

-THE-ECHO-



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THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 6

Literary Department.

SUCCESS.

Success, what is success? A fixed goal
With shining mark, a prize to be attained;
Or jewel hid by Fate for men to seek—
A game of chance, which he, who finds, hath won?
Thus deeming, men obey the trickster's cue,
And go about to pull each other down.

Success, 'tis granted thieves and murderers,
By those illiterate and blind to all
But dollar signs. They bind themselves to that

Fierce master, Greed, and strain to grasp and
hoard

Bright pebbles on the shifting beach of time,
Till treasured morn is turned to pauper eve.

Alas, how many fail!—"hitched to a star,"
And answering each heart-throb with honest toil.
Departing disappointed, lonely, sad,
With scarce resource to hide away their bones.
While others on the ladder that they built,
Mount up with ease, and lo!—success is theirs.
How many for the Hall of Progress hew
A needed block, yet fail the one last stroke
That drives it to its place. Still he who does
For humankind, a work that should be done,
Is called of God, as he who preaches Christ,
Or frees a land from yoke of tyranny.

What is success? Go sound the trumpet—shout
The truth abroad; success is usefulness!
'Tis no mere end; it is life's attitude.
'Tis building broad and strong by God's free light,
Humanity's true Babel, that the top
Reach daily nearer heaven—truth and right.

He fails, whose life is stagnant, negative;
Who living toward no height that draws him out
Of self, sells duty's glorious heritage,
Pursuing ease and pleasure as an end,
If crime and moral wrong, his legacy,
He more than fails—he wastes and undermines.

FRED G. FISCHER (1911).

THE FOURTH ESTATE—AN OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Puff, in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Critic, says of newspapers that they are the "abstract and brief chronicles of the day." Newspapers, even more now than then, are the records of history in the making. The press forms the Fourth Estate in our country. Washington correspondents of the great metropolitan dailies compose a "peoples' lobby," whose influence on public opinion is as direct and telling as the "canned news" of the Congressional Record is soporific.

A favorite criticism of colleges has been that students lose four years of actual events through inattention, due entirely to academic aloofness. It is the work of the present day college student to draw the fangs from that particular criticism. A well informed lady, the wife of a college president, recently complained that she could find no topic of common interest with the college students who called on her, because they were so ignorant of current affairs; the only exception she made was in the case of one young man, who was a musical enthusiast, and who knew about some of the plays then popular in New York. Yet in that same institution, there was given a course in Government which used a New York paper as a textbook and required a list of clippings each week, with an accompanying index, illustrative of the topics covered previously in lectures. She did not know of this course and of its attempt to correct the lack she deplored. As its work affected directly only one-twentieth of the college, it was not strange that she did not happen to talk with the men who could have given her a different point of view concerning the student of to-day.

One American college uses papers and magazines as a part of its regular course in Modern History. English, French and German periodicals are read as mines of contemporaneous illustration and source. Needless to say that this course is car-

ried on with the co-operation of the Department of Modern Languages, and that the work of the two is done at the same time. This is an ideal condition and demands such a library and such supervision as only the larger colleges can give.

Such college activities must meet, not only the objection of being impractical, but must also answer the question, "Is it wise?" Its wisdom depends on the existence of a condition and the desire to meet it. There is no doubt that training is necessary in the art of reading. The knowledge of what to read and how to read comes only with practice. It is a revelation to many to see the chance man in the street car turn to the financial page of a paper and read, not only with understanding, but with evident interest. Much of what passes as ordinary information is a closed book to many readers, a statement that is as deplorable as true. Some fundamental training is necessary to open the mind to the existence of marvels in the chronicles of the day.

In Albany there is rare opportunity for just this sort of *training*. Events are not remote from the reader, at least the reader of State affairs; in this center of State politics, there is always something doing, ranging from an investigation to the election of an United States Senator. Men, who to many are only so many names, may be seen in action. What a public man says or thinks, becomes alive with interest, if you know from previous observation how he looked when he said it, the trick or tone of voice, or even the peculiarity of handling his eye glasses, all of which mark him apart from some one else.

Your opportunity is increased by this much, that in addition to local papers, any great New York daily will be served to you with your breakfast. If you are ever marooned with only the croaking red ink unreliaibles flashing about you, the New York papers four days away, you will appreciate what a boon this is.

And there are marvels in the daily news. To-day there are two treaties written up, one with Japan, and the other with Canada, both given in detail and with comment, so that he who runs may understand. Did we read these or was this the portion of the paper passed over? Yesterday the President spoke at a dinner and outlined his policy on the fortification of the Panama Canal. Do you know his attitude on this subject? These are everyday illustrations of our foreign policy and are material for study of international relations of to-day. Or His Honor, the Mayor of New York, has indulged in another letter that has set everybody talking. Were you silent then? Again, there is an account from Washington of proposed legislation to place consuls and the lower grades of diplomatic officials under civil service. Aren't they there at present? That is another story, one that the paper does not slight. A Briand resigns in France and the reading public is supposed to be interested in it, for details are printed and comparative as well as personal information about this premier and others is given. Are the business managers of papers making a mistake in supposing that comparative government is not interesting to the public, or is the college student in error by not keeping up with the knowledge of the rank and file of the people? News of an election in England or France comes to us as quickly as it does to them. Even here, crowds on election night dissolve early from down town because tabulated, accurate reports, not the fragmentary ones of the occasional bulletin, will appear the next morning.

One step removed from the news of the daily is the example of a President, making free, public, justification of his administration through a magazine interview. When the Russian minister, Von Plehve, replied to Mr. Stead in a prominent magazine, explaining the policy of his Russification of Finland, he arraigned himself before the bar of public opinion,

not of revolutionary Russia to be sure, but of the whole world, an act without precedent in that country—striking testimony to the press as an exponent of public opinion.

If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, then the press is the watch-dog, ready to give tongue. Exposure of corruption in public affairs is prompt; Adams County becomes a symbol of wholesale political evil. Exposure means knowledge, knowledge is followed by diagnosis, and with the American public to-day, diagnosis hastens the remedy.

“But papers are sensational; they have bias, political complexion; their attitude towards a certain man is not pleasing.” Do not read the sensational paper if you do not like it; there are plenty of people who are in the mood to enjoy it and for this large class it is written. As to bias and the rest, if you must take that particular paper with a disagreeable slant to its opinions, you are not in much danger of harm so long as you know the evil and can read particular articles with a percentage of discount.

Recently the Governor of the Empire State addressed a gathering of newspaper men and said in part: “I am fully aware that in addressing you, I am talking to the makers of the Governors and to the real masters of our Government. I have little sympathy with criticism that the newspapers of our country are unfair and unjust in their treatment of public men and public measures. Abuse of the power of the press there may be here and there, but taken as a whole, the newspapers of our county, especially the newspapers of our State, wield their enormous power with the sole purpose of serving the people, promoting their welfare and protecting the honor of the State and Nation. I have ever believed that the great function of the press in this country, and in every other democratic country, is to educate and agitate in every good cause and to enable the people to know their rights and maintain

them. I believe that we, in the State of New York, have the best newspapers in America."

If college students really were ignorant, and worse than that, if they were calloused to their ignorance of affairs of daily import, without information other than that gleaned from an occasional rehash of "current events" in the literary society, if the common criticism of a four years' barren gap were entirely justifiable, there would be occasion for an article altogether different from this, one written in a polemic and incitatory spirit. The student does not read enough, but he reads more than he did; he also realizes his deficiency and that is much.

On the Albany City Hall, there is a bronze motto which reads, "Renew Thyself Each Day." It is a fair spoken motto. While newspapers do not satisfy to the full that injunction, they offer that kind of renewal that makes mental stagnation impossible and they satisfy a want that every student feels.

A. W. RISLEY.

MARY ELIZABETH'S REALLY, TRULY PAPA.

"Mary Elizabeth Wareing, stop looking out of that window and get to work this very minute. Do you hear what I say?" exclaimed Jane Reed, as she walked briskly across the kitchen, and seating herself beside her little niece, proceeded to do the weekly mending.

They made a quaint picture as they sat there. The prim, elderly woman with her glossy black hair combed smoothly back from the white temples, and her dark, steel-blue eyes fully satisfied one's idea of the typical spinster. In pleasing contrast with this prim picture, was the happy, sunny one of Mary Elizabeth. She was a chubby little miss of probably eight years, who might more appropriately have borne the name of

Sunbeam than Mary Elizabeth, for the short, curly locks that framed the little face seemed to have caught some of the sun's own gold in their waves. The face itself, however, did not possess the happy expression of childhood, for there was a certain sadness that seemed to lurk in the large, serious blue eyes which looked out from beneath the heavily fringed lashes.

"Mary Elizabeth, do you hear what I say? Get to work and finish that seam this very minute. I'll warrant you don't know your Scripture verse either for to-day. Do you?" continued Miss Reed, in her usual brisk manner.

"Nom' I don't, cause everytime I say it, I just git mad all inside me like I was just going to bust," replied the child, as she turned from the window.

"Why, Mary Elizabeth Wareing, what do you mean? Don't you know its wicked to speak that way about the Scriptures?" exclaimed Miss Reed in a shocked tone.

"No, taint, Aunt Jane," replied Mary Elizabeth, as she bent over the large family Bible that lay open on a chair at her side, for this verse says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," an' "how can I love Johnny Mead, when he says what he does 'bout me? I just never could love him. Why, I just hate him right now," and the little hand was brought with all its strength on the open Book.

"Why child, what has Johnny Mead ever said to you to make you talk like this?" anxiously inquired Miss Reed. "What has he been telling you?"

"Why, Aunt Jane, Johnny Mead says I have a really, truly papa, 'n' that he's a naughty, wicked man, 'n' that he's so naughty he has to be shut up in a dark closet all his life, just like I do when I run off. And I told Johnny Mead that I didn't ever have a real papa, cause you said I didn't 'n' Johnny Mead, he said everybody had a papa 'n' you wouldn't tell me just cause mine was so naughty." Here Mary Elizabeth

stopped for breath. Then, gazing straight at Jane Reed with those sad, imploring eyes, she continued in an wavering voice, "Aunt Jane, have I a really, truly papa? Have I?"

Alas for Jane Reed! The question had come which she had dreaded ever since that morning six years ago, when her younger brother Dick had placed in her arms his two-year-old motherless little daughter, and he himself had left her to spend the remaining years of his life in disgrace behind the closed doors of the Eastern Penitentiary.

"Now, Mary Elizabeth, haven't I told you before, you haven't any papa? You mustn't believe anything Johnny Mead tells you. He's a naughty little boy and you mustn't go over there any more to play. Now remember," answered Miss Reed in a tone that wavered in spite of her effort to appear stern. "You just go on now and finish that seam that you're sewing. You ought to be glad you have an Aunt Jane to take care of you, without wishing for a father," continued Aunt Jane, as she gazed at the forlorn little object before her, for Mary Elizabeth was bending over the long strip of muslin while the hot tears rolled down the little flushed cheeks and fell on her work.

"But, Aunt Jane, why can't I have a papa?" finally began Mary Elizabeth in a choked little voice. "Johnny Mead has one 'n' a sister too. All I have is just you and you're only an old maid 'n' they aint no good anyhow." This last in a desperate tone.

"Mary Elizabeth Wareing," exclaimed the enraged Aunt Jane. "Don't you dare open your mouth again this morning. You an impudent, ungrateful child. Many another person would spank you good and I will too the very next time you give me any more of your sass. Now remember." And with these words the exasperated Aunt Jane swept majestically out of the kitchen.

Left to herself, Mary Elizabeth at first gave vent to her feelings in long sobs which shook her whole body. Finally she raised her head, and wiping her eyes on the skirt of her little gingham dress, she tiptoed across the room and after several vain attempts, succeeded in pulling a little brown, woolen shawl from its peg. Putting this over her head, and wrapping it well about her, she now cautiously opened the door and went out into the cold winter air. The little face now bore a strange look of mingled sadness and determination, for Mary Elizabeth had a purpose in view.

The small feet pattered along the village street until she came to the palacial residence of Judge Mitchell and there she hesitated for a minute, then went up the broad stone walk to the great oaken door. After a struggle of several minutes, the wee hand grasped the great brass knocker and let it fall with a dull thud. The good natured old butler smiled broadly as he ushered the young caller into the stately library and bade her be seated.

Several minutes passed before Mary Elizabeth could accustom herself to the darkness of the room and when she did, it was only to discover that she was not the only occupant of the room. For, at the opposite window sat a stately gray-haired man. After sitting in silence for possibly ten minutes, Mary Elizabeth felt called upon to make some attempt at conversation. So, after opening her mouth several times in a vain endeavor to articulate, she finally began, "Please mister, are you a judge too?"

"Yes, my little girl, I am a judge," replied the stately gentleman with a genial smile, and might well have added, "And the Governor of the State." He did not, however, but only continued to gaze at the pathetic, tear-stained little face with its sad eyes.

"Did you come to see the Judge too?" persisted the wee girl once more.

"Yes, my dear," and again the stranger smiled.

"My name's Mary Elizabeth," continued the dauntless young miss.

"Well, that's a very pretty name," replied her companion. "And I hope you're a good little girl, since you have such a pretty name," he continued.

"No, I aint never a bit good, not even on Sundays," replied Mary Elizabeth with a shrug of her small shoulders. And then she rose, and crossing over to the stranger's side, she whispeerd, "I have runned off."

"You've run off," exclaimed her companion. "Why, what will your mother say when she finds you've run off?"

"Oh, I aint got any mother. I never had," replied the culprit.

"Well, then, what will your father say?" persisted the worthy gentleman.

"O, I aint got any father either," answered Mary Elizabeth. And here the little face clouded. "Least Aunt Jane says I haven't." And then, as tho the thot suddenly flashed upon her mind, Mary Elizabeth drew closer to the stranger's side and gazing up into his face with those pleading eyes, continued, "Say mister, haven't I a really, truly papa? Aunt Jane says I haven't, but Johnny Mead says I have, and that he's shut up in a dark closet they call a Pen; cause he's been naughty." Then half sobbing, Mary Elizabeth repeated the story of the morning and finally concluded, "I knew Judge Mitchell could tell me if I had a papa, for he just knows everything, he does. But maybe, if you're a judge, you'd know too. Do you mister? Have I got a really, truly papa?"

At the mention of the word pen, the old man had suddenly roused himself and listened with the most careful attention

to the entire story. At its close he carefully lifted the forlorn bit of humanity up on his knee and then putting his arm about her, he attempted in his awkward fashion to soothe the child. "Why, certainly my child, you have a papa. And he—" But the speaker got no further for, at the first magic words the little head was raised and with a face all wreathed in smiles, she cried, "Honest mister, have I got a really, truly papa, just like Johnny Mead? Do you really mean it mister?"

"Why certainly, I mean it, my dear child," her companion assured her.

"But mister," and here the little face clouded again. "Why don't my papa come home?"

"Well, my dear little girl," began the judge, "I am afraid your papa has been naughty and now he's being punished just as you are when you're naughty."

"O, maybe he is," the child replied thoughtfully, and then with a shrug of her small shoulders, "Aunt Jane 'll whip me when I get home. She always does when I runned off. Maybe, maybe," and here her voice sank almost to a whisper. "Maybe my papa runned off and now he's getting whipped."

"O, no. They won't whip your papa," assured the judge. And then as this did not seem to satisfy his little friend, he continued. "I tell you what we'll do. You and I will hunt your papa. And if I find him first, I'll send him right home to you. How would you like that, eh?"

"Honest, will you mister?" And here Mary Elizabeth slid down from the judge's knee and began to jump up and down, and clap her hands. "O, honest will you do it mister?" she cried again.

"Why, certainly I will and I bet we'll find him," answered the stately gentleman. "Only you mustn't tell anybody, not even Aunt Jane. Remember."

"O, I won't," Mary Elizabeth replied. "I won't even tell Johnny Mead."

"Well now, don't you think you ought to give me something if I do all that?" asked the judge with a smile. "Can't I just have a kiss?"

"O, yes," replied the happy child, as she lifted her beaming face up for the judge to kiss it. "Aunt Jane don't never want any, but papa will, don't you think?"

"Yes, my dear, I think he'll want them all," answered the stately gentleman in a somewhat husky voice.

Here Mary Elizabeth drew her little shawl about her and looking up once more into her friend's face, remarked, "I guess maybe I better go right away. Maybe Aunt Jane won't spank me so hard, but I don't care if she does, for now I have a really, truly papa."

Upon her arrival home, Mary Elizabeth received the expected spanking, but it did little toward dampening her gay spirits. In fact, nothing seemed to effect her. She finally became so obedient that Aunt Jane feared she might not be well.

Two months passed by and then one bright spring morning Aunt Jane missed Mary Elizabeth and also Mary Elizabeth's little tin bank that always stood on the kitchen mantle. After two hours anxious waiting, she started forth in search for the young runaway.

Scarcely half an hour passed when Mary Elizabeth appeared. First she went into the wood-shed and then came slowly up to the house. She tiptoed across the porch and cautiously entered the kitchen, expecting to find Aunt Jane. But no Aunt was there. Instead, a strange man sat in Aunt Jane's comfortable rocker by the window. He was a thin, stooped man of perhaps forty years, with a closely shaven head and dark blue eyes.

As Mary Elizabeth entered the stranger started from his

seat. "Where's Aunt Jane?" exclaimed the child, as soon as she had recovered from her fright.

"Indeed, I don't know miss," replied the man.

"Guess she aint here anyhow," smiled the young hostess, as she seated herself at the opposite window. "I runned off this morning 'n' I just got back," explained the child.

"You did," exclaimed the stranger. "Why, what made you run off?"

"O, I just had to; I had to buy a pipe, you see," continued his hostess.

"You had to buy a pipe? Why child, what do you mean?" exclaimed the still more astonished visitor.

"Oh, I forgot. I forgot." And here Mary Elizabeth clasped her hands over her mouth. "I wasn't going to tell anybody and I forgot."

"O, tell me, won't you?" urged the newcomer. "I won't tell anyone."

"Honest, true, you won't tell? Cross your heart you won't?" urged the wee girl, as she drew her chair closer to her visitor. "You see, I have a really, truly papa, least that's what a judge down to Judge Mitchell's house says. And he said he was going to find my papa and send him back to me; 'n' I thot it would be awful if my really, truly papa came home and he didn't have any pipe to smoke like Johnny Mead's papa has, so I just buyed one. It cost an awful lot, for I've been savin' for it an awful long time. I saved all my Sunday school pennies. I put 'em all in my bank and to-day Johnny Mead 'n' I bought it. Its awful pretty. Want to see it." And here the little speaker stopped for breath.

During the recital the stranger had never taken his gaze from her flushed little face and now he fairly stammered, "Yes child, let me see it."

Eager to show her treasure, Mary Elizabeth hastened to get

it from the wood-shed, but as she reached the kitchen doorway, she turned and looked back, for from the direction of Aunt Jane's rocker came a sound between a sob and a groan, while the stranger now sat with his head buried in his hands.

This was too much for the child's tender heart. Hastily she sped across the room and putting both arms about her visitor's neck, she whispered: "Don't cry mister; please don't, I'll give you my papa's pipe, if you haven't any, cause maybe he won't come for a good while yet," and then with a sob, "Maybe I aint got any really, truly papa after all." Then after a minute, "I'll get you the pipe anyhow."

With these words, the child ran out of the door and down the yard.

Soon she reappeared and hastened toward the house. But as she drew near, she heard voices coming from the kitchen. Cautiously she tiptoed across the porch, but stopped in the doorway. What a vision met her eyes. There in the middle of the kitchen floor stood Aunt Jane and the stranger, he with his arms about her, while Aunt Jane was saying, "Dick, my boy, my boy."

Mary Elizabeth was dumfounded at first, then a feeling of utter loneliness crept about her heart, and with the beloved pipe still in her grasp, she sank down in a forlorn little heap in the doorway. And while tears rolled down her cheeks, she sobbed aloud, "O, papa, I can't wait much longer for you."

Scarcely had she uttered the words, when the tall stranger strode forward, and gathering her up in his arms, exclaimed: "Why girlie, here is your papa. Kiss him. Won't you?"

Instantly the little head was raised, and the large, blue eyes bewildered, gazed at the face before her. Several seconds elapsed and then, while a happy smile of recognition settled over her face, she put both arms around the stranger's neck and slowly murmured, "My really, truly papa."

FLORENCE CORSON, 1913.

CORMORANT-FISHING IN JAPAN.

[It is always pleasant to hear from the alumnae of S. N. C. We were very glad to receive recently an article from Miss Helen L. Emerson, of Honolulu, Hawaii. Miss Emerson spent part of her vacation last year in Japan, and she has sent us an interesting account of "Cormorant Fishing," which we publish in this issue. Her previous contributions to the ECHO have been read with interest, for her experiences among the natives of the island of Hawaii have been, to say the least, unusual, and she has reported them in vigorous, vivid terms.]

July 16 was the date selected by Mrs. Perry and myself to see this strange method of fishing in Japan, and a very fortunate date it proved to be. It was the Festival of the Dead, and it also happened that the Emperor had sent his Chamberlain to select fish for the next day's luncheon.

Chamberlain tells us that in a work compiled in 713 A. D. is a poem describing this strange method of fishing, and that the poem was probably written many years earlier.

This ancient custom is followed in many places in Japan, but our guide assured us that the best place to see the sport was on the river Nagara near Gifu, and hither we went, arriving about noon. After dinner at a Japanese inn, we took a Jinrikisha ride, and while resting in a shady spot, our guide told us how cormorants are caught, trained and cared for.

Cormorants are caught, when young, on the shores of the Gulf of Owarib, by placing wooden images of the birds about on the ground and covering the near-by branches of shrubs with bird-lime upon which the birds stick fast if they light upon it. After catching one bird they place it among the bushes instead of the image and catch more.

Cormorant fishing lasts five months, and during that time the birds are very profitable to their owners, and repay the care bestowed upon them the other months of the year, and the

cost of keeping, which must be quite an item, the owners being very poor. The birds often have better care than the children of the family; mosquito nets being provided for the former, while the latter show most conclusively that they are denied the protection. When well cared for, the birds are able to work for fifteen years and some have been known to live for twenty years.

I thought our guide was telling a good story when he said a well trained bird would bring up from five to ten fish at one time, making an average of four hundred fish for the three hours occupied in drifting down the river, but when I looked in the bottom of a boat containing twelve birds and saw the catch, I thought the average was above rather than below the statement.

Every bird in the flock has its number and knows it, and is very jealous of its rights. No. 1 is the oldest bird and the others follow according to their age. No. 1 has the post of honor in the boat and the others are placed at intervals around the edge. No. 1 is the last to be put into the water, the first to be taken out; the first to be fed, and the last to be put in the baskets to be taken home.

We were told that if a mistake were made in putting the birds into the water, there was trouble in that family of birds, and the noise was deafening and continuous until the bird was pulled out and the right one lowered.

Cormorant-fishing always takes place at night and by torch light, not moon light, as it would not be dark enough for the torches to attract the fish. The boats start about three miles up the river, above Gifu, and float down with the current, one man managing each boat.

We had supper at the inn, hired a boat and rowed out in the stream and waited for the boats to come down. It was a fairy-like scene; dancing upon the waves were thousands of tiny

straw boats on fire, in order that the spirits of the departed might not miss their way to the homes to which they were returning, where preparations had been made for them.

Finally a faint glow was seen far up the river, which increased as the boats came nearer. There was an unusually large number of fishermen on hand, each eager to have his fish selected for the Emperor's table.

At the side of each boat is an iron rod four feet in height, terminating in a hook from which hangs an iron pot filled with blazing fagots. In each boat there are three men, the one at the stern managing it. The master, wearing a peculiar cap, stands in the bow and manages twelve birds with a skill which must be acquired by long and constant practice. The third man bangs a bamboo clapper and shouts at the top of his voice, which is supposed to be necessary to encourage the birds.

Each bird wears at the base of its neck a bone ring tight enough to prevent the passing of salable fish, but loose enough to allow the passing of small fish, which are its food. Around the body is a cord, fastened to which at the middle of the back is a piece of whalebone, stiff enough to allow the bird to be lowered into the water or lifted out when at work; to this whalebone is fastened a string ten feet long, made of fibre. Fibre is used instead of cord, as it is much less liable to tangle.

Arriving at the fishing ground, the master lowers the twelve birds in their regular order, keeping the twelve strings in his left hand; the kako beats his instrument and shouts, the cormorants duck and dive after the fish, which are attracted by the light.

I think the master must be born and not made; he stands in the fast moving boat, looking on all sides, ready to pull out of the water any bird that is gorged. This he does with his left hand, which also holds the twelve strings and with it he also opens its bill, and with his right hand squeezes out the

fish, and sends the bird off for more prey. Four fish each time is the usual number disgorged, and as this process is repeated about four times a minute, and each cormorant is as large as a goose, the man who manages twelve birds must indeed "step lively." A cormorant is capable of holding ten fish. The best trained birds will often come up to the boat and open their bills to be disgorged.

The fishing over, the boats are moored and as the master lifts each cormorant from the water, he can tell by its weight whether it has had enough food.

The finish is about as interesting as any part of the operation. The birds, in their regular order, are perched on the edge of the boat, where they shake themselves, flap their wings, keep up a constant chatter and watch the sorting of the fish, paying special attention to the ones thrown back into the boat, and expressing in unmistakable chatter their disapproval, if the pile is not large enough. One master had to get fish from another boat before he could quiet his flock.

After feeding, the birds were put into their baskets and taken home, and we followed to our hotel, tired, but feeling our evening had been most interesting.

HELEN L. EMERSON, '73.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

It was the day after the election, and a group of girls was discussing the outcome. Two of the group were very excited and waxed quite hot in the consideration of the whys and wherefores. But the rest seemed to be almost indifferent. One girl gave voice to the idea that government is man's business, so why should women bother about politics. Another girl said it didn't matter at all to her which party was success-

ful as she wasn't interested in anything concerning public questions. Imagine a student of N. Y. S. N. C. or any other place, saying that. That caused me to think. I said to myself: "There is something wrong, what is it?" For it is not only one or two girls who think this way, but a majority of the students, I estimate, take very little interest in what we commonly call public affairs.

Is it a wrong idea as to what we (women) should be interested in? To me, this attitude is almost beyond understanding. One does *not* have to be a woman suffragist to be interested in affairs of government. Are not women governed by the same government and same laws that govern men? Do women not pay the same taxes that men do? Do not the financial, social and economic conditions affect women as much as men? These questions can be answered in only one possible way. Who is it that governs; who makes the laws; who spends the public money; who helps regulate the conditions of the country? The man who holds the public office does all these things and such a man holds his office because of *politics*. Being interested in the political question is no more than being interested in one's own welfare. Is it not so? Isn't the way your money is being spent part of *your* welfare? If the country is at war, isn't *it* part of your welfare? If the tariff raises the price of imported dress goods, isn't *that* part of your welfare? It seems, therefore, that the attitude of indifference assumed by some of the gentler sex is wrong and ought to be corrected.

But the Psychologists tell us we are not interested in things of which we know little or nothing. Perhaps this will explain partially the cause of the indifference. It may explain, but it cannot excuse. It behooves all who are ignorant of these matters to become acquainted with them. All of you who have had courses in Government or even American History,

know enough of the subjects of civil government and politics to be thoroughly interested in public affairs.

But you who haven't had these subjects, don't you think you ought to acquaint yourselves with the affairs of the world 'round about you? Do you know that England has gone and is going through one of the most serious constitutional crises in her history? Do you know that there is a general feeling of discontent with the government, and a spirit of revolution among the people of Mexico? Do you know that New York State is going to elect to Congress a Democratic Senator and already has a Republican Senator? That we have a Democratic Congress and a Republican President, and that legislative matters may be at a stand-still? If you do not know these things, you are not careful readers of the daily papers. Perhaps some of you don't read them at all. This is very possible and it is a woeful lack in our system of education that students are not more generally taught how to read newspapers. True, some teachers introduce this subject, but far too few. I found this interesting notice in regard to the study of the daily newspapers, a few weeks ago: "The excellence of the daily newspaper as an exponent of current history is to be emphasized in the schools of the District of Columbia, especially in the Normal and High Schools, where the dictum went forth recently that the pupils will in the future be expected to read *good* newspapers daily as part of their curriculum . . . One professor has always insisted that quizzes in current events, based on newspaper study, should constitute a portion of the curriculum. It is just as important, if not more so, for present day students to be not less familiar with history as it is made, than with the epoch-making events of the past."

Now, because of this general disinterest in public affairs, because of the small amount of real newspaper reading, there exists a deplorable ignorance concerning our own government, both as to its nature and its sphere of action.

Who are our United States Senators? Who are our Representatives? What policy are they pledged to support? Are they supporting it? What sort of men are they, anyway? Can you tell me? If not, why not?

RUTH ISABEL JACOBS, 1912.

WHY?

“Why, oh why must it be?” Such was the agonized cry of the mother of five children as she stood looking at the form of her intoxicated husband lying on the floor, too drunk to get up. With super-human faithfulness she had believed in, hoped for, and trusted him, in spite of innumerable downfalls. On this particular occasion, she had waited far into the early morning for his home-coming. Hour after hour of her weary, lonely, vigil had passed, until at last the sound of tottering footsteps announced his arrival. Her cheerful greeting, “Oh, Al, I’m so glad you’re home,” was met with a volley of curses; her faithfulness was rewarded by bitter abuse.

So it was yesterday, is to-day, and will probably be to-morrow. The once happy home is being irrevocably wrecked. Her life is one monotonous alternation of hope and despair; her infinitely tender love is being overwhelmed by contempt, scorn, and bitter abuse; her heart is being broken. Their childrens’ lives bid fair to be ruined. Instead of having, and knowing a pleasant, loving father, they see and know him only as a harsh, cruel man, a person to be feared. The happiest years of their lives are being utterly spoiled, and their youthful spirits broken.

Aside from this, what will become of the father? Will he die a drunkard’s death, without friends, without hope; leaving

behind him a trail of sorrow and misery, and no memories but painful ones? God forbid!

When I think of such misery, a storm of protest and helpless fury rises in my breast. Whence is this accursed beverage that robs men of all reason, that wrecks homes, that ruins innocent lives, for which more money is spent than for food, and that is more to be feared than war, or disease of any kind? Why is there such a thing? But, since there is, why does it exert such a hellish influence upon men? The poor woman's cry is echoed by hundreds of thousands of people who helplessly watch the swift destruction of their dear ones, praying and hoping for them, striving to help them, ruining their own lives in a useless attempt to save them, all to no avail. It's an old, old story, but it loses none of its bitterness by re-telling.

Demon Rum is the boon companion of sorrow, sickness and disease, crime, despair and death. Except in a few specified cases, the most prominent medical authorities have experimentally proved that it does no one any permanent good. No benefit of any kind has ever resulted from its excessive, indiscriminate use. It changes a quiet man into a fiend incarnate in a marvellously short time. It wrecks men's constitutions; destroys their health; eats up their earnings, the money that ought to clothe and feed their families; it breaks asunder the bonds of love and religion; it drives men to crime; it leads them deeper and deeper into the mire; and at last leaves them to die, alone and in poverty, without friends, without hope, afraid of God, afraid of man, afraid to live, afraid to die.

God never intended it to be so! He couldn't have, and still be the kind, loving Father that He certainly is. Can't all men plainly see the results of the use of intoxicating liquors? Then why do they do it? Why?—Why?—Why?

HENRY B. STEER, 1913.

A great deal of time is wasted in reading daily newspapers.

TROUBLE.

Dad, he reads the daily news—
 Reads the ads, and Lodge stuff too—
 Reads about the price of meat—
 Land, it's hours 'fore he's through!

Ma, she gets the paper next—
 Reads the death notes and the style,
 Reads the weddings and the sales—
 My, she takes the longest while!

Sis, she takes the paper then,
 Swallows the story head and tail—
 'Time the paper gets to me—
Gee, the Baseball news is stale!

JESSIE E. LUCK, '14.

PROMETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

At a regular meeting of the Promethean Literary Society, held January 6th, the following officers were elected:

President	Marjory Bennett
Vice-president	Florence Jackson
Secretary	Charlotte Wright
Treasurer	Mr. Allison
(Who was elected for the year at the first meeting.)	
Critic	Edith Scott
Parliamentary Censor.....	Wordsworth Williams

Much credit is due to the retiring officers of the society, to whom fell many tasks of organization and regulation of the affairs. The members of the society feel particularly fortunate, both in their old officers and their new ones.

Editorial Department.

The preceding pages present two appeals for a more general diffusion of present day governmental problems. Perhaps prevailing criticisms regarding the "antiquity" of the average student's knowledge is more applicable to us than to any other body of students, first, because the majority of girls is so overwhelming; second, because pressure of time forces us to omit all that has no direct bearing upon what we wish to teach.

Whether or no, "government is man's business," whether or no, it is either advantageous or desirable for women to have a first hand knowledge of the workings of local political machinery, all will concede that the "aliveness" and variability of the sources of interest opened up by a general understanding of great underlying principles of European and American countries, and a power of interpreting at least the more radical world movements, will furnish one means of avoiding degeneration from education to "school-marms."

Another, though less important argument in favor of any course involving newspaper reading (such as comparative government, international law or sociology), is that the more widely separated it appears to be from your regular work, the more readily it takes the form of rest or recreation. Once you get the habit, you can do the work at odd moments, for the nature of the material permits you to pick up a paper or a magazine when other work can not be profitably started.

Again let us remind you that you have an engagement for Friday evening, the twenty-fourth, in the College Auditorium.

And let us further suggest the importance of keeping this engagement. Less than a month after College opened last fall, the play committee had been appointed and it was busy choosing a play and selecting a cast. It was disagreeable work, and about the only reward it got was harsh criticism of its judgments. Then came the rehearsals—and every reader of the bulletin board must have noticed that they were almost continuous. And there have been long, wearying hours of coaching, sometimes from 4.15 till a late supper time; at other times, after an early supper till ten o'clock or later. And there has been the costuming to attend to, and the staging to plan—in short, it is impossible to realize, without going through the mill oneself, just how much labor has been expended to grind this play into shape.

All this labor has produced results; the success of the play is assured from every standpoint but one—the box office wears a look of anxiety and doubt. It is the part of the student body to replace this expression by an enduring smile. You can do this by loosening the purse string just wide enough to permit the removal of a half dollar (or seventy-five cents, if you would sit among the chosen), and giving the same to any member of the play committee or to your class president. Reserved seats can be obtained only of Mr. Cook. Not only should you attend this classical English comedy personally, but you should make some effort to induce some one outside of College to come, too. We want as many strangers in the audience as possible; it will help the ECHO and it will help the College. But even more, we want you there, and we think we have a right to expect you. Have you the nerve, or the inclination, or the heart, to withhold your support after the untiring efforts of the cast, the committee and the coach? And the greatest of these is the coach—Professor Kirtland.

“English” presented to the public so skillfully and entertainingly by Borussia on January 13th, brought us one step further into the notice and favor of Albanians in general. Lively amusement and keen appreciation were shown by a large and enthusiastic audience. Fraulein Wittemeir, as the widow, was most charmingly natural; Fraulein Hotaling made a very petite maid; while the imperturbable “Thut nichts” of Herr Hayford, and the intermittent “Schon recht” of Herr Steer, have become the common property of French, German, Latin and Greek alike throughout the College.

College Notes.

AN EVENING OF MUSIC.

Miss Junia L. Morse, as chairman of the program committee for February 10th, arranged with her workers for the following program:

Chorus Singing by the Society.....Led by Prof. Kirtland
 Paper.....Edward McDowell and Miss Florence Gardner
 Piano Solo.....Selections from McDowell

(a) From an Indian Lodge.

(b) To a Wild Rose.

Miss Mildred Lawson
 Paper—The Mission of Music.....Miss Isabelle Knapp
 Recitation—A Musical Instrument.....Miss Sara Nares

The following program has been provided for the meeting to be held February 25th. Miss Florence Kelly and her committee will have charge of this evening:

I Musical Selection.

Mandolins—Misses Anna Boochever, Esther Mitchell, Olive Ely, Jean Holmes.

Violins—Misses Jeanette Campbell, Florence Gardner, Myra Young.

Piano—Miss Martha Kinnear.

II Debate.

“Resolved, That ice cream is more nutritious than pie.”

Affirmative—Misses Katrina Van Dyck, Theresa Kerley, Laura Bristol.

Negative—Messrs. Henry Steer, Samuel Hayford, Lewis Ward.

III.

Vocal solo.....Miss Mary Hotaling

The meetings increase in interest at every gathering. The students of the College are all cordially invited to be present.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES.

Released from the strain of those nerve-racking examinations, the members of the Club were once more able to resume their pleasant and interesting meetings. The first meeting of this semester was held on Tuesday, Feb. 1st, when we read Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora." Once more we were transported to Helos, but this time we breathed a lighter atmosphere. Our emotions were no longer stirred by the tragic agonies of Antigone and Alcestis, but the beauties of the Greek myth of Prometheus, as treated by Longfellow, left a deep impression upon our imaginations. Perhaps that is why we have decided to stay a little longer with Longfellow and to read the

“Legend Beautiful” at our next meeting. Mrs. Mooney has very kindly outlined a program for the entire year. We hope that the society members will do their part to make the remainder of the year a success. We still urge all those interested in histrionic art and seeking an opportunity to develop their dramatic talents to become members.

CONTRIBUTERS' CLUB.

The usual four papers were presented at the meeting of the Contributors' Club on January 19th. A short story by Miss Grace Young upon a somewhat threadbare theme, had a charming freshness of manner and handling of conversation. Miss Everingham's essay on Retrospection, proved most suggestive, though it did not attempt to solve the somewhat dreary problem it presented. Miss Luck's story, based on the vision of the shepards, was a pleasing expression of supremacy of the ideal over the material. Finally, the critical essay, read by Miss Marie Phillips, upon Shelley's Romanticism, was judicial and appreciative interpretation of the work of this great poet.

Two new members have been added to the Club since its organization, Misses Boochever and Phillips.

At the meeting on February 8th, Elizabeth Scott, Anna Boochever, David Allison and Howard Dabney read papers.

On Tuesday, January 17th, Dr. Bryan, president of Colgate, addressed the students in the auditorium on the “Gospel of Work.” It was an interesting and practicable talk and particularly applicable to prospective teachers. There were two main points: First, “There are no short cuts to success.”

(And here Dr. Bryan gave us several new side lights on Booker T. Washington.) Second, "One deeply interested in his work, whatever it may be, becomes like his work; the theory that transfer of practice is impossible, is rather poorly substantiated." Moral: "Don't accept shoddy work from your pupils for any reason."

On Feb. 7th Dr. Aspinwall gave us a very interesting stereopticon lecture on the "Passion Play," as he saw it last July. It was one of the best attended lectures of the year.

On Feb. 13th Professor Gallup, assistant vice-principal of the Albany High School, talked in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln. After a very unusual introduction, Mr. Gallup spoke of the three great mental traits of our martyred president; his individuality, his integrity and his untiring energy. These were emphasized in their relations to present-day problems in a very helpful manner.

Basketball.

On Friday, January 6th, at 8 p. m., the College Five defeated the Scotia High School Five in the College Gym. Both teams played an excellent game, which was really a great deal more exciting than the score of 25 to 13 would indicate. In the first half the scoring was very close, Scotia being ahead until the last few minutes of play. In the second half, however, the Normal boys woke up and fairly walked away with the game, more than retaliating for the trouncing they received

at Scotia. The work of Toll and Nichol for Scotia deserves commendation, for they were the only scorers. Allison, Shapiro and Steer played a fast game for the locals. Line up and summary:

S. N. C.		Scotia.
	Left Forward.	
Allison		Glindmeyer
	Right Forward.	
Shapiro		Toll
	Center.	
Steer (Capt.).....		Savers
	Left Guard.	
Pratt		Burmell
	Right Guard.	
Anderson		(Capt.) Nicholl

Score at end of first half, S. N. C., 11; Scotia, 7. Final score, S. N. C., 25; Scotia, 13. Field goals, Allison 4, Shapiro 2, Steer 6, Toll 3, Nicoll 2. Baskets from free throw, Allison 1, Toll 3. Referee, Cody. Umpire, Gould. Scorer, Wood. Timer, Du Bois. Attendance, 75.

On Friday, January 14th, the Normal College Five played the R. P. I. 1914 in the College Gym. and met with the first season's defeat on their own floor. The absence of Shapiro and Anderson from the game was keenly felt by the locals, and can account somewhat for their defeat. Here's hoping they do better when they play R. P. I. in Troy March 3d. Line up and summary:

S. N. C.		R. P. I. 1914.
	Left Forward.	
Allison		Barr
	Right Forward.	
Du Bois, Steer.....		Conklin

Center.

Cody, Steer Topping

Left Guard.

Fiske, Du Bois Quandt, McNaughton

Right Guard.

Pratt Huff, Kinloch

Score at end of first half, S. N. C., 3; R. P. I., 12. Final score, R. P. I., 25; S. N. C., 11. Baskets from field, Du Bois 1, Steer 2, Cody 1, Conklin 3, Topping 3, Kinloch 3, Barr 1. Baskets from free throw, Allison 2, Steer 1, Topping 5. Referee, Prof. Decker. Scorer, Tripp. Attendance, 50.

Saturday evening, January 28th, the Scrooley Club of the First Congregational church of Schenectady, met defeat at the hands of the Normal Five, the score being 33 and 17. Although crippled by the absence of Allison and Anderson, the local boys played the strongest game of the season, and from the first time the whistle sounded until it blew for time up, the game was all theirs. At no time were the Normal fellows in danger and yet they played to win from start to finish. Fiske sustained a sprained ankle and Bowen was substituted. Line up and summary:

S. N. C.

Scrooley Club.

Left Forward.

Shapiro Harbison

Right Forward.

Pratt Baily

Center.

Steer Drane

Left Guard.

Rice Whittaker

Right Guard.

Fiske, Bowen Colwell, Weatherhead

Score at end of first half, S. N. C., 17; Scrooley Club, 4. Final score, S. N. C., 33; Scrooley Club, 17. Field baskets, Pratt 2, Steer 14, Harbison 4, Drane 3, Whittaker 1. Baskets from free throws, Pratt 1. Referee, Herzog. Scorer, Hayford. Timer, Smith. Attendance, 100.

SENIOR NOTES.

The ex-practice teachers extend best wishes for success to their class-mates who have recently taken up the duties of practice teaching.

Miss Mary Hotaling spent Sunday, January 29th, with Miss MacHarg at Rockhill Manor, Glenmont, N. Y.

Miss Emma Conant left Albany Sunday, February 5th, for Wappinger's Falls, where she has taken up her duties in the High School as a teacher of Mathematics and Science.

Miss May Chaut has finished her course at College and is at present at her home in Johnstown, N. Y.

Miss Edna Hummer spent the week-end of February 10th in Amsterdam, N. Y., at the home of Mrs. Howard De Graff, formerly Miss Viola Carnrite, '08.

Miss Edna Hummer spent Saturday and Sunday, February 18th and 19th, with her father in Boston.

Miss Mary Boyle has again returned to College, after an illness of four weeks.

We are glad to welcome Miss Edna Smith as a member of the class of 1911.

“THE HAS BEENS” TO “THE WOULD BES.”

On Wednesday evening, February 1st, the Gymnasium was the scene of a unique party, the object of which was to initiate the “Would Bes” into the delights of practice teaching and to give them a limited idea of the personal traits and characteristics of our “Dreams” and “Cherubs.” The “Has Beens,” with three exceptions, underwent a metamorphosis and the result was a class of children, not only in dress, but in manners. The change was indeed astonishing in some cases and in a few not unbecoming. Miss Wittmeier, in the capacity of a supervisor, gave a mock lecture to the “Would Bes,” who listened with breathless interest while she unfolded to them the principles of etiquette in dress, manners, etc.

The Class was then called to order by Miss Bigelman, who represented a practice teacher in a *model* school. The *Disorder* was extremely good and the teacher not at all nervous when the critic, Miss Conant, entered the room. Miss Scott, as disciplinarian, made her rounds and caused *not a little* excitement in the school room with her dignified bearing and measured walk.

At the close of the lesson, which was upon the “frog,” Miss Conant met the pupil teacher for criticisms, which were very suggestive. The disciplinarian then met the “Would Bes” for general criticisms, which caused many to open their eyes with wonder.

When the model pupils were dismissed the critics, teachers and pupils spent the remainder of the evening in dancing, after which delightful refreshments were served.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

A mighty happy class are we, after such a delightful and successful Junior week. Did I say successful? Yes, emphatically yes! Is it not a sign of success when something good

which is hidden, finally reveals itself. Indeed class spirit which at times has been considered unknown to some members of the Class, poured forth abundantly during our week of festivities. Keep it up class-mates.

On the evening of January 31st, a most delightful banquet was held at Hotel Hampton. On the center of the table was a boquet of yellow daffodils and the room was very prettily lighted by candelabras with yellow shades. After the banquet several toasts were given, Miss Hortense Barnet acting as toast-mistress. The toasts were as follows:

Our Alma Mater.....	Ethel Everingham
Our Faculty.....	Marjory Bennett
Our Past	Florence Chase
Our Future	Howard Dabney
Our Class	Adele Le Compte

Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall were our honored guests and we were very pleased with Dr. Aspinwall's talk to us.

The Class reception occurred on the evening of February 2d in the College Gym. Those on the reception committee were Miss Ethel Everingham, Miss Neva Tillapaugh, Miss Hortense Barnet. About 9 o'clock a short program was provided, which consisted of

Vocal Solo.....	Miss Hortense Barnet
Recitation	Miss Florence Wittmeier
Vocal Solo.....	Mr. Stanley Rice
Recitation	Deal Kaemmerlin

Then a clever guessing game, dancing and refreshments ensued.

Last, but not least, was the Junior Prom, which occurred on the evening of February 3d. The hall was most artistically decorated and this, together with the prettily gowned young ladies, afforded a very attractive scene.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The "process of elimination" has been gradually going on in our Class and we regret that Miss Helen McHarg and Miss Annette Tauber have left College for "fresh fields anew."

Miss Tymeson spent the week-end after examinations at Johnstown.

Miss Anna Kennedy is at her home at Gloversville.

Miss Charlotte Wright visited her cousin at Hudson Falls.

Miss Josephine Purdy visited at the College during Junior week and attended the "Prom."

Miss Chubb spent several days in Albany, visiting her former class-mates.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

At a meeting held January 19th, the following officers were elected for the second semester:

President	Anna Fraser
Vice-president	Adele Le Compte
Recording Secretary	Florence Gardner
Corresponding Secretary	Deal Kaemmerlen
Treasurer	Lois Atwood
Critic	Elizabeth Everitt
Editor	Helen Odell
Chaplain	Helen Olcott
Marshals	Marion Wheeler and Olive Ely

The Misses Adele Le Compte and Helen Bennett spent the week-end of January 13th, at Claverack, N. Y.

Miss Anna Fraser spend the week-end of January 27th, at Cornwall, N. Y.

Mr. Bennett spent the week-end of February 3d, with his daughter, Miss Helen Bennett.

Miss Le Compte spent the week-end of February 10th, in New York City.

The Misses Le Compte and Woolworth attended the lecture given by Professor Angell at Schenectady, February 7th.

The Misses Kaemmerlen, Ely and Odell attended the housewarming of the Beta Theta Pi House, Schenectady, February 4th.

Delta Omega extends her most sincere sympathy to Miss Edna Smith upon the loss of her mother.

ETA PHI NOTES.

A regular meeting of Eta Phi was held at the home of Miss Trembley, January 2d.

Miss Leona Eaton spent the week-end of February 3d, as the guest of Miss Clara Springstead.

At a regular meeting held at the home of Miss Jessie Cole, the new officers were installed. After installation a social time was enjoyed and we enjoyed having Mrs. Birchenough and Mrs. Risley present.

Miss Springstead again assumed her duties at College Monday, February 6th, after a few days' illness.

The Eta Phi girls extend their most sincere sympathy to Miss Marjory May in her recent bereavement.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Miss Emma Chubb was the guest of the girls at the House several days in early February.

Miss Gertrude Gifford entertained Kappa Delta very delightfully with a thimble party, Saturday evening, Jan. 21st.

Miss Isabelle Bigelman has been substituting in the Albany High School as teacher of Biology.

Miss Isabelle Knapp entertained the "old girls" and those who were in the city, with an "at home" at New Year's.

Miss Ada Edwards of Schenectady and Miss May Foyle were among the alumni who attended the Junior "Prom."

At a regular meeting of Kappa Delta, held Wednesday evening, January 18th, the following officers were elected:

President	Henrietta Fitch
Vice-president	Beulah Brandow
Secretary	Anna Boochever
Treasurer	Helen Schermerhorn
Corresponding Secretary	Charlotte Tracy
Reporter	Amy Wood
Critic	Frances Stillman

We are glad to welcome Miss Anna Kennedy as a new member.

The Misses May Chant and Ione Schubert completed their College course this January. While we congratulate them on their success in completing their work, we regret to lose them so soon.

During the Christmas vacation, Miss Isabelle Knapp had as her guest, Miss Mary Denbow, '10, of Jamesburg, New Jersey.

PSI GAMMA.

Psi Gamma regrets the loss of Miss Florence Kennedy, who is continuing her course at Columbia College.

Miss Jessie Cleveland spent the week-end of January 28th, at her home in Broadalbin.

Election of officers took place January 13th at the home of Miss Florence Chase. The following were installed January 31st at the home of Miss Jessie Cleveland:

President	Mary Hotaling
Vice-president	Florence Wittmeir
Corresponding Secretary	Edna Hall

Recording Secretary	Carlotta Jordan
Treasurer	Florence Chase
Literary Editor	Hope Duncan
Chaplain	Madge Robie
Marshals	Irene Flint and Mary Robins

Miss Beatrice Wright spent the week-end of January 26th, at West Pawlet, Vt.

Miss Fanny Wood spent the last few days at her home in Kingston.

NEWMAN CLUB.

On Monday, January 30th, the Club was delightfully entertained at the home of Miss McGovern.

We are glad to welcome the Misses Boyle and Brown back to College, after their recent illnesses.

Miss Bush spent Sunday, February 5th, at her home in Ballston.

Miss McHenry entertained her brother, D. J. McHenry, from Granville on February 5th.

Several of the Newman girls have started their practice teaching. Miss McHenry is teaching Geometry, Miss Bott German, and the Misses Boyle and Wilkinson English.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Lillian F. Wakefield, '05, and Miss Nellie Fischer, '06, are teaching this year in West Palm Beach, Florida. Excellent reports of their work come to us. Since the beginning of their duties there this fall, the salary of each has been raised. S. N. C. extends congratulations. The following is an extract from Miss Wakefield's letter, written December 25, 1910:

It doesn't seem like Christmas here in the "sunny south," but it is fine for all that. I am sitting in my hammock to write. . . . The sun shines here almost all of the time and it is about like our October weather at home. Occasionally we have a cold spell, a "northerner," they call it, which never lasts more than a few days at a time. Then the school is heated by little oil stoves, and we have a wood fire at home. No coal is used here. Gasoline is used altogether for cooking and oil for heating. Most houses have no chimneys.

So far we have enjoyed it here very much. It has all been so new and interesting and there are so many things one can do. . . . We room at Fern Cottage. The place is surrounded with ferns. In the yard are grape fruit, oranges and tangerines, all ripe now. My hammock swings between turpentine pines, which are very plentiful here. The poinsettia, oleander, hibiscus and ponciana are all in bloom. They are very gorgeous and pretty.

We enjoy our wheels so much. Every one rides. The roads are white, hard shell and are very smooth. One can ride miles without being tired. One of the roads goes through the everglade lands where farms are being opened up. About one hundred men arrived in town the other day to look over the land and buy. I don't know, though, how much was purchased. Another nice trip is through the jungle trail for about four miles with just tropical foliage on either side.

The beach is simply great at all times, by daylight and moonlight. We go in bathing usually on Saturday unless it is cold. They have a life guard stationed there all the time. . . . I believe one of the hotels opens at Christmas. The Ponciana is the largest in the world and very grand. The grounds all around here are like a paradise. It is really beyond description. The sunsets are most gorgeous. I always thought the pictures were exaggerated, but they are not in the

least. The birds, too, are very pretty. The boy at the house caught a mocking-bird and red-winged black bird for me to take to school to study. The mocking-bird sings so sweetly.

The school is all we could wish it to be. It is a large concrete building, situated on a hill. The grounds about are large, with a lake in the rear. It is modern in every respect. My room is on the northeast corner and there is always a breeze blowing through, as the prevailing winds are from the east. They are so strong that all the trees lean in a westerly direction.

This is Christmas morning. . . . The boys at the house got a nice pine tree which we just unloaded. . . . Holly grows here in great quantities and we used it for school and the house. The boarding house dining room was beautiful, trimmed with large palm leaves and pine. The leaves reached from the floor to the ceiling and then drooped over the tables.

We are invited across the lake for dinner. They have beautiful groves of oranges and grape fruit there. It is the very scene of the plot in "The Firing Line." Perhaps some of you have read it. The descriptions in it are perfect and the characters are taken from life."

Miss Blanche M. Russell has been appointed teacher of English in the Albany High School to take the place of Professor Holmes, who has been given a leave of absence.

Married, December 10, 1910, at the N. E. Congregational church of Saratoga Springs, Miss Grace McDowell, '07, to David Black, secretary of the Williamsburg Company of New York City.

The alumni editors received the following letter just after the material for the January ECHO had been sent in. We are glad to print it, as it shows that the ECHO is appreciated by at least one of its alumni subscribers:

To the Editors of the ECHO:

Greeting: I am pleased to note the steady advance of the ECHO in all departments; even the advertising matter, over which I once exercised supervision, seems improved as to quality and quantity. I congratulate you all on your superb work and I see no reason why the ECHO should not take first rank among college publications.

Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

G. EMMETT MILLER.

Mr. Miller, '10, is vice-president of the new Grammar School at Perth Amboy, N. J. He would much like to hear from the alumni members of the Phi Delta, whose addresses he has lost. His address is 215 State St., Perth Amboy, N. J.

THE SENIOR THOT BOOK.

“Ich habe mich nicht getauscht”—the German play was fine, tho all I could understand was “Thut nichts” and “Schon recht.” Like Mr. Cook (not the one of North Pole fame, but *our* Mr. Cook), the best way I can talk German is to keep silent in it. I’ll wait for the English reproduction and go to see it again for I hear that an American actress is to put it on the American stage. Hurrah for S. N. C. I’m now looking forward to “She Stoops to Conquer.” I do hope they won’t carry their costumes on the stage in suit cases (like the Borussia people) or I’m afraid it will turn into a tragical comedy or a comical tragedy; I really don’t know which.

It may have been caused by the Junior “Prom.” It may have been caused by a dream of which Miss Bodley told me. It may have been caused by over-study. I can give no psy-

chological reason for it. At any rate, I had an experience which furnishes material for a story such as would have delighted Poe. And it is this: I dreamed a dream. It was about eight o'clock. I was on my way to the Gymnasium. What was my surprise to find that it was lighted and decorated just as at the "Prom." And what do you suppose Those old educators—Froebel, Herbert, Pestalozzi, Erasmus, Roger Ascham—whom we studied about in History of Education last year were entertaining our faculty! At first I felt out of place and was about to withdraw, but Pestalozzi had spied me and so he stepped up and said he was very much pleased to know we had spent so much time on his life in History of Education last year and was especially pleased with the paper on his early life. I happened to remember that I had read that paper in class. But soon I heard familiar voices. Snatches of conversation were wafted over to me. "Yes, Isaac Newton was one of the big, tiptop men—," or "Well, Mr. Ascham, would you suggest the reading of Pater's essays in connection with Greek?" and above the pandemonium I heard, "Also Herr Froebel, Pidgin Englisch geht ganz und gar nicht!" Here I trembled. Last year I saw a statue of Froebel and I had ridiculed its broken nose. I tried to conceal myself behind the piano. It was too late. With one long, lanky finger, he pointed at—. I awoke before he had his finger in position. But everything is written on my brain in indelible ink, as it were, and if any member of the Contributors' Club wants the material I'll gladly give it. For, unfortunately, my thots run more to interesting suggestion than to practical reality.

Oh, how good it seems to receive your punch card *all punched!* But then, they say that Seniors are rarely flunked

anyway, so that doesn't show any remarkable intelligence on my part. But it's pleasant just the same and shows what grinding did. For I still experience the same dizzy feeling when I go to take out my card that I did in my Freshman year. It seems just like standing on the edge of a steep cliff, knowing that, tho it may mean ruin, you must take the next step; then taking the step and learning that all is safe, I was mighty afraid of going down on that forty credit question in psychology. I outlined a course of lectures, for I'd rather listen to the sound of my voice any day than write a book. I prepared nine lectures, but the girls tell me that it wasn't necessary to prepare that many for I wouldn't have any audience at all after the first two. And then my German—but speaking of German, reminds me that I saw a paper pinned on the door of the German department with a list of names written on it. I can't imagine what it was, but from a distance it looked like a sheet from the "Police Gazette." I tried to get nearer to see what it was, but every time I went thru the corridor for that purpose (fearing that perchance my name might be on the *fatal* list), such an excited throng was hovering about the door that I couldn't see a thing. Once I thot I heard some one say, "Magno cum labore," and I fled for I didn't want anything "at hard labor."

If it wasn't amusing to watch the antics of the new practice teachers. They seemed to be composed of nothing but nerves (not *nerve*.) I'm sure none of us ever said in class, "Put your floor on the chair." And yet, they are better prepared than we were, for we didn't have Dr. Aspinwall give us any advice. Already we hear the Seniors talking of applications, Western Emigration Societies, Journeys to Mexico and the Philippines. Well, let them go. I shall remain here and in-

culcate good habits and morals in the pupils of our own state. However, I've made up my mind to see the next Passion Play. After Dr. Aspinwall's lecture, we girls became so enthusiastic that we determined, no matter how widely separated we might be, we would go to Oberammergau together that year.

After much patient waiting, I discovered what the Seniors were "rah-rahing" over. The "has been" practice teachers gave the "will be" practice teachers a party at which they taught them the tricks of the trade and in graphic form showed what the "will bes" would have to contend with, or as Dr. Milne said, showed them "that the best was yet to come." We have been thinking of writing a grand opera just like "I Smell Smoke," by the Lotus Glee Club last year. So far, only one chorus has been composed. It is to be sung to the tune of "Marching Thru Georgia."

Has Beens:

"Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our teaching days are done."

Will Bes:

"Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our teaching's just begun."

Isn't it fine?

But the party. I'm sure that when our hair becomes white from worrying over discipline; when our eyes become watery from correcting papers; when our mouth assumes a downward bent of ninety degrees from trying to look cross in class; when our face becomes furrowed with wrinkles, and (in short) when we become "nicht alte Burschen, sondern alte Madchen (?)," we shall be glad to think of our G. O. P. (Grand Old Party) of 1911.

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