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The Echo


VOL. XXIII

SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 1

Literary Department

A Parable

 CERTAIN student from an outer region went down to College and there fell among instructors, who dealt with him after various manners. By chance, it happened that one instructor in a high place, who had dominion over him, was cruelly fault-finding; and he unrelentingly set difficult tasks which no "grind" could perform. Then he flayed the unhappy student and sent him away much humiliated. Another instructor, who likewise sat in a high place, coveted esteem; and, because his inner self was not righteous, he smirked at the student and gave him perfidious commendation, which would cause him to follow an unworthy mirage and be numbered a failure. But a third instructor, who was counted the least in the institution, looked upon the student, saw his shortcomings and dense ignorance, and was compassionate. He rendered praise and blame where each was due, but he seasoned justice with mercy; and, lo, the student recognized his worth, and treasured his instruction, and waxed strong both mentally and morally. Which, now, of these three think you was the great teacher unto him who went to College?

ELLA N. HOPPE, '16.

A Page from the Diary of Johann Ellitz

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, *July* 15, 2413.

“The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

“Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

It is a great thing to be alive in this century. Everything has always been wonderful, but I am realizing it more and more every day. Think! Four hundred and fifty years ago electricity had just begun to be used. Fifty years later the astonishing powers of radium were discovered. Three hundred years ago the energy of the tides was hitherto for man's profit. Zweill, one hundred years ago, solved the problem of enslaving the energy of the sun to mechanical motion. De Mean has devised a method of concentrating oxygen and nitrogen to an extremely small volume, and has perfected a system whereby this may be supplied to man in a condition capable of supporting life. But MacDonald excels them all. He has found a means of propelling his etheroplane beyond the atmosphere of the earth at an incredible speed.

Who should know this better than myself? Did he not open the door of my laboratory just one brief week ago, singing gaily these verses from an ancient popular song:

“Come, take a trip in my airship,
Come, take a trip to the moon.”

And did he not assert that he meant it, actually and literally? Verily, he declared he would set out in three days, and already had the company of Von Weis and De Mean promised. When I jokingly asked him if he had made his will and set his house in order, he drew his shoulders back, held his head well up, and replied:

“ Yes, and better still, am at peace with my Creator. If need be, I am ready to sacrifice my life to the advancement of human knowledge and power.”

No one looking at his exalted face could doubt the sincerity of his statement, and I gave him my hand heartily, saying, “ I’m with you to eternity.”

The next three days passed quickly — like a chapter in another man’s life. I did not seem to be myself, but some *bodiless* thing, driven hither and yon by forces beyond its control — a bystander, inactively watching myself make careful preparation for death, if death should be my portion, and not glory. I arranged all my business affairs, completed my notes on the work I had started in my war against the fatigue toxin, and held a small farewell reception to my friends.

On the momentous day, our friends assembled in our private aerodrome to give us the hand of comradeship, for the last time as they thought. We were strange looking creatures when prepared for the journey. Each of us was clad in a special suit made to accustom the body to changing atmospheric pressures. Each bore on his back a small reservoir of concentrated oxygen and nitrogen, sufficient to last him a week, and connected by expansion tubes to a respiratory mask on his face. Surrounding this air supply was a small helioferochine. This transferred heat to the body, at need, through an inner garment of helioferens, resembling a light coat of mail, and served as a protection against the intense cold of interplanetary space.

We said our farewells and entered the little room of the etheroplane, with its light, strong framework and transparent walls. MacDonald uncovered the large helioferochine that furnished our ship of space with motive power. As the black cloth slipped aside and the sun’s rays struck it, the sensitive thing — almost as

though it had a responding soul, sent forth an emanation of energy, and we shot off through the air at lightning speed. Our friends vanished from sight. The city below us dwindled down to an inconsequential dark blot, and faded away on the face of the receding globe.

The speed of the machine increased, and we rose still more rapidly. As the air grew colder and rarer, we adjusted our helioferochines and experienced a slight disturbance due to lessening pressure. Soon this sensation passed away and we enjoyed ourselves. We were one with this illimitable thing surrounding us, temporarily forgetful of human restrictions. MacDonald flashed this message to us in electrically illuminated characters (for man has not yet devised a means whereby he may make himself heard in ether) :

“ We are going at a speed of two hundred miles a minute now. I’ve decided to go no faster, then we’ll be sure not to strain our machine.”

Von Weis presided at the rudder, noting carefully the indicators of two dials, which pointed respectively in the directions of earth and of moon.

After a time, the experience became monotonous, and we devoted ourselves to the latest studies of the moon, made with the fifty-foot lens of the world’s largest telescope. The trip did not seem so strange as at first, and we wondered idly what our friends were doing on that distant ball we called the earth.

Thus we continued, sleeping by turns, and occasionally taking concentrated nourishment from tiny vials, until, after twenty hours, we could see the moon looming up ahead of us. At the end of the twenty-third hour, MacDonald gradually reduced the speed in order that we might make a safe landing. He had chosen the crater of Copernicus for our first exploration.

Slowly, still more slowly, our etheroplane moved. Finally it was floating gently down on its gauzy electrically charged aluminum wings, and we came to rest on the floor of the crater.

Then we stepped out — the first mortals to walk the moon. Moon-madness possessed us. As we gazed about, the scene of an immense geological struggle met our vision — rocks, upheaved into strange and tortured shapes, torn, broken, primeval, no water, no air — simply the extreme quintessence of desolation. Demons might have rolled over this in their death struggle, blasting it with the breath from their fiery nostrils, or the utmost curse of God might have seared it. Well might it be a deserted throne of the God of Fire and of Wrath. I stepped into the shadow of a rock, stepped from daylight into night, and was wrapped in a mantle of darkness rivaling Stygian shades. Truly, the demons had left their cloaks.

Von Weis proposed that we proceed to that part of the moon forever turned away from the earth. We eagerly followed his suggestion, for we knew the unknown face was partly lighted, since the moon was then at the first quarter, but found only a repetition of that already made familiar. Yet we shared the joy of the Creator, for now we gazed on that which never before, never through all the slipping ages, had met the eye of mortal man.

In all, we spent twenty-four hours in exploration, using our cameras frequently, and settling many questioned points.

At the end of that time earth hunger gripped us, and once more we mounted our space devouring servant, setting out on our homeward journey. It seemed as though we could not go fast enough in bearing back the news of our conquest. The fact of it almost over-

whelmed us. Faint and dizzy, we thought of the possibilities thus opened. Who could tell where it would stop? Might we not visit other planets? With increase of knowledge and years of practice, might not our successors reach out from our own solar system into the realms of other suns far mightier than ours? Aye, and God himself but knows the end.

Just three days from the time of our first departure we floated down once more in dear old Heidelberg — to the amazement of all. Until then we did not realize the strain we had endured, but tearing our now useless precautions from us, we breathed our own dear blessed air once more, and, sobbing like children, embraced each other, feeling that we had been with the dead but were now alive. Wild mobs of excited people collected to cheer us. We were besieged by reporters. The news flashed over all the world and thrilled it to its very heart.

Can it be possible that I have been through this epoch-making experience and still live? May the dear God be praised.

MARY I. EDWARDS, '16.

“Gerza”

It was a wild and desolate spot among the Carpathian mountains. The place seemed the very abode of the demons, so weird, so fantastic, so unnatural were the rocks and the verdure. The trees were stunted, gnarled, and bent. The rocks lay here and there, huge, irregular, some with half-human outlines. At the very summit of this mountain stood a human form, grey, squat, distorted — more akin to the boulders than to human-kind in form. As the last red rays of the sun came struggling through the great grey shadows, they fell upon the swarthy face with its huge mouth, flat nose, wide nostrils, and slit-like eyes that glanced out from behind the high cheek bones. It was a fearful being. Yet in those eyes was a strange light, that seemed struggling to understand some mystery, as the creature turned to the east and watched the shadows settle over the distant plain.

“Gerza! Gerza!” came a faint call from below. The figure turned toward the steep and stony path that led downward from the summit. Awkwardly the grotesque creature shambled down through the gloom, toward a straggling line of light that now and then shot up from a spot some thirty rods down the path. As Gerza drew nearer, the light broke out into a broader flame, disclosing a tall, spare form standing before the mouth of a great cave. The figure was clad in a rough brown garment, slung from the shoulders, and reaching below the knees. This wild attire brought into strong contrast a delicate, well-formed face, that seemed illy matched by this rude garb of the wilds. Such a face belonged with a Roman toga and all the adornments of a noble of the imperial city.

As Gerza came up, the man smiled sadly at the misshapen youth and said softly: "Hast thou been looking out toward the Sun-land again? Child, why look? I have told thee none human abide there now. But — No more! Thou art weary. Sit thee down."

Gerza sat down, cross-legged, before the fire.

"But, Jerome, I have heard a strange sound to-day. It was like the sound when the great waters come down from the sky, but there was no cloud, no water. And the sound came from the East land! What can it be? Must it not be the people of the Sun Land?"

"It was but fancy, lad. The people of the Sun Land have gone, never to return. Before my father was born, they rode into the East, far into the Sun Land. They come not again. Sleep, child, sleep! The day hath wearied thee."

Strange, misshapen Gerza stood up, ambled awkwardly to the rear of the cave, and lay down to sleep. Jerome sat by the fire, head down, hands clasped before him, thinking deeply. Suddenly he raised his head and listened. What was that sound from the valley? A branch creaked, a boulder crashed down a slope, and it escaped him. He listened again. He caught it — the fall of a horse's hoofs. Quickly he seized a gourd full of water and dashed it over the remaining coals of the fire.

In the darkness he waited. But the horseman had not found the faint trail leading up from the blind end of the valley, and had turned back. Jerome heard the hoof beats gradually die away and finally go beyond the range of hearing. Gerza and he were safe for the night, at least, he thought. But the morning! He closed his eyes. He could see the countless numbers of misshapen monsters swarming up the valley. He could see two bodies, frightfully hacked, lying before the cave, exposed to the birds of the air. For

had it not been thus with his Saxon ancestors, when his people had fled their land and marched long distances to the Roman encampment to escape the terrible foe? How could he escape? The trail down the end of the valley was the only means of exit from this fastness, and it led straight to the vast hordes of the savages. Jerome gave up all hope, and determined to stay in the cave, trusting Providence to guide the Huns away from the trail.

As dawn came, and the faint morning light stole among the shadows of the mountains, half-revealing the grey stones and the black old trees, seven short, squat figures came up the narrow trail, walking with a peculiar waddling gait. A woman, as shown by her manner of dress and lack of head-covering, was leading them. She seemed searching for some spot, as now and then she stopped to scrutinize the boulders along the way, evidently looking for some sign or mark. As they reached the cave she stopped and said to those behind her:

"Here we left him. You may find his bones. Bring them to me."

She turned aside, that, as they passed in, they might not note even the slight emotion that showed upon her face. Wild, stoic savage as she was, mother love was stronger than racial characteristic, and a few tears ran down her cheeks. The long years had not wiped out the memory of the sadly crippled little child left in the cave to starve, or perish by wild beasts, while she and her people made their swift flight to the East.

A low cry of horror, a few sharp shrieks of pain came from out the stillness of the cave. A moment, and the band came dragging a long, limp body. On a big flat rock before the cave they let it rest.

Another moment, and Gerza shambled toward the woman. The dull look in his eyes was clearing. A sudden light came into them, and he spoke the word "mother" in his own tongue.

He gave one quick glance toward the mutilated form of Jerome. There was no tear, no sigh for him who had befriended the half-dead little cripple so many years before. Gerza was a man of his people now; he had come into his own.

"The people of the Sun Land have come, and they are my people," he said triumphantly, speaking to the still form.

Without another word he turned away, and led the band of his people down the path to the valley.

JESSIE F. DUNSEITH, '16.

King of Havard*April 2, 1913.*

In the midst of all the excitement which attends the week before Easter, I simply must take time to inscribe in my diary Jack's last letter :

" Dear old Kit " (why can't he call me Katherine, or at least Kitty? Kit is *so* undignified). " Have a new job in store for you; you are to take the role of hostess while I am host, and next week at that. Briefly, I am going to bring two of my pals home from Harvard with me. Winthrop — Phil Winthrop, you'll remember, spent the holidays with us two years ago. He became quite infatuated with you, didn't he, sis? Also King, my greatest chum, is due for an indefinite stay, providing he proves himself acceptable. To say the least, King is one good fellow, although rather eccentric. For instance, he'd rather lie in front of the fire gazing at your picture on the mantle than read the latest novel. He loves swimming, but detests other water sports. He takes part in every possible run, but he wouldn't sit through a football game for any amount of money. Well, I've told you of all his virtues and faults, so you will be prepared. Winthrop you know, so I needn't ruin his reputation. By the way, sis, didn't you and he have some sort of a rumpus during the holidays? Foolish children. Phil feels terribly cut up about it. Come on, Kit, be a sport, and forget the affair.

" Your peace-making brother,

" JACK."

Of course, I am perfectly wild to see that dear, eccentric Mr. King. As for Phil Winthrop, I can never forgive him. To think that he deliberately overlooked the fact that I did not have that tenth dance taken. Then he just forced me to gratefully accept the dance

with that red-headed Warner person, just because they were frat brothers. Oh, I hate him! I know I do! When I think of Phil's — I mean Mr. Winthrop's pretense of offering his most humble apologies, after the quarrel blew over! And then he had the boldness to imagine that I would forgive his unpardonable act! I think that Mr. King's presence will afford me an opportunity of giving Phil a dose of his own medicine.

April 7, 1913.

Another letter from Jack which answers my interrogation point letter :

“ Dear Sis — Whew! You love to make a fellow work, don't you? But I will forgive you this time and answer your questions as briefly and systematically as possible. (Time is precious just before vacation.)

1. Yes, he *is* a handsome fellow — rather blond, I should say.
2. No, he isn't young, neither would I call him old, but wait and judge for yourself. I *will* tell you that his hair is white in some places.
3. I know absolutely nothing about his parentage. Anyway, he's a thoroughbred, all right.
4. As far as I know, he is not the type that likes girls particularly well. (Here's a chance for you to shine.) He is more of a fellow's pal.
5. No, he never bores one, although he is not at all talkative, but you will soon get used to that.
6. Is he popular? Foolish question! I guess he is. He is never alone, for some one is always whistling for him to go walking.
7. Clever? Yes, indeed. Capable of doing lots of things your brother doesn't pretend to even attempt.
8. Yes, King is one peach, and I know you will be crazy about him. Must skip to Trig.

“ Yours on the run,

“ JACK.

“ P. S. — Phil insists upon my being late, for he says I must send his 'best' to you.”

Had it not been for that horrid postscript, Jack's letter would have been excellent. However, Phil never would learn to take a hint when he was not wanted, or when his room was better than his company. But sometimes I really wonder if he actually meant to give me that tenth dance with impossible Mr. Warner. Oh, bosh! Of course he did. It's just like him. Now I am positive that I hate — oh, anyway, I am glad that dear Mr. King is coming also.

April 9.

Simply haven't had time to write in here before. Have been planning the most glorious affairs in honor of Mr. King, and I'll be his partner everywhere. I suppose Mr. Winthrop will *have* to be included in these events, but it is not because *I* want him, and I shall tell him so if I get the opportunity. Jack will be here day after to-morrow with his two guests, and I can hardly wait to see them. Such fun as I'll have.

April 11.

Since Miss Avery, our English teacher in High School, tells us to be methodical and complete in all literary explanations, I suppose I must start at the beginning and tell it all. At eleven o'clock this morning I received a telegram from Jack saying that they had missed the train and would not arrive here until three-thirty this afternoon. Disappointed? I was never so downcast in all of my life. I thought the time would never come until I could see that athletic Mr. King swing off the car steps. At three o'clock, after several hours of fussing and scolding about my stubborn hair (it simply would not look nice, regardless of what I did to it), I ordered the horses and started for the depot. The day was absolutely glorious. In fact, it was so glorious that I lost a little of my eagerness to see Mr. King. Anyway, knowing the speed of the

horses, I decided to take a short drive in the country before meeting Jack. My delight in the weather caused me to forget the time, and when I finally reached the station it was three-forty-five. After all my expectation and eagerness I had missed them! I galloped the horses all of the way home and turned hastily in at the driveway, ready to jump out the minute that the groom, Blaine, appeared. No Blaine was in sight, so I drove into the stable and discovered him engaged in conversation with Phil. (I must admit the latter had grown much better looking since I last saw him.) In the most dignified manner I could muster up — considering my hair, which was blowing about my face and flying in my mouth every time I talked — I welcomed Phil to our home, as was my duty. Nevertheless, I omitted the necessary remarks about being so very glad to see him, et cetera. Thank goodness, Jack entered the stable at that moment, and, as college brothers are wont to do, made the best of his ability in mussing up his sister's hair and dress, just when she was trying to appear calm and indifferent. When, finally, I could breathe, I gasped out, "And where is Mr. King?" Then they laughed, no, roared is more truthful; even Blaine chuckled. Anyway, Phil *endeavored* to conceal his mirth. Naturally, I was furious. What girl wouldn't be? I started to leave the stable. I even stamped across the floor, and perhaps that is what prevented me from hearing the pattering of feet behind me.

At the door I looked back, intending to give the joyous trio a very haughty toss of my head. Imagine my surprise! There behind me stood a huge St. Bernard with outstretched paw — the most lovable animal I ever saw. Then I heard Jack say, "Allow me, my dear Katherine, to present 'Mr. King' of Harvard."

* * * * *

April 14, 1913.

It is just a year since the arrival of King. Phil succeeded in buying him from Jack today — for an enormous price, too. The peacemaker is to be guest of honor at our wedding to-night.

IRENE GILBERT, '16.



The Echo

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SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 1

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Contributions and expressions of opinions are solicited from the student body and interested alumni.

"THE ECHO" is published (monthly except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State Normal College.

Editorial Department

To the Strangers in Our Midst

By those students of S. N. C. who have been with us previously — perhaps, one, two or three years — a welcome from "THE ECHO" is perfectly understood. To some it clearly voices the good will and friendship of all students of the institution toward each other; to some it is a substantial evidence of manifold duties forgotten during the dissipations of summer vacation, and to others, I fear, it occasions haunting memories of either pathetic or threatening subscription agents, continually calling for support.

And so, "ye Freshmen, dear," we beg to give you just one advance word of advice — join the ranks of the first, of our friends, and, consequently, our helpers. Let the ECHO bring to you the kindly spirit and sympathy of your fellow-students, who, like you, are all earnestly striving toward a common goal. They need you even as fully as you need them. Do not hesitate to enter into their lives. They want you. You have but to knock and the doors of S. N. C. will be opened unto you. Therefore — knock!

The sale of advertising space is the main financial reliance of, it is safe to say, every periodical publication that is dependent upon ordinary sources of income for its maintenance. The receipts from subscriptions, even if the circulation of the periodical is large, are an almost incidental factor.

The case of THE ECHO is not so extreme, perhaps. We look to our subscriptions for a goodly share of our running expenses, yet we must have advertising if we are to exist. Advertisers are business men. We secure, or fail to secure, a portion of their expenditures for publicity according as we convince them, or fail to convince them, that THE ECHO is a valuable medium. You can convince many a patron of our advertising section that his money was well spent, or you can allow him to believe that money paid for space in THE ECHO is money thrown away.

Almost every man who was approached upon this subject of advertising said: "It's hard to tell whether we get anything out of such an ad or not. The students may come here, but very often we do not know that they are Normal College people." One man said: "Have your people tell us where they are from when

they come in. It's a cinch that you could get ads without asking for them if they'd only *tell us.*"

Will *you*, each one of you, do two things to help support your College paper? The first is this: Look upon THE ECHO as your first assistant in your selection of shopping places. Make an effort to do your buying of those firms who have shown confidence in THE ECHO as a medium. The second is like unto the first: Let the firm which you patronize know where you are from and why you have selected their particular establishment. Neither of these things will work any hardship upon the student who does them. Our advertisers are reputable men and firms, the best in their respective lines. You will find a classified list with this issue that will help you to keep them in mind. They will welcome your statement that you "saw it in THE ECHO."

Look them up, and tell them that THE ECHO sent you.

The ECHO Board regrets the loss of its Exchange Editor, Miss Theodosia Dart, but wishes her all good fortune in the pursuance of further studies at Syracuse University.

News Department

"THE ECHO" wishes to express the students' appreciation of the beautifully redecorated College walls.

The week of the graduating exercises of the Class of 1913 began with the baccalaureate service held in the College auditorium, Sunday evening, June 15th. A very impressive and inspiring sermon was preached by the Rev. Dean Donald M. Brookman, D. D.

Class day exercises occurred on Monday morning, June 16th, and the graduating class of the Industrial Department also participated. The class history was given in a very clearly defined manner by Miss Jessie Cole, while Miss Alice Toole gave a humorously clever class prophecy. Following these were the class history and the prophecy of the Household Economics Department, given by Miss Edith Potter and Miss Dorothy Rogers, respectively. Miss Florence Jackson presented the Heusted Memorial Fellowship Fund, after which the class colors were given to the Juniors by Miss Margaret McNally in a very charming and characteristic manner. The class poem was effectively delivered by Miss Nola Rieffanaugh, while Miss Vera Storey gave the H. E. class poem, both of which contained a touch of pathos which only added to the charm of the whole program. Miss Anna M. Jacobson presented the H. E. Memorial to the College, a sum of money to be used in purchasing books or other equipments for the Industrial Department, and Miss Laura Bristol in a most effective manner dedicated her class memorial, a large and very beautiful clock. Miss Joyce Sharer delivered the ivy oration, and the clear and expository manner in which she treated her subject was very pleasing to all.

Memorial exercises for Dr. A. N. Husted were held in the afternoon at three o'clock.

In the evening a reception was given to the Class of 1913 and alumni by the Alumni Association, by Dr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Milne.

On Tuesday morning, June 17th, the commencement exercises occurred. Dr. C. Edward Jones delivered the address, after which the diplomas were presented and honorary degrees conferred by Dr. Milne, assisted by Dr. Blue. At the close of the exercises a luncheon

was given to the Class of 1913 by the Alumni Association.

On Tuesday evening the Senior Ball was held in the Gymnasium of the College.

The members of the Junior Class wish to extend their sympathy to their friend and classmate, Lena Knapp, for the recent loss of her father.

The Senior Class wishes to express its sincere and heartfelt sympathy for Miss Leslie Wheeler in the recent death of her mother.

Faculty Notes

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Milne spent a part of their vacation at their summer home in Bethlehem, N. H.

Dr. Leonard A. Blue and family traveled during the summer, spending part of the time in Iowa.

Dr. C. F. Hale taught chemistry and physics in the summer school at Cornell.

Miss E. A. Perine has been doing advanced work in art this summer at New York University.

Prof. Jesse S. Stinard, a graduate of Brown University, R. I., and a former professor of German at Cornell College, Iowa, will teach German and English here this year.

Miss Edna I. Avory, a graduate of Teachers' College, Columbia, will succeed Miss Lola Morton in the Domestic Art Department.

Prof. C. A. Woodard and Prof. H. Birchenough have been doing advanced work in Columbia University this summer.

Mr. William Randall, who succeeded Prof. H. S. Neale in the Industrial Department, was married September 2, 1913, to Miss Marion Marsh of Painesville, Ohio.

Dr. David Hutchison spent a part of the summer in Canada.

Miss Clara B. Springsted has been doing advanced work at the State College in Madison, Wisconsin.

Prof. H. B. Smith has been taking advanced work in Cornell this summer.

The College Club

Are you a member of the College Club? Hurry your name in to the secretary if you are not, for we cannot afford to be without you, and we hope you will grow to have the same feeling toward us.

We have most interesting meetings and are addressed by people well worth hearing. A few of the speakers of last year were as follows:

Judge John J. Brady, of Albany's Police Court; Mrs. Joseph Gavitt, a prominent suffragist; Miss Margaret Doane Gardiner, an anti-suffragist; Dr. Warren, principal of the Albany Boys' Academy; Dr. Dugan, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church; Dr. Milne, president of Normal College, and several of our Faculty.

The officers for this term are as follows:

President, Frances Burlingame.

Vice-President, Frances Church.

Secretary, Edith Carr.

ECHO Reporter, Jennette Campbell.

Program Committee, Naomi Howells, Maud Malcolm, Beatrice Wright.

They and all the members earnestly hope that the entire College will support this organization. We take none of your money and very little of your time. We want you!

Delta Omega

Miss Lois Atwood spent the summer at Silver Bay, Lake George.

The marriage of Miss Florence Gardner is to take place this month at her home in Center Morichas, Long Island.

The engagement of Miss Olive Ely to Mr. Clarence Fischle was announced in June. Mr. Fischle was a memembr of the Class of 1913 of Union College.

Miss Edna B. Moat spent a part of the summer camping at Warner's Lake, East Berne.

Miss Ethel Rose was at Lake George for a few weeks.

Miss Bessie Race spent the summer at Assembly Point, Lake George.

Miss Mildred Fleming enjoyed several weeks in Brooklyn and Newburgh, N. Y.

Miss Marion Wheeler spent a month of her vacation in Montrose, Pa.

Miss Agnes Futterer summered at Thompson's Lake in the Helderbergs.

It is with great sorrow that we have learned of the death of Miss Leslie Wheeler's mother. Miss Wheeler has the heartfelt sympathy of all her Delta sisters.

Kappa Delta

Freshmen! Freshmen! Hark! Kappa Delta greets you. Each Freshman Class that comes along seems a little better than the one before. May you be the best Freshman Class that S. N. C. has ever seen, and Kappa Delta hopes that when this year is over you won't have lost all your cunning baby ways.

At the last meeting of Kappa Delta the following officers were elected: President, Rachel Griswold, '14; Vice-President, Edith Casey, '14; Recording Secretary, Barbara Pratt, '15; Treasurer, Mary Allen, '16; Corresponding Secretary, Mary Dabney, '15; Critic, Roberta Smyth, '14; Reporter, Anna McIntosh, '16.

Prof. and Mrs. Kirtland, with their family, spent the summer in Michigan.

Dr. Hale taught in the summer school at Cornell.

Sylvia Rogers, '13, spent the summer studying in Germany.

In May a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vandenburg of Utica, N. Y.

Kappa Delta sent Rachel Griswold, '14, as a representative to attend the Y. W. C. A. conference at Silver Bay.

Amy Wood, '13, visited Helen Schermerhorn, '12, at her home in Poland this summer.

Gertrude Wells, '14, has been working as junior clerk in the examination division of the State Education Department this summer.

Barbara Pratt, '15, spent the summer in Grand Rapids and Caledonia, Michigan.

Nola Riefanaugh visited Anna McIntosh, '16, at her home in Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Edith Casey, '16, spent a month at Riverview, R. I.

Harriet Tedford, '16, spent part of her vacation in Cooperstown, N. Y.

Mary Johnston, '16, was camping in the Adirondacks.

Dr. and Mrs. Ward and little daughter Gertrude spent some time this summer in the Thousand Islands.

Eta Phi

Installation of officers for the following year took place at the banquet held at the Ten Eyck, June 7th. They are as follows:

President — Jeanette Campbell.

Vice-President — Geraldine Murray.

Treasurer — Mary Bradt.

Secretary — Edith Carr.

Chaplain — Doris Smith.

Marshal — Doris Quinn.

ECHO Reporter — Louise Powers.

Psi Gamma

Welcome, all ye Freshmen!

Fanny Wood, '14, attended the Kappa Psi house party at Cornell, June 14th-21st.

Helen Quick, Marjorie Davidson and Beatrice Wright attended the Y. W. C. A. conference at Silver Bay, June 20th-30th. Silver Bay is the place where college spirit, religious enthusiasm and athletic zeal combine to form a unity that is a source of inspiration to all the delegates. Present at the conference were about seven hundred girls, who represented a large number of colleges and almost every nation in the world. Every college girl, if possible, should attend one of these conferences. Come to the Silver Bay meetings and you will discover why.

Sigma Nu Kappa

The Sigma Nu Kappa Fraternity was organized among the men of the College in May, 1913, with the following charter members:

1914 — Earle B. Elmore, Orris B. Emery, Leon Orr, Walter Rugg, Francis W. Smith, J. Harry Ward, Chester Wood.

1915 — R. Harra Barringer, Leroy A. Dolan, Clarence A. Hidley, Neil Quackenbush.

1916 — George W. Anderson, Harlow H. Curtis, Herbert A. See, John S. Robb, Earnest K. Smith.

The officers for the year are:

President — Clarence A. Hidley.

Vice-President — J. Harry Ward.

Secretary — Francis W. Smith.

Treasurer — John S. Robb.

A charter from a national fraternity is expected soon.

Alumni Department

The 1913 Pedagogue

Miss Amy Wood is teaching in Otego under Mr. Howard Dabney, '12, as principal.

Miss K. Inez Drake, H. E., has an excellent position as teacher of Household Economics in the Rhinebeck High School.

Miss Lillian E. Comrie, H. E., is teaching Household Economics at Amsterdam, N. Y.

Miss R. Sylvia Rogers has been studying in Germany this summer in preparation for teaching German in the Geneseo Normal.

Two members of the class in Household Economics have positions in the Vocational Department of the Public School at Waterford for the coming year. Miss Dorothy V. Church will teach cooking and Miss Florence Wheldon sewing.

Schuyler V. A. Barkley of the Manual Training Department has been attending the summer school at Cornell University. He has charge of the Manual

and Agricultural Art Departments of the Memorial High School at Milbrook, N. Y., for the coming year.

Miss Ora King is situated at Avoca, Iowa, where she has a position in the Membership School.

Miss Margaret Burr is teaching science in the High School at Elgin, Nebraska.

Miss Rebecca V. S. Roberts is teaching the Tuxedo Park High School. During the summer vacation Miss Roberts entertained her classmate, Miss Helen B. Ablett, and also enjoyed a motor trip through the Berkshires.

Miss Jessie Spence is teaching modern languages and Miss Charlotte Wright English at Cambridge, N. Y.

Miss Charlotte Tracy has accepted a position at Millerton, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Scott has a position at Altamont, N. Y.

Mr. Willis J. Pells and Miss Nola Rieffanaugh are members of the faculty of the Suffern, N. Y., High School.

Miss Katharine Kinne is teaching Domestic Science in Herkimer, N. Y.

Miss Helen Odell has a position at Haverstraw, N. Y.

Miss Laura Bristol is teaching Home Economics at Willard, N. Y.

Miss Anna Kennedy remains at the Gloversville High School this year.

Miss Alice Toole and Miss Marian Ploss are teaching at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Miss Joyce Sharer is teaching at Lyndonville, N. Y.

Miss Edna L. Hall has accepted a position as teacher of German and Advanced English in the Buchanan High School at Peekskill, N. Y.

Miss Jessie Ferguson is supervisor of Domestic Science and Art at Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Miss Katharine Kinne, '13, will teach in Herkimer, N. Y.

Miss Mildred Van Eps, H. E. '13, will teach at Hoffman, N. Y.

Miss Esther Mitchell, '13, spent part of the summer at Syracuse.

Miss Mildred Austin, H. E. '13, toured through the western part of New York State during the summer.

Miss Jessie Cole has charge of cooking in the Albany High School.

Graduates of Former Years

Miss Frances Stillman, '11, retains her position as teacher in Rome, N. Y.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn, '12, remains in Schoharie, N. Y., for the coming year.

Miss Lizzie M. Bunyan, '06, is teaching at Canton, Pa.

Miss Emma Conant, '11, has returned to Greenport, L. I.

Mrs. Irene O'Brien, '12, is beginning her second year at North Tarrytown, N. Y., teaching cooking and sewing.

Miss Jean Hoag, '12, is beginning her second year teaching Domestic Science and Art at Ashtabula, Ohio.

Miss Rita Fleming, '12, was married in June to Mr. L. Morrison of Jersey Shore, Pa.

During the summer Miss Gertrude Brasch, '12, studied German at Tilly Institute, Berlin, Germany.

Mr. Howard Fitzpatrick, '12, is teacher of Science at Mamaroneck, Long Island.

Exchange Department

In accordance with the decision of last year's ECHO Board, an Exchange Department has, for the first time, been installed in "THE ECHO." Owing to the difficulty of coming in touch with College publications during the summer, the number of contemporaries upon our list is, at present, very small. The Exchange Editor would welcome information from the students of S. N. C. regarding the names and addresses of possible exchanges.

Among the first arrivals we find:

"*The Normal News*," Cortland, N. Y.

"*The Normal Herald*," Pennsylvania State Normal School, Indiana, Pa.

"*The St. Mary*" magazine, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Two women were leaving the theatre after a performance of "The Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you *love* Ibsen?" asked one, ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all the hope out of life?"

In the hall of a Philharmonic society the following notice was posted:

"The seats in this hall are for the use of the ladies. Gentlemen are requested to make use of them only after the former are seated."

During a recent financial stringency a small New England bank was issuing clearing-house certificates. One of its customers, an old German, could not understand the procedure and was not at all satisfied with it.

After repeated explanations and assurances that his money was safe, his face showed a degree of intelligence and he said he understood.

“It iss like dis,” said he. “Ven mein baby wakes up in der night undt cries fur milk, den I shust gif him a milk-ticket.”

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

“If a sparrow, breddern, should take a drop of water from the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in its beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, and when it got there should let the drop fall into the Pacific, and when this was done should turn around and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island and get another drop, and do the same thing over, and keep on doing this very same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic Ocean over into the Pacific, it would then only be early morning in eternity.”

Teacher: “Now, children, what well-known product is raised in Ireland?”

Bright Boy: “American citizens.”

Qualified

Uncle Ed: “Why, Johnnie, you don’t swear, do you?”

Johnnie: “No, I don’t swear, but I know all the words.”

Index to Echo Advertisers

BOOKS :

American Book Co.
Kimball Bros., 618 Broadway.
John S. Murray, 88 Maiden Lane.

CLOTHING — MEN'S :

Steeffel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

CLOTHING — WOMEN'S :

Anker, 145 Central Avenue.

CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM :

R. E. Bliven, 251 Central Avenue.
Chapman and Peckham, The "Golden Robin," 31
Steuben Street and 109 North Pearl Street.

DRUGS :

J. B. Harvith, 251 Central Avenue.

FLOWERS :

Eyres, 11 North Pearl Street.
Hazeltine, 32 Central Avenue.
Whittle & Riggs, 93 Hudson Avenue.

FURNISHINGS — MEN'S :

Dawson, 259 Central Avenue.
Steeffel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

FURNISHINGS — WOMEN'S :

Anker, 145 Central Avenue.

GIFTS :

The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

HOTEL :

The Ten Eyck, State Street.

JEWELRY :

Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.
Warren & Co., 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OPTOMETRY :

Ben V. Smith, 50 North Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS :

Kovar, 55 North Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES :

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

SCHOOL SUPPLIES :

Binney & Smith, 81-83 Fulton Street, New York.

John J. Conkey, 215 Central Avenue.

Abraham De Blaey, South Broadway near State.

SHOES :

H. W. Baldwin, 29 North Pearl Street.

Swartz & Levison, 108 South Pearl Street.

SHOE REPAIRING :

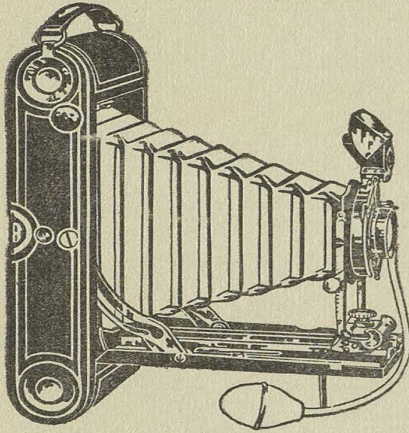
A. Sottosanti, 225 Central Avenue.

TAILORING, REPAIRING & CLEANING :

Modern Tailor, 466 Washington Avenue.

TEACHERS' AGENCY :

Albany Teachers' Agency, 81 Chapel Street.



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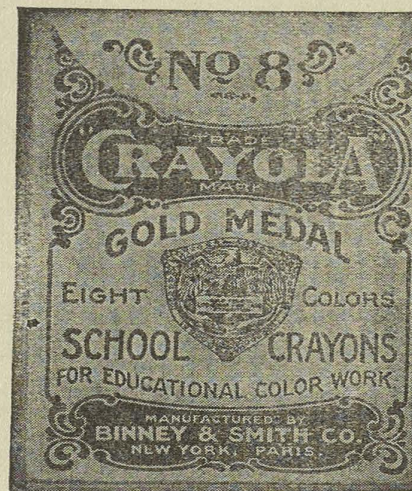
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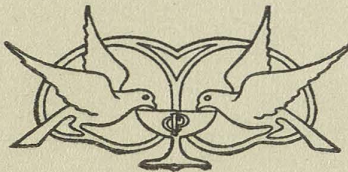


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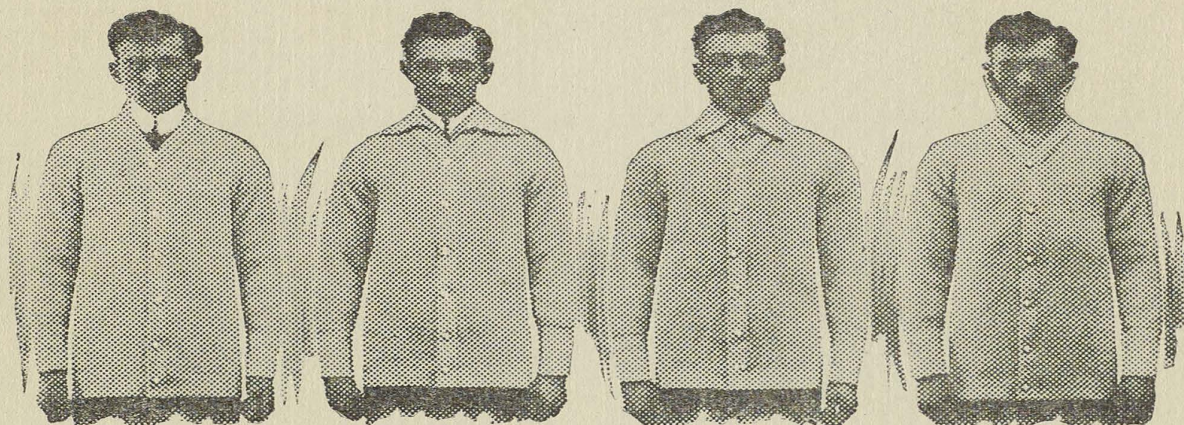
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