving spirit and the turkey seemed to attract all the girls to their homes. Kappa Delta was well represented in Poland, N. Y. The Misses Henrietta Fitch, Helen Schermerhorn and Frances Stillman took with them as guests Junia Morse, Nola Rieffanaugh, Amy Wood and Katherine Kinne.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Chant visited their daughter Miss May Chant recently.

Miss Anna Boochever entertained Kappa Delta and a few friends with a baby party at her home on Dana Avenue. There was a renewal of the children's games, and after "ring around the rosy" the babies pro tem were taken home, and they obediently went to bed.

Miss Viola Hinman, of Clinton, N. Y. was the guest of her cousin Miss Amy Wood at the House.

The Misses Henrietta Fitch and May Chant visited Miss Chant's parents in Johnstown for a few days.

Psi Gamma Notes.

Psi Gamma is most pleased to welcome Miss Hazel Duncan as one of its members.

Regular meetings of the sorority were held November second and twenty-second. The first was held at the home of the President, Miss Jessie Cleveland, and the second was with Miss Mabel Tallmadge at her home on Eagle Street.

The sorority gave its annual afternoon reception to the faculty and student body on Saturday, November fifth. The college halls were artistically decorated with palms and flowers.

Psi Gamma and her friends spent a most enjoyable evening at a "Kimona party" given by Miss Mabel Tallmadge on Friday evening, November the twelfth. Miss Callan and Miss Mackey, two of our "old girls" were most welcome.

The girls were most charmingly entertained by Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Decker at a thimble party, November the nineteenth.

The sorority extends sincerest sympathy to Miss Florence Brown in the recent loss of her father.

Newman Study Club.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Rose Wilkinson.

Vice President—Elizabeth Deegan.

Secretary—Anna Brown.

Treasurer—Florence Kelly.

Marshall—Jennie McHenry.

Chaplain—Anna Bush.

Reporter—Rose McGovern.

On October 27th, a business meeting was held at the home of Miss Wilkinson. Officers for the year were elected and other business discussed.

Miss Jennie McHenry spent the week end recently at Johnstown, the guest of Miss Margaret Lymeson.

Miss Marie Austin spent a few days with her sister, Miss Loretta Austin.

Newman enjoyed a pleasant social evening on November 10th, as the guests of Misses McHenry and Bush. Several readings given by Miss Brown were greatly enjoyed by all present.

Miss Florence Kelly spent the week end in her home at Utica.

Miss Marie Phillips spent Saturday, November twelfth as the guest of Miss Florence Hannigan in Schenectady. While there she saw the football game between Hamilton and Union.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Grace Van Auken, '10, is teaching in the Powers School at Lansingburg.

Miss Mabel Woodruff, '07, a student volunteer, left her home

in Delanson a few weeks ago for Kiu Kiang, China, where she will take up her life work as a missionary.

Mrs. S. J. McCutcheon, wife of the Rev. Dr. McCutcheon, died at her home in Ocean Grove, on Sunday, October 30, 1910. Mrs. McCutcheon was formerly an Albanian and was graduated from the State Normal College in 1862. She is survived by two sons, both of whom are graduates of the same institution: Aleck McCutcheon of the class of 1901, Paul McCutcheon of the class of 1902.

The Senior Thot Book

For a long time I have written nothing in my THOT Book, but today there is much to write, and worth the trouble too. My pen may have been idle, but my brain has not. So I shall put down something, lest as Marie Antonette's husband (I think he was Louis XV, but it doesn't matter) was considered weak and lazy from his dairy, I shall be placed in the same category (Kant used this word in his Kritik) if judged from this book in which I record my thots.

Let me begin with my first shock. As, my head full of beautiful ideas, for I had just come from Art class, I was passing quietly thru the corridor, these words grated (yes, grated) upon my ear:

"How I did hate to ap. Alb. this morn. I had to go to the libe. to do some hist. reading. It was spesh. too."

In a gentle tone (the one I use in scolding my "cherubs") I asked what they meant, and this was the interpretation thereof: "How I did hate to approach Albany this morning. I had to go to the library to do some history reading. It was special, too." Since then I have noticed others spouting these curtailed words. I confess it is a telegraphic way of expressing one's ideas, but, to my mind, this habit of "abbreving," for such they call it, ought to be "stopped before it is begun." (I once heard a minister use this expression in a talk on temperance.)

Another thing I have noticed is that "there are individual differences in bluffing as in everything else: *there really are.*" This conclusion was forced upon me from the bitter (in the sense of unpleasant) experiences of others as well as my own.

What would you think, dear THOT Book, if on descending

into the realms of Pluto (I mean the basement, because in a certain sense, it is underground) a few days after election, you heard shouts of joy, as it were, emanating from one of the locker rooms (Senior, of course. I don't notice the other)? Wouldn't you think some people were using up their surplus energy in "crowing" over election? Well, so did I. But no; they said they were giving the Senior slogan of the hour:

"January, January,
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

I wonder what it means. They wouldn't tell me, Senior tho I be, because they said it was to be a mystery. I felt like saying a la Horace "Favete linguis" but I followed this advice myself and restrained my unruly member (the tongue.) However, I'm not going to worry about it for I have other things to think of. The "deutsche" play is to be given this month and that's nearer at hand. They say it's to be full of action especially the scene between Edward and Adele. I do hope I can come to it for I am ever so much interested in German. I must say that what with the German play, the Echo play, and the play the Dramatic Club is to give the atmosphere about college is charged with "dramatic electricity." In the excitement, I have forgotten all about my G. I. N. (my Great International Novel.) Anyway, that is to be my life work just as Faust was Goethe's. For the present I am thinking of writing a drama with *fish* as characters. I did think of *spiders*, but I finally decided upon *fish*. I hope it will be as successful as Rostrand's Chantier. Wouldn't it be fine if the ECHO would produce it? In my imagination (which some people think is *abnormal* even for a *normal* student) I can see the cast in costumes of scales crawling (or swimming) across the stage. Maybe they'll

have a glass case to represent water. Oh, wouldn't it be fine? I do believe I'll begin it this very day.

“But of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been.”

How I echo that sentiment of Whittier's when I recall how, at the Convocation, I might have been the “cynosure of all eyes, and butt of all ridicule” (just like the Senior whose hair came down in psychology class.) Owing to our late arrival, my chum and I sat in the front of the assembly chamber among the dignitaries. The papers were read; a general discussion was invited; and now comes the part wherein I shine. Imagine me rising in my seat with the words of a speech dancing a two-step on the tip of my tongue. Imagine me in stentorian tones (like those of the woman suffragettes) addressing that august assemblage. Imagine the amazement depicted on the face of Vice-Chancellor McKelway, the quizzical smiles on the faces of the other learned men and the embarrassment portrayed on the faces of my classmates, who were there taking notes for a psychology paper. Imagine the hush that would pervade the assembly chamber as I would take my seat, and you have a fairly good mental picture of “what might have been.” However, Fate was propitious and I too “stopped before I began.” But when I consider how often we have been advised upon what to do in case, we were called upon to give an extemporaneous address, how much working material we have concerning the profession of teaching, and the fact that I too am a teacher (so to speak), it is not strange that I felt in my element and was about to make my debut (or shall I say reentree, counting my speech in psychology?) as a speaker on education.

I can't! I can't! I just cannot do one thing well. It seems as if I never can live up to my ideal of what is good work. Whenever I think of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Shakespeare, Milton, Lowell, Huxley, Tyndale and hundreds of other "tip-top" men, it seems as if I am but an infinitesimal speck on the horizon of time. I wonder if it is worth while to struggle and work in this life. After all, what do our efforts amount to? It seems to me that no matter what I do, be it study, teaching, music, drawing, or even writing sketches, I can never be a "shark" in any thing. Whatever I do lacks something, and I cannot supply it, no matter how hard I try. Or, is it because I aim at the unattainable, far beyond my reach? I cannot tell; everything I do seems to teem with error.

Heigh ho! I am happy once more. Sitting in the library waiting for Ruediger, I found two passages which were to my distraught soul as honey to the bee. The first was by Leonardo da Vinci: "The artist who has no mistrust of himself will never attain to the supreme heights of art. Pitiful is that artificer who, persuaded that he has produced a masterpiece, questions wonderingly how God can have helped him to such purpose." Perhaps my very "mistrust" of myself in my work, while not making me one of the "tip-top" men will help me to do better and save me from that "self-complacency" about which Dr. Hannahs used to warn us. The second passage was by a German scholar. I found it in a dusty tome. Hier ist's: "Evil the day when we Germans become a lean race some of our neighbors. As for great deeds and high scholarship, I have known many men and sound scholars, and they have nearly all been *fat*." Do not despair, O ye of corpulent tendencies! There is a haven for all of us in the German "Vaterland."

Ever since I saw the Neon of 1900, I began to think that our class book will be lacking in space. For, which of our

men could be called a "cupid" or who among our grinds (but Psychology 14 decided *we* have no grinds) could even by stretching the imagination, be described as

"I am the greatest man on earth..My greatness consists of three parts,

Gall, gall, and gall,
I never read,
I never think,
I never listen to advice,—

I just say a thing is so,
And then it is so."

In tones of despair I hear the answer, "None."

I discovered today how "sweet are the uses of adversity." For, had I not failel in that psychology test, I never would have been in a position to compose this "Ode to a Flunk." In my fancy, I compare myself to the youthful Goethe, who was always failing in his work at college, but when we read his poetry we can see for ourselves what he *could* do. This ode needs no explanation for it depicts my heart rendings perfectly.

"Alas! Alas! I flunked the 'quiz,'
My thots are black as night.
All hope indeed has from me fled
For I flunked that test in "psych."

Arise! Arise! despondent heart,
Which now with sorrow reeks;
Just be a "grind" and redeem yourself,
For you still have seven weeks.

Heigh ho! Heigh ho! that's good advice
And I'll follow it from this day.
So when the next "quiz" comes around,
Why,—I'll have more to say."

It is the day before Thanksgiving. Students, pack your trunks and be off. I declare those who do not live from home cannot even begin to realize the fun there is in packing suit cases for home. Tho I am a Senior these small things still give me the greatest pleasure. One of the girls heard me say so the other day, and she said: "Merciful powers! you must live a narrow life." But I had a champion, and blessings upon her for espousing my cause, who said, "Not so; for she will have so much more happiness, and in having that, she will have a broader life." All day long I noticed freshmen scurrying thru the corridors laden with packages, expectant, [I mean the freshmen] eager, and restless in recitations. In them, I saw a reproduction of my own freshman days when I went home for the first time at Thanksgiving. At last we are bound for the station. It is freezing cold, but this only makes our cheeks the ruddier! Fur coats, tailor-made suits, long cloth coats jostle each other. (It takes a feminine observer to notice these details.) Every one is in a hurry; every eye sparkles; almost all are students. Ah! my train is being announced. In the train. We have passed out of the station yard. The train is going at full speed. Au Revoir, S. N. C! Farewell, dear Capitol! Good-night, staid Albany! The dream of weeks is coming true. I am on my way home for Thanksgiving.

Am back again. Nothing has changed. The landlady has not even visited my rooms. I discovered this in true Sherlock Holmes fashion because there was dust on the furniture. I

cannot do justice to the Thanksgiving dinner. Juvenal was a good fellow. Let him tell of it in the way he recounted the council of Domitian concerning the turbot. Incipe, Calliope, Narrate, Puellae Pierides. But alas, all are silent and therefore I perforce must be.

O tempora! Who does not know that Christmas is looming up on the horizon? And after that only one month of teaching, and then freedom. From bondage, shall I say? No; for the longer I teach the more am I impressed with its great importance. The management of thirty or forty fidgety pupils, the suppression of their vices and development of their excellencies is no mean undertaking. In my opinion it is second only to that of a preacher; indeed the teacher may exert a greater influence on account of her closer contact. And I say this, that when I get to real teaching I shall try to be an influence for good in the community in which I teach, and I'm sure every Senior will say "Them's my sentiments too."

AMERICAN BOOK CO.

Publishers of the Leading

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

TEXT-BOOKS

100 Washington Square

New York City.

Advertise in

The Echo

for results

Rensselaer Established 1824
Troy, N. Y.

Polytechnic

Engineering
and Science

Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

WILD BROS.

Repetiis

CHOCOLATES

Repetiis

CARAMELS

our own Ice Cream

Cor. State and Sack St.

Albany Teachers' Agency

Provides schools of all grades with competent teachers.
Assists teachers in obtaining positions. Calls for good teachers are coming in constantly. Now is the time to register.

Harlan P. French,

81 Chapel Street,
Albany, New York

NOTE BOOKS

No. 3804

Covers and Fillers
in stock now

CLAPPS'

32 Maiden Lane 16-18 James St.

F. M. HOSLER

Manufacturer of

ICE CREAM and

CONFECTIONARY

Wholesale and Retail.

Telephone

193 Lark St.

The Fisk Teachers' Agencies.

Have offices at New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington and other cities.

We have filled more than 29,000 positions. The New York Office has filled more than 3,600 positions in New York State, 2100 in New Jersey and a large number in other States including the Far West.

We are in constant need of College and Normal Graduates.

H. E. CROCKER,	} Managers 156 Fifth Ave New York City
W. D. KERR,	
P. V. HUYSSOON,	
E. H. SCHUYLER.	

---THE---

Modern Laundry

Try the

Waterville

Laundry

289 Central Avenue 'Phone Conn.

J. F. Heidenreich,

Proprietor

Albany

Art

Union

College

Photographers

for seven years

48 Pearl Street

THE NEW YORK STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

At Albany

ESTABLISHED 1844.

CHARTERED AS A COLLEGE 1890

REORGANIZED 1905.

A Professional Institution. The New York State Normal College is a professional institution for the preparation of teachers of both sexes for secondary, normal and training school work, of special department teachers in the various branches of high school work and of principals, supervisors and superintendents of schools. By action of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, the scope and breadth of its work have been so extended that it is equipped for the attainment of scholarship equal to that of literary and scientific colleges.

Courses of Instruction The courses of instruction embrace academic and pedagogical courses in Latin (eight courses), Greek (eight courses), French (ten courses), German (ten courses), English (fourteen courses), (Psychology Pedagogy and Philosophy (fourteen courses), Mathematics (ten courses), Commercial Branches (five courses), History (ten courses), Government (four courses), Economics (seven courses), Physical Science (fourteen courses), Biological Science (eight courses), Earth Science (eight courses), Manual and Industrial Training (eight courses), Domestic Economy (six courses), Fine Arts (nine courses), Music (five courses). For the conduct of all these courses extensive facilities are provided in the New College building, so that the most thorough work may be done.

Special Opportunities Among the special opportunities offered for professional training are the following: Free tuition to residents of New York State; complete four-year Arts Course leading to degree of B. A.; complete four-year Scientific course leading to degree of B. S.; two-year courses for Normal graduates leading to degrees of B. A. and B. S.; one-year course for College graduates leading to degree of B. Pd.; thorough pedagogical training for all students; teachers of broad scholarship and special training in all departments; new and thoroughly equipped buildings.

DR. WILLIAM J. MILNE.

President.

ALBANY LAW SCHOOL

J. NEWTON FIERO, DEAN

ESTABLISHED 1851

The full course of study consists of two scholastic years. Any student who has conformed to the requirements of the Regents as to general education may enter the Junior class, and upon completion of the two years course, and passing the required examinations, will be graduated with the degree of L. L. B.

Students who must spend three years in preparation will find this course very desirable since it gives an opportunity to spend one year in clerkship, enabling them to obtain the benefit of office experience and practice, during the time allotted to preparation for their final examination for admission to the bar.

For Catalogue or other information address

John J. Hughes, Secretary, Albany, N. Y.

E = Y = R = E = S

CUT FLOWERS and BEAUTIFUL PLANTS

at my shop. Always something new.

Call in and see them.

11 North Pearl Street

Both 'Phones 208

Greenhouse South Knox St.

A decorative border with a repeating floral motif of stylized leaves and flowers, framing the central text.

Steefel Bros.

Albany, - New York

HOLIDAY

- GIFTS. -

In deciding what to give it is well to bear in mind that nothing is so acceptable as useful articles of wearing apparel.

You will find it a simp'e matter to make your selections from our large assortments.

Highest quality of Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Furnishings for Men and Boys.

Bastian Brothers Company

Manufacturers, Jewelers, Engravers and Stationers

CLASS AND FRATERNITY PINS

Engraved Invitations
and programs.



410 South Avenue,

Rochester, New York

John J. Conkey

News Room

Stationery, Periodicals
and

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

215 Central Avenue,

Albany, New York

William H. Luck

Picture Frames

Framed Pictures

208 Washington Ave.,

Albany, - New York

- YOU -

Can always get the best

FLOWERS

--at--

Gloeckner's

The Flower Shop, 97 State Street

- SHOES -

of the

BETTER CLASS

—FOR—

Men and Women

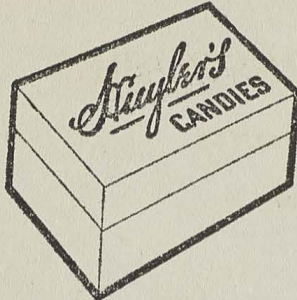
at moderate prices at

BALDWIN'S

North Pearl St, Cor. Maiden Lane.

Gymnasium Shoes a Specialty.

THE ONLY
X'MAS PRESENT



ACCEPTABLE TO ALL,
— OLD AND YOUNG. —

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
FANCY BOXES AND BASKETS,
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

35 N. PEARL STREET. ALBANY.

20 OTHER RETAIL STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES.
SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Best ICE CREAM

in the city.

Our own make. All kinds
of
candy made on the
PREMISES.

Light Lunch.

Caramels.

TURNER,

94 Rolin St.

THE TEN EYCK

Albany, New York

Fireproof

European Plan

FREDERICK W. ROCKWELL

Dinner Music Daily - - 6:30 to 8:30 p. m.

Supper after the play Music in Grill Begins 10:30 p. m.

Dinner Music in the Grill

Friday and Saturday evenings

Sunday evening Dinner, special Orchestral Program.

All Music by Holding's Orchestra.

