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The Echo

VOL. XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 6

Literary Department

The Predicament of Ferdy

HIS name was James Ferdinand Stoddard. Many people would say he was void of all knowledge, although he had received his A. B. and now held the high position of clerk in a law office on Wall street. Shy as a young man could be, but believing himself to be quite at home in the company of ladies, he started out to make a call upon which his whole future depended. It was, in fact, his purpose to lay his heart at the feet of Miss Harriet Somers. He had met Miss Somers at a Casino Tea in Saratoga Springs only a few weeks before, had found that she was the one woman, and had at last summed up enough courage to call upon her in her city home.

After dressing up in his evening clothes, getting his cane and high hat, he jumped upon a Broadway car, his mind intent upon his fair one.

Mr. James Ferdinand Stoddard, or Ferdy, as he was commonly called, was not a handsome creature by any means — big head, little slim body, long legs, long neck. When he started out, his hair, well soaked in water, was brushed in a pompadore; but as he neared his destination, the warm dry air had absorbed the moisture and his hair stood up like the quills of a porcupine.

We will now go ahead of Ferdy to the home of Mr. Henry Somers, a wealthy banker of New York, whose wife is an ardent suffragist.

On this special evening Mrs. Henry Somers was giving a dinner to the many members of her society at her beautiful home on Riverside Drive. All had gone well up to a certain point. The chef had prepared a dinner fit for a king, the guests had made the occasion gay with the most brilliant of conversation, several good after dinner speeches had been given — but alas! the eminent Prof. Edwin C. Ferdinand, who had promised to address the society on “The Rights of Women,” had not arrived. Very nervous at the delay, Mrs. Somers sent Harriet to telephone the professor, and inquire about the delay.

Just then Ferdy arrived, and with trembling fingers rang the bell and fumbled for his card.

“Goodness gracious,” he exclaimed, “I have left all my cards at home — what shall I do?” Suddenly the door opened and Ferdy stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall.

“Er—a—well. Please tell Mrs.—er—Miss Somers that I’m—er—that—Mr. Ferdinand.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the servant, who hastily left the bewildered Ferdie and entered the dining room.

“Mr. Ferdinand,” he announced. Mrs. Somers breathed a sigh of relief.

“Tell him that I shall be right there.”

In a few minutes Mrs. Somers came in and glided up to Ferdy with, “Mr. Ferdinand, I believe?”

“Er—yes,” answered Ferdy, thinking, “Can this woman be the mother of Harriet?”

“So kind of you to come,” she went on breezily.

"So kind of me," said Ferdy, pleased to find himself high in the graces of the Somers family.

"Er—yes, I thought I'd"—he began.

"Yes, my husband said you were in favor of "Woman's Suffrage."

"*Woman's Suffrage?*" thought Ferdy, as dreams of bricks, lemons, and umbrellas came to him. When he saw that she expected a reply, he murmured, "Woman's Suffrage is a good cause. You will get your votes."

"Indeed yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Somers with great enthusiasm, "I broke seventy-four windows, knocked a restaurant out of business, and shook the Prime Minister of England so that his teeth chattered, before I left Europe last week."

"My!" gasped Ferdy.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Somers, "and I'm ready to put in a few more licks for the good cause."

At this Ferdy sank weakly into a chair.

"Well—er—I haven't had much"—he was going to say "experience in that line," but here speech failed him, and he sat dumb.

"My, he must be sick!" said Mrs. Somers to herself, remembering that her husband had told her that Prof. Ferdinand was subject to heart trouble.

She called a servant and sent him for the ammonia bottle. As she held the bottle close to Ferdy's nose and almost smothered him with the fumes, he was going to protest, but thinking of the Prime Minister, he held perfectly still.

A little later, she brought Ferdy into the dining room. Here he was greeted with applause, and as in a dream heard himself introduced as Prof. Edwin C. Ferdinand, who had kindly consented to speak to the club for a short time on "The Rights of Women."

He did not realize that he was to speak, until the president of the organization poked him several times in the elbow.

"Heavens! They take me for someone else," thought Ferdie. He looked about in bewilderment, seeking one familiar face, but even that of his dear Harriet was not there. He was ready to tell everything, but when he remembered what Mrs. Somers had said about PUTTING IN SOME MORE LICKS for the good cause," he did not say a word to that effect. He suddenly became conscious that he was standing with his mouth open before a company of ladies.

He must say something, but what? Anyway he would make a beginning; so he started:

"Ladies and gentlemen"—Realizing that this was a bad beginning, he commenced again:

"Ladies and fellow suffragists"—another long pause.

Like an animal trapped, he again looked from face to face for a glance of sympathy — but there was none — only cold, hard, threatening gleams in the eyes of all. Oh, where was his Harriet! He gulped and started once again:

"I'm glad to see so many old—er—old—er business like faces here this evening."

Desperately he made one more attempt:

"Ladies, I came here this evening to say—to—er—

"Harriet," he suddenly exclaimed, his eyes fixed upon a figure in the open doorway, his voice filled with joy and relief.

In a moment Harriet entered, followed by an old man of medium height, dressed like Ferdy and carrying a roll of paper in his hand.

This undoubtedly was Prof. Edwin C. Ferdinand. The faces around the table grew sterner than before. Poor Ferdy, almost terror stricken, was carried off bodily by the lovely Harriet.

As he was taken from the room, he heard wild shoutings. He did not know whether they were caused by anger or laughter. Neither did he care — he was safe at last.

As Harriet seated him on a couch in the corner of the drawing room, he was the happiest man in the world, for she actually looked up at him and murmured:

“What was it you wanted to say to — Harriet?”

LOUISE LEGGETT, '16.



The Slovak
(*A Character Study.*)

Hudka had stared at the faint gray line of land until his eyes smarted.

"It is America," said one of his Slovak companions.

"Tak (yes)," replied the boy, but as yet the word had little real meaning to him. Freedom was too visionary a thing for his slow brain to grasp as a reality.

"Ho," cried an insolent Magyar, "the Slovak swine go to the Promised Land!"

"Tak," said Hudka. For an instant a gleam of hate brightened the dull eyes. "Tak, we go to America. We speak Slovak, not Magyar there;" whereupon the Magyar struck him in the face and spit upon him. Mechanically the Slovak turned the other cheek, not because of the Biblical admonition, but because generations of Slovak submission had made it almost an instinct in him. Contemptuously the Magyar cursed him and left him. Hudka turned his impassive face once more toward the distant gray-blur.

With animal-like docility the immigrants crowded upon the barge that carried them to Ellis Island. With the same apathetic compliance they allowed themselves to be driven into the Ellis Island building for examination. Hudka, dazed and wondering, stood before the inspector. The man spoke a few words to him — in his own tongue, his own familiar Slovak. A flush of feverish excitement mounted high in Hudka's swarthy cheeks. It was Slovak, not Magyar. Scarcely intelligible words, difficult for his slow tongue to form, came tumbling out. A paroxysm of coughing interrupted his eagerness. The inspector watched him closely——.

There was no need for a physical examination. The fever-flushed cheeks told their own story.

“I am sorry, my friend. I cannot pass you. You must go back. You have tuberculosis — the coughing sickness.”

Hudka stared at him stupidly. “Go back!” he repeated dully. He must go back to his barren Carpathian mountains, to Magyar tyranny — to death. America was not for him.

“Tak ye (it is so), I go back,” said Hudka, the Slovak.

FROM THE ECHO BOX.



Actualizing Equal Suffrage

The following paper was written especially for THE ECHO by Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, who graduated from the State Normal College in 1894. Mrs. Laidlaw is at present Chairman of the Manhattan Borough of the Woman Suffrage Party of the City of New York.

A very sincere and earnest woman — a writer and thinker — wrote thus in a recent letter :

“ I wish you would cease from struggling for a little while during the summer days with this SURE issue of the suffrage for women. Now that the seed is planted in wide fields let it take root as other long-living trees do. Let it come slowly. From my standpoint the too conspicuous battle detracts sober attention from the cause itself.”

As this voices the feeling of hosts of good women who believe conservatively, academically in equal suffrage and as one of our immediate tasks is to convert not only unbelievers to suffrage, but suffragists to activity, it seems important to point out the fallacy of this point of view. Not even if it could come of itself, we who feel the throb of those wrongs which we know can be righted by the voice of women in the laws that regulate society, do not propose to allow the absolutely preventable injustices and sufferings and tragedies which defame our land to accumulate while we peacefully and selfishly await this mythical “ coming.” As to the “ too conspicuous battle,” no true suffragist need make any apologies. The movement for equal suffrage is the greatest movement in the world to-day. It is not only a great political movement; it is a great spiritual crusade. Not only is its aim great, but every one of its accredited activities is ennobling because of their educational character and

their lofty and altruistic ideals. The simile of the seed and its growth is picturesque but fallacious. *Let it grow?* Things happen that way to wild plants and trees, but not to human institutions. In that realm nothing has ever "just happened." There is no good thing humanly considered on this or any other planet, from the chippings on the first crude stone implement, to the last sky touching tower; from the first primitive regulation that made more decent and orderly a tribe to the last greed or vice-controlling law on our statute books, that does not stand as a triumph of stern, militant, undeviating, intense, human effort. We can never "cease from struggling"—we suffragists who have taken upon ourselves to give to an apathetic people this great boon for themselves and their children and their children's children. All the strenuous labor along any reform line is ever borne by a very few people. These are not willing merely to talk and influence—"sow seeds and wait." They are unconquerable souls who strive and cry and force and agitate. Because these people are so few, because there is not a proper subdivision of the huge amount of the most detailed and insistent kind of work that *MUST* always be done to *bring to pass anything* of a reform nature, the reformer gets the reputation of being strenuous, spectacular, tiresome, even preposterously importunate. Do not forget he is doing the legitimate work of thousands.

We contemplate in the softened outlines the purple-lighted perspective of history where the heat and dust of conflict have passed; where details, methods, individualities, and the things that made up the "day's work" are lost, and speak complacently of the "development" of human institutions, the "unfolding of intelligence," the irresistible "turn of the wheels of progress." These are pretty generalizations, but they

have no meaning even metaphorically when applied to the laborious routine of the life of any people in their progress towards civilization. "*In the fullness of time,*" and "*it came to pass,*" and "*the time seemed to be ripe*" are delusive phrases. They have acted as mental sedatives for far too many idlers and abstractionists who ought to have done something worth while for the world. "*All things come to him who waits*"—and the great unwieldy masses of humanity are strong on waiting — SIMPLY AND SOLELY BECAUSE some ardent human beings by their thankless and often much-scorned toil, *GOT it for him*. If "God help those who help themselves" surely he must help those who help others.

"Labor est ora" in truth. Work is the only prayer that has ever been answered or ever ought to be.

Work is the only "process" there is for human life, despite the cosmic beauty of Tennyson's lines:

"The thoughts of men are widened

"By the Process of the Suns"

The suffragists who are penetrating every walk of life with their educational campaign emphasizing the great truths of democracy, civic righteousness, sex comradeship and equality, the dignity of labor, reverence for childhood, individual responsibility, morality, cleanliness, health, harmony, optimism, altruism,— who are laboring with their fellow-citizens on the street corners, in great halls, in drawing rooms — these toilers know that it isn't the "process of the suns" that does the work. The suffragist often wishes she could so shift her responsibilities. But "the torch" is borne from hand to hand. Tennyson got down a little closer to working propositions when he said:

"For virtue lives from man to man
And not from man, O God, to thee."

History has been *made*; it didn't *grow*. Reforms are accomplished, they don't happen. Institutions are wrought out, they don't just unfold.

To those great women who have made their protests and done their work in the past we look to for something of that inspiration which is actualizing us now.

"Those immortal dead who live again,
In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end in self,
In thought sublime that pierce the night like stars."

This is a fitting thought to emblazon upon a suffrage banner. It embodies some of the feeling which is animating the great and growing army of suffragists to-day.

HARRIET BURTON LAIDLAW.



Alone

“ I am alone. Alone! Do you hear? No, of course you don't hear, for you are nowhere; you are nobody, for I am all alone. I have been here on this island alone for years, ever since that ship went down, and I crawled up on these shores. I thought I was happy then, but now I know that those who went down were the fortunate ones. Did I say I had been here years? Years? Centuries — ages it seems to me, *for I have been here all alone.*

I hate this island. I hate those leaves up there, quivering and shaking, for they are where they were meant to be. I hate that sea down there, which comes up and laughs at me with a regularity that is maddening. It can flow by that country that is my home, and I must stay here — I hate it.

There are thousands of little voices all around in the air. Now they whisper a few words in my ear, now they laugh them upon the breeze, now they shout them in fury, and again drone them out monotonously in time to the lappings of the sea on the shore. Those few words are, “ You are going mad.” Yes, I am going mad. Who would not go mad here in so long a time? I have been all alone!

I had one living creature with me a long time ago. A poor dog that was washed up here from the ship that went down. But the dog died and left me alone. I have talked to myself all this time, until my voice has grown to have no sound in my own ears. Perhaps I think I am talking aloud. Oh, for just one sound of a human voice to break this horrible, oppressive stillness! I scream, but my ears are deaf to my own voice. The little spirits that haunt me say I am going mad, and I know it. I feel madness creeping

upon me, and soon I will be freed from this loneliness,
for I will be mad.

Some day a sail will appear. Some day men will
land upon this shore, but I will flee from them, for I
am going mad — mad!

ELSIE M. AUSTIN, '16.



The Experiences of a Commuter

"What is that?" The commuter sits up in bed and listens. Again the whirring sound rings out. "Horrors, it is that strenuous alarm clock!" The commuter falls back upon the pillow, and then remembers that he has a nine o'clock appointment and must catch the early train. Six of the morning in mid-winter is a savage time to arise. After a torturous struggle with numb fingers over a refractory collar, and the swallowing of a cup of scorching coffee, the commuter hustles out and up the hill. The air is full of ice-crystals that sting the face and make breathing difficult. On the canal bridge at the top of the hill it is necessary for him to stop and get his breath, and while doing this he turns toward the east. Over the top of a distant mountain the sun is just blinking. To the right and left it sends lances of delicate pink, while all the rest of the sky is a purplish-blue. The little frost crystals in the air sparkle and dance as they come between the commuter and the sun. It is a goodly sight and he might have been watching yet had not a cry of "Road!" startled him. He turns quickly and just escapes getting tripped as a small boy on a smaller sled slams past him. It must be getting late; no it isn't either. There is "Standard Time" just starting up the hill. "Standard Time" is a commuter of many years and has never missed his train. He always arrives at the station when the train is due, and if by chance it comes a minute ahead of time it waits for him. "Standard Time" is as much of an institution as the train.

The commuter strolls on past the deserted estate of a former prosperous citizen and smiles at the hoary branches of half dead pear trees; branches enjoying a different sort of beauty from that of their well pruned

spring time. Beyond this estate is a town pump where a half clad Italian youngster is trying to coax up the water by pumping with one unmittened hand while he blows on the other. On a nearby door step a good housewife stands amazed at her bottle of milk, which in freezing has forced off the paper cover, and spouting in the air has congealed, becoming a static geyser. Further observations are prevented by "Standard Time" and the train arriving from different directions. The commuter climbs aboard and scratches the frost from a window so he can see his daily panorama. But after the first glance he forgets to watch. The sight of a tight frozen brooklet sets him day dreaming as he recalls his boyhood and the wonderful hours he has spent by that brook. Every foot of it he has squirmed over on his stomach when its gay waters were locked, as now, in the grip of winter. If you follow its windings for half a mile you come to a tiny fall where it takes some ingenuity to scramble up and not break through the thin places. Beyond this are pools with high banks, that become attractive ponds in spring time, but are dungeon-like in winter. Patient crawling over the black and white ice, through crackling sweet-flag swamps, finally brings you to an ice palace under the face of a real dam. Willow branches, fantastically bent and ice covered to arm's thickness, form fairy-like pillars for an ice temple. There is a wonder about the constructive miracles of winter that even surpasses the embracing friendliness of summer. Funny how the commuter used to like to rub his fat cheek against the smooth ice columns! And more than once he has melted a tiny furrow in the ice of the brook by holding his ear close down on it to listen to the stories of the confined water underneath. Those were strange stories, too. They were about the man the small boy would

grow to be; a man of power, a leader who could guide wisely because he knew and believed the law of the open country. But the brook was mistaken for —

“Ouch! What has happened? Where is he anyhow?”

The commuter suddenly awakes to the fact that the train has stopped and is taking on more passengers, one of whom has knocked his hat over his nose in getting into the seat behind him. She begs his pardon in sharp, metallic tones and forthwith continues a pre-train-entry conversation with her friend about the new typewriter her boss has ordered for her, and its marvelous improvements over the old one. Yes, the brook was mistaken. Men, and women, of affairs do not care for the law of the open country, which has no dollars and cents value. It is gasoline that makes the auto go, and gasoline costs twenty-one cents a gallon cash!

A COMMUTER, '14.



One Way to Learn to Whistle

“ Why, Mamma, I didn't mean to spill the water all over, honest I didn't. But you see, Susy was over here, an' she started to whistle; then I tried, an' I couldn't. I screwed and screwed up my mouf, an' blew as hard as ever I could, but I couldn't whistle at all. Then Susy, she got firsty, an' we comed out to the kitchen to get a drink. An' when I went to give her the cup of water, some of it spilled on my bare toes, (you see, we took off our shoes and stockings 'cause it was so hot, mamma; just for a little while, you know). An' the water was so cold, it made me whistle; really and truly, I went just like — oh, dear, I can't tell you how I went, 'cause I can't do it again. But I really did whistle, an' before I thought to stop an' see how I did it, I was all frough, and couldn't do it any more. So you see, mamma, I was jus' tryin' to see if the water would make me whistle some more; an'— an' that's how I got water all over the floor.”

DORIS H. SMITH, '15.

At the Sign of the Question Point

Scence V — The Breakfast Table.

Enter Heraclita, wearing a worn and wearied look! "Oh, girls," said she, breathing deeply, "Last night I had the most dreadful dream or nightmare. There appeared to me the college ghost."

"Sweet spirits of nitre?" inquired H₂O interestedly. "No, it was more like Wunae Fermentae," responded Heraclita. "He was a mournful spectacle, I assure you. He said his name was "Nous" or "Reason" and that he had been killed by the large number of neutrals lately come to college. As he dragged a shadow trunkful of uncalled for ECHOES behind him, he murmured "Oh, for more dynamics — oh, for more dynamics!"

I stepped up to him cautiously (Fraülein, would you care for the Cream of Wheat?) and said, "What is your idea of a personal Mephistopheles?"

"There's nothing to it," he replied, giving the trunk a savage twitch, "nothing to it. I myself am — You get out of a book what you bring to it. Most of the evil of the world comes from lack of exertion. Competition does 95 per cent. of the World's Work. You can not lay on culture and expression from the outside. You must help people to help themselves! Oh, for more dynamics! *Dynamics!*"

"Ach, Heraclita! The exams have gone to your Kopf," ejaculated Fraülein. "Why didn't you tell him Junior Week was on and Borussia intends to give a play, and the Promethean will shortly entertain, and that last week a freshman was observed cheering for her basketball team, and that we have a new bulletin board, which, looked at without noticing advertisements, tends to produce an aesthetic emotion."

"There you have it!" broke in Wordy. "Emotions may last a long time through varied experiences, but we hardly ever have ideas without emotions. You get the emotion of college loyalty started and it will run through green ribbons, Prom bids, a Promethean Owl, an ed. note book, or a college cheer."

"Pardon me, Wordy," said the Ignoramus at this point. "But why have you put on your middy with the collar in front this morning?"

Wordy looked down at herself wonderingly. "I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because I've been reading 'Looking Backward' and the emotion has permeated."

"That's the most splendid book," beamed Eugenia. "I refer all questions to it. If a person has gone through college without 'Looking Backward' he will never get on. But if he can't do that he'd better look forward and read 'The Promised Land,' by Mary Autin. *She's* the most marvelous woman I've ever known about, and to think that Dr. Aspinwall entertained her the other day!"

"Why," asked Fuzzy critically, "do you wave your arms around so and make so many motions?"

"My child," responded Eugenia, "I aim at vividness. The first pictures ever made were drawn in the air and read as fast as they were drawn."

"Hum," said Mustard. "Cast out the devil by correcting the Child's hypermetropia. Kindly pass the catsup."

"Well," said Fuzzy, flinching, "such a lot of boobs as there are over at Normal, anyway. You don't learn nothing."

"Once," said Peddy, reminiscently, "I heard that the tribes of East Africa had no word for thanks."

They merely say 'That will be useful to me,' or 'this is what I wanted.'"

"And," added L. M., "the next step was that in education the pillars of Hercules in language should advance with education."

"We can not live above our environment," said Heraclita, buttering a roll.

"'Education is the superior adjustment of a human being to his environment,'" quoted Peddy.

"Fuzzy evidently hasn't an intense enough desire to get back to the world of ideas from whence we all have come," philosophized Heraclita.

"Anyhow," snapped Fuzzy, "It's the slowest place I ever set eyes on. Nobody ever speaks to you unless you've been specially introduced. And a lot of swells rush up and down the halls with their arms around each other, and fur on their skirts. They make me sick."

"Perhaps you'd have preferred going to Pestalozzi's practise school," offered Peddy. "He certainly could not be called slow. He woke his practise teachers up at three o'clock in the morning. It is too bad, you were born out of your age, Fuzzy dear, you're old-fashioned."

"Of what are you speaking, Peddy?" inquired Heraclita in amazement. "Why, a man has hardly time to catch his breath intellectually in this day and age, and we can pick up only a few pebbles on the shores of existence."

"And," asked the Ignoramus, "would you advise Fuzzy to throw her pebbles at her elders?"

"It may be sport," said Wordy, sadly, "but it's bad policy. One should not poke fun at Meredith's

Egoist. It is like rocking the boat. It's bad enough to be in the boat, in the first place."

"What *are* you people talking about?" demanded Brass Tacks.

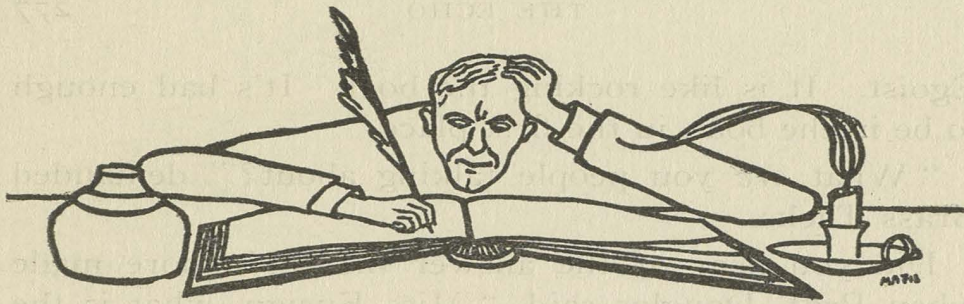
Did you hear of the answer the sophomore made when Prof. Douglas said, "Miss Ensign, what is the relation between the sine and cosine?" asked Mustard.

"No," said Brass Tacks.

"She said, 'I haven't a sign of a notion.'"

MISS GRADGRIND.





The Echo

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No. 6

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Editorial Department

"A Brain Storm"

Every student who comes to college has in his head a certain amount of gray and white matter known as the brain. If it were not for this part of a student's physical make-up he would not be able to control his body, or to develop that invisible but precious attribute, the mind. Therefore it behooves every individual to take excellent care of his brain. His family have done this for him before he knew enough to do it. He was sent to kindergarten where he was taught to control his body and make the different muscles co-ordinate

properly in any situation the teacher chose to imagine. From there he went to grammar school where his physical exercises became lessened and his mental gymnastics increased. It took him several years to adjust himself to the peculiar conditions the teacher presented, but finally he learned, and then passed on to the high school.

Here his mental feats assumed new aspects and some of them became more abstract than those to which he had been accustomed, while others had a direct bearing upon his life which he could see and appreciate. In due time the student arrived at college,—this college, perhaps, where he is being trained to repeat for other pupils a part of the process that has been practiced upon him. Here he learns what the aim of education is, and, to his surprise no doubt, discovers it is not the accumulation of a huge amount of subject-matter, but the ability to apply what he learns in such a way that he may best live his life in whatever environment that life happens to be. And it is a well trained brain that enables one to make this adjustment: a brain not clogged with too much book knowledge, but active in the application of the knowledge it has to the affairs surrounding it. Let each student then, make a daily practice of relating his ever increasing fund of information to the life he is leading, so that that life may be rich in efficiency. In doing this he will perfect his own brain and learn the way to lead young minds to their highest degree of power.

Announcement of Literary Contest

For the best contribution to the Literary Department of THE ECHO, written by a student of the College and sent in before May 10, 1914, a prize of two dollars and a half in gold will be awarded. For the

second best contribution the author will receive a subscription to THE ECHO for the college year, 1914-1915. The following rules will govern the contest:

1. All contributions must consist of articles short enough for use in a single number of THE ECHO.

2. THE ECHO reserves the right to print any and all manuscripts whether prize winners or not.

3. No manuscripts considered for the prize contest will be returned before June 1st.

4. All contributions must be marked as such and given to a member of the Echo Board or dropped in the Echo Box in the lower hall.

The names of the winners in the contest will be published in the June issue.

News Department

Y. W. C. A. Notes

The first meeting after the Christmas vacation, held January 7th, was led by Miss Mabel Thompson, who spoke on Ephesians. Her talk was much enjoyed. A week later the subject of the meeting was "Missions." Miss Beatrix Wright was the leader and Miss Charlotte Sandford spoke on "Mormonism," Miss Lakin on "India," Miss Loveless on "The Religions of India" and Miss Doris Smith on "How to Meet the Awakening in India." Others who took part were Miss Dupont, who told about Indian students, Miss Lena Knapp, who gave a recitation showing the oppression of widows, and Miss Taylor, leader of the Bible Class which has been studying India, whose theme was "The Winning of India."

It is hoped that the Bible Class conducted this semester by Mr. Moldenhauer will be equally as successful as that of last semester.

Senior Notes

Some of our number of exceptional brilliancy have spread their wings already and have flown away from their Alma Mater since midyears. We miss them very much, but wish for them the best success ever.

Ethel Stewart has a position in Lowville teaching German and Algebra.

What will the Year Book board do without Adele Clark?

The "old" practice teachers entertained the "new" ones with a party in the gym on Monday, February 8th, at 4:10 P. M. Each old teacher was particularly responsible for the good times of his successor, even to the sharing of "eats." The "critics" were indeed alarming in their similarity to the originals, but *in spite of them*, we had a splendid time.

Compliments to the Juniors for "Junior Week" Festivities!

Underclassmen, if you'd come to the games in the gym, you'd see that the seniors form the bulk of the audience. Follow in the footsteps of your elders and come out to support your college team. The games are fine; you'll never stay home again if you once come.

Well, Seniors, we're on the last lap of our college course. Work and play both seem pretty dear now, and we can't afford to do other than our best in everything during these last few months together.

Delta Omega

A meeting of the sorority was held at the flat on January 12. The following officers were elected:

President.....Marion Wheeler
 Vice-President.....Lois Atwood
 Corresponding Secretary...Mildred Fleming

Recording Secretary.....Ruth Evans
 Treasurer.....Bessie Race
 Critic.....Ethel Rose

The topic of the evening's meeting was the "Life and Works of Eugene Field."

After a year's absence Miss Ruth Bissell, '15, has returned to college to complete her course.

Miss Genevieve Crissey visited college February 2 and 3. Miss Crissey is pursuing a course of study at Columbia University.

A meeting of Delta was held at the Sorority Flat, February 2. The officers elected at a previous meeting were installed.

The girls at the Flat enjoyed a little House Dance at the home of Ruth Bayer, in Troy.

The Delta girls enjoyed a sleigh ride and dance at Newell's Hall on February 27th.

Kappa Delta

Helen Schermerhorn, '12, and Jennie Morse, '11, spent the week-end of January 30th at the house.

The house girls are glad to have Emily Hoag, '10, with them.

Nola Rieffanaugh, '13, and Anna Kenedy, '13, were here for the Prom and were guests of the house girls.

Alumni Department

At the beginning of the present semester Dr. Robert Lincoln Slagle became president of the University of South Dakota. Dr. Slagle resigned as president of the South Dakota Agricultural College at Brookings, in order to assume his new position.

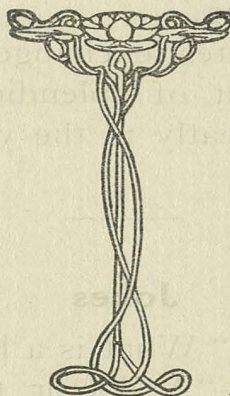
Mrs. Slagle was Gertrude A. Riemann of the Class of '88, Albany Normal School. She afterwards graduated with honors at Cornell. She is a sister of Paul E. Riemann, '93.

THE ECHO extends sincere congratulations to Dr. Slagle.

Miss Florence Chase, '11, who has been teaching at Lowville Academy is now teaching German at the Albany High School.

Miss Sonia Laduff, '06, is now assistant teacher of Biology at the Wisconsin State Normal College, La Crosse, Wis.

At Christmas time the engagement of Miss Margaret Jones, '12, to Mr. Fred Stillman Merrill of Carthage, N. Y., was announced. Miss Jones is teaching training class at Pine Plains.





The holiday season, or midyear examinations, or some other course, has held up our exchanges so that the only exchanges since our last review are *The Mirror*, of Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas, and *The Holcad*, of Westminster College, New Wilmington, Penn. *The Mirror* still retains the enthusiastic, breezy character that attracted us to it at the start. Enthusiasm is a valuable asset to a person, a college, or a college magazine, and *The Mirror* seems to possess this quality to a marked degree. At times, and especially in the literary department, this paper tends toward the melodramatic, but on the whole it is delightfully refreshing.

The Holcad, our latest exchange, is a magazine with a literary department of splendid prose, but a few poems would add greatly to the value of this department.

Jokes

Dr. R—d—s—n.—“What is a homeopath doctor?”
 Miss C—mst—k.—“A doctor that comes to your home.”

Miss Th—m—s—n.—Giving directions for making fudge:
 “Sit on the front of the stove and stir constantly.”

In Chemistry Examination:

Quest.— Give the chemical nomenclature.

Ans.— When you put two electrodes in a NaO solution and run a current then the Naions go to one pole and the Clionc to the other, and you have chemical nomenclature.

Freshman themes:

“The sun shinned over the tree tops.” Some acrobatics!

“I fell into the sink.”

“The purple astors rivalled the sun in color.”

He visited a high hill thru a telescope.

We enlist your aid
For a “Joke Crusade”
Throw “College Knocks”
In THE ECHO Box.

Dr. P—t—v.— Noting the number of absentees, “I want you to *get out* of this course all you can.”

I wish I were a stone
A-setting on a hill
And doing nothing all day long
But jest a-setting still.
I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat,
I wouldn't even wash
But just set still a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!

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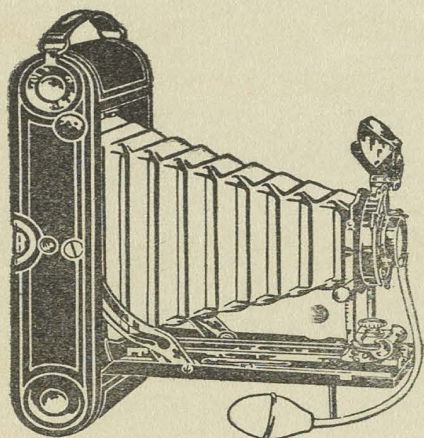
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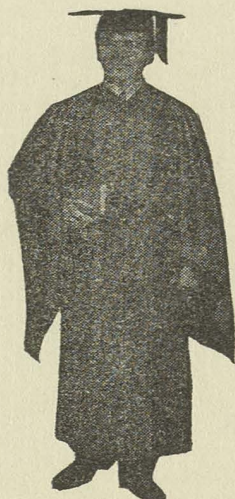
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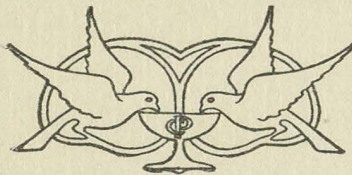
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