





# **-THE-ECHO-**



**March, 1910**

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## THE ECHO

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# The Echo

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## Literary Department

### The Song of the Wind

I am what thou, too, art  
When thou canst understand!  
All nature were in thee  
Couldst thou but reach thy height.

Thou hearest not my storm  
Save by the storms that surge  
And surge again in thee.  
Roar of my gales on rock and hill  
Hast thou no ear to hear  
Until thou, too, hast climbed the heights  
And cried for fellowship of Gods  
And power that might be thine.  
Wail of mine among the pines  
Is not a wail to thee  
If thou hast known no loss,  
No death, no lapse of hope.  
Nor one of all my melodies,  
In major or in minor key,  
Hast thou the art to comprehend  
Till thou hast lived my song.  
I am what thou, too, art  
When thou canst understand!

R. H. KIRTLAND.



## Shelley's Romanticism

Romanticism is a vague word and must take on a different aspect each time that it is applied to a different poet representing this school. As the prime element of romanticism is the emphasis on the "ego," so every poet's individual romanticism differs as widely from the romanticism of all other poets as his personality affords contrasts and differences; it differs—to sum it up in one word—infinity. Wordsworth's romanticism is the pantheistic love of nature; Coleridge's, the love of the supernatural in nature; Scott's, the love of paegentry and the middle ages; Byron's, the expression of individuality in a revolt against society; but Shelley's, reaction against classicism lay in his striving toward the ideal and in his idealistic love of nature and man. In both of these chosen themes, nature and man, we find the uplift, the effort of a creature, striving to break the clanking fetters which bind his spirit to this work-a-day work and to reach the realms of the purely visionary and the atmosphere of realized dreams. Not dreams in the sense that Coleridge sought, an embodiment of the supernatural in ghostly forms from other worlds, but dreams which would be the embodiment of an ideal fostered by a life of pure observation and contemplation of the beautiful in nature. The realization of "Intellectual Beauty" was his goal. As he tells us "when a boy," he "sought for ghosts," but with no avail.

"When musing deeply on the lot of life:

At the sweet time when winds are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming,—  
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy."

From the time of his awakening, his one aim in life was to clothe all things (in the relations of man to man, as well as all phases of nature,) in the visionary garb of intellectual beauty. His love of mankind and of nature are inseparably one, for he says, addressing Beauty:

“Thus let thy power—to my onward life supply  
Its calm—to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom Spirit fair, thy spell did bind  
To fear himself and love all human kind.”

Shelley's first expression of this search for the ideal is contained in "Alastor." He himself is the spirit of solitude. It begins with an invocation to the powers of Earth, ocean and air. He begs Nature, "the mother of this unfathomable world," to favor his solemn song, for, he says, "I have loved thee ever and thee only." In that word, "unfathomable," lay the sum and substance of his difficulties, his pessimism and his final despair, to which he gave utterance in the dirge,

"Rough wind, that moanest loud  
Grief too sad for song,  
Wail for the world's wrong."

Like the philosophers of old he realized that the world was out of tune and, like them, he was compelled, after making many unsuccessful plans and appeals for regeneration, to yield up the ghost and confess himself conquered by the "unfathomable." He truly "pursued a maiden and clasped a reed." His despair finds full sway in the exclamation,

"Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed."

But these fits of pessimism are only intermittent. He turns from men to nature and finds solace in her beauty and encouraged, begins anew his search for the "type laid up in heaven." His enthusiasm outweighs his pessimism. The general impression his works leave on us is one of hope for the future possessed by a cheerful nature as bright and optimistic

as the sunbeams he so loved. In the last chorus from Hellas, written near the close of his life, he bursts forth into a mighty triumphant prophecy of happiness and sings that,

“The world’s great age begins anew;  
The golden years return.”

But the canker still eats into the blossom, for the closing lines of this chorus shake our belief in his exaltation and suggest to us the smile that hides bitter defeat. He awakens to the “realization that his emotions and hopes have carried him away and a dim foreboding whispers,

“Oh, cease! must hate and death return?  
Cease! must men kill and die?  
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy.”

But can we blame this note of bitterness and despair when we consider that its source is unselfishness and disinterested love of mankind?

Shelley’s self-appointed task became known to him when he was very young. He tells us,

“I do remember well the hour which burst  
My spirit’s sleep: a fresh Maydawn it was,  
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,  
And wept, I knew not why; until there rose—  
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.  
So without shame, I spake,—I will be wise  
And just and free and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize  
Without reproach or check.”

Then, as he tells us, he strengthened his spirit with knowledge from “forbidden mines of lore” and “wrought linked armor” for his soul. From that time on the aim of his work was to stir up the spirit of Liberty and Truth to aid the weak against the strong, the conquered against the conqueror, the slave against the tyrant. Liberty, Truth, Love and Hope, as the embodiment

and ideal of all virtue, was the goal toward which his course ever pointed. "Liberty lent life its soul of light, Hope its iris of delight, Truth its prophet's robes to wear, Love its power to give and bear." Truly, an ideal than which there has been none more perfect since creation, the ideal of a poet, a philosopher, a more than philanthropist, a regenerator of the world and mankind in general; too high for a mortal to reach, because it is the work of the Creator who first restored order out of chaos and who is the only one able to do it a second time. Yet, Shelley is a prophet in that he paves the way. He is a voice crying in the wilderness of this "unfathomable" world of ours. How many there are who have seen more of the ruin and evil and have passed it over without even an effort to better the world! The most that can be demanded of a man is that he do his best and, that, Shelley did to the end. In that, he is a benefactor of mankind. Byron showed his devotion to the cause of Liberty by indulging in actual warfare. In this he shows himself the man of action; Shelley, on the other hand, aided the cause of Liberty in his own way by exhortation; he is the poet and philosopher pre-eminently; each deserves our fullest measure of praise.

We turn with a feeling of purer delight to Shelley's poems in which Nature for Nature's sake is the predominant strain. Yet, even here we cannot wholly escape the mysterious, ghostly doubt and shadows found in his more essentially political themes. The "Sensitive Plant" best illustrates this transition. We are given the picture in most minute and figurative detail of a veritable garden of Eden. For richness of imagery, use of words which appeal most directly to our senses and imaginations, suggestions of form, color and odor, this description is unrivalled. Beauty, intellectual and primarily æsthetic, reigns over all. We are reminded of something which comes from the regions of dreams and fairyland, of the "trailing clouds of glory" in which "we come from God, who is our home." Beauty and color pulse throughout its length; there is a sense of heavenly harmony;

that Shelley has at last reached the summit of happiness and realized his ideal. To further accentuate this impression, we see the "divine order of things" regulated by the Eve of this Paradise, but so beautiful, so beneficent, so ideal and characteristic of Shelley himself, in the performance of her dainty offices to the flowers, in her realization of the ideal of raising the suffering and lowering the tyrant, does she seem to us, that we are deceived into thinking that she, too, is regenerated and we forget that she has brought a serpent into this Paradise until we are suddenly brought from the lofty pinnacle of perfect happiness to the lowest vale of dejection by the abrupt, terse words of the poet, "And ere the first leaf looked brown,—she died."

The poet has almost lost himself in this ideal world, but bitter experience has taught him what we have yet to learn and despair succeeds hope and we are brought to look upon the most heart-rending, distasteful scene which the imagination of the poet can devise. Yet, to him, it typifies the true condition of life,—realism as opposed to and contrasted with idealism. It was a sight "to make men tremble who never weep." The blast of Winter came. "He had torn the cataracts from the hills, and they clanked at his girdle like manacles." The harsh, grating sounds of these words are but the expression of his feelings, for even the soft murmuring of the bees and the laughing of the brooks could not close his ears to the sound of clanking chains of slavery. The idea of this corruption ran like an undercurrent through his brightest hours.

Yet, there are some of Shelley's lyrics in which the joyous note is the predominant tone and the sole one. "The Cloud" expresses transparent, laughing, joyous, even riotous happiness. Nature seems all a-smiling. No discord mars the whole, which is a perfect union of beauty, harmony and ethereal daintiness to the highest degree. We are lifted up with the soul of the poet, transfigured and transported with him. There is not even the presence of the yearning note of the "Ode to the West

Wind," and "To a Skylark" to mar the perfection of happiness. The description is rich and gayly-colored, never gaudy, and is the work of an artist's eye. Moreover, it has a delicacy and exquisiteness of fancy found elsewhere only in Shakespeare. It utterly fulfills the requirements that a "romantic poet sees all things in the light of their larger relations, transcends distinctions, expresses by figure or metaphor; or mingles a lyric personality in the tale he tells or the picture he paints, breaking its outlines with passion or embroidering them with fancy." ("The Age of Wordsworth"—C. H. Hereford.) If this is the ideal of the romantic poet, Shelley may be used as the personification of romanticism, for he answers to all these requirements and has no equal in poetic embroidery.

Shelley, then, is a romanticist in his ideals, his subjects, his devotion to Nature and to the cause of liberty and, in an equal measure, in his manner of expression. In comparison to his treatment of Nature, Wordsworth's treatment impresses us as sombre; Coleridge's as cold and distant; Scott's as unimpassioned and lacking understanding. When we compare Byron's with Shelley's, we are reminded of the understanding of Nature which we would gain from a visit to a fashionable exhibition, held in an artist's studio in Paris, where the few priceless gems hanging on the walls and distributed throughout the rooms would be hidden from view by the gayly-dressed, important, gossiping throngs, frequenting the salon. Only those pictures attaining the highest eminence of fame could be seen by glimpses between the people's shoulders and hats: all this to be compared, in Shelley's case, to a situation on a lofty hill overlooking a wide stretch of meadows and gardens, flowers blooming everywhere, clouds sailing majestically through the air, birds singing in the branches or lulled to slumber by the rocking of the winds, in all, a panorama of most exquisite beauty, melody and harmony.

MARIE C. PHILLIPS.

## The Marseillaise

The piece which follows is a translation of an extract from the "*Histoire des Girondins*," by Alphonse de Lamartine. In order to understand it, one should recall that the people of Marseilles at one time betook themselves to Paris with the intention of hastening the triumph of the Revolution. It was on this march that the "Marseillaise," the famous national hymn of France, inspired terror in the Paris populace.

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The sea of the people boiled at the approach of the troops from Marseilles. The National Guard, the allies, the societies of the people, the children, the women, all that part of the population which lives upon the emotions of the street and which runs to all public spectacles flew to meet them. Their sun-browned faces, their warlike aspect, their fiery eyes, their uniforms covered with the dust of the roads, their strange arms, the cannons which they dragged along behind them, the green branches with which they shaded their red caps, their strange speech, mixed with oaths and accented with fierce gestures, all this keenly affected the imagination of the crowd. The revolutionary idea seemed to have become human and to march in the shape of this company to the assault of the last ruins of royalty. They entered the towns and villages beneath triumphal arches. Marching, they sang terrible verses. These songs resembled songs of fatherland and of war, replying at equal intervals to the clash of arms and to the instruments of death in a march to battle.

These words were sung to notes in turn heavy and piercing, which seemed to rumble into the breast with the heavy vibra-

tions of national passion and, afterward, with the joy of victory. They possessed something solemn as death, but serene as the immortal trust of patriotism. It was heroism being sung. It made one shudder, but the shudder which ran through the heart with its vibrations was fearless. It gave force, redoubled vigor, concealed death. It was the "fire-water" of the Revolution; it gave vent to the frenzy of comba in the mind and soul of the people.

Every people hears, at certain moments, its national soul burst forth in accents that no one has written and that everyone sings. All the senses wish to carry their tribute to patriotism and to be encouraged mutually.

The foot marches, the action is animated, the voice intoxicates the ear, the ear rouses the heart. The entire man rises like an ecstatic instrument. Art becomes holy, the dance heroic, music martial, poetry popular. The hymn which springs forth from all—mouths at this moment never dies. One does not profane it upon common occasions. Like the sacred flags suspended in the arches of the temples, that are only brought out on certain days, the national song is kept like an extreme arm for great necessities of the nation. Ours met with circumstances in which there burst forth a particular characteristic which made it at the same time more solemn and more sinister; glory and crime, victory and death seemed interlaced in its refrain. It was the song of patriotism, but it was also the imprecation of madness. It led our soldiers to the front, but it accompanied our victims to the scaffold. The same sword defends the heart of the country in the hand of the soldier, and slaughters victims in the hand of the executioner.

The Marseillaise maintains an echo of a song of glory, and of a cry of death; glorious as the one, melancholy as the other; it comforts the nation and frightens the people. Here is its origin:

There was at one time a young officer of artillery in the garrison at Strassburg. His name was Rouget de Lisle. He was



born at Lons-le-Saunier in Jura, that country of revery and of energy. This young man loved the war as a soldier, the Revolution as a thinker. He charmed the dull restlessness of the garrison with his verses and music. Sought after on account of his double talent as musician and poet, he frequented familiarly the home of Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, mayor of Strassburg. The wife and young daughter of Dietrich shared the enthusiasm for patriotism and for the Revolution, which thrilled especially on the frontiers. They loved the young officers, they prompted his heart, his poetry, his music, and were the confidantes of the stammering of his genius.

It was in the winter of 1792. Poverty reigned in Strassburg. The home of Dietrich was poor, his table frugal, but hospitable to Rouget de Lisle. One day, when there had only been bread from the army stores and some slices of smoked ham on the table, Dietrich regarded de Lisle with a sad serenity and said: "Abundance is lacking at our banquets; but what does it matter, if enthusiasm is not lacking at our civil feasts, and courage in the hearts of our soldiers! I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Have it brought here, (he said to one of his daughters) and let us drink to liberty and the nation. Strassburg ought soon to have a patriotic ceremony and de Lisle should draw from these last drops one of those hymns which bear into the souls of the people the intoxication from which it has burst forth."

The young girls applauded, brought the wine, filled the glass of their father and of the young officer until the wine was exhausted. It was midnight. The night was cold. De Lisle was a dreamer. The cold seized him, he entered his solitary room shivering, sought dully for an inspiration, sometimes in the palpitations of his patriot soul, sometimes in the keys of his instrument, composing sometimes the air before the words, sometimes the words before the air, so associating them in his mind that he could not know himself which came first, and it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, and the sentiment from

the expression. He sang it all, and wrote down nothing.

Overwhelmed by this sublime inspiration, he slept, his head upon his instrument, and only awoke at daybreak. The songs of the night before returned to him like a dream. He wrote them down, noted them, and hastened to Dietrich's house. Dietrich gathered together a few friends, all passionately fond of music as himself, and capable of executing the composition of Rouget de Lisle. The eldest daughter played the accompaniment and Rouget sang. At the first verse, countenances paled. At the second tears flowed, and at the last, the delirium of enthusiasm burst. The wife of Dietrich, her daughter, the father, the young officers threw themselves weeping into each others arms. The national hymn was found. Alas! it was to be also the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrich walked to the scaffold a few months later, to the sound of the notes first sung in his home, in the heart of his friend and by the voices of his daughters.

The new song, played a few days afterward at Strassburg, flew from town to town on all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the beginning and the end of the sittings of its clubs. The people of Marseilles spread it about France, singing it on their marches. Thence came the name of the "Marseillaise." The aged mother of Rouget de Lisle, a royaliste, astonished at the sounding of her son's name, wrote to him:—"What is this revolutionary hymn that is sung by a horde of brigands crossing France, and to which your name is added?" De Lisle himself, exiled as a royaliste, shuddering heard it echo like a death menace, while fleeing through the paths of the Alps, "What is the name of this hymn?" he asked of his guide. "The Marseillaise," replied the peasant. Thus he learned the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm that he had planted behind him. He hardly escaped death. The weapon turned against the hand which forged it. The Revolution, become insane, no longer recognized its own voice!

## Studies in Interpretation

### I.

#### Twin Pictures

As I was leaving a picture salon, two small paintings, identical in framing and setting, attracted my attention. The first portrayed a richly furnished room; the crimson and gold drapings formed a suitable background for the scene. Through the panes, half crimsoned by the setting sun, fell a ray of light upon the angry countenance of a tall, commanding figure. His face was stern and gray, his eyes flashed angrily, and his set lips seemed to utter terrible things against the departing boy.

The latter was in his first manhood, but his handsome mouth and clean cut features were marred by the traces of dissipation and evil. His head was bowed, but his heavy, rebellious heart lent no tears to soften his sorrow. Clinging to the father, was a sobbing woman, with a sorrowing mother's expressive eyes, and lips which pleaded for her boy, with the determination of the father.

The other picture represented the same room, but it was dawn, the cold bleak, shadowy dawn of a winter day. A black-draped cot in one corner outlined the figure of a man, over whose waxen face, the death candles glimmered. The once flashing eyes were closed and the set mouth still more rigid. A weeping wife knelt at the side of the bier. Her hair was as white as the kerchief at her throat and the once beautiful eyes gazed stonily into space; the proud lips seemed to murmur, "Too late!" O, the pity of it!

In the gray light of the half-opened door was a young man, ill groomed, emaciated and haggard. Now, the tears rained from

his eyes; sorrow had come to his heart, tinged with despair, for his father has died, unforgiving, relentless.

HELEN MAGEOUGH, '12.

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II.

### A Certain Piece of Music

The dim, high-vaulted Cathedral was filled with people. The light was low, but the tread of feet and the rustle of soft silk could be heard. A man coughed loudly and the big door squeaked upon its hinges.

Suddenly the people became perfectly silent for from far up within the chancel came the low vibrant tone of an organ. Far away it sounded and like the call of the thrush from her tree-top; then nearer and nearer, louder and louder. The melody drifted into a beautiful pastoral and the song of the shepherds came sweetly down from the mountains. A sudden change; the sounds became louder and swifter till they thundered and reverberated in a triumphal march, which woke the echoes in the lofty walls. The sound of marching feet gradually ceased and the low murmuring tone took its place; lower and lower, softer and softer, until with one sweet sigh, it died away.

Again was heard the rustle of silks, the man's loud cough, and the big door squeaked on its hinges.

ETHEL G. EVERINGHAM, '12.

## III.

## A Certain Book.

Upon the shelf of my book-case is a little book, two inches wide, four inches long and two inches thick. The cover of calfskin is worn and gray and the edges of the little book are green with age, while many of the pages are brown from exposure, and thumb-marked. Here and there is a page, pasted together, where a child's hands, perhaps, have torn it. The words of the book as they stand there are unintelligible to both you and to me. On the back cover are the words, written in my childish hand, "Printed in 1797," which fact an old friend translated from the printing on the title-page.

The book is my great grandfather's Bible, printed in Hebrew. Through what hands this book has passed! It was printed in Germany and brought to America by my grandfather. What joys and sorrows this book has witnessed! For the Bible is ever present at our weddings and our funerals, at our Sabbath services and the pleasant Sabbath afternoon gatherings.

The words which were heard by my mother as her father read them, are the echoes of similar words, read for ages. The holy words which have lived so long will continue to live, but the sound of the words is different. I hear the English words, the meaning of which is, of course, the same as that of the Hebrew words, for in all races the thoughts are the same. But the majestic solemnity is gone, never to return. Only few of us can read this little book as it is and then, only after long and tedious study, for Hebrew is a dead language.

The Bible is the great book and who shall say it is not the greatest? It is true the parables in it were not all parables, but the great truths of the Book will always be truths, and the par-

ables only serve to illustrate and emphasize the truths. And these truths and the songs and the history, which covered so much time, all these are contained in this one little book.

RUTH I. JACOBS, '12.

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### Travel at Home

To you people who periodically have violent attacks of travel-fever, coupled with a lean purse, which forbids a satisfactory medicine for the complaint, let me present the idea of travel at home. Your main object in traveling is to visit strange places and to see new sights. Look about you! Within twenty miles there are almost innumerable places as strange and as new to you as any in Baluchistan or the Falkland Islands. But you want to see the birthplace of Shakespeare and the Roman Forum! Pshaw! If you were to see Shakespeares birthplace, you would see just a common house with no more indications of genius about it than there is about a dozen houses in your own town! And as for the Roman Forum, why, man alive! the Roman Forum is just a lot of old broken pillars and crumbling stones. Ride up to Jonesville and see the new court-house; there's a building along the order of the old Roman structures, that's in good condition. *Travel at home.* You'll find plenty of strange country, plenty of new sights, and you won't be sea-sick, nor have to stop continually to consult your Baedeker.

HARLEY COOK, '13.

## The School Teacher's Creed

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatever the boy soweth, the man shall reap.

I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book, in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely.

I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life and in out-of-doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on.

I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do.

I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living.

EDWIN OSGOOD GROBER.

## Editorials

### Die Deutsche Verein.

THE ECHO notes with pleasure the formation of a new society within our midst. The college has long felt the need of just such an organization as "Die Deutsche Verein." The lectures, discussions, papers, debates and informal gatherings will surely do much toward arousing an enthusiasm and interest in the study of the German language, which is highly commendable in such an institution as ours.

But this admirable society, we are informed, has not limited its activities to purely literary pursuits. It has taken as one of its chief aims what has heretofore been considered a Herculean task—the awakening of the sleepy college paper. The dead ECHO is to be set vibrating at a swifter rate than ever experienced before, even in the days of its prime, and the college walls are to ring with the reverberations. This plan appears to us as very excellent, but to us who have been within the mill for some time, the not altogether unique method adopted to accomplish this end appears at fault. In the first place, this scheme has been very systematically and unsuccessfully tried for the last few years; in fact, ever since the establishment of the aforesaid sleepy magazine. In the second place, this practise would tend to take away the very few hours of sleep and repose left to the busiest people in college and so tend to make the atmosphere still more slumberous.

No. It does not seem to us a wise move to try to awake enthusiasm among the hard-worked members of THE ECHO Board by refusing to give them any practical aid in the form of a reporter. Rather, it would seem to us more thoughtful and kind, if they are



bent on giving us friendly assistance, that they should elect three or four officers, who, in different ways, might endeavor to arouse enthusiasm among the members of our board. If we are allowed the suggestion, we would say that the first editor might furnish us the notes on the regular meetings of "Die Verein" and interesting features in the various German courses; a second could profitably appoint himself lecture reporter; a third, a monthly reviewer of some of the best books and magazines to be found in our library and still another might do splendid service at the head of a committee on ways and means of obtaining financial support for THE ECHO. This committee might also do well to inquire as to whether it could be of assistance in advertising and promoting the play which the sleepy-eyed ECHO now has in view.

All this because THE ECHO is the oldest institution in the place and feels the right to gently scold and advise any new fledglings inclined to start before down has given way to feathers.

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### Simplified Spelling

The lively subject, "Simplified Spelling," is ever being brought before us, and it is important that we, as teachers, should have definite opinions upon the matter. The Simplified Spelling Board (1 Madison Avenue, New York) will forward to anyone upon request many valuable pamphlets filled with important information on Reformed Spelling. Calvin Thomas of the Simplified Spelling Boards says, "We wish that every teacher in the United States would investigate the spelling question for himself; would read what has been said by the ablest writers, both

for and against what is commonly *cald* spelling reform and make up his mind. We will do our best to aid the searcher after knowledge. The one thing to be deprecated is the 'snap judgment', formed without any study or reflection. That is not making up one's mind.''

## Exchanges

You will find that luck is only pluck  
To try things over and over;  
Patience and skill, courage and will,  
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

—*Ex.*

---

## Applied Mathematics

“My daughter,” and his voice was stern,  
“You must set this matter right;  
What time did the Sophomore leave,  
Who sent in his card last night?”

“His work was pressing, father dear,  
And his love for it was great;  
He took his leave and went away  
Before a quarter of eight.”

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,  
And her dimples deeper grew,  
“ ’Tis surely no sin to tell him that  
For a *quarter of eight is two.*”

Teacher.—“Give the derivation of the word ‘equinox.’”

Pupil.—“Oh, that’s easy enough. It comes from the Latin *equus*, meaning horse, and *nox*, meaning night. Therefore the word means night-mare.”

---

### A New Teacher’s Examination

I. 1. Are you healthy? 2. Is your weight in relation to your height? 3. Do you eat and enjoy three meals a day? 4. Do you enjoy a right amount of vacation? Teacher must present a teacher’s certificate.

II. Have you a good temper? A teacher must be sunny, sweet and wholesome.

III. Have you sense of humor? If you haven’t, you have no business to be a teacher. All this is due to what is inside of you, and is the most important of all.

IV. Are you a teacher all the time? If you say “yes,” I don’t want you. You have no business to be so all the time. No one can take his profession to the dinner table and to bed with him. You must have other interests. You ought to travel, not for the education, but for the love of human interests. All of the world must be in your heart of sympathy. Concerts, theatres, social functions are essential. You will have no nervous breakdown if you do this. Your own destiny is in your hands.—*Chapel Talk by Dean Miller of Chicago University.*

First Freshman—"How is Horace?"

Second Freshman.—"Horace is all right, but I can't make my translations agree with the 'hoss.'"

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Frosh.—What does trans mean ?

Soph.—Across.

Frosh.—Well, then, does transparent mean a cross parent ?

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### A Sophomore Revery

The wind is whispering through the trees,  
It murmurs soft and low;  
It seems as though it said to me,  
"Say, how did you get through?"

## College News

### Senior Notes

The Class of 1910 congratulates the Junior Class on the success of Junior Week. Many seniors attended the "Prom" and the Reception and enjoyed both very much.

Miss Florence Brown, '10 spent the week-end, February 4-6, in Albany as the guest of her sister.

The Class wishes to express its sincere sympathy for Miss Emily Hoag, who was called home during examination week by the death of her mother.

Miss Genevieve Brooke is teaching Physiography and Biology in the Albany High School, in the absence of Prof. Cook. We are much pleased to have her near enough to visit us occasionally.

The Sophomore class invited the Seniors to a reception in their honor, Monday evening, February 21st.

By this time, most of the Seniors are full-fledged "school-marms" and are quite accustomed to attending "faculty meetings" every Wednesday. "What are you teaching?" "Do you have Mr. ——— in your class and does he study for you?" are the usual questions when Seniors meet.

The class extends its sincere sympathy to Miss Burchard, who was called home recently by the death of her father.

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### Junior Notes

We are glad to welcome Miss Junia Morse into our class. Miss Morse is a graduate of Brockport Normal School.

The Juniors of the Kappa Delta sorority gave a tea to the Junior Class on Wednesday afternoon, February 2nd, from four to six.

## The Banquet

Junior Week opened with a banquet at the Amsterdam, Thursday evening, February 3rd. The table decorations were carried out in green and white, the class colors. The favors were white carnations.

Miss Ella Watson made a clever toastmistress. The following toasts were responded to:

“Our Alma Mater”

Miss Millie Kartluke

“Looking Backward”

Miss Florence Wittmeier

“The Future”

Miss Esther Trumbull

“Feminine Athletes”

Miss Beulah Brandow

“Our Embryo Celebrities”

Miss Sarah Trembley

Besides the members of the class, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Kirtland, Mrs. Walker and Miss Dunsford were present as guests.

The Junior Class held its “Prom” on Friday evening, February 4th, in the college gymnasium. The “gym” was prettily decorated with green and white floral decorations and the embankments of palms added much to the attractiveness of the scene. About ninety couple were present and all reported a good time. The patronesses of the evening were Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Risley, Miss Pierce, Miss McCutcheon and Miss Bodley.

The Juniors finished their week of festivities with a reception to the faculty and students in the college gymnasium Saturday evening, February 5th. Miss Hotaling sang a couple of solos in a very pleasing manner and Mr. Allison gave some readings, which were very much enjoyed. Then, dancing and refreshments were indulged in.

## Sophomore Notes

On Monday evening, February 21, '10, the Sophomore Class entertained the Seniors in the College building. During the first part of the evening a program was rendered as follows:

Reading Miss Hortense Barnet

Mr. Bowser at the Dressmakers.

Vocal Solo Miss Leila Pierce

Reverie Mr. Howard Dabney

"His Old Sweethearts."

Dancing and refreshments followed.

The class was honored with the presence of Professor and Mrs. Kirtland.

## Freshman Notes

An interesting meeting of the class was held just before exam week to consider the adoption of the so-called honor system of conducting examinations. After considerable discussion, a vote was taken, resulting in a victory for the opponents of the plan. It was a nominal victory, however, for a higher power stepped in and made compulsory an honor system varying very slightly from the one at first proposed.



Mr. "Ralph Waldo" Williams was one of the speakers at the annual banquet of the Philodoxia Literary Society, held at Hampton, the evening of February 7th.

Here is a question which we Freshmen constantly ask ourselves: What *would* S. N. C. have done without us this year? At the Senior reception, several of our members appeared in the album; at the Junior frolic, they depended upon us to furnish all the male characters in the play; the Sophomore spelling-math would have been a flat failure had we not sacrificed thirty willing victims; finally, at the Junior reception, a feature of the evening was the speaking of a 1913 man, Mr. Allison.

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### Y. W. C. A.

Miss Emma Conant was the leader of the regular meeting held Wednesday afternoon, January 12th. "New Year Resolutions" was the topic discussed. Many beneficial hints concerning our college life were given by the various members of the association. "Through the year with God" was accepted as our motto for the New Year.

"Nothing but Leaves" was the topic of a meeting held Wednesday, February 9th. Mary Norton, the leader, gave a most interesting and helpful talk on the subject.

Wednesday, February 16th, Florence Chase was the leader of a very helpful meeting. The topic, "Girls' Faults and Ideals," was developed by the discussion of quotations of several noted authors upon this subject. For instance, Ruskin says, "Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some patient effort to get rid of them."

## Athletic Association

At a meeting of the Association held on February 15th, the following officers were elected:

President, Roy Van Denberg; Vice-President, Sarah Trembley; Secretary, Adele Le Comte; Treasurer, S. S. Rice; Reporter, Florence Wittmeier.

The following basket-ball games have been scheduled:

S. N. C. vs. Union Freshmen, Feb. 18th.

S. N. C. vs. First Cong'l Church, Feb. 26th.

S. N. C. vs. R. P. I. Freshmen.

During the remainder of the term, twelve basket-ball games are to be played between the girl class teams. The members of the team which wins the greatest number of games will be entitled to wear the letters.

No one can participate in inter-class athletics, who is not a member of the association.

Anyone may become a member by paying fifty cents annual dues.

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## Delta Omega Notes

At a regular meeting of the Sorority, January 17th, at the Delta Flat, the following officers were elected for the second semester:

President, Miss Helen Bennett; Vice-President, Miss Beth Everett; Critic, Miss Effie Vanderzee; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Veghte, Recording Secretary, Miss Ethel Everingham; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Frazer; Editor, Miss Hortense Barnet; Marshalls: Florence Woolworth, Hazel Bennett.

On the afternoon of January 18th, the Sorority was at home at 155 Lancaster Street, to the wives and lady members of the faculty. We enjoyed having them with us and will always welcome them heartily.

The engagement of Miss Emma Montrose to Mr. Charles W. N. Sneed, a prominent lawyer of Newburgh, was announced recently at a tea given by Miss Minnie Schultz.

Miss Adele Le Comte spent a most enjoyable week-end, February 11th to 13th, at the home of Miss Florence Woolworth in Schenectady. During her stay there she called on Miss Hurst and Mrs. Dockstader.

A Valentine party was held at the college on February 14th. Red hearts prevailed as the decoration. After a hunt for candy hearts, a supper was enjoyed, during which a valentine box was opened.

Miss Anna Fraser was happily surprised February 11th by a visit from her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Fraser of Champlain, New York.

The sorority met with Miss Perine for a regular meeting on February 28th. The new officers were installed, a literary programme carried out, and the usual good time enjoyed.

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### Eta Phi.

Miss Louise Clement entertained the Eta Phi girls at a tea, Saturday, January 29th, in honor of her cousin, Miss Laura Hosner of Clifton, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude Gladding of Norwich, New York, was the guest of Miss Florence Burchard, January 17th to 18th, 1910.

At a regular meeting of the Sorority, January 20th, the officers for the second semester were installed. Miss Adaline Raysford was elected president in place of Miss Clara Springsteed, resigned.

Miss Leona Eaton entertained her sister, Miss Marion, of Norwich, during Junior week.

Miss Mima Shimer of Port Jervis has been the recent guest of Miss Florence Van Noy.

Miss Adaline Raysford entertained Eta Phi and a few friends at cards Saturday afternoon, February 19th. She was assisted by the Misses Keller, Andrus and Trembley.

Miss Florence Hunter, '09, of Fulton, New York, spent the week of February 13-20 in this city.

Mrs. Henry A. Trembly of Flint, Mich., has been the recent guest of her sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Trembly.

Eta Phi extends deepest sympathy to Miss Florence Burchard in her recent bereavement.

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### Kappa Delta Notes

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the sorority was held at the sorority house, February 2nd.

Kappa Delta entertained a few of her friends at a Valentine Social, Monday evening, February 14th.

The sorority welcomes the return of Miss Emily Hoag, who was recently called home by the death of her mother.

Miss Jessie Robinson of Poland, New York, was the recent guest of Miss Helen Schermerhorn.

Kappa Delta extends a hearty welcome to Miss Junia Morse, who has returned to college after completing her course at Brockport Normal School.

## Psi Gamma

Saturday, February 5th, the Psi Gammas were guests at a theater party given by Miss Helen Brown in honor of her sister, Miss Florence Brown of Ft. Ticonderoga.

Miss Genevieve Brooke is at present teaching science in the Albany High School.

Miss Mae Marsden, '07, visited college on Wednesday, February 17th.

Psi Gamma and a few friends were delightfully entertained at a card party given by Miss Mabel Tallmadge, Thursday evening, February 10, 1910.

Miss Gertrude Heap recently attended a Williams' college dances.

Recently, Miss Fannie Pawel entertained at a chafing-dish luncheon in honor of Miss Laura Stuckmann of Harrietsville.

On Tuesday evening, February 8th, a regular meeting was held at the home of Miss Winifred Gillespie. The evening was devoted to the study of Mark Twain's works.

Mrs. Timothy Roland entertained Saturday evening, January 22nd at her home on Ten Broeck street, in honor of Miss Laura Stuckmann.

A regular meeting of the sorority was held at the college on Thursday afternoon, February 17th.

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## Newman Study Club

On Wednesday, February 2nd, the regular semi-annual election of officers was held. The following were elected to office:

President, Bertha Bott; Vice-President, Marie Phillips; Secretary, Anna Kirley; Treasurer, Florence Hanigan.

Miss Alice Finn entertained a few members of the Club on Monday evening, January 31. Music and games helped to make the evening enjoyable.

Members of the Club are attending the series of Lenten lectures which are being given at Centennial Hall every Monday evening by Dr. James J. Walsh, Dean of Fordham Medical School. These lectures are for the benefit of Camp Tekawitha of the Catholic Summer School, and the subjects presented are of a very interesting and instructive nature. "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries" was the title of the first lecture delivered on Monday evening, February 14th.

## About College

### Dr. Rhees' Talk

On Thursday, February 3rd, Dr. Rush Rhees, President of the University of Rochester, gave an informal address to the students of the college on the teaching profession. Dr. Rhees' remarks were most inspiring and the noble way in which he portrayed the compensations of teaching could not but make prospective instructors feel the importance and dignity of their chosen profession.

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### "The Originality of Lincoln."

The above was the subject of a very pleasing and interesting address given by Professor Adna W. Risley in the college auditorium, Friday afternoon, February 11th. Professor Risley showed a keen understanding and appreciation of his subject and an ability to so present the same as to hold the attention of his audience every instant. The students are indeed grateful to Professor Risley for the opportunity which he gave them of beholding our beloved Lincoln in so charming a light.

### Professor Kirtland's "At Home" With the Poets

Friday afternoon, February 18th, was Professor Kirtland's first "at home" with the poets. All who attended spent a most enjoyable and profitable hour. The few introductory remarks, to the purport that every great art is the doorway into every other great art, helped us appreciate the relative importance of poetry as an art. "Why we are here to-day" was beautifully and appropriately delineated by the verses of Browning:

"That star has opened its world to me,  
Therefore, I love it."

The program proper was then earnestly begun with a few select verses of Wordsworth. Scott, Shelley, Keats and Swinburne were each in turn recalled by some choice passages, interpreted in a new light to many of us through the enthusiastic, soul-wrapt interest of the reading. We all thank Professor Kirtland for this reading, and we shall look forward with great pleasure to those which are to come.

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### Lecture on "George Washington."

The Reverend Joseph Addison Jones of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, Albany, New York, delivered an eloquent address on "George Washington," Monday, February 21st, in the college auditorium. Dr. Jones is a rare speaker and we feel that we were especially honored by having the opportunity of listening to his splendid tribute to the character and achievements of our greatest soldier and statesman. George Washington in all his greatness stands before us to-day and we shall never tire of the study of his life.



## The George Junior Republic

Mr. Derrick, Superintendent of the George Junior Republic, addressed the college students Friday, February 25th, in the college auditorium. Mr. errick presented an interesting account of the little community at Freeville, New York, carried on by the George Junior Republic Asociation. This Republic was established by Mr. William R. George for the purpose of training boys and girls for life. Its work is founded on principles of self support and self-government. When the boy or girl enters the Republic, he becomes a citizen and secures a position in one of the many industries.

For his work he is paid in an aluminum currency, with which he hires his board and lodging in one of the cottages, and pays for all else that he may need. In a word, he becomes self-respecting and self-reliant. He is vested with the full duties of an American citizen, and together with others aids in making the laws. If he is unwise enough to break the law, he finds that he will be punished by a government of his own creating.

The problem of training the youth of the country is the most important before the American people. If solved aright, the solving of other problems will be more than half completed. This, then, is a movement worthy of the attention of every true citizen.

The following article, concerning Professor C. Stuart Gager, who was a member of the State Normal College faculty for several years, was taken from the New York World.

NEW SPECIES OF PLANTS CREATED WITH RADIUM  
COLUMBIA, Mo., Feb. 20.—Plants may be made to order according to Prof. C. Stuart Gager, who for two years has been experimenting with radium at the University of Missouri. An entirely new species of primrose has been originated by the use of the radium, and it has true to the new form through three generations of the plant. The color of the flower was changed, and the leaves changed from broad to narrow.

It is possible to accelerate or retard the growth of plants by exposing them to the radium rays. Several seeds of oats were planted in the same flowerpots with tubes of radium, and the seeds germinated in half the regular time and the plant grew twice as fast. In another experiment, when the amount of radium had been increased and used in bromide form, the germination of the seeds was retarded.

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### New Library Additions.

Recently, a very valuable addition has been made to our college library in the form of Nelson's Encyclopedia, which is edited in twelve finely bound loose-leaf volumes, so arranged that at any time new material from the Research Bureau may be inserted. Here, in this perfect reference work, we may be assured of obtaining information even on the latest important current events, such as the account of the recent Revolution in Turkey, the biography of the late Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota and an article containing the latest phases of the Cook-Peary controversy.

## Leaves from a Freshman's Diary

FEB. 5, 1910.—Dear Diary: This week is Junior Week and last night was the Junior Prom and this morning everyone has a bunch of wilted violets and a faded smile and tonight comes the Junior Reception and how we do enjoy it! If it is like this our freshman year what must it be to be a real full-fledged Junior who can tell such jokes as—"Algy met a bear. The bear was bulgy. The bulge was Algy" and understand them well enough to make practical application. Now I must get ready for the reception but I can't wear my new pumps because this is a "splashy, rainy, misty, snowy foggy haily, floody, muddy slipshod country." I think that is Keat's most immortal quotation. It's so true to life.

FEB. 8.—Mon papier ami—I'm afflicted with the hypochondria. That's a polite way of saying that I've got the blues dreadfully bad. In the first place we got our punch cards to-day. Peggy and I tried to hold the envelopes up to the sunlight and see the punches as we saw some sophs doing but we couldn't make out a single pneh and concluded we'd flunked everything until we pulled them out in desperation. And what do you think? I passed Algebra and flunked Latin! After trotting that pony all night long with strong coffee and a wet towel around my head, I failed in the miserable stuff. Peggy is raging because she did not get Psychology. You see she couldn't answer the question on the Convocation lectures because she went to sleep the night we went down and it counted 20 percent. Such is life, I suppose, but isn't it depressing? And so humiliating too. How can I ever write home about it? The next horrid thing that happened to me to-day was that a senior captured me in the halls

and wanted me to fill out a table on individual differences and when I said I liked a good dinner best and travelling least, she said I was abnormal and didn't know what I was talking about, that the fifteen freshman she had asked before all put travelling number one, and the feast at the end of the list—even after working with tools! I told her that I guessed I knew what I wanted—traveling! hadn't I been on a sleighride the night before and got tipped out! As for a good dinner! My, I was half starved. I had just been down to the lunch room and asked if the only remaining piece of lemon pie and sandwiches were for sale. They said yes and just as I was walking triumphantly away with them they called me back and said they were not for sale but for Sayles. And besides, I told her, she was stifling my originality just like those ancients who suppressed individuality by choosing husbands for their daughters. Then the senior smiled in a very cool dignified manner and told me to run along, that I was like Rabely, whose greatest influence was in the capacity of an objector. I felt squelched but I wouldn't have let her know it for the world. And the third thing that makes me feel so out of sorts is that Peggy insisted on treating me to ice-cream to-night on the way home, to celebrate our flunks—with the weather at 10 below zero—I nearly froze and when we got home a Junior came in and began "Ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers was a-cold; the hare limped trembling through the frozen grass," until we smothered her with sofa pillows.

Later—Cheer up, dear diary, a fuzzy-haired soph just stopped in, on her way to the library and told us a remedy for worrying. Here it is. Think of two brown rabbits jumping hippety-hop over a fence, think of two black hens walking in the snow, think of how the woods smelt after a rain, think of how an apple orchard looks in blossom, then say, "What of it? What of it?" twenty times and if you still feel depressed, repeat the entire operation. I must get started on those beloved permutations and combinations. Peggy is just reading the problem "A man has

five coats, six vests, and eight pairs of trousers. In how many different suits may he appear? "We're going to work it out with the paper dolls in "The Ladies' Home Journal," Good night, mon amy.

FEB. 11.—Friday evening—I'm muddled, dear diary, sadly so. We've just moved. My alarm clock is stuffed in the crown of my hat and my psychology papers look as though they had been stirred up with the chafing-dish spoon. If I hadn't carried you in my arms, mon enfant, you too would have been lost in the general "debrush," as our landlady says. That's why we moved. She wanted a house that was larger and better "architected." Peggy says that, what with going home Thanksgiving and Christmas and moving, just as we get settled down after exams, we are as bad as the chickens Professor Risley told about in his lecture this afternoon. You know the farmer that owned them moved so after that every time they heard a wagon go over the bridge those chickens would lift up their hind legs to be tied. I'm so sorry I couldn't go to that address. I had to pack my trunk. Peggy went and said it was one of the greatest lectures she ever heard. My! how her eyes shone when she quoted what was said about the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Finally I made her stop though to read her Lincoln's favorite hymn that begins:

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billow,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away.

and ends—

Do not then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,

She will never come to you.  
 Go and toil in any vineyard,  
 Do not fear to do or dare,  
 If you want a field of labor,  
 You can find it anywhere.

Don't you like it? But it seems strange that such a great man as Lincoln should care about it. It seems more suited to insignificant people like us, n'est ce pas?

FEB. 14.—Monday.—Last Friday it was my trunk and suitcase that bothered me. To-day it's the grip. I feel horrid and heartless too. I didn't get a single Valentine. Peggy got four splendid ones (fraulein) and then she had the heart to be half asleep when I came home to-night and wanted to tell her about some perfectly good information I had found in the library. "Peggy," I said, "Do you know where the expression 'forty-niners' came from?" And I was already to tell her about the California gold miners of 1849 and "Clementine" and all that, when she yawned, half opened her eyes and mumbled, "Yes, forty-nine blue bottles hanging on the wall." I must admit that girl can be very aggravating at times yet it is human to err. But here I am waxing eloquent over my own woes again. I must stop it and get my nose to the grindstone, as they say. To-day I found the quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"The mongrel's hold may slip,

But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip."

I don't mean my cold or my satchel this time but my determined grasp on something that's downright hard.

FEB. 15.—Tuesday—Oh du leeber Diary, Diary, alles is wet—this is the worst weather. The slush is a foot deep. Peggy told the English professor if any of this week's themes were about "How to Swim" that she wished he would read them. We've just come home from the "Deutsche Fur Ein." We had coffee and kuchen and drew up the constitution. I think the society is a great thing. We aren't going to have any "Echo Reporter" because we think the Echo needs waking up and if they want

any news, let them hunt around and find it. "Every man for himself." That's what *we* say but Sapiens says that isn't a good aim at all. Sapiens is one of the seniors who rooms across the hall from us and she is just great. She's been a great deal of comfort to me all this year because she's never flurried or "scared pink" over her work but always ready to sympathize with me or tell me long stories. Last Sunday I had the blues again because Peggy was so popular and was invited to so many parties when nobody ever seemed to care that I was alive. I went in to see her and found her sitting by the window reading "Jean Mitchell's School." She never fumes about her teaching and says you can get more good from reading that book than from all the criticisms you receive in a year. I asked her outright why I was so unpopular. That's the nicest thing about Sapiens. You can say just what you like to her without being afraid of being misunderstood. She put down her book and looked at me solemnly with her big gray eyes and said she never had realized that I was at all unpopular. "Well, I am," I declared, and a tear began to trickle down the side of my nose. When she saw how badly I felt about it, she took down her old French grammar from the shelf. "Your problem is much like mine, little girl," she said in her comforting voice. "And because I love you, I'm going to tell you what I never told anyone else." "You! Sapiens!" I cried. "Why, you are one of the most popular girls in college. The girls swarm around you like bees around a honey pot." "You think so," she said and smiled at me quizzically. "That's a freshman's point of view, girlie." She opened up the French grammar then and showed me what was written at the top of the first page—"Be thoughtful and considerate of the rights of others." "That was a note I took at one of Dr. Milnes' chapel talks in the old Trinity Methodist church when we were freshmen," she said. "I was very young and unsophisticated in those days, girlie, and I needed an ideal badly. That was a good motto but I worked it too mechanically. I expected immediate results and wanted everybody to be

thoughtful and considerate of my rights in return for the favors I rendered them. There was no unselfish warmth or zest to it and I was what you call "a blooming flat fizzle" when I arrived at my sophomore year in college. Then I ran across this." And she pulled out from her desk an old creased and torn copy of Helen Keller's "To Girls Who Are Going to College." "Read that," she said. So I read the words of counsel written by that brave beautiful blind girl and stopped where Sapiens had underlined the things she liked best: "If you have many gifts and the power to understand, even if you meditate day and night how to promote the welfare of the world, it shall all profit you little if you have not joy. Take up joy, then, as you stand before the gate of your student life, and enter fearlessly. Think that the college you have set your hearts on holds all good things in her hand. Believe that in her halls your higher dreams shall be realized." Then she pointed to the burnt-wood motto up above her desk, "In order to have a friend, you must be one." "I brought that back with me my Junior year. That was my mother's advice to me and you can't tell how it helped me to gain the love and close friendship I had longed for. But this year I was muddled again, just like you, dear youngster, and here is what pulled me out of the slough of despondency this time. Perhaps you won't understand now but you will before your college course is over. I wrote a paper and here is the answer I received." I read the page she handed me and found there, "The vigorous worker knows profounder delights than ever lured an idle man to the land of dreams. 'Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own.' The New Testament idealism of service is the key to the inmost Holy of Holies." I looked at Sapiens. She was gazing out into the twilight but her big eyes were filled with tears and she said softly, "Good night, little girl and, don't worry," as I slid softly out of the room. It's funny, isn't it? Even Seniors have their troubles. I thought freshmen were the only ones who ever bothered about things.

FEB. 19.—Saturday.—I've been so busy this week that I've let



my ball of yarn fall and get all tangled up. On Wednesday I remember we all went to the lecture on life insurance. It was interesting but I've made up my mind never to get insured anyway. The only one who is really dependent on me for existence is you, dear diary, and they will probably throw you into the waste paper basket along with my algebra papers. Sapiens' room-mate has kept the whole house in an uproar about her teaching this week. She's correcting papers now and has just been in to show us how one of her youngsters said, "We ensued the pertenuous path which was obstructed by submerged leaves." I don't suppose the poor child has any dictionary. I know just how to pity her. I get muddled myself sometimes. It's too bad there isn't a reform wording movement like the spelling movement. The other day in French class I said, "A man should never go without his 'arms' in stead of 'weapons'" and how they all laughed!

We're all settled in our new room and have our pictures up and to-night we went to hear Professor Kirtland read poetry. And oh dear Diary, I wish you could have been there. It was wonderful! I never used to see any music in poetry and when they talked about seansion in High School, I used to feel like "running for a mile and another and three, and climbing at last to the top of a tree." Just think what I've missed all these years. Why, I've only just *half* lived. And so—bon nuit.

FEB. 28.—Over another week has gone by since I wrote to you and to-morrow is the first of March and I'll only be a freshman four more months. I wonder whether it will come in like a lamb and go out like a lion! It looks that way now. I mean the weather does. I've been to two lectures this week—the one on Washington's birthday and the one on the George Junior Republic. I think that's a splendid school. I'd like to have gone there myself. Even teaching there would be nice.

I started teaching a Sunday School class at Sprague Chapel yesterday. I guess it will be nice. One of my children ate molasses candy all during the lesson but never mind, I'm trying

to work out Sapiens' "idealism of service" and it makes me feel very happy. And now good -bye for this month.

## Alumni Notes

### Sixth Annual Banquet

The sixth annual banquet of the Metropolitan Alumni Association of the New York State Normal College was held in Wanamaker's palatial dining room Saturday evening, February 5th, 1910.

The attendance, numbering about two hundred eighty, was the largest there has ever been and included representatives from many of the earlier classes. Members of the faculty present were Dr. Milne, Dr. Husted, Miss Bishop and Miss Pierce.

A noticeable feature of these banquets is the tendency for the guests to come early in order that there may be opportunity for meeting one another and exchanging greetings.

After-dinner talks were given by the following: President William J. Milne, Gilbert C. Raynor, Martin Joyce, Dr. Albert N. Husted, W. B. Sprague, W. J. Millar, W. M. Strong, Theophilus Johnson, Dr. Charles H. Tyndall, James M. Edsall and Forrest T. Shutts.

Mr. Richard E. Coons acted as toastmaster and introduced the various speakers with apt and witty remarks.

Greetings were read from Miss Mary A. McClelland and Miss Kate Stoneman. Interspersed with the talk were songs, extolling the virtues of the State Normal College and proclaiming the love and devotion to it of its sons and daughters.

Dr. Husted in his remarks paid a tribute to Dr. David H. Cochran, at one time President of the State Normal College and for many years connected with Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

A very hearty vote of appreciation was extended to Mr. Fred A. Duncan for his faithful and efficient work as secretary and treasurer. He has served in this capacity during the six years of the existence of the association and was re-elected for another term.

Mr. Coons was also re-elected president for another term.

Miss Pauline Scott, '05, is teaching in Utica.

Miss Cora Gratrik, '06, has a position as teacher in Niagara Falls.

Miss Wanda Tompkins, '06, has accepted a position at Center Moriches, Long Island.

Miss Helena Wellar, '07, is teaching in Mottville, N. Y.

Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, '07, is in Asubry Park, N. J.

Miss Emma Wilkinson, '07, has a position as teacher of the primary department in Spring Valley, N. Y.

Misses Ernestine and Evelyn Knapp are teaching in the grammar department in Spring Valley, N. Y.

Miss Ruth Cheney, '08, has a position in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Business Manager of THE ECHO wishes to call the attention of the alumnæ to the fact that a large majority of them have not yet paid their subscription. THE ECHO, nor no other paper can exist without money, so, it is absolutely necessary that this matter be given their prompt attention. Please let us hear from you *at once*.

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### Births.

To Mr. and Mrs. Garry Barnes, a daughter, February 19th, 1910.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wells (nee Mabel Young, '04), a son, February 5th, 1910.

## Obituary

Word has been received that Miss Anna L. Lewis, who was graduated from the college in the class of 1902, died recently at the home of her father in Oxford, Maryland. Miss Lewis received the degree of B. A. at Leland Stanford University and that of Pd. B. at the State Normal College.



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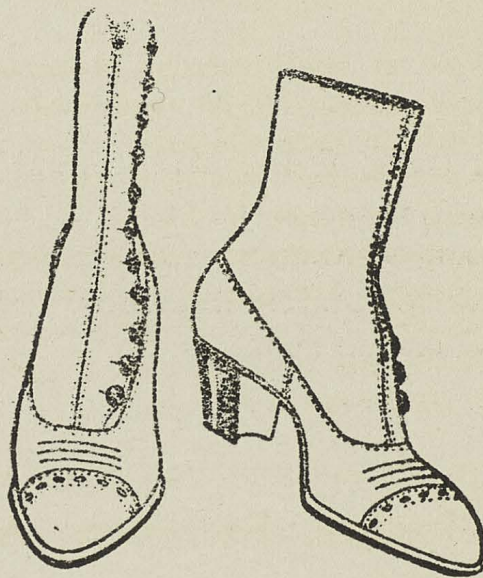
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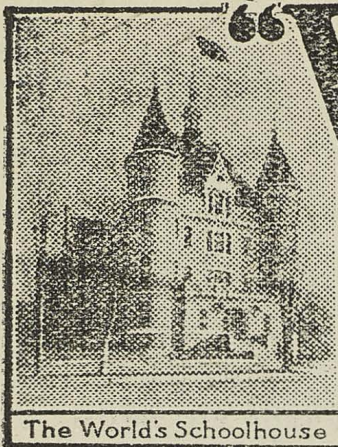
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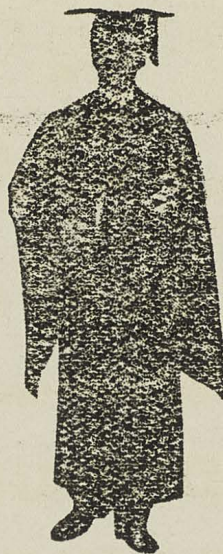
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