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The Echo

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No. 1

Literary Department

White Hyacinths

“If I had but two loaves of bread I should sell one of them and buy white hyacinths for my soul.”

It was in the long-ago time when the world was still young, the time I've so often told you about, and there lived an old man who had a garden full of white hyacinths. It was a lovely garden, hidden away behind thick stone walls, where olive trees and slender poplars cast their welcome shade by day, when the aged man worked over his loved blossoms, and by night beneath the stars sent a breath of music, faint and low, whispering out upon the wind.

By day the white-haired man worked, tenderly breaking up the earth about his flowers and tearing out the weeds, pausing, when the sun was high in the heavens, to eat black bread beneath the great olive tree. When the sun went down he gathered all his

tools into a vine-covered cottage under the shadow of the wall, and in the evening stillness he spread a table and ate his simple meal out among the shadows and the perfume of the flowers, with the birds twittering on his kind old shoulders and dipping their little bills into his cup of milk.

Often while he ate, talking to his bird friends, a stranger appeared at the low gate in the wall and asked for food. Then, with the birds fluttering about his shoulders, the old man used to go to meet the stranger, bidding him a kindly welcome, drawing up for him a chair made of the gnarled branches of an oak, and bringing out more bread and wine and even some precious honey that came from the white hyacinths. But he himself ate only black bread and milk. Sometimes the stranger wondered at the coarse fare of the old man, but there was seldom a person who spoke of it; most of them went away with a shamed silence in their hearts and were more kindly to the next poor wayfarer they met. Once there was a man who asked him why he ate black bread when he might have better food — but I'll tell you of him later.

Often, when they had eaten, the traveler stayed, and in the moonlight, with the birds twittering gently in the leaves overhead, the old man and his guest wandered up and down the paths between the snowy blossoms, or sat under the olive trees, with the moon shining in patches at their feet. Sometimes they talked, but often the old man played soft, wonderful melodies on a worn flute — and as often the stranger felt a queer moisture on his cheek and a new, quiet joy in his heart when he went to sleep on a bed of fragrant dried grass beside the old man. And sometimes there was a wanderer who took away with him

some of the precious white hyacinths. And his hand the old man held long when they parted at the gate.

One evening while he sat eating his bread and feeding his birds a young man stopped at the gate. He was richly dressed, a merry, careless looking fellow, who watched the old man and his birds with some amusement.

"Father!" he called, "may I have some of the bread you are feeding your birds?"

The old man went to the gate, and with the birds swooping above his head he brought the stranger to the table and brought him bread and honey, and picked grapes and ripe olives for him from the nearby trees and vines. Then, sitting down he finished eating his own bread and sharing the crumbs with the birds.

"Father," the young man spoke abruptly always, "why are you eating black bread when there is so much fruit and honey and wine here?"

"I do not need it. How do they call thee, son? I would I might call thee by thy name."

"They call me Saul, and so you may. But why do you not need it, Father?" the young man persisted.

"Because I have many things which other people have not, Saul. I do not need them."

"But what have you, Father? I fancied you must be lonely."

"Ah! I have my white hyacinths, son!" the old man exclaimed softly, a strange light shining over his face as if reflected from within.

"White hyacinths! hyacinths. How sweet the word sounds to one's ear. But what are white hyacinths?"

"See!" The old man pointed to the rows of lovely blossoms.

Saul bent down. "Father! they are lovelier than any in the royal gardens. Where did you get them?"

"I will tell thee. They would not thrive well in the royal gardens," said the old man, and reaching for his flute he played upon it. And the melody rose and began to blend into a voice that sang of a life which was lonely and of an angel touch that made it glad — glad as the starlight — and of white flowers that bloomed at the touch of angel garments.

But when the old man put aside his flute, Saul said:

"It was a lovely strain you played, Father. Sometimes I almost fancied a voice accompanied you. But I would know of the hyacinths. How came you by them? for I never saw their like."

"I have told thee, Saul, my son. I could not tell thee plainer if I would. Come, thou hast traveled far, and the moon is high in the Heavens. Thy couch to-night must be dried grass. I would it were softer for thy tired bones."

In the morning when Saul was setting out again, he asked the old man to sell him some of the white hyacinths, and offered many pieces of gold for them. But the old man shook his head.

"The white hyacinths are not to be bought with gold, son. If I sold them to thee they would die in thy hands and the ones left in my garden would wither. I would I could give them to thee, Saul, but thou art not ready yet to receive them."

"The man is crazed!" thought Saul, half impatient, half amused. "Why, I am offering him thrice the worth of the plants!"

But when Saul went out from the little gate he carried no flowers, though the old man murmured a tender blessing over him, and as he held his hand

said, "Son, come to me when thou dost desire my white hyacinths for thy soul."

"For my soul! Truly the poor old man is crazed, but a most kindly host withall," thought Saul as he went on toward the royal gardens wherein the like of the white hyacinths did not bloom.

And that night among the king's friends he told of his strange "crazy flower-and-bird-man," and of the lovely white blossoms that he could not buy.

The king said thoughtfully, "I would they grew in my gardens. I have need of them for a vacant space. Get them for me, Saul — by gold or by stealth — I will have them for my gardens."

Saul was greatly perplexed and troubled in his heart, for he knew that he could not buy the flowers with gold. "By stealth" — he could not do that. The old man, well, the old man whom he had called Father, had touched a something deep hidden in Saul's nature. But the king's commands were to be obeyed.

With an uneasy spirit Saul set out with one of the king's servants to bring back white hyacinths for the royal gardens.

It was night, deeply calm and silent. The little cottage and the hyacinths were gleaming white in the moonlight. The two horsemen stopped before the low gate and looked into the garden.

"The old man is asleep. Leave a bag of gold pieces at his door and take the flowers. Surely it is foolish for us to parley over a few plants."

Saul pondered. The old man would not sell them, but if they took them and left the gold, what else could he do but accept it? Yet —

"His majesty *will* have the plants," said the king's servant.

"Give me the money," said Saul, getting down from his horse and leaping over the gate.

But inside the garden his heart gave a miserable thump. Everything breathed of the kindness of the old man whom he had called Father, and he seemed almost to hear the wonderful song of the flute in the whispering of the wind among the olive trees. Shutting out the sounds from his heart, though they would ring in his ears, he rushed over the grass and bent down to dig up the precious roots with his knife.

But when he looked no plants were there. He stared. With an exclamation he plunged his hand into the earth. He touched a root with his finger, but when he tried to grasp it, it sank deeper into the ground. Something made him look up. The old man was watching him, his eyes sad and tender.

"My son, the king hath no need of my flowers. When thou dost desire them for thy soul, come to me."

"His majesty, the king, will not brook this disobedience to his commands," said the king's servant. And the king's servant knew his master.

Later, Saul, marked with the sign of the king's displeasure, a knotted oak branch which he used for a staff, wandered down the dusty road, lonely and with bitterness in his heart, yet with a strange exulting that he had not betrayed the old man. "For the king's servant knows not the way alone!" he breathed. "And perhaps there is happiness in a lowly life."

But the wanderer found no happiness. In rain he traveled from one boundary of his country to the other. Where he had been courted he was despised. He was an outcast from the favor of the king!

“Have I then no friends who loved me for myself?” he wondered bitterly. He thought often of the old man.

“I will go into foreign countries where they shall not know me and my knotted staff.” And he set forth and went into a foreign city where there were many poor and wretched people, among whom he took up his abode, and by them he was received and loved. Many years he lived there, loving and helping them. By day he worked beside them, and by night he taught their children. Often he thought of the old man eating black bread while his guest ate fruit and drank wine, and often he gave his food to his neighbors who were a shade poorer than he.

At length there came a fever that killed many of the rich and poor of the city, but of the poor it killed the more, and among them the girl Saul loved. While the plague lasted Saul cared for his friends, but when it had passed he could no longer endure the pain of living where so many dear ones had been. “I must go away from here a little while!” he pleaded with the few poor who were left. “In a little while I shall come to you again, only let me go. I must, I must!” And his friends, for they *were* friends, let him go, sadly.

There was but one place to go. He longed to call the old man Father once more and to look upon the lovely flowers and hear the song of the flute.

It was evening when he reached the low gate, weary, dusty, an overwhelming sorrow in his heart. The old man was sitting at the little table beneath the olive tree. He came to meet Saul, lips smiling, eyes very kind.

“Paul, my son! Thou art in good time!” and he led him to the table. But when the old man would bring wine, Saul said:

“Father, I too would eat black bread. I care not for wine and honey.”

“Thou shalt eat black bread with me, Paul, my son, and take the wine and honey to thy people. Hast thou come for thy white hyacinths?” he asked.

The young man started. “I understand thee not, Father. I cannot buy thy flowers now. I have nothing of value in the world.”

“What hast thou? Is thy knapsack empty?”

“I gave the last crust to a poor fellow but an hour ago. I have nothing.”

“Nay, Paul, thou hast paid for thy hyacinths many times over without thy poor crust.”

Then the old man picked an armful of blossoms and laid them before Saul. And still the numbers in the beds were unbroken.

“And thou didst try to buy them with gold!” the old man laughed gently.

“To-morrow thou shalt take up thy abode with me in the garden among the white hyacinths, or thou mayst take a basket of the roots back with thee if thou wouldst still live with thy people.”

“Father, I must live with my people, and they shall have share in my flowers, for they deserve them more than I.”

“As thou wilt, Paul, for thou art Paul to me. And now will I sing for thee upon my flute and thou shalt understand my song full well!”

ANNA R. NELSON, '17.

Nature Studies*Morning*

The little lake nestles among the wooded hills in the chill of early dawn and but dimly reflects in that imperfect light the overhanging woods. The clouded mirror is broken only by the occasional flight of a bird in search of its morning prey. Colorless, except for the reflected hillsides, it is a ghastly, chilly spectacle. Nothing warm and inviting, no touch of beautiful color, only a grey, penetrating air vaulted by a thick white fog hanging in threatening silence a hundred feet above. Here is a repose, which in its very quiet, forbids intrusion.

Gradually the picture changes. An invisible spirit seems to push quietly aside the grey mantle and with magic brush to color the scene. The fragile gloom weakens before the power of another day's light. Soon the forest aisles will be discernible. And now a red glow appears in the east and makes the whole horizon bright with its beauty. The creatures begin to stir, a bird flutters overhead, rabbits hop out from the undergrowth and scuttle across the glade. It is as a muted orchestra, this waking world, set to music. What suppressed choirs are in those glancing rays! It bubbles up through the trees, at first faintly, then redly. Like a great ball of living fire it rises — flame without smoke. The forest is set ablaze. It is a new splendor. A red wound lies across the sky, in which a master artist dips his finger and sketches a triumph, to be seen but once in time. Now the little lake is a surface of burnished copper. Its tiny waves, fanned by the slight breeze, leap up like flames and reflect the great shafts of light. From every woodland nook the birds raise a joyous matin song.

The thought that this great miracle had taken place in so simple a way, and that an apparently dead, unattractive world has been changed in so brief a flight of time, is eloquent of a great power beyond those reddened clouds. What word can interpret the depths of emotion? The awe and wonder of it all is significant of that great God, whose message is so hard for some of us. But here is His religion — yes, in a most glorious sermon.

Midday

The sun, steadily mounting through the morning, seems, like many a human being, almost to have changed from a kindly light bearer to a cruel despot. From his meridian he pours a torrent of heat which, in successive waves, drenches the valley with fiery overflow. It were well to seek the cooling embrace of the lake and, amid its depths, to laugh defiance at the brazen disk; or beneath the shade of that broad maple to lie quiescent, gazing out across the water and idly watch the insect life which holds fierce revel. The diapason of a black and gold bee is the most persistent note which reaches the ear, interrupted now and again by the vindictive twang of more fiery insects as they flash past in pursuit of prey. The touch of the grass is grateful to the body, as with dreamy eyes we yield to the soothing spell. The glaring sky, resting upon the light-bathed hills, the glassy lake, the still grasses, so ready to wave in the slightest breeze, all unite in weaving the magic of repose. Where now is the crisp energy of the early morning, the frank ambition, the joy of life? The trees, no longer bent by fresh winds, are sunk as it were in torpor. The very flowers droop in dejection. It is a time to meditate, to drowse, to sleep in the arms of nature, even as

mother earth slumbers in the embrace of her potent lord and master.

And so the bee hums, and somewhere a faint, monotonous chirp makes the silence more complete. Far up on the opposite hill the dim outline of a plowman can be seen urging his tired horses. A bird flutters out from the wood and then, as if overcome by the relentless sun, flies back to its former place. The cattle have sought the shadow, the birds have retired to the thickets, and we too must needs for the moment yield — and sleep.

Night

At night in this quiet little valley perfect peace reigns, and the friendly moon silvers its hillsides and spreads a pale lustre over the lake's liquid mirror. Only the tired lapping of the wavelets on the beach breaks the drowsy stillness. Just to lie there tranquilly with face upturned to the star-strewn heavens gives quiet, unequalled content. Suddenly the doleful call of a whippoorwill floats over the water, at first with jarring note, but quickly it melts into the picture and adds potency to the spell. Now the deep tone of a frog sounds from the other shore and seems to be mellowed as it travels through the stillness. Higher and higher mounts the moon, flooding formerly indistinct places with an opalescent light and decking the gloomy trees with a silver veil. The one naked shoulder of the hill stands out in pallid beauty. The lower side is still sunk in darkness, and in its lurking shadows many an enemy crouches in stealthy silence. But I feel safe and content in my cozy clearing. A breath of scented air steals across the valley and bears in its perfumed breast a tangle of insect jewels. A great white moth skims noiselessly through the moon-

shine as if it were the ghost of some spirit of the night who thus guards its peace. As the dainty sentry disappears a mournful cadence echoes from the nearby wood and penetrates the brooding calm with a vague suggestion of terror and menace. The owl, true lover of night, is yet the enemy of its peace. As the wailing misery once more arises a black bat flickers across the moon's silver disk as if it were the sinister messenger from that evil heart in the woods. Sing louder, ye breezes, strike a deeper note, ye water creatures, and blot out from my ear that unlovely wail! This is my night, and I am one with the Spirit of Nature!

As drowsy eyelids droop, the vast velvet dark closes about me and bears me up! I do not hear; I do not see; no — I am one with every sound and every odor; I am lost, absorbed in the night, and as my ravished soul flares forth into its own, I am at peace — and sleep.



From Pearl Street to Broadway

“ A fly-swatter, mister? It’s a good cause! ” The portly old man, thus waylaid by my companion, stopped short, wiped the dust from his face, and then said with an expansive smile, “ I don’t know anything about babies! I’m an old bachelor! ” “ Well, I’m an old maid! ” said my companion, holding out the box for his quarter. But I, seeing prospects of a proposal right there on the spot, grabbed the “ lady in the case ” wildly by the arm and dragged her off down the street to sell fly-swatters.

The crowd came swarming up and down the street, and there were people of big pocketbooks and little hearts, and people of little pocketbooks and big hearts. Some people were totally deaf — a sudden attack from which they would recover shortly — and some people at least smiled if they couldn’t do anything else. Two middle-aged ladies sallied forth into the hurrying crowd from a side street. I stopped one and asked her to buy my wares. She gave a jerky little turn toward the lady who was following her with, “ There, Mariar Ann, I told you I’d be swatted before I could get back to home, but I didn’t think it would be before I’d sot my foot on the ground ten times! ”

But the strangest part of it all was that the people whom we thought were too poor to ask were the most willing givers. Two young Italians with their shovels under their arms stopped us and asked, “ We want know why for people give you money. ” We explained as well as we could in a few words. They looked at us eagerly and seriously, and then each put his hand in his pocket and drew out a quarter. A well-dressed, aristocratic banker with a cane gave me a dollar and

a sample of his patronizing air, but I think the Italians' quarters really meant more.

An auto stopped along the street and the chauffeur was immediately asked to "Help along the cause." "Well, you see it's like this," he answered. "If you could sell me a swatter and then give me a written receipt for it so I could exhibit it as proof to everybody else that asked me that I'm not a tight-wad, I'd be perfectly willing to buy it. Anyway I can't cart one of them things around on a cold day like this without a fly in sight!" That was the best excuse we got, with the exception of the bootblack, who said, "We aren't afflicted with flies at the Ten Eyck!"

Further down the street a crowd of young baseball players, fully equipped with the usual amount of bats and balls and wire cages and chewing gum and grins, came up. Now I thought, "Here's my chance!" I held out a fly-swatter to the first boy with the usual plea. He looked at the swatter a minute and said, "Why, you know, I'm just going over to catch some flies!" The crowd passed on laughing uproariously.

A very dirty, ragged little newsboy passing by with his bundle of papers looked up at me with a look which said, "Now, you see what it's like, don't you!"

HELEN KELSO, '17.

A Revel of Finger-Lake Fairies

Under the blue, star-studded sky the whole world of men slept. Since men are mere mortals they could not know that this was the night of the vine fairies' annual fête. But the trees, the grass, the brooks, the lakes, the vines, and the beautiful grapes all knew.

Had the vineyards not waited, and planned, and hoped for this very night even since the Spring Queen visiting them in the dawn of an April morning, had left the print of her finger tips in swelling brown and green buds? They did not forget as the buds grew and unfolded themselves into broad green leaves which met, and touched, and half-covered each other, until the hillsides were all a waving sea of dark, soft green; a sea on which the winds played, turning up here and there the pale silvery linings of the leaves, until one called them white caps on a rough sea. Then when the blossoms came, dainty feathery, little flowers, hiding their creamy loveliness beneath the abundant foliage, a joyous thrill ran over the hills, saying: "Now the vine fairies will be coming! Now the vine fairies will be coming!"

After the color, and fragrance, and beauty of the blossoms had fled away into Fairyland, came in their places on the vines tiny, round balls of pale green, which grew through the smiles of the Sun God, and through the happy tears of the Rain Queen, until they were as large as acorns. Then through their glistening skin soft tints began to show, blues, reds, and creams, which slowly shaded during the warm days of late summer into purple, maroon, crimson, pink, and greenish-white—the fairies were choosing the colors for their ball gowns.

And now October had come, painting a brighter flush on the smooth, soft cheek of each grape.

* * * * *

A round, golden moon hung high up in the sky, dimming the brilliance of the thousand stars. Its beams traced silvery pathways along the hillsides and across the lake. At one end of the lake the moonlight made the still, satiny surface of the water a gleaming ballroom floor.

A tiny dewdrop fell through the air and struck a white Niagara grape. The vine quivered for an instant, then the skin of the grape burst open and from it slowly emerged a fairy form, clad all in shimmering green of palest hue. The first fairy fluttered her wings and flew gracefully down to the next grape. At a touch from her wing the sleeping spirit awakened and a second fairy, very like the first, swayed on the heavy, creamy cluster. Then together they flew away to whisper the call to others of their imprisoned sisters until all the green fairies should be released.

Another drop of dew fell on the vineyard, and the first Catawba fairy, enveloped in many folds of filmy gauze of deepest maroon, burst open the walls of her prison, and, like the first fairy, flew away to give the magic touch to the other sleeping Catawbas.

Then the Delaware fairies were released, and the rose-pink hues of their soft gowns gleamed in a hundred places along the hills.

At length a hush fell upon the vineyards. The three Fairy Princesses gathered each her own train about her and silently they waited. Through the quiet air fell a single large, bright star. It hung motionless a moment above one corner of the great vineyard and then broke into a million dazzling fragments, which

sparkled, and scintillated like so many chip diamonds above the eastern vineyard and fell in a golden shower upon the dusky clusters there. At their touch the Concord Queen rose majestically through the air up to where the star had hung. She was radiant in her royal purple robes which fell in graceful folds about her. After her came the other Concord fairies in darkest purple like their queen.

When they had all gathered about her, the queen spread her wings and following a moonbeam pathway drifted down to the moonlit lake and over it to the place where fell the brightest light. After her came all the purple Concord fairies, the rose-pink Delawares, the Catawbias in their maroon gowns, and the Niagaras with their pale green garments.

From hill and valley came the guests; tall, stately, graceful fairies of Elm and Maple, shy, laughing Brook sprites, and gentle, timid Grass spirits.

Together the fairies danced upon the shining water, while tiny fireflies glimmered among them. They were as light and as graceful as milkweed down when it floats on the breeze in late summer. They glided easily over the silvery ripples which played upon the water. Dew fell from the sky to refresh them and humming birds brought them sweet nectar distilled from the pollen of fringed, blue-eyed gentians.

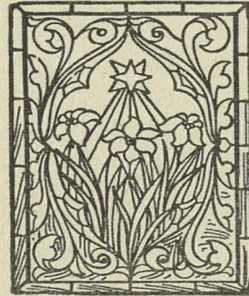
The Majestic Queen of the Revels flitted graciously among her guests, but ever she watched with anxious, half-happy, half-sad eyes the paling stars above her. As she looked one star grew pale and obscure, then faded out, and a Delaware fairy had vanished from the dancing throng. Star after star disappeared, and with each a fairy, until not a rose-pink gown was to be seen on the lake. Then vanished the glowing Catawba fairies with their Princess, and after them

the Niagaras, the spirits of the Trees, of the Brooks, and of the Grass, until the Concord Queen and her train remained alone.

The warm flush of coming morn dyed the eastern sky, and as its brightness grew the purple fairies, too, faded away from sight.

Only the Queen was left to greet the Rising Sun when he shone above the horizon. As his warm rays fell upon the lake a thin vapor rose up about the Queen and hid her from view. Then it rose, and floating on the breeze to the eastern vineyard hung there like a purple haze during all the days of the Autumn.

ETHEL M. HOUCK, '17.



Living in Smith Town

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,

April 8, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

Mother says it is a shame for us to let you be away at that sanitarium a whole week without writing you. It takes such a long time to get moved and it keeps you so busy! When I didn't have anything else to do Mother made me shoo the flies out the back door that the cleaning man let in the front.

Our house is the dearest place. It is lots more convenient than the old one, especially my room, which is so tiny that I can only squeeze in half of a bed, and I have to keep my clothes in the lower half, because there is no clothespress, and dress on the upper half. Whenever I want the window opened or the door closed all I have to do is to reach out of bed to open or close them, respectively.

Your room is much larger and has four windows. Mother is going to let me put that in order all alone. Three of your windows look out upon the next-door neighbor's garden, but of course nothing is growing there now.

It has been dreadfully cold here. We have had to keep the furnace going all the week. It is a hot-water furnace, and it has an arrangement that lets the water run out into the bathtub when it gets too hot. I think that is a very good idea, only this morning it got too hot while I was taking a bath.

This is the funniest neighborhood. All the people are divided into two sets: those who speak to the Smith's and those who don't. Antoinette, eldest daughter of the House of Smith, has announced her

intention of calling on me, and Mother has decreed that we belong to the other set.

At present I don't know a soul here, with the exception of one little red-haired, freckle-faced youngster who spoke to me the first day. We haven't reached the "what's-your-name" stage of acquaintanceship yet, but I have a dreadful suspicion that she is a Smith.

I hope you are not worrying about Muggins. I am taking the very best care of him, and I think he has grown fully an inch. He seems to enjoy his new surroundings very much.

Please do hurry up and get well because I miss you dreadfully; and don't let that money trouble you any longer. It is much more fun to be poor.

Your loving niece,
RUTH.

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,
April 16, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

Did you ever have painter's colic? I don't suppose you ever did, but I have. You see last week I put your room in order. The floor was dreadful. It had been painted red, and over that green, and the green had worn off in a good many places and the red in some. Mother didn't approve of my painting it, but she didn't say I couldn't.

The hours I spent painting it brown
Were filled with many pains for me.
I think they heard my groans all through Smith Town.
Such misery! Such misery!

The rest of your room is to be a surprise for you when you come home.

Oh, dear! I just heard the awfullest squawking noise, and I ran to the window to see what the trouble was, and the man next door was killing a chicken. This is a dreadful neighborhood!

That little red-haired girl I wrote you about is a Smith. I found out yesterday when she came here after her doll. She had been playing with it and had laid it down, and Muggins had ran off with it.

That dog is getting to be a dreadful thief. Yesterday he stole a little boy's cap and the day before he brought home a child's rubber. He has a whole collection of balls that he has brought home from time to time.

I do wish Mother would let me go to the Smiths'. Their cow has a new baby lamb, and I am so anxious to see it.

It is much warmer here now. The trees are beginning to leaf. There is a tree by your window where robins and yellow birds (I don't know what you call them) and *sometimes* orioles sing.

I am sending you a box of cookies that I baked yesterday. I hope you will like them. I learned how to make them at school.

With love,

RUTH.

P. S. — Mother says it is a calf, not a lamb, that the Smiths' cow has. She also says she will write you to-morrow.

R. C.

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,

April 24, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

We all are *so* glad to know you are better. I can hardly wait for you to come home. I am awfully glad you liked my cookies. I am sending you some

more. Don't worry about my painter's colic. It only lasted one day, and the floor is more than worth it.

It didn't hurt half so badly as the tooth I had filled yesterday. Mother took me to the dentist's. And what do you think? He said it was my bi-cussed tooth, and he would have to use a rubber-damn!!! I thought Mother would make me come right home, but she didn't, miserable dicter.

When we got home we found the minister from the church three doors below us awaiting our arrival. He said he wished we would keep our dog in on Monday and Wednesday evenings. It seems they have their choir rehearsal then, and Muggins, who has developed a marvelous tenor voice, has twice entered the church through a door they always keep open and joined in with the choir.

I just got this far when Antoinette Smith called and stayed all the afternoon. She is dreadfully tiresome. I wouldn't go to see her for all the cows and cowets in the neighborhood.

Here comes the mail man.

With love,

RUTH.

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,

April 30, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

Mother received a letter to-day saying that Dr. Mitchell is coming to visit us. Isn't that dreadful! Do you remember how he used to scold me because I couldn't sit still on a chair with my hands folded while he talked for hours about his solar plexus? I don't believe he ever smiled in his life, excepting that time when I lost my balance in church and stood on my head until he came and helped me right side up. That

smile saved me a spanking, too. Do you remember how, as punishment, Mother told me to sit still on a chair for half an hour and meditate upon the enormity of my sin, and how you turned the clock ahead and took me for a soda?

The trees are getting very green around here now. This is going to be the prettiest place. I do hope you will get all well by the time the flowers are out.

Your loving niece,

RUTH.

P. S. — Mother says my letters are the most unsatisfactory things imaginable. She says I cover a great amount of space saying nothing. So here is the news:

1. The weather is fair, and we hope it will continue so.

2. The family, including Muggins, is enjoying the best of health, and hope you are improving rapidly.

3. We broke the hinge on the back door and a man came to fix it yesterday.

4. There is a hoot-owl in the trees near here, and he sings — no I don't believe it is singing — but he makes some kind of a noise all night.

5. We have a nest of wood's-pussies under our back shed. Last evening one of them came out and smelled of me while I was in the yard. It was an exciting moment. We all walk on tip-toe and hold our breath when we go by the shed. Did you ever see a wood's-pussy, Uncle John? They look just like a big black cat only larger, and they have white on their tails. They smell very badly if you touch them. That is why they don't keep them at zoos.

6. Yesterday the Smiths sold their baby calf to a butcher. You can see what kind of a family they are.

This is all the news I can think of.

R. C.

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,

May 8, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN :

Dr. Mitchel has gone home at last. Mother says I disgraced the family. I made a mistake and used salt instead of sugar for the cake I baked and we never found it out until he had eaten a piece.

Then he asked me if I liked to practice, and I said, "No, I don't. It gives me the jim-jams."

He looked horrified and so did Mother. She asked me where I had heard that word, and I said the boy next door had said that rattling a paper gave his rabbits the jim-jams.

"Well, I wouldn't use it again if I were you," she said.

Later she told me it meant delirium tremens and I had supposed it meant nervous.

After that I stayed upstairs and sewed. You know I never made a pocket handkerchief in my life, but while Dr. Mitchel was here I made a whole dress. Mother didn't know a thing about it. It almost made me cross-eyed trying to fit the sleeves in the back. I felt like Muggins when he chases his tail. Sewing is as easy as can be. It is just like geometry. Given an irregular six-sided polyhedron to cover four sides with a rectangular piece of material six yards long and one yard wide.

I know one thing I have to be thankful for next Thanksgiving: that the one and only man in our family isn't anything like Dr. Mitchel.

Aren't you almost well by this time?

Lovingly,

RUTH.

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,
May 12, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

I am writing this while my hair is drying. I just washed it. You see I went to lift the molasses jug off the top shelf and it upset all over me. Mother had to scrape it off with a knife, and she scolded me all the while for being so careless, but I don't think it troubled her half so much as it did me. I looked worse than the time they tarred and feathered me at school with molasses and cotton. You remember, it was when I was initiated into our society.

Mother has allowed me to join a cookery class here. You know I had some cookery before at school. This is just a summer class, and the girls are so funny. We work in pairs, and I have the queerest partner. The first day I washed the dishes and she wiped them. When I felt of the rinsing water it was cold. I told her, and she said:

"Oh, that is only to rinse them in, you know."

The next lesson she asked me what to do with an egg shell.

"Throw it away!" I said.

"Do you?" she asked. "Well, you know I never took cookery before."

Then we made Welch rarebit and she tried to grate two pounds of cheese through a coffee strainer. There was a grater in her desk, but she didn't know what it was for. One day we boiled rice, and you should have seen Mary carefully lift out the upper part of her double boiler and salt the water underneath. I asked her if she thought that would improve the flavor any. When she washes dishes she wipes them on her hand towel and when she washes her hands she wipes them on her dish towel.

Mary's people are poor and have ten children. Just think if she has ten children, and each of them has ten children, and so on, and none of them ever know any more about cookery than they get taught at home, what a dreadful drawback it will be to our nation. Half the girls in our class don't know any more than she does, and yet some people say domestic science is nonsense.

I hope this long letter won't tire you just when you are getting well.

With best love,

RUTH.

SMITH TOWN, N. Y.,

May 16, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

It is too good to be true. I'll be so *dee*-lighted to see you I know I shall squeal right out in the station. And to think those bank men offered you that splendid position! Are you certain sure you are strong enough to take it.

The trees outside your window are all in blossom. There are two apple trees, a cherry tree, and three pear trees. The apple trees are the loveliest things imaginable, all pink and white. They make your room smell so sweet. You will just love it here, I know.

It has been the most glorious day. The sky was such a wonderful shade of blue, with only one or two cottony clouds floating across it. Now it is twilight and the birds are singing beautifully.

But best of all is that you are coming home.

Your excited

RUTH.

P. S. — I haven't anything more to say, but Mother says you won't know this is from me unless I add a postscript.

VIRGINIA HOWARD RAY, '17.

Tranquillity

Just between the two mountains on the opposite side of the lake the moon was rising. Before its ascending brightness the nearest mountain loomed up like a huge black shadow casting its silent influence over the lake. When the glowing disk appeared, it threw a shining path of light across the polished surface of the water. The shadows on either side appeared blacker in contrast, so that the distant shore line was no longer visible. The night air was warm and still, giving one the sensation of drowsiness. There was no breeze to disturb the placid smoothness of the water, not even a rustle among the leaves of the poplar tree near by. All sounds had died away. Birds had sought their nests, crickets were silent, even the bullfrogs had ceased croaking. A hush pervaded the very air while nature slept.

MILDRED C. WHITE, '17.

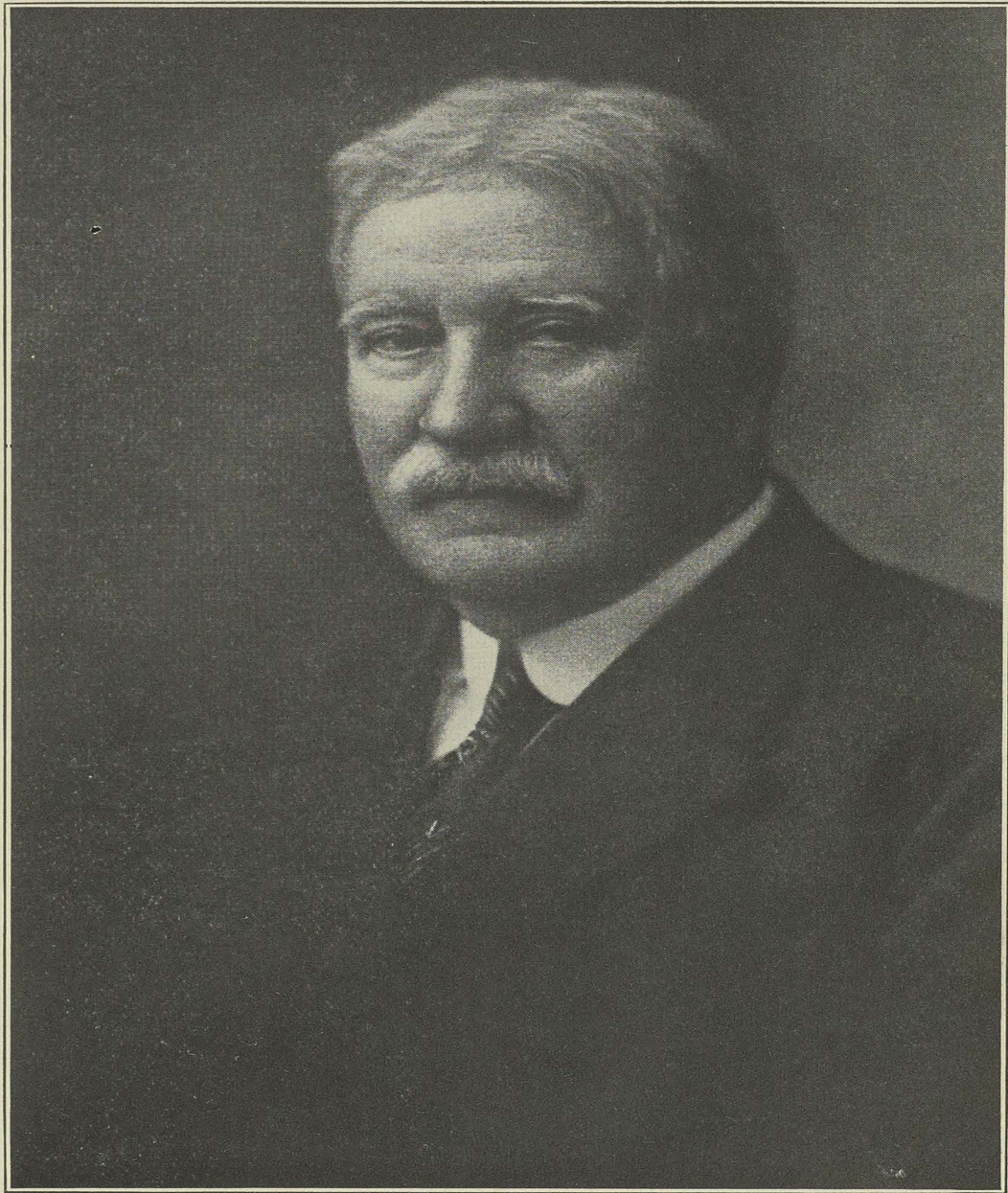


In Memoriam

After a long and honorable career in the service of education in this State William J. Milne, president of the New York State College for Teachers, died in Bethlehem, N. H., on the fourth day of September in the seventy-second year of his age.

He was graduated from the University of Rochester in 1868. From that university he received the degree of A. B., A. M. Ph. D. and LL. D. He was a teacher in the Brockport State Normal School for about four years, and then he became principal of the State Normal School in Geneseo in 1871, where he remained until 1889 when he was chosen to succeed Doctor Waterbury in what was then known as the State Normal School at Albany.

He consented to accept the position as head of this institution with the understanding that the courses and the character of the work should be somewhat changed, and that the institution should no longer be a State Normal School, but should have the title State Normal College. It was his design and desire to make the College what might well have been called an Institute of Pedagogy, in which the science and the art of teaching should be specially emphasized. He aimed to give wide and thorough training to fit young men and women to become teachers. It was his aim to make the courses such that graduates of academic colleges would come to the State Normal College to receive this training with reference to their professional careers. In the course of a few years after he had become president of the Normal College, a large number of graduates of the different colleges became students of this institution and their number continually increased until it seemed as if the desire of



Doctor Milne's heart would be gratified and the College would occupy a singular and unique place among the educational institutions of the country. The value of pedagogical training in addition to scholarship was already beginning to impress the minds of the leading educators and naturally courses in pedagogy were soon offered in almost all colleges, and naturally too, students of these colleges would prefer to take the courses in pedagogy there offered. Fewer students therefore applied for admission to the State Normal College. Doctor Milne was equal to the emergency and he succeeded in having the charter of the College changed so as to give, in addition to the special courses in pedagogy, the regular academic courses of four years. His vision of the possibilities of the union of scholarship and special training was soon justified by the rapid increase of the number of students. Under his wise guidance the institution grew and the quality of the work done by the members of the Faculty and by the students constantly improved. He, himself, would have said that this success was largely the result of the loyalty and fidelity of his associates, but they knew perfectly well, and were glad to confess, that his was the grasp and his was the power that produced results which were so gratifying.

The effectiveness of Doctor Milne's administration was never better shown than in the period between the burning of the old College building and the erection of the present building. Only those who were closely associated with him knew all the labor and the anxiety which rested upon him. The character of the present College building is a monument to his wisdom and his zeal.

Last year, as a result of his long continued and earnest endeavors, the name of the College was

changed to one which more strictly indicates its quality, and he was well content when the institution of which he was president became known as the New York State College for Teachers.

Doctor Milne was not only a very able administrator but he was also a remarkable teacher. He had peculiar gifts of imparting knowledge and of causing his pupils to think for themselves and during the period of almost half a century when he was connected with schools of this State, he brought the influence of his personality and his ideals to bear upon thousands of young men and women. Those whom he taught he never forgot. He was always interested in their success and there can be no doubt that they in turn remembered him and honored him as well. He could be stern when he felt that it was his duty to rebuke any of his pupils, but in his judgment and his treatment of them he was always just. He tried and loved to encourage them in their work and to give them always the benefit of his advice which was the result of his own experience.

The last twenty-five years of Doctor Milne's life were spent in the service of this College and his associates think of him not only as a great administrator and a wonderful teacher, but as a clear and vigorous thinker with unusual power of marshalling arguments and an effective way of meeting and brushing aside objections to them. Some of them have thought that he would have had a remarkable career as a lawyer, but the profession of teacher was the one that appealed most strongly to him. To them also he seemed singularly free from guile and very modest in his estimate of his own ability and of the work that he had done. He was wonderfully kind and sympathetic in his relations to the members of the Faculty and he had an

abundant measure of that fine spirit of charity which thinketh no evil and rejoiceth in good.

Doctor Milne was connected with many organizations and societies whose members respected and honored him and he was an Elder of the Presbyterian Church whose beliefs he cherished and to which he was always loyal. He was a Christian in his faith and in his life and all those who have come under his influence will be thankful that they were permitted to know him.





The Echo

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Editorial Department

"You Never Can Tell"

There was a young maid who said: "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?"

If I give my mind to it,

I surely could do it,

You never can tell 'til you try."

Thus sang an unknown singer, and the little gem seems especially intended for our newest friends and classmates, 1918. Though you are great and mighty in numbers, you are small in experience, and College

has much to give you. It is bringing wonderful opportunities along every line; the best of everything is here for you. Why cannot you return your best efforts? Within four years some one of you will be writing an editorial for the September ECHO; another will be planning the Senior Reception, another, the basketball schedule for that most glorious and successful year, 1917-18. Each one of you will find his place. Begin now to conform to your new environment, to enter into the spirit of your College. Help to make it a spirit of Progress, and Progress will be yours. We do not ask you to forget the Past, but to live in the Present, and "follow the Gleam" to a still more glorious Future. Enter into College life, its work and its play; both are vitally important. And College will bring you — you never can tell!

News Department

Faculty Notes

It is with regret that we hear of Mrs. Mooney's resignation. May she find in the years to come the rest and leisure which are her reward.

We extend the heartiest welcome to our new Professor of English, Harry W. Hastings.

We are glad to have with us Miss Estabrook of the Sargent School of Physical Education. Best wishes for a most successful year!

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. will hold regular meetings every Wednesday afternoon at 4:15 o'clock in the High School chapel. These meetings are led by the students, members of the College Faculty, pastors of Albany

churches and traveling secretaries who come to Albany from time to time. Make them a part of your schedule and you will get an inspiration from them. Come and see what they are like.

There will be many social functions during the year. Try to take advantage of *all* of them — they are planned especially for you. We need your help.

The lunch counter in the lower hall of the Science Building is conducted by the Association. It needs your support in many ways. If you have some spare time, volunteer your services to help.

This Association sent the following girls as delegates to the Eastern Student Conference of Y. W. C. A. at Silver Bay, Lake George, in June: Ruth Eggleston, '15; Lena Knapp, '15; Alice Brown, '15; Doris Smith, '16; Marion Fleming, '15; Clara Anderson, '16; Ethel Reynolds, '15; Carolyn Wamback, '15; Leah Urquhart, '14; Helen Loveless, '16; Pearl Shafer, '15; Grace Matthews, '16; Katherine Ensign, '16; Nellie Clements, '15.

In the past, mission and Bible study classes have been conducted. It is probable that we will have such classes this year. Watch the Bulletin Board for announcements in regard to them.

Our last appeal is for your membership. Join the Association that together we may help others and in so doing be mightily helped.

The College Club

The annual election of officers of the College Club took place May 27, 1914. The result follows:

<i>President</i>	Ruth F. Evans
<i>Vice-President</i>	Marion Chapman
<i>Secretary</i>	Marvel A. Jones
<i>Reporter</i>	Edith O. Wallace

The following were elected to form, with the officers, the Program Committee: Theda A. Mosher, Ethel M. Rose and Marguerite C. McKelligett.

Join this organization! No dues and the best opportunity to hear things worth while!

Promethean

A live Promethean greets you! Come to a meeting if you enjoy poetry, music or debate. All are welcome!

The officers for the coming year are:

President Agnes Futterer
Vice-President Edward L. Long
Secretary Herbert Crozier
Treasurer Mary I. Allen
Parliamentary Censor.. William F. Nusbaum

Borussia

Class of 1918! Borussia welcomes you and hopes that it may have a proportionate number of your class as its members. We have had a successful year, but anticipate more success the coming year.

Come and join us in influencing the students to take a keener interest in the Germans, their language and literature. The only requirement for membership is an interest in German. Our meetings are held every two weeks and are interesting as well as instructive. We desire German speakers at our meetings and are usually fortunate enough to obtain them. Last year Reverend Krahmer of Hudson spoke to us on several occasions, at one time giving an illustrated lecture on "The Rhine." We have also had other German speakers.

At the last meeting of Borussia the following officers were elected:

President.....Hermine Stuckman
Vice-President.....Marguerite McKelligett
Secretary and Treasurer..Carolyn Wamback

Commercial Club

The Commercial Club was formed last year to further the ends of commercial education, and to foster a spirit of loyalty among those pursuing such education. The first year the club did much toward accomplishing its aim.

At the beginning of the second year the club extends a hearty welcome to the new students, and earnestly hopes that those entering the department of Business Administration will soon become members of the club and help in the accomplishment of its desired aim.

College Orchestra

“Wake up,” said the News Editor to the College Orchestra. “Vacation is over and you must ‘get busy’ again.”

“Oh-ho-ho” yawned the Orchestra as she stretched to reach down a portfolio from a dusty music rack, and began to pluck the strings of her silvery band until the harmony that gushed forth shaped itself into Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata. It began with a sad and indefinitely lovely movement, which crept gently through the instruments like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild elfin passage in triple time — a sort of grotesque interlude — like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift *agitato* finale — a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty and vague impulsive terror, which carried

the N. E. away with it on its rustling wings and left her all emotion and wonder.

"Ha, ha," laughed the Orchestra, "you didn't think I could do it, did you? Well, just give me a fair chance and I'll do as well every time."

"That was prettily done, and well," said the N. E., "and I would ask you to repeat it, but I have still fifteen societies to interview before the September ECHO goes to print. Now, what have you been doing all summer?"

"Me? Oh, I've been dreaming. Dreaming dreams that have often been dreamed, but as yet never realized. If you have a few spare moments I will tell you a few of them."

"Fire away," said the N. E.

"The first one I had was about Matriculation Day. I grouped the children together on the stage and let them play away to their hearts' content. They were given a rousing good cheer and many promises of aid by the students at the end of the exercises.

"My next dream was about my birthday. My business manager invited me up to his home on the evening of October fourteenth and, 'believe me,' I had a glorious time. The kiddies played the cutest little tunes, and danced so gay, and ate, and drank, till tears of joy ran down my cheeks.

"I dreamed often of basketball games and other athletic 'stunts' when the gym was filled with people, and everyone had paid an entrance fee too. At these times I was seated in my old corner holding the attention of the crowds between the periods or during the waits.

"Then I dreamed of our Second Musicale. The auditorium was packed to the doors. Ah, how I played that night! It seemed as though the kiddies'

instruments were in the hands of masters. The audience was reluctant to leave the chapel when the last number had been executed.

“But the best of all my dreams is the one of the Easter Vacation Tour. I dreamed that sometime during the previous September the fellows had organized a Men’s Glee Club. At Easter time the glee club and myself were prepared to tour some half dozen towns up-state in joint concert. We did this. It was fun, and we made money enough to hire competent instructors for both organizations for at least a year to come.”

“That last was ‘some’ dream,” said the N. E., “and I wish that it might come true.”

“Thank you,” answered the Orchestra, “there is nothing to prevent it if the people at college will ‘lend a hand’ and the fellows will organize that glee club they’ve promised.”

“That’s right,” replied the N. E., and then slipped softly away, leaving the Orchestra to fathom out whence the members, the funds, the music, the music racks, the time and room for practice, and a thousand-and-one other necessities that an orchestra must provide for, were coming from.

Chemistry Club

The Chemistry Club is an organization of recent origin. Two years ago a small body of students, under the direction of Prof. Bronson and Mr. Kennedy, met in the science lecture room and formed a club, the object of which was to promote an interest in science outside the class room.

In October, 1914, the club met to elect new officers. The following were chosen:

<i>President</i>	Wm. G. Kennedy
<i>Vice-President</i>	Chester A. Wood
<i>Secretary</i>	Helen Denny
<i>Treasurer</i>	Kathryn Breen
<i>Counsellor</i>	Prof. Bronson

This club meets every other Friday at 4.10. At each meeting papers are read by individual members on subjects connected with Science.

In regard to admission :

1. All persons who have had one year of chemistry and are taking another are eligible.
2. All students who have had one year of chemistry and who shall read an original paper before the club are eligible.

The dues are fifty cents a year.

During the year the club goes to various places of interest to science students. Among those which we visited last year are the Cox Malleable Brass Works and the Albany Filtration Plant. During the coming year we expect to visit, among others, The Aniline Dye Works at Rensselaer.

Freshman! Join early and vote for new officers. Come with us on our first trip!

Camera Club

The Camera Club invites all students interested in amateur photography to become members. Regular meetings are held weekly on Monday at 4.10 in room III. The aim of this organization is to give aid to members through discussions, lectures and practical field work. We plan a "Big Year."

Newman Club

Helen Brennan spent the month of July in Utica and Oneida.

Helen Nugent, '14, has accepted a position in Boonville, N. Y. Newman sends heartiest wishes for the success of its former president.

During July Henrietta Haley, '15, spent a week at the home of Celia Casey in Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Anna Moran left Albany August eighth for Asbury Park, where she remained two weeks.

Bea Brice, of Albany, spent the summer at Saratoga, N. Y.

Eva Hayes, '14, will teach Latin in the Albany High School for the coming year.

Helen Clohosy spent a week at Fish Creek Camp, Franklin Co., N. Y.

Celia Casey visited relatives in Mechanicville during July.

Katherine McManus was in New York City during the summer.

Eleanor White spent the summer at Van Wie's Point, N. Y.

Anna Brown, '12, was at Warner's Lake during the month of August.

Genevieve Lonergan spent some time in the Adirondacks and at Cooperstown and vicinity.

Mary O'Reilly, '13, enjoyed three weeks camping at Lake Luzerne.

Newman wishes to extend to Frances Phillips the most sincere sympathy in the loss of her mother.

Mary Haran and Louise Carmody were camping at Lake Champlain during August.

Delta Omega

At a meeting of Delta Omega, held just before the close of College in June, the following officers were elected for the first semester of the year 1914-15:

President.....Ruth Bissell

<i>Vice-President</i>	Agnes Futterer
<i>Treasurer</i>	Edna Albert
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Fannie Leach
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Edith Wallace
<i>Reporter</i>	Hildred Griffin
<i>Critic</i>	Bessie Race

When the College semester began in September, the Delta Omega girls took possession of their new home at 455 Western avenue. The house members include Ruth Bissell, Helen Rosebrook, Fannie Leach, Katherine Odell, Marion Blodgett, Hildred Griffin, Ruth Bayer and Miss Perine.

Marion Blodgett, '17, spent the last week in August at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Edith Wallace, '17, camped for a week in the Helderberg mountains, and later passed two weeks at the Thousand Islands.

Ruth Bissell, '15, spent the month of July visiting in Brooklyn.

Edna Moat, '14, sojourned in Virginia throughout the summer.

Edith Rose, '17, spent a week in camp at the Galway Reservoir.

Bertha Reedy, '17, made a visit in Florida, N. Y., in the month of July.

Mildred Fleming, '16, was at Asbury Park in the latter part of July.

Fannie Leach, '16, spent the first two weeks of the summer at Highland Lake.

Hazel Bennett, '14, is to be at the head of the domestic science department in the high school at Greene, N. Y.

Carolyn Bennett, '17, spent several weeks at the home of her sister in Hartwick, N. Y.

Dorothy Swartout, '16, was at Pittsfield, Mass., some time in July.

Hildred Griffin, '17, spent some time in August at Lake Charlotte, N. Y.

Eta Phi

On the evening of May the twenty-ninth Mrs. Risley entertained the sorority at her home. It was the last meeting of the term and one of the most enjoyable.

Pearl Schafer, '15, and Doris Smith, '16, attended the convention of the Y. W. C. A. at Silver Bay in June.

Theda Mosher, '16, entertained her classmates, Elsie Austin and Doris Quinn, at her home in Northville during part of the month of August.

Geraldine Murray, '15, spent several weeks in New York city during the latter part of August.

Ruth Oliver, '15, was in camp at Lake George for two weeks in August.

Louise Powers, '15, camped for two weeks at Glen Lake, N. Y.

Eta Phi welcomes you to her new home at 40 North Allen street. The house girls are Doris Smith, Myra du Mond, Helen Kelso, Edith Gillespie, Theda Mosher and Louise Powers.

Jennette Campbell, '14, visited Helen Kelso, '17, at Walden, N. Y.

Kappa Delta

Kappa Delta bids you welcome, Freshmen, and wishes you luck through your verdant year.

At the last regular meeting of the Kappa Delta Sorority the following officers were elected:

President.....Helen Denny
Vice-President.....Barbara Pratt
Corresponding Secretary.....Mary Allen
Recording Secretary.....Ann McIntosh
Treasurer.....Harriet Tedford
Critic.....Katherine Ensign
Chaplain.....Mary Dabney
Marshal.....Elizabeth Skinner
Echo Reporter.....Ruth Moseley

Edith Case, '16, and Ann McIntosh, '16, attended the commencement exercises at Yale in June.

Elizabeth Skinner, '17, attended the commencement at Colgate.

Marguerite Stewart, '17, spent part of her vacation near Pittsburg after attending the graduating exercises of the Pennsylvania College for Women.

Minnie Feder, '17, spent a pleasant month at Putnam.

Mildred White, '17, camped at Lake St. Catherine during July.

Edith Case, '16, enjoyed camp life during the month of August.

Mary Allen, '16, spent a delightful fortnight at Long Beach, L. I.

Ruth Moseley, '17, spent a part of the vacation at Buffalo.

Mary Johnston, '16, had a splendid summer in the Adirondacks where she will teach this winter.

Barbara Pratt, '15, visited Bessie Baremore, '15, at Manasquan, N. J., during August.

Helen Denny, '15, enjoyed having her mother east during vacation.

Psi Gamma

Beatrice Wright, '14, spent her vacation at Camp Ken-Jocketee in Vermont.

During August Mary Robbins, '14, visited in Utica and vicinity and in the western part of the State.

Ethel Reynolds, '15, visited in Saratoga the first week in July.

Marguerite Cramphin, '16, spent two weeks in August at Cazenovia Lake

Gertrude Swift, '16, was in Newburgh, N. Y., the latter part of July.

Ethel Reynolds, '15, and Clara Anderson, '16, were at Silver Bay for the Student Conference in June. Miss Anderson also spent a part of her vacation at Skaneateles Lake.

Psi Gamma is glad to hear of Grace Meade's rapid recovery from appendicitis.

The girls in the sorority house this fall are: Grace Meade, Ethel Reynolds, Marion Chapman, Esther Eveleigh, Mildred Hearn, Clara Anderson, Gertrude Swift, Olive Horning, Helen Green, Rea Grover, Emma Summerfield, Arline Newkirk.

Sigma Nu Kappa

The evening of May 20 the following men were received into membership: Joseph T. Sproule, O. O. Saunders, Walter Le Grys, Kolin Hager, Earle Waring, John McCracken, Stanley Fitzgerald, Edward Long, W. J. Ellis, Herbert H. Crozier, Guy Bruce. The initiation ceremonies were concluded by a banquet in the H. E. rooms, at which honorary member Herbert McN. Douglass acted as toastmaster. Ballard L. Bowen, '14, J. H. Ward, '14, and honorary

members A. W. Risley and W. G. Kennedy responded. Members of the sororities served.

The officers elected for 1914-15 are:

President . . . Ballard L. Bowen, '14, P. G. '15

Vice-President Neil Quackenbush, '15

Secretary Clarence A. Hidley, '15

Treasurer Chester Wood, '14, P. G. '15

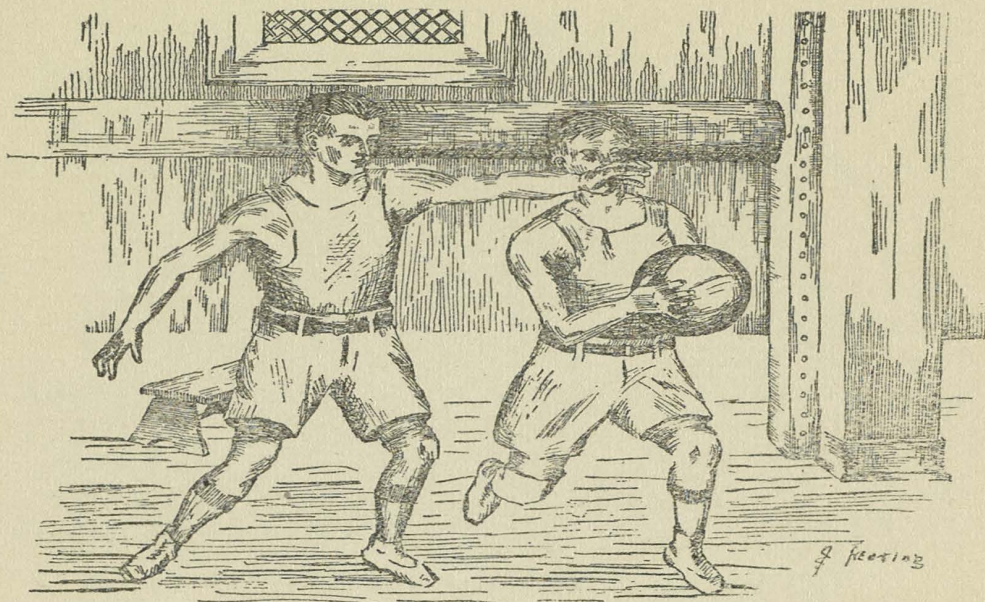
Master of Ceremonies

Orris Emery, '14, P. G. '15

Sergeant-at-Arms Martin Reynolds, '15

The fraternity opened its chapter house September 15. Fraternity members of this year's graduating class are planning to furnish a room in the house to be known as "The '14 Room."





Athletic Department

Athletics! Let it be one of our foremost interests throughout the year 1914-15! Plans for specializing in the various sports are practically completed, and a live and willing interest in the major sport of the College is expected from all. Basketball needs strong, heady men, and rumor has it that the freshman class is to be generously sprinkled with men of the desired type. Vim and earnestness are two characteristics which we urge the freshmen to acquire, if they are not already supplied with a good amount. We want teams which will make the College proud in claiming them, and we began with an unusual record last year. Let's strain every part of us to carry the Purple and Gold far into the heights of Athletic glory. Freshmen, we expect something from you. Stand by your name and join us in the good work. An earnest attempt is always appreciated. *Remember*, when the basketball call is sounded for men!

Girls' Athletic Association

The Athletic Association begins this year with a decidedly "empty" feeling, which will, however, be done away with when we get acquainted with our new director. Miss Dunsford, whom some of us have known for three years, is on leave of absence for a year. Our heartiest welcome to our new instructor and coach! We feel sure that every A. A. girl will give her support in every way.

The winner of the spring Tennis Tournament was Ethel Lansing, '17.

Girls! Watch the bulletin board in the lower hall for all kinds of athletic announcements. Things are beginning now, and now is the time to become interested.

All freshmen should join the Athletic Association at once. The dues are small, but they guarantee a good time.

Alumni Department

The 1914 "Pedagogue"

Miss Fanny Church will teach French and German in Pleasantville, N. Y.

Miss Abby Franklin has a position as instructor in home economics in Waterford, N. Y.

Miss Florence de Gruchy is teaching French and English at Woodbury, N. J.

Miss Winifred Holloran has a position at Tivoli, N. Y.

Miss Jennette Campbell has been taking a course at Cornell University this summer in preparation for teaching home economics and science in Katonah, N. Y.

Miss Lois Atwood has accepted a position at Peekskill, N. Y.

Mr. J. Harry Ward, Miss Ethel Herbert and Miss Laura Sexton are members of the faculty in Lowville Academy. Miss Sexton will teach home economics.

Miss Maude Malcolm, Miss Grace Malcolm and Miss Hazel Guernsey have positions in Malone, N. Y.

Miss Hyla Hanaman will have a position at Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

Miss Beatrice Wright is teaching at Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.

Miss Marjorie Davidson and Miss Jessie Luck will be members of the faculty at Westhampton Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

Mr. Gerald S. Pratt has a position as assistant principal at Spring Valley, N. Y.

Miss Edith Smith is teaching at Horseheads, N. Y.

Mr. Harold Goewey has a position at Wallkill, N. Y.

Miss Anna Rickon is teaching German at Rensselaer, N. Y.

Mr. Earle B. Elmore has a position as principal at Altamont, N. Y.

Miss Jennie Davis and Miss Marion Wheeler are teaching in Northville, N. Y.

Miss Mary Ayers has a splendid position in Utica, N. Y.

Miss Naomi Howells is spending a year abroad traveling in Europe.

Mrs. Mary Hallock has gone as a missionary to Brazil.

Miss Marion Button has accepted a position at Waterford, N. Y.

Miss Edith Casey will teach in Roxbury, N. Y.

Miss Marguerite Pearsall was in camp in July at Chazy Lake, N. Y., with several Wellesley '13 girls.

The following girls were camping at Black Point, Lake George, N. Y., June 30-July 14:

Florence Woodward, '14.

Florence de Gruchy, '14.

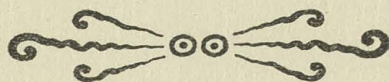
Dell H. Clark, '14.

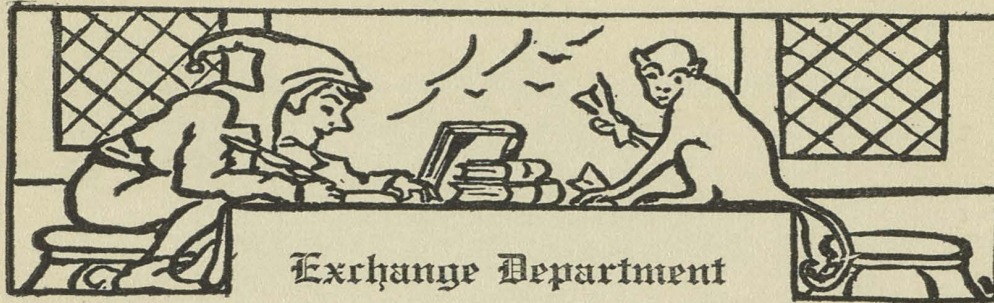
Virginia Kelly, '14.

Katherine Schumann, '15.

Serena Ablett, '14.

Marion Button, '14.





Owing to the comatose state of college papers during the summer, we are able to announce but one exchange. Hendrix College of Conway, Arkansas, delights us by saying that they consider THE ECHO one of the best papers they received.

Joke Department

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a hoax,
Just laugh — don't be too wise.

Listen, Frosh!

While busy making yourself, take a little time to make your friends also.

If defeat leaves you with clearer conscience, it is better than victory.

Trifles make perfection, but there are other things that go along also.

Be careful that when you rise in your own estimation, that flattery is not the yeast employed.

It is better to do good than to be done good.

Helping, However

'15 — Did she ever contribute anything to THE ECHO?

'16 — Not much. Ten cents a month.

A lovers' quarrel, like that other crazy thing called a quilt, is usually patched.

Shun the Fatal Job

The most recent vital statistics issued by the government show that 90 per cent. of the editors of humorous magazines die of pernicious aenemia — Bring on your jokes.

1st Frosh — "What do you have for breakfast?"

2nd Frosh — "Rolls in bed."

Lat. stude testing a fountain pen writes:

"Obiter Dictum, Obiter Dictum, Obiter Dictum."

Fair Clerk — "I think Mr. Dictum will like that point, don't you?"

Though his hair is so red that it hurts,
Edward Long always asserts —

"I really can't see

Why they all laugh at me,

When I wear pink or lavender shirts."

'18 — "Why do they call this dry humor?"

'17 — "Well, I never saw anybody bubbling over the effects of it."

Budding Humorist

"Awfully sorry I can't go with you. I've got a blooming 3 o'clock."

"What in?"

"Botany, naturally."

Prof. B. — "Give three names well known in the history of chem."

Frosh — "Priestly, Lavoisier, and — I didn't get your name."

An optimist is a man who can make lemonade out of the lemon which is handed him.

"Say, where's your room mate gone?"

"He's over eating at the Essex."

"Come out of it! Who ever heard of anyone over-eating at the Essex."

"What time is it? I'm invited to the show and my watch isn't going."

"Why, wasn't it invited?"

Why should we not have women brakemen? Don't they understand trains and switches?

"What's your favorite author of fiction?"

"My son at college."

H. E. Girl Marketing — "Do you keep coffee in the bean?"

Fresh Clerk — "Upstairs, madam; this is the ground floor."

Senior — “ What kind of a boarding house did you find? ”

Frosh — “ Rotten. Sunday nights they paste a picture of an oyster in the bottom of the soup bowl, fill it up with skimmed milk and unskimmed water and call it oyster stew.”

We always laught at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because it's policy.

Freshy — “ What's the difference between a drummer and a barn door? ”

Soph — “ I don't know; what is it? ”

Freshy — “ One is a barn door and the other is a darn bore.”

The overshoes complained that they were always worn out in bad weather, and the umbrella replied, “ I am used up myself.”

Don't expect pay for being good,
Be good-for-nothing.

Index to Advertisers

BOOKS:

American Book Co., 100 Washington Square, New York.

Kimball Bros., 618 Broadway.

John S. Murray, 88 Maiden Lane.

CLOTHING:

Steefel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

CONFECTIONERY:

R. E. Bliven, 251 Central Avenue.

The Sign of the Golden Robin, 31 Steuben Street.

DRUGS:

Schneible's Pharmacy, Western and Lake Avenues.

FLOWERS:

Eyres, 11 North Pearl Street.

Hazeltine, 32 Central Avenue.

Whittle & Riggs, 93 Hudson Avenue.

FURNISHINGS:

Dawson's, 259 Central Avenue.

A. L. Crowley & Co., 211 Central Avenue.

GIFTS:

The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

GROCERIES:

J. Barbagallo, 466 Washington Avenue.

G. Koretz, 470 Washington Avenue.

JEWELRY:

H. W. Anteman, 23 James Street.

Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.

Warren & Co., 108 Fulton Street, New York.

LUNCH :

Essex Lunch, 295 Central Avenue.

White Lintie Tea Rooms, 61 Columbia Street.

MASONS :

Collins Bros., 82 State Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS :

Brown, 55 North Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES :

W. C. Carland Co., 31 Maiden Lane.

F. E. Colwell & Co., 459 Broadway.

PRINTING :

Hamilton Printing Co., 240 Hamilton Street.

SCHOOLS :

Albany School of Fine Arts, 52 Swan Street.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES :

Abram De Blaey, 422-424 Broadway.

SHOE REPAIRING :

J. Barbagallo, 464 Washington Avenue.



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A. L. CROWLEY & CO.
THE WEST END SHOP

We thank you for your patronage during our first year—It was gratifying to know our efforts to please you were appreciated. We tried hard to satisfy you—knowing that *satisfaction means more business*—We hope to supply a goodly share of your wants this year.

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All Necessary School Supplies

Simplex Note Books, Paper to fit in all ruling Popular Numbers
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Second door below State Street

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Strictly First Class at moderate Price

Dainty

Sanitary

Appetizing



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18 South Pearl Street

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ALBANY, N. Y.

376 River Street

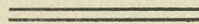
7-9 River Street

TROY, N. Y.

== J. BARBAGALLO ==

SHOES REPAIRED AT THE SHOE
HOSPITAL

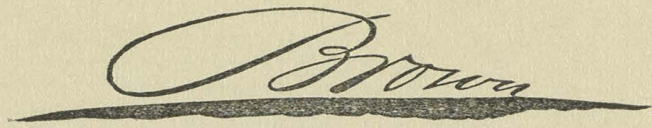
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DESERVING OF AN OCCASIONAL BOX
OR CORSAGE OF MY BEAUTIFUL
FLOWERS—THE MOST APPROPRIATE
OF ALL REMEMBRANCES.

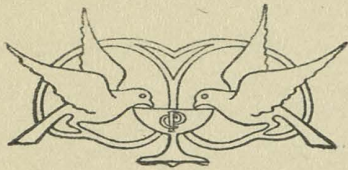
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Lookers and Buyers, alike Welcome

29 STEUBEN ST. (Two doors below North Pearl St.)

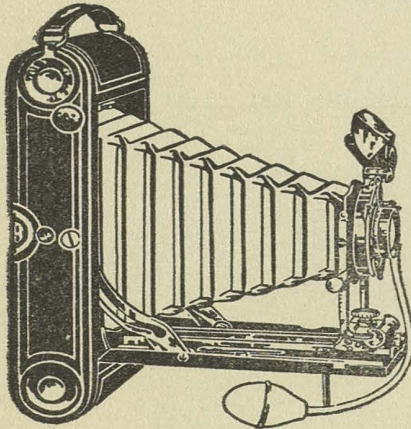
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25 cents

Phone Main 832

Business Womans' Supper
5:30 to 7 P. M.
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*Fall styles in the "Gold Bond" guaranteed hats in the
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