

Grace M. Young

-THE-ECHO-



**December
1912**

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The Echo

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No. 4

Literary Department

The Development of the Christmas Celebration and Spirit

THE Christmas celebration was instituted by Telesphorus, who lived from 138 to 161 A. D. This yearly event developed into much greater prominence from the fifth to the eighth centuries. It gradually embraced all the new festivals and was called the "Christmas cycle," surpassing all other Christian festivals in pomp and richness.

At this same period, all the pagans regarded the winter solstice as the beginning of the new life and activity of the powers of nature, and of their gods. The Celts and Germans celebrated these days with the greatest festivities. About December twenty-fifth the Germans held their great Yule Feast, in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun wheel, and believed that during the twelve nights from December twenty-fifth to January sixth, they could trace the personal movements and interferences on earth of the deities — such as Odin and Berchta and many others. The celebrations were general, and the children of rich and poor alike figured in them. To the pagan, it was a time of universal joy.

Many of the beliefs and usages of these old Germans, as well as of the old Romans, were adopted by the Christians in their Christmas celebrations, and have been handed down to us. Before being adopted by the Christians, however, the festivals were purified by establishing public worship throughout every Christian community, and by the dramatic representation of the birth of Christ and the first events of His life. The first Christmas tree was also introduced at their sumptuous feasts, adorned with lights and gifts for the children. Hence came the custom of reciprocal presents. At these celebrations, also, amongst other goodies, we have our first much-loved and long-expected plum pudding.

The winter festival was originally, and should now be, a time of rejoicing for everybody. But from the very time of the introduction of Christ into it, the event has become limited to a few people of means. Have we not made a mistake in making our Christmas, which stands to us for the birth of Him who brought love, unselfishness and charity into the world — have we not erred in making it a feast for *ourselves*? The real spirit of Christmas should be one of giving, in the broad sense of the word, and the pity of it is that such a spirit has not been developed.

Everybody knows the story of the little match girl, who sat with her wares in the shelter of a grand house, and watched from her cold stone seat the scenes of festivity and splendor inside. She saw the table laden with warm food and Christmas goodies, and happy children dancing around the board. Then, to warm her frozen hands and feet, she lighted the

matches that no one would buy, and to her came beautiful visions of loving parents, happy brothers and sisters, and warm food and clothing. But they found her on Christmas morning — dead, of hunger and cold!

There are thousands — nay, millions, of barefoot, hungry, and half clad — little boys and little girls, who are looking through our window, while we are seated near a beautiful, heavily-laden Christmas tree. And Christmas is to commemorate the birth of a child! To us should come some reminder of the spirit which actuated the old pagans and the early Christians, when they made of this season a time of joy for the children of rich and poor.

Our happiness will be greater in proportion as we make those less fortunate about us happier. Let us share our worldly goods, then, with those little ones who are looking through our windows, and think of him in whose honor we are celebrating, and who said: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me!”

FROM THE ECHO BOX.

The German Elementary School Teacher

If we adopt the historical method of German scholars in dealing with our topic, it will be necessary for us to go back to the time of Charlemagne, for he was the first of the German princes and overlords to strive after a general common school education for his subjects. His desire in this regard was not satisfied, and it was not until the Reformation was well under way that the idea of founding common schools for the education of the masses was again taken up and, to a measure, realized. Although Luther was the one who gave the initial impulse to the plan, it remained for Melancthon to organize common education in those parts of Germany which had adopted the new church. It was not until the time of Frederick William I (1713-1740) that compulsory education was established in Prussia.

The administering of the compulsory education law made necessary a large increase in the number of common schools. With the increase in the number of common schools came, likewise, an increased demand for common school teachers. The elementary school teachers then, as now, were kept distinct from the teachers of the higher schools, the so-called Oberlehrer, all of whom must have enjoyed university training. To properly prepare young men for becoming teachers in the elementary schools, Frederick William I founded "seminaries," or normal schools. The need was so urgent, however, that in many instances, especially in country districts, artisans were appointed teachers. Frederick the Great (1740-1786) appointed many of his disabled soldiers to

places as elementary teachers, because of the lack of trained teachers. To-day, the supply is equal to, if not greater than, the demand.

The elementary school teacher receives his training at a "Seminar." The requirements for admission to a seminary (Lehrer-oder Lehrerinnenseminar) demand, first of all, a good common school education. As the boy who intends to become an elementary school teacher usually finishes the elementary school at the age of fourteen or, at most, fifteen years, he attends a preparatory school for the seminary (Präparandenaustalt) for two or three years, until he is able to pass its final examination, which, at the same time, serves as an entrance examination for the seminary proper. If a pupil fails to pass this examination, he is permitted to present himself twice again, and if he fails the third time, his career as a teacher is ended. If he is admitted to the seminary, he receives his tuition free, in case he finishes the required course of study and accepts the position to which the government assigns him. The course of the seminary covers a period of three years, for those who are able to meet its rigid requirements. At the end of his course the student must pass an oral and a written examination. If the written examination is very satisfactory he may be excused from the oral examination. In addition to this he must show his ability to teach music (orally) and must teach a lesson in some subject to a class of pupils from an elementary school before his examiners. If successful in these tests, he receives a temporary appointment in some elementary school. At the end of two

years he may present himself for the final examination, which enables him to accept a permanent position. Any teacher who does not present himself for this examination within five years after receiving his temporary license is dropped from the service. If a teacher is not successful the first time, he is permitted another trial, and then if unsuccessful — America usually gains another citizen of German birth.

What is the reward of the successful? The salary of the teacher, like nearly everything else in Germany, is fixed by law. In Prussia the elementary teacher begins with 1,400 marks (approximately \$333) and receives increases at the ends of fixed periods until he reaches the maximum of 3,300 marks yearly salary (\$786). As a state employee he is entitled to an official residence. In the country he is often given a suite of rooms in the school building or is provided with a house on the school grounds. In the towns and cities he is given an allowance of about 400 marks in addition to his salary, in lieu of an official residence. In large places this allowance is more generous. This makes the annual salary of the teacher about \$433 to begin with, and about \$900 after twenty years of service; in purchasing power the equivalent of \$1,500 in New York State.

Boys and girls are, as a general rule, instructed either in separate schools or in separate classes. It is unheard of for a woman to teach boys, but it is customary for the men to teach girls. Most girls' schools will probably have as many men teachers as women teachers. The writer saw the work of a man

in the first grade of a girls' school. His work was extremely good and he had the necessary sympathy and kindness to elicit the utmost confidence from his little charges. The great preponderance of men teachers in the schools tends to make changes in the teaching force rare. After a certain number of years in the service, the teachers are retired on a pension. Germans cannot understand the preponderance of women teachers in our elementary schools.

Once an elementary school teacher, always an elementary school teacher is very nearly true. Only in the kingdom of Saxony are elementary school teachers permitted, without being forced to pass almost impossible examinations, to attend a university. After receiving their permanent licenses they may pass the examinations for teachers of the intermediate schools when they are sufficiently prepared for them. The salaries in the intermediate schools are better and the successful candidates are also permitted to become principals of elementary schools. For most elementary and intermediate teachers it is possible (outside of Saxony) to gain entrance into the ranks of the academically (*i. e.*, university) trained Oberlehrer, whose salary is 2,700 marks at the outset and whose maximum salary is 7,200 marks, with an allowance for house rent of at least 900 marks. The social position of the Oberlehrer is much higher and in a land where class distinctions are reckoned out to a nicety this is not to be overlooked. If it happens that there are a few elementary or intermediate teachers employed in the same institution with several Oberlehrer, the latter do not invite the former, or

their wives, to any of the social functions among the faculty, no matter what their personalities may be.

The elementary school teacher is above all a *teacher*. Pedagogically he is the equal, if not the superior, of the Oberlehrer. His devotion to duty and his conscientiousness in the performance of it set a high standard, well worthy of emulation in other lands. With the greater freedom of our school and social systems, it is to be hoped that the American product may soon be the equal of his German colleague.

W. C. DECKER, '00.

Who Is My Neighbor?

“Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself.”

The strong, clear-toned voice of the preacher was still ringing in the man's ears as he turned up his coat collar and stepped out into the biting cold of the December night. He smiled rather sardonically at the thought of that grave, white-haired minister's daring to present so obsolete a text before the fashionable congregation.

“What do they know or care about that thing called a ‘neighbor’?” he muttered. “It's a case of ‘do unto others before they do you’ with them. I saw old John Walton there. He gives thousands a year to the free hospitals and pays a good sum for a box at the Charity Ball. Does he consider those poor wretches his neighbors? Would he recognize an inmate of the Old Man's Home upon the street? How

much would my lady Randolph do for that stupid little woman she is patronizing if there were no money in it? Bah! It's a farce. There's no such thing as a 'neighbor' these days, when each one scrambles for himself and is sufficient unto himself."

And yet, quite against his will, the words of the preacher kept struggling within the man's mind. Somehow they recalled the earlier years of his life, when every day had brought some happiness to him, and friends had not yet proved faithless. Eager, hopeful, confident, he had looked toward the future with unsuspecting eyes. And he had been deceived! Ah, yes, cruelly deceived! And now he stood alone—utterly alone. The few he had loved were dead. There remained to him only a few tender memories, just a very few. Friends—he had none. He wanted none. Life had taught him not to seek for friends.

"Who is my neighbor?" he cried. "Who knows me? Whom do I know? Who is there to care for me or miss me when I am gone? I give regularly to foreign missions and children's fresh air funds—but that is all. I suppose it's force of habit. Still I'm not entirely selfish—and how do I know who needs or would thank me for my love?"

The man vigorously shook the snow from his overcoat and sighed contentedly as he entered the warm waiting room of the big railway station, where he was to wait for the midnight express. He had no desire to watch the gaily-dressed, chattering throng of people. They did not interest him. He could not sympathize with them. To-night he wanted peace and quiet and time to think. He sought the darkest and most remote corner of the large room.

There, crouched down behind one of the tall seats, and huddled close to a poor, scrawny dog, was a dirty, ragged, street urchin. The man drew nearer and bent over them to see more clearly. Both looked up at his approach and started guiltily. The boy was only a wee youngster, dirty, thinly clad, and practically shoeless — the dog was a miserable little street cur, so gaunt that it seemed all legs and tail. Both half-starved faces bore expressions of mingled hunger, fear, and hopeless misery. In his hand the boy held the remains of a ham sandwich, which the dog was fast swallowing in great gulps of joy.

“Why, lad, what are you doing here?” questioned the man.

“Ah, Mister,” pleaded the boy, encouraged by the man’s kind tone, “don’t youse tell on me, will yer? It’s so cold out — and I likes ter come in here where it’s warm. Sometimes, if the ol’ boss ain’t too lively, I stays here all night.”

“Where do you get your supper? Have you had anything to eat?” asked the man again.

“Don’t allus have any. Got a san-wich ter night, but —” the boy glanced wistfully at the dog.

“Does he belong to you?” said the man.

“Naw — he ain’t mine — wisht he was. Ain’t got nobody ter belong to me. He’s jiss hungry and cold like I am.”

A mist swam before the man’s eyes, and he felt something uncomfortable in his throat. The old query, “Who is my neighbor?” came back to him. “Ah,” he sighed, “this little street waif has found a neighbor. Why should not I?”

EDNA B. MOAT, '14.

Guam

On the twelfth of June I left Honolulu for Manila on the transport Thomas, which is the flagship of the transport service. For twelve days we sailed on a smooth sea without seeing anything except an occasional gull and numerous flying fish. When we awoke on the morning of the thirteenth day, we saw long low ridges of hills, and knew we were in "Nero's Hole," where the water is nine thousand six hundred thirty-five meters deep, which depth was, at that time, the greatest on record of the Pacific. Since then a German naval surveying ship has made a sounding of nine thousand seven hundred eighty meters, or four hundred six feet over six miles. The sounding was made about forty knots off the north coast of Mindanao, P. I.

The coral reefs about Guam are so extensive that large ships can go no nearer than a mile and a half to Piti, the port. For this reason globe-trotters on the large liners do not see this attractive little spot. Launches were sent out to the transport, and we all enjoyed the sail to Piti, where vehicles of various kinds were waiting, drawn, for the most part, by the small stubborn and tough island horses.

Guam is a naval station. It will be remembered that in 1898, during the war with Spain, Uncle Sam, on the voyage to Manila with the cruiser "Charleston," stopped to take possession of this "bright little, tight little island." Its governor is commandant of the naval and marine forces stationed on the island.

The five mile drive from Piti to Agana was de-

lightful. The road, made of shells from the beach and gravel from the mountains, was in fine condition. It is bordered on the one side by cocoanut palms and the ocean, and on the other by more cocoanut palms and native villages.

Agana is clean and attractive. The city was settled by Roman Catholics from Spain. In its center is a picturesque Spanish monastery, erected in 1669. Agana has a population of ten thousand, and four thousand native boys and girls attend its five public schools, the boys' session being from half-past eight to half-past eleven A. M. and the girls' from one-thirty to four-thirty P. M.

The house of the governor is a long two-story building of native wood and stone. The outside is not attractive with its thick prison-like stone walls, iron-barred windows, and front door opening directly on the sidewalk. I suppose I missed the broad, comfortable "lanais" of Honolulu, with their hammocks, easy chairs, and couches. Inside the wide entrance doors we found a beautiful home, with wide stairways, large rooms with high ceilings, and each room opening into a courtyard filled with tropical plants. After wandering about the grounds for a while we returned to the house, listened to a fine orchestra, ate a delicious luncheon, and then either danced or watched those who did dance until two o'clock. After sight-seeing for two hours longer we started on our return to Piti.

The natives of Guam disclaim any kinship with the Filipinos or other island tribes, and are known as "Chomorros." The principal export of the island is

“copra” (the kernel of the cocoanut after the oil has been expressed from it). After this is hulled and dried the greater part of it is sold to Japan for about sixty dollars per ton. The arrival of the monthly transport, bringing food and mail, is hailed with delight by all the people of the island.

The “Thomas” anchored at seven in the morning, sent ashore many tons of commissary stores and a few soldiers during the day, and left for Manila in the evening, the search-lights giving us pretty memory-pictures of the little island where we had spent a pleasant day.

HELEN T. EMERSON, '73.

[This article on “Guam” has a special interest for students who have read the articles contributed by Miss Emerson while she was teaching in St. Andrew’s Priory, Honolulu. She left there last June to accept a position in the executive bureau of the government of the Philippine Islands, where she is now employed. Her letters to Mrs. Mooney from this far-away corner of the world are records of delightful or wonderful experiences that few who are working in the field of education can hope to have.—THE EDITOR.]

An Incident of the Helderbergs

Prue had just climbed up into the fragrant hay-mow, and had settled herself comfortably with her knitting, when she heard strange voices speaking below her. Noiselessly she made her way to the edge and peered over. There, directly below her, were three men, dressed in ill-fitting homespun and cow-hide boots. But their faces and hands were not the toil-hardened and sunbrowned faces and hands of the farmer, but the well-kept, white ones of gentlemen. Also, they carried gleaming arms, such as she had never before seen the patriots carry. She was about to speak to them when one spoke:

“We had better hide our guns in the hay. Then we can crawl in and get some sleep before it is time to start.”

“Where do they leave the papers, captain?” asked another.

“In a cave on the side of the cliff. One of those Tories will meet us near the big pine tree at the top and take us down the trail. The papers will be there under a stone.”

Then the third spoke: “This is pretty bad business. If it wasn't that we'll aid the King, I wouldn't hear of it.”

The others murmured assent, and climbed up into the hay. Prue held her breath with fear.

“What if they should find me!” she thought. “I must not let them find me, and I must try to prevent them from getting the papers, for they must be important.” She thought intently, and soon had formed a plan.

Still it would be necessary to wait till the men fell asleep. She covered herself with hay and lay still, hardly daring to breathe, for what seemed to her a century. At last it seemed to her that to venture out would be safe, so, slipping along, inch by inch, she came at last to the window which overlooked a shed. She climbed out of this and dropped to the shed roof, a few feet below. From here she made her way to a nearby tree. By means of this she reached the ground, and quickly crossed the field to the forest.

Soon she reached the woods, where she went more slowly. However, she did not follow the winding path, but took all manner of short cuts through briars and underbrush. In a short time she came to a stream. She stopped, as if puzzled. Then she started on again, following the course of the stream. She followed it till she came to the edge of a perpendicular drop of hundreds of feet. Prue stood here for a few minutes, gazing out over the wooded hills and valleys, then turning to the right, she followed the edge of the cliff.

"I wonder if I can get down to the trail by the trees. There is so little time that I am afraid to go 'round, and I might meet the man of whom they spoke."

She went on for five or ten minutes, and then stopped. Here the wall of the cliff was broken by a projecting shelf several feet below. She looked over the edge, but drew back with a pale face. But it must be done, so she drew her breath and started down, clinging to the long grape-vines and small pine trees for support as she went. At last her feet

touched the rocky shelf and she uttered a sigh of relief.

After resting for a few seconds, Prue started on her way, picking her path cautiously along the narrow trail. It was growing dark, and the need for haste was great, for even now the British might be on their way to the cave. Soon she saw the black hole which was her destination. No sound could be heard, nor could any light be seen.

Prue crawled into the mouth, listening eagerly. Her hand touched something hard, which she soon discovered to be a lantern. Nearby she found a flint and steel, with which she soon lighted the lantern, so providentially at hand. With this she explored the cave, overturning every stone which could possibly conceal papers of any kind. But no papers could she find. Was it possible that she was too late, or had she mistaken the rendezvous?

Just as she was about to give up in despair, for she dared go back in the cave no farther, she saw a stone with a large cross painted on it. Upturning it, she discovered that the ground had recently been dug up. Hastily thrusting her fingers into the soft soil, she felt something hard and cold. She pulled this out with eagerness, and discovered that the package contained papers, bound and sealed. Quickly hiding the package in her gown she hastened out, extinguishing the lantern as she went.

Then she ran back the way she had come, for now the British would soon be there, and it would not do to be too near when they discovered their loss. At last she reached the "ladder," as it was called in the

locality. With determined face she started the climb up. After what seemed to be a century of painful effort she reached the top, bruised, breathless, and bleeding, but glowing with joy in the realization that she had aided her country.

HARRIET TEDFORD, '16.

On Byron's "Manfred"

I wandered, led by Byron's magic spell,
Through gloom and blackness and a chasm of woe.
The path was void; no human trace did show.
It seemed the way might lead to a vacant hell.

No plant grew on the dark, far-jutting crags
Which overshot the downward sloping way.
No natural light was there of night or day,
But far below, mid mists all torn like rags,
Burned one pale star, far-distant, faint, alone.
Then the tortured rocks, last natural things, gave
way.

This could I see by that dim, sickening ray,
Yet I passed on; the blackness like a stone
Grew hard beneath my fast-descending feet.
Then the mists did close me round as with a web.
Of sound or sight there was no flow nor ebb.
In that vast void no being did I meet.

As down I slipped, I did approach the star,
And looked upon its face with fearful dread.
I shrieked! 'Twas Manfred's face, all tawny red,
Like half-washed stain of blood, or ancient scar.

GRACE M. YOUNG, '13.

Induction and Deduction

Induction and deduction are both forms of reasoning. Both travel the same road, but in opposite directions. Deduction hitches the horse before the cart and goes ahead in proper fashion, while induction starts at the other end of the trail and backs up.

Deduction is the process by which one starts with a known law, and thinks outward to the consequences. For instance, knowing the law of gravity, one can calculate with precision the momentum which an object of a given weight will acquire in falling a given distance. The general law may be regarded as a hub of a wheel, joining the spokes — or the given phenomena. Deduction begins at the hub and feels its way out along the spokes, one by one. Having knowledge of a general law, one can, more or less accurately, draw conclusions — the process is deduction. It is the method of inference, then, which brings the particular case under a certain general principle.

Induction, on the other hand, is the process starting with observed phenomena and from these phenomena discovering the general law. In other words, in the process of inductive reasoning the thinker observes a relation between the spokes of the wheel, and, suspecting that there is somewhere a center, holding the spokes together, he follows them up and finds the hub — or connecting principle. In the process of inductive reasoning one observes that certain phenomena occur in conjunction, and he seeks the principle or general law connecting them.

Deduction, then, is working from the general law,

outward; while induction reverses the process and works from the observed phenomena in, toward the general principle governing the phenomena. They are not, however, wholly separated and unrelated forms of reasoning. They work together, and assist one another. A person started on an inductive train of reasoning, jumps off now and then and runs back on a deductive foot-path, to make certain that he is headed in the right direction. Having once reached his goal, the general law — or, going back to the wheel figure, the hub — he starts out upon new spokes. Having discovered the general principle, he seeks to draw from it new conclusions. So they interweave and work together, and one can scarcely be considered without the other.

FLORENCE MAY HODGES, '15.

The Cry of "Jim"

Freshmen thin, and freshmen stout,
One, two, three, and right about!
Hold your chins up in the air;
For your shoulders have a care!

Take your breathing long and deep,
Do not walk all in a heap!
Banish high-heeled shoes forever,
Low heels use for walking ever!

Lastly, join the G. A. A.
A little cash you'll have to pay,
But twenty-five a year in cents
Is surely not a great expense.

FROM "THE ECHO BOX."

[The following incidents were selected from the work of the English I class.— LITERARY EDITOR.]

All night long we had waited for the end. Wild rumors had spread that bloodthirsty Kurds and other fanatic Moslems were marching on the city, that the massacre had already begun, and, that before morning the defeat of Islam would be avenged by the wholesale destruction of all infidels in the city. Slowly to the nervous watchers rose the morning sun. Not a person was seen on the street, but all knew that behind the closed shutters in the foreign section stood armed men ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and that the legations sheltered blue-jacket guards, anxious to "mix it up with the bloomin' bloody Turks," as a British tar expressed it. Then, in the distance, was heard the beat of a drum. Slowly the sound advanced, until it was near at hand. A cheer rose from the British legation, and around the corner at quick-time marched a Bulgarian regiment, looking stolidly straight to the front. After them swung a Greek battalion, marching in column of squads, and hardly able to restrain their delight at entering their ancient capital. The men of the Black Mountain, Servian regulars, and Albanian and Macedonian volunteers, followed each other in rapid succession. Suddenly, from the distant pinnacle of St. Sophia, from which a stray shot had prophetically knocked the crescent, we saw a flag slowly rise — a new flag, a white cross on a blue ground, the emblem of the new nation just born in the Balkans, the resurrected Byzantium.

A deer grazed in the woodland valley. The squirrels chattered in the trees about him, and the shrill note of a jay was heard from a distant thicket. Suddenly the deer started and turned his head, the squirrels ceased their gossip, but all seemed safe, and they resumed their occupations. A shot rang out, the deer sprang forward. * * * The squirrels peered from their home at the hunter and his load, the jay called again from the thicket, but a dark red pool marked where the deer had grazed.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, '16.

My sister had not been feeling well for some time. The fact rather worried me, so I was very much alarmed one night to hear her cry out:

“Bring me some water, quickly! I am fainting.”

I sprang out of bed, hurried across the room, knocked over a small chair, and stubbed my toe against the casing of the door. I reached the bathroom finally, however, and got a glass of cold water. When I reached her bedside I saw that she was pale, her eyes tight shut. My hand was trembling as I dashed cold water in her face. She revived with astonishing quickness, and, in fact, seemed to resent my efforts to restore her to consciousness. Angry words followed, and I exclaimed, as I got back into bed, shivering, and rubbing my wounded toe:

“Aw! why didn't you tell me you were going to talk in your sleep?”

MARGUERITE D. STANLEY, '16.

Saracen and Frank

It was late afternoon as a mailed horseman toiled up a steep pass in the Pyrenees. The dark armor, the coal-black color of his steed, made him seem a black spirit of the mountain. But as the way grew steeper he removed his black iron casque, showing the long, fair hair of the Saxon. His rugged face showed plainly that he was past middle life, though his powerful body seemed to belie the fact.

A weariness of body and mind came over him as the way grew still steeper, the pass more narrow. His lips moved as in prayer — prayer for strength and fortitude. Suddenly the horse rounded a curve in the way, and the Frank was roused from his spiritual communion by the appearance of an unthought-of danger. Facing him was a Saracen, mounted on a fleet Arabian horse. The pagan had checked his steed just in time to prevent both being hurled into the valley below.

“I am Sheik Abderrman,” said the pagan, in a tongue known to both.

“And I am Ludwig the Black,” said the Frank.

The Saracen again started to speak, but stopped suddenly. An expression of pain went over his face and he scarcely stifled a groan. Then the Frank noted the infidel’s left arm hanging useless in the blood-stained sleeve of the white robe.

“Infidel,” said the Frank, “the pass is narrow. Our steeds have not room to go by one another, nor is there place that one may turn about and pursue a backwark course. Thou art young. I have a son thy age — but he rests in heaven. Thou’rt indeed

sore wounded, too. It is but three leagues to thy encampment. And thou mayst soon be healed." Here he paused and seemed to pray again. Then he turned quickly to the Saracen.

"Thou hast many years before thee. Fight no more against the Franks. I give thee thy life."

With that he turned the charger's head, and with a cry of "My son!" urged the steed over the cliff.

The Saracen soon reached his camp. Three days later his army set out for the north.

JESSIE F. DUNSEITH, '16.

Letters Home

SUNDAY, *Dec.* 8, 1912.

Dear Mother:

Christmas is coming! And so am I! Isn't it just *beautiful*? Here I've just got to work from Thanksgiving vacation, and there comes Christmas — only seventeen days off! Editha and I have a Christmas calendar, just the way we had for Thanksgiving, only this is sheets of paper tied together, and this morning when she tore off the leaf she said, "Only two weeks and three days more!" Of course, I knew what she meant, though I wasn't half awake yet. But, I tell you, I got awake in a hurry, and then we sat up in bed and planned. Editha got so excited she nearly pulled the Christmas calendar off the wall (it hangs at her side of the bed), and I hugged first Editha and then the pillow, I was so happy. Really, when you stop to think of it and count up the seconds, Christmas is ages and ages away. But when you begin to plan all the things you've got to do before then, it

isn't half long enough. I never realized before how near Christmas is to Thanksgiving. It seems only last week that I was eying every turkey and cranberry I passed as if they were long lost brothers whom I was anxious to welcome home on Thanksgiving, and now I am literally pasting my nose against every Christmas window I come to. We haven't had much snow here, but Christmas is in the air just the same — the winds blow Christmas, the trees smell Christmas, the children look Christmas. Why, Editha says the church bells that woke her up this morning were singing "Christ-mas, Christ-mas, Christ-mas" — just like that.

I really had decided not to give any Christmas presents this year, that is, regular presents like books and silver spoons and work-bags; and I was planning to write just lovely long letters. But, I got down street one day and I saw a dolly that looked just like baby, so, of course, I had to buy it for her (I knew she wouldn't appreciate a letter anyway); and then I saw the book on Greek sculpture that Dick wanted, so I had to buy that (he doesn't like letters much); and then I saw a picture that I knew Bess would like, and I bought that; and then I saw a —— for father, and something you want — but I won't tell what, because you'll both read this letter. Well, that left me just the remembrance of my five dollar bill — but I don't care, I had to buy the things, if only for the good time I got out of it, and five presents doesn't seem so bad when you realize that there are still about fifty people on my regular list who will get just letters this year. And, I couldn't have bought even five

presents if it hadn't been for those verses I sold. The five dollars seemed like a present to me.

Editha had a windfall, too. She sold a drawing. And she's already spent the money on her adoring family. We both know what we're going to give each other for Christmas. I'm going to give her a ticket for THE ECHO play next Friday evening, and she's going to give me a ticket for THE ECHO play next Friday evening. A new and improved method of *exchanging* Christmas presents. (I once heard a girl say she always "exchanged" Christmas presents with somebody, and I never liked her afterward. I don't believe in *exchanging* things at Christmas time.) Well, Editha and I felt that we ought to attend the play, and we wanted to give each other something, so — our plan. To be sure, our presents will come a trifle early, but, of course, the play will be so good that we won't be able to forget it by this Christmas, or any other Christmas to come.

I didn't go to the senior-sophomore frolic last Friday night, for the very good reason that I am neither a senior nor a sophomore. But the girls in the next room went, and had a good time, they said. I was glad I couldn't go, for Dick made me a flying visit (just a stop-off between trains), and I'd have missed him if I'd been able to go. Do you know (I'm telling this in confidence, of course), I think that if it wasn't for Bess, I'd try and get Editha for a sister. Dick thinks she's fine, and you and Dad liked her so much Thanksgiving — and Baby Peggy adored her right straight away. Of course, I love Bess better than any other girl in the world — but Editha comes sec-

ond. You can't live with a girl for weeks right along and not find out her good and bad points, and in Editha's case the scales sag way down on the good side.

One of the girls asked to borrow my new pink dress to wear to the frolic. I hated to refuse, but I certainly didn't want to lend it. I felt like telling her the story of "The Ant and the Cricket" — "We ants never borrow, we ants never lend." I let her have the dress, because I didn't want to be thought mean, but I was mighty pleased when she brought it back. It didn't fit.

Ask Dad which he'd rather belong to, a general literary society, or one that deals mostly with current events. They both come on the same night, otherwise I'd love to belong to both, and I know some of the other girls would, too. If they only met on different nights!

There is a notice on the bulletin board about the Year Book. I'd like to have a copy, but it's \$2.50, and that's more money than I ever expect to have again, all at once. It seems a lot to pay for it, but maybe that would be a good thing for you to get me for Christmas — you know you asked me what I wanted.

Everything is going pretty well, except that I *cannot* "roll an r." I've tried, and tried, and tried — and am still trying. Maybe, when I'm ninety and haven't any teeth, I'll be able to do it, or, at least, sound as if I were doing it. But, I still keep up courage. As long as I have a tongue, I can keep on trying and hoping.

Kiss the family ninety-nine times around for me, and then have them all kiss you the nine hundred one times. And don't forget to have my biggest pair of stockings mended for Christmas. I'm going to give Santy a regular hustle to get it filled before he has to go.

With lots of love,

THERESA.

P. S.— Could you dress a doll for me for the Y. W. C. A.? I haven't much time. Besides, you dress them so beautifully. T.

“Growing Worldly Wise”

In a noisy crowded city street,
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Walked a little brown dog with sprawling feet,
And pointed ears upfurred.

Full many a mile had he walked that day,
And none had bid him in.
His stomach he knew had faded away,
And left him hollow and thin.

But a neighboring shop with tempting smell,
Allured his shaggy breast,
The fat old keeper, he judged full well,
Would grant him his small request.

“A bite to eat, good sir,” barked he,
“A hungry beast am I!
Take pity on a little cur —
And feed me or I die!”

The man looked down, and smiled a smile;
An unctuous smile was that.
“Come in, my dog, and bide awhile
Till you are nice and fat!”

And the dog went in and ate his fill,
But found alas — too late!
He did not know the world, until —
He saw his tragic fate!

“Now, to this hard old earth I’m wise,”
He whines with bitter cry,
As in the sausage mill he dies
With one last plaintive sigh.

EDITH F. CASEY, '14.

The Echo

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DECEMBER, 1912

No. 4

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Editorial Department

May your hearts feel in full measure the subtly enchanting joys of the holiday season, and may you have a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

Looking Out

There is a conviction in the minds of many educators that one great need of our present-day education is a closer communion with present-day affairs. To borrow the expression of one of our faculty members: "Education is too largely a cut-and-dried procedure." Even in college many of the students

live so much engrossed in the activities of their college life that they are unconscious, or, at least, uninformed of much that occurs in the great world outside. For many years societies have been organized in some colleges and universities for the purpose of keeping in closer touch with current events, and now we are glad to note that our own S. N. C. has taken such a step. It is an action of which we should be proud. We are looking out.

Our Library Facilities

Although the State Education Building was dedicated and formally opened some time ago, the State Library is still closed to the public. Many of our students are wondering why, and some are rather impatient at the delay. Mr. Weir, director of the library, when interviewed a short time ago, said that we shall have to be patient for a few months more. The reading room is in good condition, ready for use; but the stack-room is still the scene of disorder. The entire space in the wing, under the reading room on the second floor is cut up into seven floors, which are to be filled with steel book-stacks, similar to those in our own library. The construction work, proper, on that part of the building is completed, and some of the stacks are now being put in place; but so much dust, smoke, and dirt is occasioned by this work that it is inadvisable to have books placed on the shelves that are ready, until all shall be in place, even though the books be all catalogued and waiting, as they will be before the stacks are completed for their reception. The work of placing the books on the

shelves will also unavoidably take considerable time to accomplish, because of the large number of books to be disposed of, although the "library family," which will be engaged in this task, consists of one hundred five members.

Perhaps this year will see the State Library little used by our students, but we may be sure of a welcome when the library does open, for we are considered by the librarians among their "regular visitors." In the meantime, we shall continue to avail ourselves of the courtesy of other libraries of the city. Also, we shall find considerably more of available reference material in our own library with the advent of the new English library which has recently been procured, and for which we wish to express our gratitude to those who have obtained it for our use.

News Department

Faculty Notes

ANNOUNCEMENT OF LECTURES

[These lectures will be given in the College Auditorium at the times stated on the dates named. Admission to the evening lectures will be by ticket only, and information concerning tickets may be had at the College Office. The lectures held during the day are open to the public without tickets.]

January 8, 4:30 P. M. William J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D., President State Normal College. Subject, "Memory Training."

January 15, 4:30 P. M. Leonard W. Richardson, A.

M., LL. D., Professor of Ancient Languages, State Normal College. Subject, "The Attic Drama; Its Origin and Development."

January 30, 8:15 P. M. Alfred W. Abrams, A. M., Chief of the Division of Visual Instruction, State Education Department. Subject, "Visual Instruction as a Factor in Education." (Illustrated.)

February 12, 10:30 A. M. Leonard A. Blue, Ph. D., Dean, State Normal College. Lincoln Day Address. Subject, "The Giant of the Centuries."

February 18, 8:15 P. M. A. E. Winship, LL. D., Editor "The Journal of Education," Boston, Mass. Subject, "The Personal Element."

February 27, 4:30 P. M. John M. Sayles, B. A., Principal, Normal High School, Albany. Subject, "Traces of Early European Forms of Government in America."

March 10, 8:15 P. M. George Kiernan, Interpreter of Joseph Jefferson. Subject, "Rip Van Winkle."

March 21, 8:15 P. M. Hugh P. Baker, M. F., Ec. D., Dean of New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse. Subject, "The Forests of New York, Past and Present." (Illustrated.)

April 17, 8:15 P. M. B. R. Baumgardt, Lecturer. Subject, "An Evening with the Stars." (Illustrated.)

April 30, 4:30 P. M. David Hutchison, A. M., B. D., Professor of History, State Normal College. Subject, "The Place of Daniel Webster in American History."

Lectures That Have Been Given

On the evening of October 11, John T. Wenyon, an English reader and interpreter of Shakespeare, gave a lecture in the College Auditorium, entitled, "An Evening with Shakespeare." The lecture was of especial interest, since this year "THE ECHO" play was a Shakespearean comedy.

An illustrated lecture, "Wild Animals and Birds," was given by Col. G. O. Shields on November 12. Col. Shields is President of the League of American Sportsmen and is well qualified as a speaker.

During the week that the convention of the Woman's Clubs of New York State was in session in Albany, our students were granted the opportunity of listening to two very able speakers. Miss Ida Butcher, who was chairman of the Literary Branch of Woman's Clubs, spoke to us concerning the influence of the literary work. Miss Maria L. Sanford, who for more than thirty years has been professor of rhetoric in the University of Minnesota, read a paper entitled: "Moral Influence in the School-room." The vigor of Miss Sanford's arguments, the beauty of her ideals, the undeniable importance of her statements met with a hearty response on the part of the students.

At chapel hour on November 26, Adna W. Risley, professor of history in our own college, delivered a lecture entitled: "Thanksgiving — the Home Day." The lecture was permeated with Professor Risley's characteristic vigor and wit, with which we are all so familiar. The development of the subject was truly delightful.

“The Balkan Situation” was the title chosen for the lecture on December 4 by the Rev. William H. Hopkins, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany. The subject was one which is of special interest to students at this time. Dr. Hopkins’ treatment of the subject was clear and instructive. The message of “World Peace” which he brought found a sure welcome among us.

Senior Notes

The senior class takes this opportunity for thanking the sophomore class for the frolic of December 6. We had a good time.

With the close of the present term half of our number takes its place among the “has beens,” and the remainder of the class assumes the dignity that comes with practice teaching. It is rumored that some form of initiation will be given to the “will be’s,” which initiation will savor of Methods in Discipline.

Miss Elma A. Teames, formerly a member of the class of '13, was married to Charles W. McIntosh at Burnt Hills, New York, on Wednesday, November 20, 1912.

This is truly a year for “Progressives.” Our class will be the first to adopt for its pins and rings the new official college seal. With the stately figure of Minerva as a reminder, we can never stray from the paths of learning.

Plans for the Year Book are fast materializing

into realities. This book promises to be the "biggest and best yet." It is very encouraging to the Board that the under classmen are taking hold so well, both in their contributions and in their subscriptions.

Senior H. E. Notes

HOME ECONOMICS DAY AT THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

Home Economics Day was observed on December 3 at the State Normal College, in memory of the late Ellen H. Richards, pioneer in the field of science in the home, and for many years leader of the Home Economics movement. Under the direction of Miss Ellen Huntington, head of the department of Home Economics, the students arranged and conducted the exercises. Before President Milne, the faculty and students of the Home Economics department, and a group of Albany instructors and enthusiasts, the following program was rendered:

Piano duet...Marion Flemming and Gertrude Wells
 Life of Ellen H. Richards.....Naomi Howells
 The Home Economics Movement.....Lucile Hale
 Violin solo.....Jeannette Campbell
 The Home Economics Fund.....Dorothy Hailes
 What Home Economics Stands for..Helen Marshall
 Piano solo.....Mary Westwood
 What the National Government is Doing for Home
 Economics.....Mary Dabney
 What the State of New York is Doing for Home
 Economics.....Jessie Cole

The National, State, and Local Home Economics Associations. Miss Louise Hoffman
Selection by the Mandolin Club. Inez Drake,
Eva Stuart, Ruth DeFrest, Blanch
Borst and Ruth Williamson. Accom-
panists, Gertrude Wells and Jean El-
mendorf.

During the presentation of the program and the social hour following, Miss Anna Jacobson, president of the senior class of Home Economics, presided.

Miss Hale gave, in brief, the progress of the Home Economics movement, tracing it from that time, more than a century ago, when a sewing class was started in a Boston school, down to the present, when many thousands of girls are receiving instruction in the various branches of home making, both in the public schools and in scores of normal schools, colleges, and universities.

Miss Marshall told of what Home Economics stand for, summing up the meaning of the movement in the words, "right living," and expanding the statement of Mrs. Richard's platform: (1) "The ideal of home life for to-day, unhampered by traditions of the past; (2) The utilization of all the resources of modern science to improve home life; (3) The freedom of the home from the dominance of things, and their due subordination to ideals; (4) The simplicity in material surroundings which will most free the spirit for the more important and permanent interests of the home and society."

Miss Dabney and Miss Cole gave, in concise form, reviews of the work of our National and State gov-

ernments for Home Economics, noting their laws, investigations, experiment stations, publications, appropriations for public instruction, and constant encouragement to the people to employ scientific means for doing common things in the home and on the farm.

Miss Howells spoke of the life and work of Mrs. Richards, her education in Vassar and in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, her years of service as chemist, instructor in sanitary science, lecturer and author, of her constant activities in behalf of right home making, of her own home life, which showed her to be not a mere theorist, but a master of the home science and art which she preached. Mrs. Richards was a woman of such wide interests and untiring activity in public and private life, that she could work fourteen hours a day, five to seven days a week, analyzing water in the laboratory, as she did often during the "Massachusetts Survey of Drinking-water Supplies" in 1887 and '88. She served on innumerable committees to improve public health and further scientific education; taught sanitary science, and made valuable experiments in the field of scientific feeding; assisted her husband, the Professor of Mining Engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in his chemical work, often accompanying him and his classes on their tours; led the Home Economics movement for years, until the national organization was successfully established; and withal directed her home. She was devoted to her husband, to her host of friends, and had time to read, to rest, and to raise flowers. In closing, Miss

Caroline Hunt, the friend and biographer of Mrs. Richards, was quoted: "Such a life does not lose its power and vitality when it passes away from us. Her life goes on in a thousand ways and a thousand places and the most skillful social survey could not reveal them all."

Miss Hailes spoke of the Richards' Memorial Fund, established to further the work which has been begun through the efforts of Mrs. Richards and her co-laborers, to put home life on a sounder scientific basis, and to raise it to a higher social and spiritual level.

Anyone who is interested in this fund is invited to contribute one dollar, or more. Such contributions may be sent to the American Home Economics Association, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Following the student papers and musical selections, Miss Hoffman, leader of the Home Economics department in School 6, made an address upon the significance of the National, State, and local organizations. She spoke, also, of the power of Mrs. Richards' life from the view-point of one who had been in touch with her personally.

The entire meeting was a success, for it strengthened in the students the spirit of the woman whom they met to honor, of one who so firmly believed in people, in science, and in the home that she gave her life and fired thousands to follow her in the fight for better homes.

Sophomore Notes

One score and seven days ago our committee brought forth for our class a new constitution, conceived in college spirit and dedicated to the proposition that every organization should have a system of fundamental laws, rules, principles, and ordinances. We are engaged in a great struggle, testing whether any organization such as ours can long exist without the hearty support of every member. In addition to the regular officers our new constitution demands a critic. Mary Dabney was elected to fill this new office.

Extensive plans were made by various committees for the sophomore-senior frolic which was given in the gymnasium Friday evening, December 6. It was the first event of this name ever held in the college and takes the place of the usual sophomore-freshman reception.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Have you noticed what fine singing we have had in our meetings lately? This is due to the fact that we now have the regular association hymn books, with that fine collection of Silver Bay hymns that we all love so well. We really can't help but sing now.

The world's week of prayer was a splendid one for the S. N. C. association. Never before were the meetings so well attended. The speakers for the week were: Miss Ida Whiteside, a teacher in Ossiant College, Africa; Miss Springstead, Rev. Mr.

Sewell, and Dr. Blue. Each speaker took up different countries, and emphasized their needs and possibilities.

Miss Farquhar, the travelling secretary, visited us the 21st and 22d. Miss Farquhar comes to us, instead of Miss Corbett, who has found the work increasing to such an extent that an assistant is necessary. Though we missed Miss Corbett, we were much pleased to hear Miss Farquhar. Her talk was interesting to all. Miss Albert added to the enjoyment of the meeting by a vocal solo. After the meeting, a jolly spread was given in the gymnasium by the social committee, of which Miss Ruth Bissell is chairman. This was a fine way for all to get acquainted with the new secretary.

On December 4 the meeting was given over to a song service. Miss Hope Duncan led the service. How we appreciated those new song books!

Miss Edith Carr spoke at the regular meeting December 11. Her topic was, "Things Worth While." Everyone felt it worth while to have heard her talk.

Newman Club Notes

A strictly business meeting was held at the home of Miss Mary Sheehan November 15.

Newman enjoyed a luncheon at the Ten Eyck, at which all of its members were present.

The New Society

Although no name has yet been chosen for this new organization, its purpose is understood to be the discussion of "Current Events."

After several meetings of students interested in the formation of such a society, a constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected:

President.....	Miss Burlingame
Vice-President.....	Miss Valentine
Secretary.....	Miss Jacobs
Reporter.....	Mr. J. H. Ward

These officers, with a committee of three other members, form a permanent program committee. The meetings are held every Friday afternoon from 3:45 to 4:30 o'clock. All students and members of the faculty are invited to attend.

The first regular meeting of the society was held on December 6. Professor Risley gave a twenty-minute talk on current events. He began by congratulating the students on the formation of a society for such a purpose, remarking that the need in education of the study of present-day affairs has been recognized in some places of learning for a long time, and that we are doing nothing new. In his discussion he spoke of the November election, of the Balkan war, the opening of congress, criminals in New York, the cabinet crisis in England, of Miss Margaret Littleton in regard to her purchasing the home of Jefferson, of the attitude of the Governor of South Carolina, and of other matters of interest.

After Professor Risley's address a short business

meeting was held, during which the reports of the secretary and chairman of the name committee were made.

The second regular meeting was held on December 13. Professor Woodard spoke on "Plant and Animal Parasites." His talk was concerned with bacteria. He mentioned that comparatively few bacteria are harmful to man and that these were first studied by scientists. Now, bacteria which produce diseases of plants are also studied. Many important scientific facts in regard to the nature of bacteria were stated.

Upon the conclusion of Professor Woodard's discourse, a short business meeting was held. The secretary's report was given and approved, and a name for the society was discussed.

There will be no meeting on December 20, but at the next regular meeting, January 10, Professor Walker will speak on current events, with especial reference to economic conditions.

Delta Omega Notes

Miss Olive Ely, '12, entertained the sorority girls and their friends with a delightful Hallowe'en party on November 1.

Mrs. Ives, a charter member of Delta Omega, royally entertained the sorority and friends at her home on Manning Boulevard November 9.

An informal card party was given at the home of Miss Hortense Barnett on November 14. Some of

the sorority girls attended, and a delightful afternoon was spent.

Miss Mabel Northrup, '09, spent the night with the girls at the apartment a few weeks ago, on her way to Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Williamson, '12, was with us for a short visit on November 22.

Delta Omega enjoyed a short visit with some friends, at the apartment, 2 Delaware avenue, on November 14 and 15.

Psi Gamma Notes

October 30, Psi Gamma sorority held a masquerade in the college gym. About thirty were present, including sorority members and guests.

Psi Gamma's tea to the faculty and students was held in the college halls Saturday, November 2, from four to six. The decorations were ivy and yellow chrysanthemums. Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Decker, Mrs. Frear, and Miss Morton poured.

Miss Davidson entertained the sorority and several freshmen at "500" Saturday, November 16.

Kappa Delta Notes

"The Greatest Show on Earth," as presented by the Kappa Delta minstrels, visited "The House" on the evening of November 15, and was greatly enjoyed by a number of freshmen and other friends of the sorority.

"The House" was almost deserted during the Thanksgiving vacation, all the girls spending the holiday at their homes except Katharine Kinne, who visited friends in New York, and Nola Rieffanaugh, who was the guest of Amy Wood.

We are very glad to welcome to our membership Mary Allen, Anna MacIntosh, Mary Pitkins, Edith Case, Harriet Tedford, and Mary Johnston, of the class of '16, and Mary Dabney, '15.

Kappa Delta will hold a Xmas. dance in the gymnasium on the evening of December 19.

"The House" girls spent the week-end of the 6th at a very pleasant house-party given by Marguerite Alberts at her home in Schenectady.

Helen Schermerhorn, '12, was the guest of "The House" during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Kappa Delta wishes the college faculty and students a merry Xmas. and a very happy and prosperous new year.

Eta Phi Notes

On the evening of November 1 Mrs. Harry Birch-enough pleasantly entertained the Eta Phi girls with a "thimble party."

Miss Jessie Cole was hostess at a party given for Eta Phi and its friends on Saturday afternoon, November 2. We were pleased to have with us two of our alumnae, Miss Sara Trembly and Miss Helen McHarg.

On November 5 a regular meeting was held at the home of Esther Mitchell.

A number of Eta Phi girls were the guests of Jean Holmes at a chafing-dish party on November 13.

Saturday evening, the 9th, Eta Phi and her friends enjoyed a straw-ride and barn dance.

The Eta Phi tea to the faculty and student body was held at the college on Saturday, the 16th. The decorations were cherry blossoms and the music was furnished by Zita. Miss Clement, Miss Springstead, Miss Kellar, Miss Huntington, Miss Eyres, and Mrs. Birchenough poured.

Girls' Athletic Association Notes

We'll cheer the A. A.,

We'll cheer the A. A.,

We'll cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer the A. A. ;

And tho' we're from different classes,

We ever friends will be.

We'll cheer, cheer, cheer the A. A.

We certainly had a good time at our Pre-Thanksgiving frolic. Dressed in "gym" suits, we enjoyed many different games. Refreshments came next, then dancing, more refreshments, more dancing, and, then, singing of college songs.

Normal College! Normal College!

We are singing, praises ringing,

To you ever we'll be loyal.

Normal College, here's to you!

The tennis championship cup has been awarded to Miss Anna Lansing, of the freshman class.

Is everyone out for basketball. We are very glad to have a senior team among us. Now, seniors, support your team in the practice games.

Basketball

Great interest is being shown in this sport. One inter-class game has been played between the juniors and the freshmen. It resulted in a victory for the former, the score being 20-19. A team representing the Industrial Department of the college was defeated by the Normal High School Five.

In spite of the fact that the practice of the college basketball squad has been badly broken up, a team that should be able to carry a heavy schedule in a creditable manner is slowly getting into shape. The number of candidates is greater than is usually the case and the outlook for a successful season is very hopeful. The first game of the season will be played at 4:30 P. M. on Friday, December 20, in the college gymnasium. At this time the wearers of the purple and gold will line up against "The Middletown Five" from Middletown, Conn. The visiting quintet includes an "All-New England" forward and an "All-Southwest" center, and is reported to be very fast.

We want this game. The team is out to win, but it needs *your* support. Remember — Friday, December 20, at 4:30.

Alumni Department

The following is a letter of President Taft's commending the heroic acts of the commander, Captain Kirtland W. Perry, officers, and men of the U. S. R. C. "Manning" during the recent Katmai eruption in Alaskan waters:

"SIR:—

"From the official reports received from the commanding officer of the Bering Sea fleet, and from other sources as well, it appears that during the recent eruption of the volcano known as Mount Katmai, in Alaska, you and the officers and men of the "Manning" performed gallant work.

"While you could have put to sea at the commencement of the eruption and thus taken your command out of the zone of danger, it is of record that you remained in port in the face of apparent destruction, in order to give such aid as possible to those on shore, who had no means of escape, and that your officers and men welcomed your action.

"The able manner in which you assumed charge of the surrounding country, both during and after the catastrophe, to the end that not only were all the people saved, but order was restored out of chaotic conditions, compels admiration and deserves praise.

"It is my pleasure, therefore, to commend you, your officers, and your men for your heroic services on this occasion.

"Very respectfully,

(Signed.) "WM. H. TAFT."

We are proud to know that Captain Kirtland W. Perry graduated from S. N. C. in the class of '81.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Mrs. Mooney from Miss Helen T. Emerson, '73. Miss Emerson formerly taught in Honolulu, but now has a fine position in the Executive Bureau at Manila:

“ My trip to Manila was delightful; the ocean was as smooth as the Hudson all the way. On the first of July I arrived here, and while I was taking off my hat it commenced to rain, or pour, and for nine days it kept on pouring, and has kept it up most of the time since.

“ One day in Bagio it rained a fraction over thirty-seven inches in twenty-four hours, and a trifle better than that the next twenty-four, making six feet of water in forty-eight hours.

“ ‘ The Delmonico ’ is within the walled city, within walking distance of my work. Intramuros is very interesting, according to the guide book, but I have not been exploring very much in the rain. I am boarding at the ‘ Delmonico ’ and have ‘ Tammany Hall ’ opposite my windows, so it seems quite like New York, or rather sounds like it.

“ Writing is rather difficult here, as one’s attention is divided between it and fighting various bugs of many sizes. To-night there has been an earthquake to interrupt. My chair swayed back and forth several times, and the Filipinos on the opposite side of the street rushed to the churches and shrines. We shall probably hear to-morrow of a big crack near ‘ Taal. ’ ”

An article written by Miss Emerson appears in another part of THE ECHO.

G. Emmet Miller, '10, formerly principal of the Margaretville High School, Margaretville, N. Y., has accepted the principalship of the high school in Baldwinsville, Mass.

Miss Helen Flaherty, '12, is teaching in New Durham, N. J.

Miss Elizabeth Deegan, '11, is teaching in the high school at Kingston, her home town.

The following alumni have been recent visitors at S. N. C.: Millie Carteluke, '11; Sarah Trembly, '11; Howard Dabney, '12; Elizabeth Williamson, '12, and Florence Kelly, '12.

Mr. John M. Griffin, '73, died in Chicago on April 6, 1912. After graduating from S. N. C., Mr. Griffin taught many years. For a long time he was vice-principal of the Cook County Normal School. In 1894 he received a Pd. D. degree from the State Normal College. Mr. Griffin was the author of many helpful articles in educational magazines. He also wrote books on the teaching of various subjects.

Mr. Alvaro D. Arnold, '74, a prominent lawyer, who several years ago acted as special county judge and had since been called Judge Arnold, died at his home in Hudson Falls on November 24, 1912.

Miss E. Louise Dearstyne, '70, died on September 18, 1912, at her home in Springfield, Mass.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.,

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Owners, The Students of New York State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

AMY WOOD,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1912,

[SEAL.]

H. F. SNYDER,
Postmaster.

PRESS OF
FRANK H. EVORY & CO.
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