





# **-THE-ECHO-**



**October, 1910**

**Albany,**

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**New York**

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## THE ECHO

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# THE ECHO

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XIX

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 2

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## Literary Department

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### The Accounting.

#### I

These were killed at the storming of the hill;  
These were made captive at the will  
Of the rampant southron; in his land  
They died, with throttling of the fiends of pain  
That hates make ally; these brought back from war  
The remnant of exhausted life, and drank  
The cup of death at their own door.  
These stronger sons and fortunate again  
Bore trades and traits of peace, the vow  
Of fire-side loyalties, the hand  
Of friends, till one by one, they also sank.  
There stand the aging heroes, men  
Whom time's black funeral car  
Speeds back and forth for now.

## THE ECHO

The slanting head-stones crumble, and the words  
 That once told heart-break are effaced;  
 The rock-hewn sepulchres collapse; the hordes  
 Of dead men's lives are traced  
 Alone as hordes, in mass.  
 Men pass  
 And are gone  
 As the flowers we sow,  
 Gone as the seeds of harvests grown  
 And gathered centuries ago.

## II

Yea, soul, gone as the seeds go  
 And gone as the flower.  
 The fragrance and the multiplying power  
 Of hearts heroic shall know no throe  
 Of end. As sure as God's world moves  
 He cannot die, who loves.  
 Who serves, he rules, in crowned state;  
 Who yields, in seeming uselessness, to fate,  
 Let him but yield vicarious breath,  
 Shall find at his life's western gate  
 The way leads on, past Death.

Gone as the flowers go!  
 The colors of brave deeds to re-appear in show  
 Of bravery hereafter; all the sum  
 Of petals bounding this day's hope transfused  
 To embower the rising hopes of time to come;  
 The perfume of renunciatory losses used  
 For incense of the altar fire in Heaven's high dome.

R. H. KIRTLAND.

(Read at the unveiling of the Soldiers' Memorial Tablet, State  
 Normal College, Albany, N. Y., June, 1910.)

## Tablet to Soldiers of Normal College.

*In Honor of the Graduates of New York State Normal  
College who fell in Defence of Their Country*

1861-1865.

### FELL IN BATTLE.

- '46 Charles L. Brown, Malvern Hill, '62.
- '52 James Guffin, Atlanta, '64.
- '53 James Cheney, Spotsylvania, '64.
- 57 William Gregory, Pittsburg Landing, '62.
- '58 George W. Fox, Fort Albany, '61.
- '59 William C. Hollis, 2nd Bull Run, '62.
- '59 James R. Sprague, Picket Line, N. C., '65.
- '62 Robert B. Darling, Petersburg, '64.
- '62 Wallace B. Hard, Cold Harbor, '64.
- '62 Elbert Traver, Gettysburg, '63.

### DIED IN HOSPITAL.

- '46 C. Herman Stevens, Fort Hudson, La., '63.
- '49 Henry D. Hughes, Port Hudson, La., '62.
- '49 Norman Allen, Missouri, '63.
- '49 Stephen S. Read, Memphis, '64.
- '54 Richard D. Carmichael, Vicksburg, '63.
- '60 Hubbard H. Barrett, Washington, '63.
- '60 John L. Barrick, Washington, '62.
- '61 Asa L. Howard, Washington, '64.

ALBERT N. HUSTED,

DAVID P. AUSTIN,

WM. J. MILNE,

Committee of Erection.

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The special feature of the first commencement day of the New

York State Normal College in its new building on Western avenue was the unveiling of the Soldiers' Memorial Tablet in College hall. The old tablet, commemorating the brave boys of the Normal College company in the Civil war, was destroyed when the old building was burned to the ground, and it was fitting that the alumni should replace it on the first great festival day in the new home of the college.

The unveiling took place June 21, with a special program of significant associations, following the alumni dinner and business meeting, and addresses by the president of the alumni, Mr. Wm. M. Strong, '98, Dr. Wm. J. Milne, president of the college, Dr. David S. Draper, Commissioner of Education. The tablet was unveiled by the son of Captain Kimball, Mr. Walter C. Kimball, and the niece of William B. Gregory, '57, Miss Bessie A. Gregory. There was a memorial poem by Prof. Richmond H. Kirtland, head of the English Department of the college, and Dr. Albert N. Husted, '55, captain of Company E, 44th New York Volunteers, 1862-'64, made the following address in presenting the tablet to the State:

Forty-eight years ago to-day our country was in the very throes of the Civil war. It was the darkest and most discouraging period of that mighty conflict. The war had lasted for more than a year; half a million men had volunteered in support of the national government, but very little had been accomplished. Defeat and disaster had attended our armies. It is impossible to picture the gloom which darkened our national sky during the months of June and July, 1862. The crushing defeat of McClellan's magnificent army in the "Peninsular Campaign," and the northward march of the victorious rebel host had awakened the North to a full sense of the magnitude of the Slaveholders' Rebellion. President Lincoln called for 300,000 more men; the response was immediate and ample. Our young men from the schools and colleges, from the shops, the manufactories and the farms, rallied to the national standard. One consequence of



this outburst of patriotism was the formation of the "Normal School Company" of one hundred men,—as fine a body of citizens as ever shouldered rifles, volunteers, every one, and not one of them ever deserted. Our professor of mathematics, Rodney G. Kimball, was chosen captain, he who now addresses you was a lieutenant. For more than two years it was my privilege to share the dangers, hardships and glories of this band of brave and trusty men. Of the twelve "greatest battles" of the war our company was on the "firing line" in seven,—Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and the nine months' "Siege of Petersburg." All these took liberal toll of our rapidly depleting ranks. Seventeen fell in battle; twenty received wounds which did not prove fatal; eight died of diseases contracted in the service. Thus twenty-five members of the company, while still wearing the blue uniform crowned consecration to country with "the last full measure of devotion." How many more of their lives were shortened by their army service and what was the measure of their sacrifice and suffering we can never know. President Cochran in his address at the unveiling of the former tablet said of our first captain, "The hardships of a soldier's life broke his health and he was discharged as an invalid. He gave his life to his country as truly as if he had fallen on the field of Fredericksburg."

Seven, of the hundred enlisted men, passed their examinations and were commissioned as officers of United States colored troops—five of them as captains; seven others received commissions in New York volunteer regiments.

Let us now turn our attention for a few minutes more especially to the names which have been disclosed in your presence. You may have noticed that the tablet bears no record of difference in rank. This we think is as it should be. All these men were capable and worthy of positions of honor and command. If commissions and commands were offered them, they would command; if muskets and bayonets were offered them, they

would march in the ranks as privates; the harder the work and the greater the sacrifice, the greater should be our appreciation of their patriotic devotion. But not all wore the private's uniform. Brown, first in the upper group, was major of his regiment; Cheney, third, on the list, was a first lieutenant; Hard, ninth on the list, was also a lieutenant.

In the second group, Hughes, true to his name, raised a regiment and was its colonel; Allen was a captain; Howard, last in the group, was a lieutenant. Six of the eighteen were commissioned officers—we bestow equal honor on them all.

Why did these, our young brothers, offer themselves as a sacrifice at their country's altar? Let our greatest English dramatist answer. Each one of them would have said with him, "I do love my country's good with a respect more tender, more holy and profound than mine own life." All of them surrendered the joys and comforts of home, the prospects of success, usefulness and happiness in their chosen profession. All of them voluntarily assumed the hardships, privations and dangers of camp and field; the stress and strain of the long marches, by day and by night, the lonely and dangerous vigil of the picket line; the soldier's daily fare of hard-tack and salt-pork; the sick soldier's hard bed and ungentle care in the field hospital; starvation in a southern prison; wounds and death on the field of battle. All these, and more, every soldier assumed on his oath to bear "true allegiance to the United States of America," and to "obey the orders of the officers appointed over him."

On the field of battle, the dead are, of necessity, hastily buried—if indeed buried at all—in shallow trenches. The blue uniform of our "Fell in Battle" was both their shroud and their coffin. No mausoleum marks their last resting place. When a grateful country gathered in the National cemetery at Fredericksburg, the whitened skeletons of 15,000 of her sons who fell in the battles, so obstinately contested on the west side of the Rappahannock, all she could place on the simple stones, which

mark the graves of more than twelve thousand of them, was the one word "Unknown."

Ten years ago, almost this very day, as many of you remember, there was unveiled in the auditorium of our Willett street building, a tablet of which this, while not a replica, is, substantially a duplicate. That tablet was destroyed when the tinder-box building was burned on the night of January 8, 1906. This tablet, made possible, like the former one, by the generous contribution of our college president, supplemented by alumni offerings, represents in some small degree at least, the appreciation of the graduates of this institution for those who gave their lives, their all, to "save the State."

This new tablet, protected by a stately edifice of steel and concrete, will endure for centuries, a perpetual object lesson in patriotism for those who within these walls, shall be best taught how to train our youth for life and for citizenship in our great republic.

We are fortunate in securing the presence on this occasion of two sons of veterans of the Civil war. The father of President Strong served for two years in the 141st Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers. The father of Mr. Kimball, as you have already learned, was the first captain of the Normal School company.

We are greatly honored, also, by the presence of our State commissioner of education, the Hon. Andrew Sloan Draper, and it is surely a happy coincidence that, on this day of June, we celebrate, not only the unveiling of this beautiful tablet, but also the natal day of him who accepts it.

To you, Commissioner Draper, representing the State of New York, I, acting on behalf of the Alumni Association of the New York State Normal College, now tender this tablet—an offering consecrated to the memory of our heroic dead whose names it emblazons in enduring bronze.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, commissioner of education, in accept-

ing the tablet on behalf of the State, said:

I was never a student in this institution and, of course, I am not a member of the alumni association, but I have been so closely associated with it for so long a period of time that I am sure there is no one more interested in its affairs. I have had many relatives who were students at the Normal College, uncles and aunts and cousins, and so you see I have been associated with it, and for more than 28 years, barring the period when I was absent from the State, I have been upon the governing board. I have seen two buildings erected and furnished and I have had something to do with shaping its policies, and I think, even had a marked influence in naming the members of its faculty. I am minded to say that Dr. Milne would not be here to-day but for a thing that I did more than 20 years ago. Therefore possibly I have the right to claim to be a sort of brother-in-law, or step-son, or grandfather to this institution.

When from the porch of my house on that cold January night in 1906, I saw the old building go up in flames, the thing that I thought of first and above all else, and the thing about which I first spoke to the president of the college, was the tablet to the Normal soldier dead. I wondered if the old bronze tablet that kept fresh in your minds the memories of men that had gone out into the Union army, had perished, and while my grief about the destruction of the old building was not altogether uncontrollable, I was really depressed and felt sad that the tablet had perished in the flame. It is a very great satisfaction to me that the alumni of this institution have joined together and prepared another and placed it upon the walls of this beautiful new structure. It could have found ways of spending more money, but it could have done nothing that would have gone further to inspire the coming generation of teachers than it did in the preparation of this new tablet.

I remember the days of the Civil war—not many do. Fighting is bad business, but there are some things that are worse.

Dishonorable submission is worse than contention. Men who went into the ranks of the Union army were moved by conscience to engage in a righteous contest, even though it did involve fighting. This nation has never but once engaged in a war that might be termed unconscionable. The Mexican war was the result of the effort of the slave power in this country to enlarge slave territory. That will be the judgment of history and will hardly be denied anywhere, but aside from that contest we have never had an unconscionable war.

The Civil war was from both points of view a conscionable war. It has been very difficult for us to see the issues of the war from the southern standpoint. Probably we never will be able to look upon the contest from the point of view of the South. It was a righteous and conscionable war from both points of view, however. The men who formed the army were citizens as well as soldiers.

Never before was there such an army as the one that was called into being by Lincoln's demands.

I recall the circumstances of the war very well; a boy always does. Where this building now stands was out into the country, a considerable distance out from the heart of the city; few people came out so far. Albany was the great gathering place of troops. From all sections of the State they were sent here to be drilled and trained. The old camp-ground, while out of the city, was still east of where Lake avenue now is. Near where Dudley Observatory now stands were the barracks. As a boy I was attracted by the glare, and the parade and the show. I very well recall seeing a most spectacular sight, the 44th New York regiment marching down State street on its way to the front. The Normal company later became part of it. It was the finest regiment that left the city or State. The original plan of the regiment was to accept two specially selected men who would be representative of the best patriotism. Colonel Ellsworth had been killed because of his rash but patriotic act

in pulling down a rebel flag at Alexandria. This great regiment was organized to avenge the death of Ellsworth and was called "The Ellsworth Avengers." Eleven hundred men marched in that great array and one hundred boys formed the fife and drum corps. If that was not enough to stir the soul of any boy, I don't know what was. I remember the colonel's horse. The Lily of the Valley was not to be compared with it.

The 44th regiment was the most magnificent expression of patriotism, exerted by intelligent and righteous men, that I ever saw.

It was a great thing that the Normal school at Albany should have been aroused by the terrible circumstances that occurred from June to July, 1862. It is a great thing in the history of this institution that so many of its men rose to the highest demands that could be made upon manhood in the darkest hour in the history of this country. It will always have a telling influence on the history of this institution.

It was a great thing that this school should organize a company and have a definite part of that great struggle for the safety of the nation. Not many schools did such a thing. I express my appreciation of the act of the alumni of the Normal College in providing a second time this bronze tablet which will keep in the minds of coming generations of students not these names so particularly perhaps, because that would be impossible, and the personal element has largely disappeared, but it will keep in the minds of the students the devotion of the Normal College to the interests that the flag stands for; and in this spirit and with this thought I return to the association of the Normal College Alumni my very sincere acknowledgment for the preparation of this tablet, and I trust that it will stand here through generations and generations that are to come.

## The Story of Pride's Purge

The light was already beginning to fade in the London streets although it was only four o'clock. The gathering clouds of a snowstorm obscured the low December sun and sent a chill through the air. The wind hurtled through the bare branches of the trees and came into the house with a menacing swirl as Martha Pride opened the door for her departing guest.

"Colonel Pride will soon be here," she remarked. "It will be better if he does not meet you, Lord Landen. I will do what I can to prevent him from carrying out his purpose, but I can do more if he is not angry, and he will be if he knows you have been here."

"I will take good care that we do not meet, Madam, but there is little need, for he will stay late at the session. Parliament is having a stormy time and I only came away to warn you of the danger. If anyone had told me a few years ago that by 1648 men would be ready to turn on King Charles like this, I should not have believed it. He is to be conciliated and above all released from prison. It is an outrage, Madam, an outrage. But enough. I must go now, so, goodnight and may success attend your efforts. Don't forget to be at the gate as soon as you can."

"Good night, my lord; I will do my best." She closed the door and went to the window to watch for her husband and arrange in her mind what she should say to him. It was clear that he must be prevented from doing anything rash. For some time she pondered and the minutes flew by as she waited. The servants knew better than to disturb their mistress' reverie, so the evening meal was deferred until the arrival of the master of the house.

It was late in the evening when he came in, tired and hungry. The marks of worry were on his forehead and he scarcely more

than greeted his wife.

"I shall have something to tell you after supper," he said and she wisely bided her time, knowing that an excellent meal with wine would decidedly better his temper and make him more amenable to reason.

After the servants had retired, the Colonel turned to his wife.

"Well, Martha, they voted for reconciliation with the king. There are too many royalists in Parliament. They need to be rooted out."

"But, William, what would you have? Surely, the king must rule, even though he is not always wise. Where would our country be, if it were not for him?"

"It would be far better off than it is now; that is certain," he exclaimed hotly. "Pretty men, those cavaliers are. They would let the king do as he pleased without regard to our ancient liberties. Better ask what will become of us if we let this go on. What about the ship money? Heaven knows what hair brained scheme he will have next."

"You are tired to-night, William, and excited. It has been a hard day for you. I hope it will be better to-morrow and that the king will be brought back as soon as possible."

"He is safe enough in the Isle of Wight and if he is brought back, I hope it will be to the block. Our people have stood tyranny from him enough, with his divine right of kings. Did God make men with brains and wit to be trampled under foot? Look at Cromwell! If he were king we might stand it. He wouldn't demand unrighteous taxes and submit to the rule of weak, unmanly favorites as Charles has to Buckingham. *That* scoundrel is out of the way and that is one good thing. It only remains for the other to follow him.

"Oh, William, you won't do anything violent, will you?" she pleaded. "It will only turn back on yourself and then what should I do without my husband?"

"I shall obey the orders of our commander, whatever the con-



sequences to myself. I must serve my country. Would you have me a traitor to my land? No, I know you wouldn't, but you can't see it as I do, Martha. Best stay at home and wear your pretty gowns and not try to meddle with politics. They aren't a woman's work."

"But tell me what you are going to do, William. I shall worry all the time if you don't."

"My orders are secret. All I can tell you is that I must have breakfast by seven sharp. You will please tell the cook."

"I think you might tell me. I am your wife."

"I can tell no one."

"Then you don't trust me." She turned away as though to conceal tears.

"You must not think that."

"How can I help it?"

"You must. I *can't* tell you." He pressed his lips firmly together and walked out of the room with a firm military stride. She heard him climb the stairs and then a latch rattled and the door closed behind him.

For a moment she stood listening lest he might return. The sound of a boot dropped heavily on the floor above reassured her even as it startled her. She went to the back of the house, then treading softly and starting guiltily as the other boot struck the floor. She paused and listened. A board creaked over her head. She heard him walking. A door! Was he coming down after all? No, she heard the tread of his feet again. She seized a cloak from the wall and threw it about her. Again she paused. All was silent. "It is for my king," she whispered to herself. "My husband or my king. No, my country shall come first. Didn't he put it first himself? He would not tell me his plans. Why should I tell him mine? I will be true to my king."

On tiptoe she ran to a door at the side and back of the house. She fumbled with the lock, not daring to strike a light. Besides

there was not time. At last the bolt yielded and the door opened suddenly. A gust of sleet and rain blew in her face and the door banged against the heavy deal table behind it. Again she was startled, but she peered out into the night. It was dark as pitch. Were it not for a ray of light which came through a window of the dining room on that side she could have seen nothing at all. Even this ray seemed to intensify the darkness around. She ventured forth, feeling her way. Suppose he were not there! Would he wait in this storm? He must be half frozen. She shivered. She crept along the house until she came to the light spot. There she paused a second, in the glow. A low whistle came to her above the noise of the storm. In another minute he was beside her.

“Is it you, my lord?”

“Yes, it is I. I feared you had deserted us. It is late.”

“I know, but I couldn’t help it. He only just went up. If he should see us—”

“No danger. His room is on the other side, is it not? Yes, I thought so. Well, what news? You must not stand here long.”

“I could do nothing but advise caution for my sake. He will not tell me his plans. I only know—oh, I shouldn’t tell. He would hate me.”

“It is for your being. You must tell. What do you know?”

“Only that he wants an early breakfast.”

“You know why. You must tell me. Come. Hurry.”

“I don’t know. Truly, I don’t. He has orders and he *will* obey. He would tell me no more. Good night.” She turned and fled. He went as he came, through a wide space in the gate. It was rather wet work squeezing through, but he could not ask her to come the full length of the alley to open it, in a storm like that.

The morning dawned cold and clear, with a freezing wind. The sleet lay packed on the ground in a way to make walking precarious. Before the House of Parliament it lay in a wide

shimmering sheet under the sparkling sun. The place had been cleared of trees long ago. Promptly at eight o'clock a company of cavalry rode up to the door of the Hall and surrounded the entrance. The horses snorted impatiently in the frosty air. The men sat uneasily in their saddles. There was suspense in the air. On and out among the soldiers rode a tall militant figure. He gave low voiced commands. "I think it is safe to admit Winton, Lord Landen?" "For heaven's sake, no. He is one of the leaders of the king's men, though some do not know it." So Colonel Pride charged his men concerning one and another of the members of Parliament. For half an hour they waited ere the first of the members arrived. A number passed in with friendly nods to the officers. Some half hesitated and finally passed in. A few, faint-hearted, turned away when they saw the soldiers. Then came a crowd of some dozen lords. They looked askance at the soldiers, and muttered:

"What does it mean?"

They were soon to know. As they approached the entrance they were confronted by a solid line of horses. They waited a decent length of time for the ranks to open and let them pass. No one stirred. Finally a voice from among the lords called out:

"Here, make way there, you fellows."

No one stirred.

"Well, if we must, we can cut our way through." They drew their swords. They heard a sharp command and looked up to see a long row of glistening steel. A mocking voice called out. It was that of the Colonel himself:

"How many are there of you, Lord Landen, that you pit yourself against five hundred? Best withdraw before we fire."

Lord Landen blushed red with shame and annoyance. He bit his lip to obtain self control. One of his companions, less wise, blurted out, "You shall pay for this, Pride. We will go now, but—"

The sentence was not finished. A shot rang out, any my lord's

uplifted arm dropped limply to his side. The lords fled then in hasty confusion, overpowered by numbers.

So it went on. Little groups continued to arrive, some to be admitted, many more to be turned away. Throughout the day, the army watched outside the door. The clank of bits and saddles continued and the tramp of horses' hoofs. Not a conservative saw the inside of that building. Pride's purge held them at a distance.

Inside the hall, amid hot debate and invective, sat the remnant of Parliament called "the Rump." They stayed on, that day and on those following, by right of protection by the army. They stayed until they had voted away the life of their king. What could the cavaliers do, with the army in power and ruling over Parliament! The king's forces were scattered and unorganized. Cromwell had men like Purge to uphold him, men loyal to the last breath. And so it came to pass.

On the evening of January thirtieth, Martha Purge again sat by her window, waiting for her husband's return. Many emotions wrestled in her heart; grief for her king, disappointment at her own defeat, contempt for Lord Landen, pride in her husband's success. As night fell, he came in, that strong, courageous man. What should she say to him? Was she a traitor to her king, if she were glad?

His voice penetrated the tumult of her mind. "The king is dead."

"The king is dead?" she repeated, half incredulously. It was hard to believe that the royalists had not saved him at the last minute and yet she knew, had known all the time, that it was true he must die.

"Yes, dead, beheaded before his palace at Whitehall to-day. He was obdurate to the last. I almost believe he really thought he was doing right. It seems incredible."

"Of course he thought he was doing right." She championed him hotly. "It is a disgrace to our country to kill our king. He

was the father of the nation.”

“There, there, now. Best be careful what you say. Cromwell is master now and I am his lieutenant. Would you like to meet the fate of the king?” he asked, half whimsically, half warningly.

She rose from her seat, not knowing what to say. She had turned white with forebodings. He was so obviously the master now. Did he mean that as a threat? She had betrayed her loyalty to the king, more than ever she had done before in his presence. He came toward her. She shrank back. But his arm was about her.

“Best not let others hear you say those things, Martha. They might think things. Of course you do not understand all the bad things the king has done, or you would not be upholding him. I know you are a true woman at heart. But you shouldn't let politics bother you. Leave that to me. The home-making to your part, dear.”

Did he know? No, he could not know how nearly she had betrayed him. How he trusted, how he loved her! How strong and manly he was, how noble! She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

“Yes, the home is my part,” she said, and they went out to dinner together.

GRACE' M. YOUNG, 1913.

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## October

What art can tell of October days? Music upon instruments must move, October hours stand still; paintings are laid on in tangible pigments, October is subtly elusive; statues have outlines fixed in solid media, October is diffused in mellow air;

poets deal in symbolic words,—what symbols can set forth love, or that which is worthy of love? Let a musician attempt in tones the October quality: he gives us 'cello airs in tremulous legato, and he does well; but who shall say his thought is not upon June, or his own Auld Lang Syne? A painter seeks to catch the October evening glow, and with a fervent skill warms his canvas in purple and yellow and red-brown tints, gives trees in bare outline upon the horizon light, hints at a fathomless blue beyond the haze, gives beyond doubt the year a transitional pause. But if he sketch no fruitage nor sign of a harvest home, who shall say whether his colors are warmed by summer departed, or warming with summer to come?

October the exquisite, golden! Month to be lived, but by no means told; giver of days that renew themselves in cumulative memory: one such month would make a year of meagreness worth while.

R. H. K.

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## Chautauqua Scholarships

For years I had planned and dreamed of a summer at Chautauqua. I had read many articles telling of this wonderful "summer city;" had read books describing the advantages and the life there, and I determined that I too should some day enjoy its privileges. I little dreamed that the day would come so soon. . .

Several of the girls at S. N. C. had talked of some kind of work there some year and also of taking summer school work. I had spent several summers at Silver Bay and knew the advantages of life at the places named, so I, too, applied for office work at Chautauqua. Shortly I received a letter from the Secretary of Instruction, (for my letter had been handed to him,) describ-

ing the Scholarship plan which was being introduced for the first time, and enclosing an application blank which I was to fill out. Perhaps you would like to know more of the requirements.

In the first place the scholarships were limited to include people from New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, only. Then, they must never, or at least within ten years, have taken a full six weeks' course at Chautauqua. They must be bona fide teachers in the public schools definitely engaged for the next ensuing year. They must be in receipt of salaries of more than \$600. They must agree to pursue at least three academic courses throughout the six weeks. They must also write a letter of one thousand words in twenty-four hours, telling why they wished the scholarship, the advantages they expected to receive, and the way the opportunity should be used. In addition three letters of recommendation were required, preferably from superintendent and principal of school in which said teacher was working. The selection of the candidates was made with the co-operation of school authorities.

The full scholarship included all the necessary expenses of a six weeks' course in the regular academic school, including a season gate ticket, lodging at one of the student club houses, and six weeks' board at the College Common. Several girls received half scholarships in which they paid \$25, while Chautauqua Institution gave the rest.

However, I know you wish to hear something of this place. I had seen pictures of it, but pictures did not portray its beauty. I reached there on July 9th and as the work did not begin till the 11th, I spent my time getting acquainted with the other teachers in my club house—the "Glenwood," and seeing the place. Chautauqua is on Lake Chautauqua, in the southwestern part of New York State, about two hours' ride from Buffalo. It is in the country in every sense of the word, still it has all the advantages of the city.

I spent a great part of my first day on College Hill visiting the Hall of Pedagogy, Higgin's Hall, the new Arts and Crafts Building, the College Building, in which all languages are taught, and above all simply feasting on that magnificent view of the lake. I then and there determined that few minutes would be spent indoors, and that if studying were necessary, I should work on that hill in the open. That really is the strong point at Chautauqua—so much of the work is out of doors, and that is why it has advantages over the summer schools of the leading colleges.

I would not do justice to the place if I did not mention the amphitheatre, "the out of door hall." It seats, I believe, eight thousand people, and here at least is one place in the world where people may go to church at the regular church hour and find every single seat taken, and afterwards even chairs are placed in the aisles.

During the summer I had the privilege of hearing Bishop Denient, the founder of Chautauqua; Edward Howard Griggs, lecturer, whose talk on "Ethical Factors in Social Progress" was wonderful; Horace Fletcher of Venice, in his lecture, "The Epicure;" J. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist; Hugh Black, author of "Friendship," etc.; Henry Turner Bailey, author of the "School Arts Book," in his lecture on "The World Beautiful" and "The Home Beautiful;" Ernest Thompson Seton in his illustrated lecture, "Wild Animals I Have Known," in which all of us really got to know "Johnny Bear" and his friends in Yellowstone Park. The New York Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Walter Damrosch, founder of the orchestra, and its conductor for twenty-five years, gave a special program which was rarely enjoyed by everyone. Francis Wilson appeared in "The Little Father of the Wilderness" and the Nicholson Sylvan Players in the "Taming of the Shrew" and "Mr. Cupid." Professor S. H. Clark of the University of Chicago and Principal of the Chautauqua School of Expression gave "Silas



Marner," "Chanticleer" and other readings. I have just given you a hint of some of the good things one may get—all of which are absolutely free, after the payment of the gate fee.

The sports are many and varied—tennis, quoits, base-ball, walks, drives, rowing, sailing, and above all swimming. The bathing beach is well kept and swimming is enjoyed without danger.

I have been asked to tell you something of what one may do there in the line of work. The Hotel Athenseum engages about forty girls, all of whom are college students or teachers, and the best colleges in the east are represented. A great many of the girls in the dining room took courses as well, gaining a great deal which will help in their winter work, besides earning money toward winter expenses. Many girls find work in the Chautauqua Literary Society office, others in the book store, and many work in the college commons or smaller hotels and boarding houses. The men are bell-men, office boys, keepers at the boat-houses and bathing houses and many do dining-room work. In fact, if you wish work of any kind state your urpose and apply to Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y., and I'm sure you'll find what you want.

I have hardly touched on the advantages of the place, have told you nothing of the opportunities along lines of music or art, have given you, I fear, only a vague idea of the place on the whole, but my chief aim is to stimulate and encourage you to see for yourself—and with J. W. Bengough I believe—

## CHAUTAUQUA

(With acknowledgments to the author of "My Mother.")

Where is it that the people go  
Year after year in ceaseless flow  
Because they really must, you know?  
Chautauqua!

## THE ECHO

Where is it that the Present Day,,  
Withdrawing from the frenzied fray,  
Sits down to meditate and pray?  
Chautauqua!

Where is it Femininity  
Dominates the vicinity,  
Where Womankind is in it, Eh?  
Chautauqua!

Where is it that the creature, MAN.  
Beholds inverted Nature's plan,  
And finds himself an "Also ran?"  
Chautauqua!

Where do bear-headed people rush  
From morn' till night, and crowd and push  
And sweetly stand the squeeze and crush?  
Chautauqua!

Where do industrious ladies sit  
List'ning to eloquence and wit,  
The while they tat or sew or knit?  
Chautauqua!

Where, finding that they need a spool,  
A needle or some other tool,  
Do they walk out in manner cool?  
Chautauqua!

Where does the East embrace the West  
And North and South in Union blest  
Join hearts and hands for What is Best?  
Chautauqua!

GERTRUDE INGALLS GIFFORD, S. N. C., '08.

## “American Types”

(Continued.)

The German migration of the nineteenth century was quite distinct from that of the preceding century. The colonial migration was largely caused by religious persecution; but that of the past century was caused by political and economic incentives. The political exiles sought America, bringing their liberalism and religion, and forming with their descendants in American cities, an intellectual aristocracy. They sprang from the middle classes of Germany, and when the wars with Austria and France had provoked the spirit of militarism, many a Hans Friedrich or Ludwig Steinberg left his Vaterland to avoid military service. To his new country, the “home of the free,” he devotes all his whole-souled patriotism, willing to put forth his best effort so long as it is offered of his own free will. He casts aside all the old traditions of his native land, and with his thrifty, characteristic energy, sets at once about the task of forming a good home for his family. In training his children he employs his former simplicity and sternness with the newfound advantages, in developing in them model citizens of their alleged country. So he forms the nucleus of a class of people who combine their energetic thrift and patriotism with the new spirit of liberty, and conscientiously perform their part in developing the national character.

From Italy the migratory stream which had been the merest trickle, has now become the greatest of all foreign tributaries to our population. The Italian who comes to America chiefly from South Italy, is very illiterate, but the most industrious and thrifty of all workingmen. In America he enlists in the great army of laborers, and with his honest toil earns his dollar and fifty cents a day. Wherever a shovel of earth is to be turned or a bed of rock to be blasted, there the Italian contributes his

share to the public welfare, and develops the character typical of the working class of this country.

Side by side with them are descendants of the Austria-Hungarian race, which in reality is a confused medley of races. It is the task of America to lift them up to a patriotism which hitherto they could not know. The Pole in America bends to his task with all the persistency and faithfulness which is acquired in tilling the soil of his native farm. In his old country he was sole master of the few acres which he called his own. But he grew tired of the lazy, dull, monotonous life, without any privileges of liberty so dear to every man, nor advantages for the education of his children. Therefore he came to America, lured by the prospect of developing his own individuality, and peaceably enjoying "liberty, life and the pursuit of happiness." So this country becomes richer every year with citizens of this type of thrift and faithfulness.

The latest source of the migratory stream to America is Russia. During the last score of years almost a million Jews have left Russia, and most of them have come to America. For centuries they had remained in the land of the oppressed, almost content with their wretched lot. But the ten or more years of terrible persecution in the reign of Czar Alexander II, had given an impetus to the awakening Jew. During this period he had become modernized and the Pale was teeming with doctors, lawyers, mathematicians and literary craftsmen.

Twenty years before the Jews would perhaps not have felt the shock so crushingly. But education gives sensitiveness. The tyrant's blows began to hurt more than ever. "To Palestine!" pessimistic dreamers cried. "To America!" said the more energetic element. "America!" became the watchword of the hour. The spirit spread like wild-fire. Young and old, men and women, were seized with the fever. Students with cockades in their hats, old men with long curly beards, rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant—all flocked to the promised land. In Amer-

ica they seek a permanent home, opportunity for development of life and advancement of mind and heart, independence and unity, free institutions and education for their children—these things they ask. In so far as it is given them, so far do they offer to our country their services of genius, talent and industry. While retaining certain racial characteristics they blend into the national life, and have a prominent share in its development, for “conspicuous, ever, has been the fate of the children of Israel.”

The immigrant of to-day is the American of to-morrow. From the time when the first Pilgrim set his foot on Plymouth rock, to the present time, when the immigrant Jew starts on the beaten path to Americanization from his Ghetto-barrier, the same goal has been reached. Though the horizon has broadened, the course has become easier and the prize ever more worth the winning.

Edward A. Steiner, professor in Iowa college, who has always been very much interested in immigration, said: “It has made me grateful that I could stand among those tangling threads out of which our national life is being woven, and see the woof and the warp, and know that the woof is good.” Still the wheel goes spinning on and on, weaving together in its intricate mazes the elements of the best. And when Fate with its mighty shears, slits the last filament, behold! a gold-laced web, delicate in fibre, yet strong in structure. Here are the rich threads of thrift and honesty; here are the precious threads of courage and patriotism. They were gathered singly from our American types, but are woven powerfully, and for all time, into the “One Man”—the American.”

ANNA A. BOOCHEVER, 1912.

## Review Department

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### Review of "Dio, The Athenian."

BY E. F. BURR, D. D.

It is evident that the author of "Dio The Athenian" has made the historical personage "Dion of Syracuse" his hero. Dion was an eminent Greek statesman and patriot, born about 410 B. C. He inherited from his father an immense fortune. His sister Aristomache became the wife of King Dionysius and Dion, because of this, acquired much influence at Court. The courtiers, soon becoming jealous of him, prevailed upon the king to banish him. He left Syracuse and retired to Athens, where he was received with the greatest honor. He attempted to liberate Syracuse by an appeal to arms and entered that city without resistance. He was assassinated by Calippus about 354 B. C.

Since Dion became closely connected with the family of the Dionysii by the marriage of his sister to King Dionysius, we can readily understand how our author has departed somewhat and made his hero Dio, the son of Dionysius, of the Dionysii

It is at the point where "Dion" returns to Athens that the author begins his story and introduces us to Dio, on board a galley which is making its way toward the Piraeus. We see in the moonlight, standing near the prow, a Greek of heroic stature, who is eagerly watching the approach to the Athenian port..

Dr. Burr, the author, states that the object of this work was

to illustrate the natural progress of a cultivated Greek of the first century, from the best form of classical paganism, through the various philosophical schools, most akin to those of our own time, to theoretical and practical Christianity. Being a Doctor of Divinity, the author has probably taken this form in which to reveal to a certain class of people the power of the Christian religion and to draw the attention of those persons who do not read the Bible, or who read it carelessly, to the wonderful events it records, as well as the divine doctrine that it teaches; and to tempt them to seek the inspired sources from which his heroes and heroines derive so much comfort and strength.

This parable, for such it may be called, displays the theological ideas of the writer who speaks to the world through Dio. Indeed, the world, or that part of it which he is desirous to reach, is more likely to listen and heed his words when he is masked.

The author has cleverly represented the time and country in which the scenes are laid, especially in regard to the main features of topography, manners and adventures; he has pursued this path undeviatingly to the close, but not so in regard to opinions and character. Either he has chosen his characters unwisely or he errs in introducing St. Paul. To a writer of Egyptian lore there always remains the privilege of adopting one of several schools of chronology and dynasty, but Greece allows no such privilege. Her statesmen, philosophers, generals; all are clearly defined and portrayed in the pages of history and to be true to them, one must, in writing, represent them as they were.

To my mind, Dr. Burr has erred in the first instance, for, as he has stated above, he is desirous of presenting to his readers some idea of how the gospel was received at Athens. Now Paul did not begin to preach the Christian religion until about 39 A. D., while "Dion" on whom the author has based the story of his hero, was assassinated about 354 B. C. Then, too, the famous Greek philosophers, Leucippus, Epicurus, and Theoph-

rastus, who figure very prominently in the story, are, as far as I can find, the *only eminent* philosophers of those names; and the author introduces them to his readers as living, enthusiastic men of the first century, each teaching his own theory, either in the Lyceum or the Academy. Leucippus, the author of atomic philosophy, lived earlier than 450 B. C. and yet he is represented as teaching the philosophy of Epicurus, who did not live until about 340 B. C., some hundred years later. Even Theophrastus, another eminent Greek philosopher, born 374 B. C., walks and talks with Paul, not through Greek scholars of the first century, but in person.

The story opens, as was mentioned above, with Dio returning to Athens from Rome, whither he had been sent by his father who thought that the best school of arms then to be found was a Roman Camp. On reaching home about midnight, Dio has much difficulty in being admitted by the servants who do not recognize him after his absence of four years. They were loath to admit any one who appeared to be a stranger, especially in the absence of their master and mistress, who had gone to Corinth and Delphi, to see if any news could be had of the fate of their son, because he had failed to arrive after the coming of the galleys known to have started from Italy even later than himself.

Dio excited much admiration throughout Athens, but was unknown, according to his wish, until the return of his parents. During their absence he is obliged to stay an attack made upon the house by ruffians, instigated by one Sinon, who calls himself "The Friend of The People" and who is in reality a rogue and an anarchist. He has a so-called niece, however, with whom Dio falls in love, after meeting her at the apartments of the priestess Lysymache, whom he has consulted concerning the "Unknown God."

Sinon and his son are plotting continuously to overflow the power of the Dionysii and to assassinate Dio. These attempts are made known to him by his old nurse and he and his cousin,



Amphis, depart for Salamis where, with the aid of the servants on the estate, they overcome the ruffians and the Roman soldiers sent by Sinon to plunder. Dio then hastens home to protect the estate at Athens, which had been left with his uncle and the servants. He was also anxious to see his mother and Damaris, the niece of Sinon, whom he had left with his mother after rescuing her from one of the caves on a neighboring island.

Not satisfied with attempting destruction, Sinon continued in his work and caused Dio, as representative of the Dionysii, to be brought before the Epigetes and the Proconsul to answer for disloyalty, atheism, and plotting to overthrow the democracy.

These charges are proved false by opportune witnesses and the tables turn upon Sinon. Aulus, his co-worker in crime, is also sent, under authority, to Rome and is deprived of the proconsulship. The mystery surrounding Damaris, whom very few believed to be the niece of Sinon, is solved and it is found that Sinon had kidnapped her when a child and later had taken possession of the estate which rightfully was hers. She is betrothed to Dio and the story closes with a brilliant pageant, in which St. Paul figures prominently. He came to Athens a few weeks before the wedding and owing to his preaching as well as the influence which Dio had exerted, many of the Athenians were won to the new faith.

Dio and Damaris, the hero and heroine, are noble characters, possessing those beautiful traits of fidelity, honesty and virtue. They are Greeks of the Grand old pattern. Not so Sinon and his son and Aulus, the Proconsul. They are representatives of all that is low, mean, despicable and base. They lived by plotting and counter-plotting; their violence and malevolence of disposition, together with their sentiments seem like glimpses into a foul pit, into which one must descend from lofty Olympus when he departs from Dio and holds converse with Sinon and his followers.

Amphis, the cousin of Dio, is a great-souled youth, unselfish

and loving and who sees in Dio the personification of all that is good and great.

In Hyspate and Dionysius, Dio's mother and father, we see the kind, loving, thoughtful parents and in Epicurus, Theophrastus and Leucippus, we find the founders of those several philosophies which to-day delight the student.

It seems to me that the author has so contrasted the characters of Dio and Sinon purposely to show the difference between living uprightly and honestly and having a fervent, sincere reverence for a Supreme Power and that living which attempts to overthrow democracy; destroy governments; injure mankind whenever he enjoys the love and respect of his fellow citizens.

The author has so vividly presented the various scenes to us that we feel ourselves transported to that land of Hellas where, for a time at least, we become one in thought and feeling with its people. The scene in the cave where Dio rescues Damaris from an untimely death, is so alive with action that the reader's muscles contract, he becomes tense with excitement and at the close of the recital he breathes a sigh of relief as deep as Dio's own.

## Editorials

Owing to the great success of the "Rivals" last spring, it has been decided to present a play annually, under the auspices of THE ECHO. Last year the play committee had great difficulty in selecting members for the cast. As no play had ever been presented by the students, there was absolutely nothing on which to base an opinion as to this or that person's ability as an actor. Now the fact that a student behaves well in Psychology class does not prove that he will be a good actor on the stage; the fact that he composes beautiful English themes does not prove that he can act with beautiful composure; nor does it follow, if he is a shark in mathematics, that he will make a fine figure behind the footlights. So, perforce, the element of chance entered largely into the choosing of a cast. The result, *mirabile dictu*, was very satisfactory. But Chance is a fickle goddess, and this year's play committee will have none of her in choosing its actors.

And here is where you can assist us—yes, *you*, be you haughty senior or humble freshman—if you have ever taken part in a dramatic performance of any sort. Make the fact known, at once, to some member of the play committee, if you know them, or drop a note, stating your experience, in THE ECHO Box. Do not, through false modesty, hide your light under a bushel,—no, even though you think a peck would suffice to conceal it, let it shine forth for what it is worth! In every play, the stars are few, but the candles are many, and a very tiny spark of dramatic ability may be fanned into a most commendable candle, with prospects of becoming a Tungsten burner with practice.

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In our June issue we stated that an ECHO Box was to be placed

in one of the corridors. No doubt, many of you have been looking for this box. In explanation, let us say that we, too, have been looking for it, and, what is more important, we have finally found it, and that it will enter upon its duties in the near future.

We do not intend to run editorials in serial form but, for the information of new students, we will give a brief second installment on the box and its purpose in life. These, then, are the *raisons d'etre* of THE ECHO Box:

1. To receive the news items of all the class and society reporters;
2. To receive criticisms or suggestions for improving THE ECHO;
3. To receive material for publication from students who do not know the members of THE ECHO Board, or who, for any reason, prefer that the authorship of their manuscripts should not be known.

Use THE ECHO Box. All material deposited therein will receive the careful consideration of some member of the staff. In using the Box, you will help us if you will mark on your papers the name of the department to which they belong.

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If you, as organization reporter, do not find in THE ECHO all that you submitted to the news editors, look for it among the alumni notes.

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On the 27th, 28th and 29th of October will be held in the Senate Chamber at the Capitol, the 48th annual University Convention. Here will be presented by way of lecture and open discussion, lively and important educational problems by speakers preeminently qualified for their work. Because we are all

interested in one or more of the subjects concerned, **THE ECHO** has secured a program.

Thursday evening—Address, “Desirable Factors in Other Systems of Education that are Lacking in the American System.” Charles F. Thwing, Ph.D., LL.D., President Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

Friday, 9.30 A. M.—Address, “The Place of Agriculture in Higher Education.” Liberty H. Bailey, M.S.; LL.D., Dean of State College of Agriculture, Ithaca.

Address—“Co-operation Between the State and the College.” Almon Gunnison, D.D., President St. Lawrence University, Canton.

Friday afternoon—Address, “How to Secure Among College Students a Higher Appreciation of Scholarship.” A. Lawrence Lowell, Ph.D., LL.D., President Harvard University. “Our Present Education,” James M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., President Vassar. Discussion general.

Friday evening—“The Man and His Work in Education.” John H. Finley, LL. D., President College of the City of New York. . .

Saturday morning—“How can the High Schools be Made to Serve More Effectively the Interests of the Community?” Charles F. Harper, B.A., Principal Syracuse High School; discussion to be taken up by other high school principals.

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At the last meeting of **THE ECHO** staff Miss Isabel Bigleman was elected assistant news editor to fill the vacancy made by Miss Barrett's failure to return to college work this fall. Miss Barrett had to resign because of sickness in the family. We sincerely hope that next fall may find her again at work on **THE ECHO**.

The following committee was appointed to manage the presentation of THE ECHO play: Ella R. Watson, chairman; Anton Schneider, Samuel Heyford, Myra Young, Helen Schermerhorn, Eva Tillapaugh.

## News Department

The lectures to be delivered before the student body in the auditorium during the coming year are being arranged by a committee of faculty members appointed for that purpose. The lectures of last year were a source of pleasure and information to us all and we shall look forward to the first of the new series as a valuable part of the college year.

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### The Faculty Reception

On Friday evening, September 16, the students of the college enjoyed a reception given by the Faculty. The large entrance hall was decorated with palms, the green of which contrasted very prettily with the white walls and pillars. The attractive reception rooms were also open and offered an opportunity for quiet conversation.

A new feature of this reception was seen in the cards or slips of paper worn by the students; each card bearing the name of the wearer. This greatly aided in the "introduction problem," especially in case of the Freshmen who had not yet recovered from their sense of strangeness, which seemed to render their voices weak; and when the pronunciation of their own names devolved upon them, the inquirer heard but the faint flutter of a sound or two, the rest being left to the imagination.

We were much pleased to see the class of 1910 so well represented at the reception and only hope that the succeeding classes will also think as much of their Alma Mater.

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### Y. W. C. A. Reception

On the following Friday evening, Y. W. C. A. gave its an-

nual reception to the college, which as usual was most thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A delightful program was followed by an equally pleasant social time, with enthusiastic singing of S. N. C. songs. Occasionally a frightened Freshman came out from hiding and fitted stealthily across the floor, usually in the direction of the refreshments. With such as could thus be found, we all tried to become acquainted, with greater or less success.

The program for the evening was as follows:

Soprano Solo.....	Florence Keller
Recitation .....	Hortense Barnett
Johnny Schmoker.....	Y. W. C. A. Girls
Recitation .....	David Allison
Soprano Solo.....	Mary Hotaling
Mock Orchestra.....	Leader, Miss Wittemeir

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### Senior Notes.

The first regular meeting of the senior class was held on Wednesday, September 21, in room 211. It was unusually well attended, more than eighty per cent. of the class being present. Business matters for the ensuing year were quite intensively discussed. Among the important committees appointed were those having in charge the class pins, the annual reception, the Senior Year-Book, and finances.

We are pleased to welcome in our midst Miss Olcott, Smith '10; Miss Achille, Syracuse; Miss Drummond, Miss Bissel and Miss Swart.

Regular class meetings: First Monday of each month at 4.15, in room 100. Watch the bulletin board for special meetings.

On October 4th, the following class-day officers were elected: Class poet, Edith W. Scott; Class prophet, Beulah Brandow; Class historian, Florence Wittemeir.



## Junior Notes

On Friday, September 23, we assembled in full throng to the first class meeting of our Junior Year. Miss Everingham, also for the first time, administered her duties as "Our President." It was decided to hold regular class meetings the first Monday of each month and we are in hopes that each meeting will be more memorable than its predecessor.

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## Freshman Notes.

The Freshman Class being unable to open its eyes, much less intelligently wriggle its arms and legs, we, the Juniors, would say that it is our intention to organize and coordinate its various members at an early date. Do not be impatient, for good things come slowly. We expect that eventually we may turn out quite a respectable organism which can look after its own "food, clothing and shelter."

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## Y. W. C. A. Notes.

On Saturday, September the seventeenth, a goodly number enjoyed the tramp to Forbes Manor, given by the Y. W. C. A. girls. After going through the many rooms of the historic old mansion, an extensive view of the surrounding country was obtained from the roof. Then the trampers joyfully departed, carrying away with them many souvenirs.

The first meeting of the new term was held on Wednesday, the twenty-first. Miss Beulah Brandow was the leader, the subject being the general work of the Y. W. C. A. with respect to

its meaning and helpfulness. Special music by the Misses Fraser and Gardiner was much enjoyed.

A Silver Bay meeting was held the following Wednesday, at which five of the delegates to Silver Bay gave reports of the conference, touching on the missionary phase, general impressions, recreation. Pictures of Silver Bay gave an added interest and vividness to the descriptions.

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### Athletic Notes.

Do you want S. N. C. to be inferior to other colleges in athletics? Why, of course not! Then *join the Athletic Association* and, by your cooperation, help to make this a record year at S. N. C.

First and foremost in the activities of the association is the *Men's Basket Ball Team*; which is open to all good players. The association welcomes Mr. Steer back heartily, and feels sure that with him again in the ranks the team is assured of success.

After November 1 the *Girl's Class Basket Ball Teams* will be organized; and the inter-class games are among the social events of the winter season. At the close of the season each team receives class numerals and the most successful team receives the college monogram.

Another phase of the work of the association is at present interesting the students in the *Tennis Tournament*, soon to be held. This is for players good, bad or indifferent—so do not hesitate to register for the contests.

Lastly, do not come to college with the idea of a *Book Education*. Adapt yourselves to your environment. Enter into all the activities of social life in the college; and then, and then only, will your education be complete.

## To the College Men.

We are more than pleased to hear that quite a number of the men are "coming out" for basket ball. That's the spirit, fellows! Come on out anyway! Get into the game! Everybody is eligible, whether he has ever played or not. There is no place like the "gym" to get acquainted. The outlook is already encouraging, but we need all the fellows to have a team that we may be proud of. Get busy and come on out!

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## Delta Omega Notes.

Miss Edith Perry spent the week end of September 18 as a guest at the Society Flat, 2 Delaware avenue.

The Society Flat has been much improved by the handsome mission wood dining room set, a gift from the New York Alumni Association of Delta Omega. . .

Miss Helen Bennett spent the week end of September 23 at Saratoga. . .

We were very much pleased by a visit from Miss Kathleen Phillip on September 20.

We are very grateful for our new ballot box, a gift from Miss Berna Hunt, '10.

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## Eta Phi Notes

The following are the officers of Eta Phi for the coming year:

President—Sarah Trembley.

Vice-President—Grace Willcox.

Secretary—Daisie Andrus.  
 Treasurer—Florence Van Noy.  
 Chaplain—Lela Farnham.  
 Marshall—Esther Mitchell.  
 Critic—Adaline Raynsford.  
 Editor—Jessie Cole.

Eta Phi welcomes Miss Agnes Stuart, who has returned to continue work at the college.

The Sorority girls were delighted to have the Misses Leona Eaton, Clara Springsteed and Adaline Raynsford with them on September twenty-fourth for the annual picnic at Castleton. The older girls cannot come back too often.

Miss Grace Beaver has entered Mount Holyoke College this fall. We shall miss her.

Miss Elizabeth Schaupp, '08, and Miss Hazel Seaman, '07, have entered Syracuse University for a two-year course.

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### Kappa Delta Notes

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Henrietta Fitch.

Vice-President—Beulah Brandow.

Secretary—Anna Boochever.

Treasurer—May Chant.

Corresponding Secretary—Helen Schermerhorn.

Critic—Frances Stillman.

Reporter—Amy Wood.

Miss Evelyn Austin, '09, visited at the Kappa Delta House recently. . .

We are glad to welcome Miss Ethel Anderson, who is taking up further studies at college.

Miss Beulah Brandow is taking a course at the Albany School of Fine Arts.

The Misses Bessie and Constance Hicks of Indiana were the week-end guests of Miss Haskins at the House.

Miss Esther Trumbull spent the summer at Chautauqua, where she took a course in Art.

Notice has been received of the marriage of Miss Bessie A. Thornton, '05, to Mr. M. H. Weyranch of Brooklyn. Mr. Weyranch is a graduate of Union College and is news editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

Miss May Foyle, '09, visited at the Kappa Delta House recently.

Kappa Delta entertained a few friends at the House Saturday evening, September twenty-fourth.

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### Psi Gamma Notes.

On the evening of June 17th occurred the twelfth annual banquet of the Sorority, in the gold room of the Mezzanine gallery of the Hotel Ten Eyck. The table was tastefully decorated with ferns and yellow roses, the latter being used extensively as individual favors and center piece. The Sorority colors, blue and gold, appeared in the menu cards and decorations. Among the more important incidents of the evening were the election of Mrs. Adam A. Walker and Mrs. Winifred C. Decker to membership, and the installation of these incoming officers:

President—Miss Jessie Cleveland.

Vice-President—Miss Mary Hotaling.

Recording Secretary—Florence Chase.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Gertrude Heap.

Chaplain—Miss Carlotta Jordan.

Treasurer—Miss Florence Wittemeier.

Literary Editor—Miss Edna Hall.

Miss Mable Talmadge acted as toastmistress and the following responded to toasts:

Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Schuyler, and the Misses Florence Brown, Fanny Parvel, Winifred Gillespie, Florence Chase and Florence Wittemeier.

Psi Gamma heartily welcomes the new faces as well as the old.

The girls met as usual the first evening after the return, at the home of Miss Florence Chase. A second meeting was held with the president Tuesday evening, September 20.

Many fine spreads are anticipated now that some of our girls are pursuing the arts of cooking.

Mrs. Hall of Peekskill spent the week end, September 24th to 26th, with her daughter, Miss Edna Hall.

Miss Florence Chase was one of the Y. W. C. A. delegates at Silver Bay in June.

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### Phi Delta Notes

Our ranks were much depleted last June by the graduation of seven of our members. We miss the dear departed, but we are confident that there are enough of us left to make life worth living. And when it comes to initiating new members, there are enough of us and enough of them, believe us!

Messrs. Van Denburgh, Sherwood and McCormack have paid brief visits to their Alma Mater this fall.

Phi Delta welcomes the fairer and gentler members of the incoming class with almost equal heartiness to that with which it met the sterner element. May they prosper, together.

## Alumni Notes

The Alumni have been graduated from the strenuous work of the college, but they care enough about us to come back occasionally. The following attended the faculty reception: Mrs. McHaffie (nee Miss Blake) '01; Miss Gordon, '02; Miss Edith Perry, '09; Miss Leah Hallando, '09; Miss Hannigan, '10; Miss MaKenna, '10; Mr. Van Lenberg, '10, and Mr. Sherwood, '10.

Miss Bertha Purdy, '10, is teaching in Schenectady.

Miss Jessie Harpham, '10, has been appointed assistant principal at Constableville.

Miss Nettie Potter is teaching German and Mathematics in the Tuxedo High School.

Miss Mary Harpham, '10, will be married during the month of October to Mr. J. H. Ludlum of Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Roy Vandenberg, '10, is principal of the Castleton Union School.

Miss Gertrude Gifford, '08, has been retained as kindergarten teacher at Amsterdam with an increased salary.

Miss Berna Hunt, '10, is teaching at Hartford, New York.

Mr. Sherwood, '10, has been appointed State Statician at the Capitol.

Miss Leah Hallando, '09, is teaching German in the Water-vliet High School.

Miss Harriett Osborn, '10, is teaching at Coeymans.

Miss Jessie MacKenna, '10, is teaching at Salem,, N. Y.

Miss Baldwin, '10, is teaching at Hancock, Mass.

The Misses Anderson and Marjorie Bennett have returned to enter the Junior Class.

Miss Louise Beutler and Miss Berta Bendell have returned to college, the former for work in Domestic Science and the latter for English.

Miss Louise Wheeler, '10, has gone to New York to take a course in Columbia University.

Clarence H. Wood, State Normal College, A. B., 1909, Pd. B, '10, took a Ph.B. at the autumn convocation of the University of Chicago, September 2nd. He has also completed three years' graduate work at the University of Chicago in sociology, theology and history.

Miss Leona Eaton, '10, who is teaching in Wappinger's Falls, attended the Y. W. C. A. reception. She was the guest of Miss Stuart.

Mr. Newman D. Waffle, '03, visited college September 16, 1910. He is now teaching in Cartaret Academy, East Orange, New Jersey.

The Alumni editors wish to correct a mistake made in the September issue of the paper. Miss Pauline E. Rockwell is continuing her teaching in the Rensselaer High School and no announcement of an engagement has been made.



## Sapiens, the Alumna

*My Dear Ex-Freshman:*

You see I've had to give you a new title. Now that "ex" doesn't mean expelled or extinct, as my small sister thought it did when she saw it in front of Roosevelt's name. It means that you've been exposed to all freshman diseases, such as trigonometry and big-headedness, and are immune. Now don't you feel honored? I suppose you are wondering why you are favored with another epistle from me before I receive an answer to my last incantation. I have a chum here in town who is addicted to answering advertisements. Her latest venture was to a college of dressmaking. Since then she has received ominous looking packages on the average of three a week, advising, admonishing and threatening her to take a course which should enable her to possess "the fundamental feminine accomplishment—to know how to sew." The last letter was almost tearfully eloquent, and reached something like an anticlimax in this statement: "I fear sometimes my zeal, my enthusiasm, my persistence, my insistence, may lead you to misjudge my motives." I have fears like those of the dressmaker-instructor, but I am also very lonesome and I know you won't mind finding a great, fat letter in Albany before even your trunk is unpacked, if you once picture me to yourself, rocking all alone in a "large sunny room with a good view" and absolutely no one to talk to but an alarm clock and listening to that insistent voice in the back of my brain which says, "There's no one I feel so sorry for, as the new teacher in the new town." And when the cat comes up from downstairs and rubs up against my dress, that voice goes on, "Beware of the friends who are friendly too soon. They likely haven't any friends of their own." I never did like cats any way. Scat! I begin to realize what is meant by the "deskness of the desk" and "the aloneness of

the alone.” Freshman at college aren’t in it with freshmen at teaching. Why, at times, I just gasp from having to assume so much dignity. I’m so afraid I will make some dreadful break like “the Noble.” You know she was the girl who sat opposite us at table—the one we called “The Noble Athelston,” because she had such a grand appetite and was so stupid about seeing things. Well, we didn’t tell you about the joke on her, but now that you are an “ex” I think it will not hurt you to know. One day she dismissed a precocious young infant from her classroom. In about ten minutes this infant’s head reappeared at the door and was again sternly ordered to leave the room, at which the head, looking mournful, murmured that it was cold out in the hall. “Go where it’s warm then,” snapped “Noble,” in merciless tones, and when the head disappeared suddenly and the other youngsters burst forth into a roar of laughter, “The Noble” couldn’t think what could be the matter. I put my foot in it almost as badly, tho, (I *must* remember that I signed the reform spelling pledge. It saves time), the night of the teachers’ reception where we all sat around and ate ice cream out of tin spoons and pretended to be quite at ease. Now I should have looked in my joke-book before starting out, but I forgot it, so when the President of the Board entertained me by asking me why a blind canary was like the southern states and I stubbornly refused to “see seed,” I thought I’d repay him by asking Peggy’s conundrum, “Do you know Amos?” Well, as luck would have it, I said “Moses” and when he blankly replied he hadn’t the honor of that gentleman’s acquaintance, I couldn’t for the life of me, think about “a mosquito,” so I replied he hadn’t been in school very long any way, (There really *is* a new boy in my room afflicted with the name of Moses) and that makes me think the first day he came, this same useful boy tried to assist me in disciplining by calling down his aisle, “Take the gum out of your mouths and put your feet in.” Moses occupies the front seat now.

Yes, I'm like the afore-quoted dressmaker, "I like my work of teaching—I like it fine, except only the selling." It's "except only" the disciplining with me. Oh, well, as any member of the Shakespeare class will inform you, "It's interest in something and enthusiasm for something that make life worth living," so as long as I keep interested and enthusiastic about that discipline, life is apt to be very much worth living for me.

That makes me think—you like poetry, and I found some verses the other day that strike indirectly on some of the things we used to talk about. Oh, how I wish I could go back just for one little minute to see you all—to be one of the bunch again—but hold on here, Quaker; this will never do. Here are the verses:

I have closed the door on Doubt;  
 I will go by what light I can find,  
 And hold up my hands and reach them out  
 To the glimmer of God in the dark and call:  
 "I am Thine though I grope and stumble and fall,  
 I serve; and Thy service is kind.'

I have closed the door on Fear.  
 He has lived with me far too long.  
 If he were to break forth and reappear,  
 I should lift my eyes and look at the sky,  
 And sing aloud and run lightly by;  
 He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.  
 His house has too narrow a view.  
 I must seek for my soul a wider room  
 With windows to open and let in the sun,  
 And radiant lamps when the day is done,  
 And the breeze of the world blowing through.

In one of your first letters this summer you remember you

asked me why it was that I admired Poll so much, even after rooming with her four years. Well, I'm a little like the man who was sent on an errand by his wife, left her for twenty years, and when he came back, said he couldn't match the sample she'd given him. But do you know, I hadn't ever thought much about just why I liked her—she was just Polly and that was enough. I've been trying to think it out this summer, but I can hardly tell why I like her yet, unless it's because she's so much like one of those unrecognized heroes you read about in magazine stories where they give you a snap-shot of the inside and outside of a person's actions—only Polly was queerer and funnier than any character I ever read about. You'd have thought to have seen her around college so frivolous and gay, that she hadn't brains or character enough to have any college spirit at all—but did you ever notice—no, you didn't, because you weren't there, when we used to dish up ice cream and wash dishes at receptions over in little Primary Chapel. Well, if any one was behind the scenes, there too was Poll, beaming all over as though it were a great lark and if any one happened to remark about her affinity for the dishpan, she always laughed and said she preferred it to being grand and making set speeches while she ate the kind of cake she didn't like outside.

But this same funny room-mate of mine used to be the boon of all homesick freshmen and other forlorn girls too, and she did it so naturally, so joyously, that there was never a doubt in the minds of the girls she befriended but that they were doing her the greatest favor in the world to talk to her. Polly was the one who introduced us two. I don't suppose you remember that—no indeed; she effaced herself the very instant she saw I could take care of you. Why, if Polly thought a girl was beginning to have a crush on her, she'd go to almost any length to dispel it. Most people didn't understand her and thought her shallow because of this, but I knew her better and used to urge her to show her real self to people, but she'd only open those big brown

eyes of hers a little wider, stretch her long arms and say, in the drawling half-laughing manner that she used to hide her deepest feelings, "I'm a seeker after Truth, Sapiens, my dear. How am I to find the truth if I am to be hedged in by enamoured admirers? No, I leave them the truth and their self-respect and go on." "But you might at least let them love and admire you?" I would say. "No, I can't do it. Sapiens," she would answer earnestly. "I love them too much for it. You don't know how I love them—how I glory in being one of them, being not a bit better than the worst of them—'drinking the whole of it,' bearing the brunt of it," and when Polly got that far there was no use trying to argue with her. "Too much of that sort of thing," she'd say, "destroys unity and college spirit, makes things look distorted—no, I'll have none of it."

There was another thing about Polly for which I couldn't make up my mind whether to despise or admire her for a long time. She seemed always to take college life as a sort of game or puzzle and always she was working at something a little too hard for her, so she was never anything but mediocre in her classes. I remember when we had to write on the U. S. warships in Soph English, Polly knew all about them because she has an uncle in the navy, so she didn't write on that subject, but spent hours down at the Capitol working a labor topic and got a question in the end. When the girls laughed at her she fired up for a moment and said, "I'm not working for show, I'm working for my own benefit and enlightenment." When we got home that night, she felt jollier and said: "Those girls are like Sam in 'Partners of Providence.' His complaint was, 'Just as I was getting tougher and feeling used to it, the work was getting easier and most done.' That's the way things go. College girls seem to want to do the same thing over and over merely to give themselves the satisfaction of seeing themselves do it well." "Like the dumb waiter who split the kindling wood into matches?" I inquired, trying to understand. "Exactly,"

answered Polly.

She took the same attitude toward college activities—seemed to stand aside smiling until her hand was needed at the helm of some affair, then turned the course so easily, somehow always producing the effect that it was nothing at all—any one might have done it—and as Polly always seemed to be of one mind with them, no one ever visited her with honors or office. What was the need when Polly was there to consult? It used to give me a “fierce mad” sometimes, to see how the heads and presidents of everything seemed to take it for granted that Polly was their specially appointed secretary and assistant, but she would only laugh and ask mildly, “Would you have me give up my only means of influence? How should I be able to bring the talents of my ‘prodigies’ to light unless I was ex-official on every entertainment committee? Don’t feel badly, Sapiens, my dear. It’s fun for me and I love it. It gives me a chance to study life.” Sometimes I sit here and let myself wonder what *would* happen if I should once slip the leash and use all my powers for my own selfish motives. Bah! After all, what do I care about it? I want something I can’t get. Give me the joy of going on!”

Do you know, I think the mysterious individual who helped our class buy that window for the chapel must be a sort of Polly person. I wish I knew who it was. But that window, my dear! I can shut my eyes and see it now as we saw it for the first time that glorious June morning and I am proud, proud, *proud*, that I belong to the dear old Pioneer Class of 1910 and most of all that I can call Albany, S. N. C., my Alma Mater. When I think of such dear kids as you and Polly and such splendid sights as that chapel and its new window, I feel equal to anything, everything. Good bye, my dear. I am as ever,

YOUR SAPIENS.

## Last Leaves From a Freshman's Diary.

Saturday, September 17—Oh, my dear, I'm worn to a frazzle, but after all, I'm not half so unhappy as I expected to be. I feel sort of disappointed over that, too. I *did* have a dreadful attack of misery yesterday, but when I got to history, I forgot all about it because it was so interesting—it was the *history* that was interesting, and I guess I'll never have an A theme. I felt just great after that class, but oh, dear diary, how are we *ever* going to catch up with the world? It's had such a big start, and somehow, since I came here, I feel about the size of a pin-point. Oh, dear, I've lost my breath.

Last night was the faculty reception, and I guess everybody in college knows where "my home is," and whether I've been homesick, and if I knew my room-mate before, and *everything*. But the orange sherbert just touched the spot. I had two glasses. And I do hope I can entertain somebody in one of those *beautiful* rooms.

We spent to-day getting settled. Flopsy insisted on putting up yellow curtains because she says yellow aids "intellectual growth." It gives *me* bad dreams, but of course *I'm* not intellectual. Then she has a horrid thing pinned on the curtain that goes something like this:

There little girl, don't cry,  
They have broken your nerves I know,  
And your mood is blue, and your back aches too,  
And your mind failed long ago;  
But college troubles will soon pass by,  
There little girl, don't cry!

But I guess we're even on account of my mouth organ. When I feel that home thrill coming, I play "till the rafters ring," and

the girls are in a *pleasing state of exasperation*. I saw that phrase in a story. The girls are trying to steal it (I mean the mouth organ), and I don't think the Mrs. of the house likes it either, but I've found a safe place for it at last. It goes out into the world reposing in the crown of my hat.

Sunday, September 18—I'm never going to church again, so there. I remember those hymns yet, and they made my throat all lumpy, and I couldn't eat my dessert. It was chocolate pie, too. One of the Seniors told me that she gets more homesick every year. At that rate, I'll be like that man in Juvenal those Juniors were reading about—it was a wonder where he got all his tears. . .

Monday, September 19—Well, I know what Lowell meant about "Motion, thy rest." It's mine all right. And I hate math, with a hatred and a half, and I can't digest so much history, and oh dear, old book, *do* you suppose it's right to use trots? I never *heard* of them till I came here, and when I asked what they were, some one said, "You're a mere infant, aren't you?" But then, I'm not any *sillier* than the Seniors, and that's *some* comfort.

Thursday, September 22—"The thots of youth are long, long thots," dear diary. Do you know, I'm waking up to the fact that something is the matter with me? It is so *cheering* to feel that way. The truth is, I've discovered that I'm not half as nice as I ought to be. But oh, I'm having a good time here, and I've come to a place where I rather enjoy my troubles.

Sunday, September 25—I have only one more week in college, dear diary. Don't ask me to talk about it, but I've been called home, and I'm only going to stay to pack and sell my books. The letter came yesterday, and my heart is broken. Why have I had so little share in all this joy? And I *need* college, too. But I must go, for you know "Katrine" says that loyalty is all there is that makes life worth while, and "even if one's



none so bonny, she can be leal to them she loves!"

Friday, September 30—Good-bye, dear college. Give to some other girl all the fun and the friends, the work and the hopes that you were bringing to me—only, save a little, for some day I may come to you again.

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