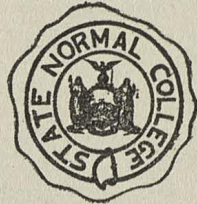


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-THE-ECHO-



March, 1911

ALBANY,

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THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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XX

MARCH, 1911

No. 7

Literary Department.

IF.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Your's is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The type of man that Mr. Kipling holds up for our admiration in his poem, "If," is so rare that it might take a century to produce one such individual. Read the poem again and look over all the men you have ever known for one who even comes near to his ideal. Think of all the distinguished men that his-

tory has made known to us and make a list of those who approach his ideal. Is it a long list? How many Americans have you placed on it? I have just one on my list. And did he possess "The Earth and everything that's in it?" No, but he won the martyr's crown and he wears it now in Heaven. The one flaw in this otherwise perfect gem, "If," is the reward promised a man for enduring all things with the courage born of faith, hope, and charity. Mr. Kipling gives him "the Earth and everything that's in it." He will never gain this reward. All the conditions previously stated point to a different conclusion. We may accept the, "which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!" but not the earthly possessions promised. Why not admit the Christian doctrine frankly? The fruits of the spirit are set forth in this poem. He who gathers such fruits need look for no earthly benefits, but he may safely trust in the promises of God that his reward will be great in Heaven. Would that all men cherished as high an ideal of manliness as that found in "If."

MARGARET S. MOONEY.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM AND THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into a lengthy discussion of the labor problem or even of that phase of it named above, but to sketch very briefly the outlines of a condition which is of interest to every one who values his own health and the health and morals of his fellow citizens.

It will hardly be questioned by any one in a nation such as ours that a prime requisite for that nation's prosperity especially in things other than material is that the masses (a term which I dislike) shall be healthy in body, sound in mind, intelligent, alert, self-reliant. What the consequences of ignor-

ance and mediocrity may be where a paternal government circumscribes narrowly the movements of its subjects may be still in question; but, in a republic such as ours, where the entire body of citizenship is the basis of government unless that body possesses abounding health in the broadest sense of the term, the future seems to offer only a choice of monarchy or anarchy.

It is, then, in this light that the sweat-shop presents itself to us for consideration.

It has been alluded to as "The last unwholesome survivor of the domestic system of labor." (Adams & Sumner "Labor Problems," p. 113.) A more complete definition is as follows:

"The term 'Sweating system' has a general meaning, but is specifically used to describe a condition of labor in which a maximum amount of work in a given time is performed for a minimum wage, and in which the ordinary rules of health and comfort are disregarded." *

The conditions which tend toward the development of "sweating" are (probably) many, but the essentials seem to be as follows: A crowded population, contract work and inexpensive machinery. Only the last needs explanation. The production of steel or the building of locomotives do not lend themselves to sweat-shop methods. A steel convertor would be established with difficulty in a tenement cellar; a locomotive hardly built in an attic; the machinery necessary for these operations is beyond the means of "sweaters" and foot power is utterly inadequate.

The causes of the system can only be hinted at and the first seems to be lack of ability to compete—a vague term, but one which can only be explained by a discussion more lengthy than the limits of this article permit. Again it is perfectly evident

* White, "The Sweating System," bulletin of the U. S. Department of Labor, No. 4.

that in some industries, the small shop is stronger in competition than the large. Factories are inspected by state officials and certain standards as regards safety, sanitation and other conditions are upheld by state law varying, of course, widely among the different commonwealths. But the sweat-shop is an obscure institution. Indeed, in its obscurity lies its power to exist. Inspection is feeble or lacking. Hours of labor are lengthened far beyond the power of the human body to endure and remain healthy; and sanitation, even such as ordinary decency would require, is utterly wanting. It is with difficulty that a properly and safely equipped factory can compete with such conditions. A third cause seems to be the "seasonal character of trade." In the clothing business, for example, a period of rush orders is followed by one in which little or no work is done which is succeeded by another season of extreme activity; the year being thus divided into two or perhaps three rush seasons and as many slack ones. The manufacturer assumes less risk of loss by filling orders at great speed as they come in than by stocking up slowly throughout the year. Dame fashion may fail to approve of an expensive stock and is not very amenable to bribery.

The conditions under which "sweating" is carried on is a subject which has been exploited at considerable length. It is not easy to overdraw the picture in point of dirt and squalor, but with a word the whole subject will be dismissed. The interested will find all the material he desires on it elsewhere. The work-rooms, which are often the living and sleeping rooms also, are in general the least desirable in any region; and are located on top floors, in the rear or in cellars. Not infrequently, they are in, over or near stables. One qualification is a necessity; they must be cheap. The health of the workers is well described by a quotation from Mr. John Graham

Brooks: "The testimony of physicians that have experienced them is that given a sweat-shop that is uninspected where the members work in boom season up to the limits of endurance, using foot-power for the machine, it is rare to find, after four or five years, any healthy person there."*

The "sweating" system interests the public, which includes you and me, most immediately as to public health. Experimentation has established the fact that wool is a material which readily absorbs and tenaciously retains disease germs and vermin. It is, as we have seen, a material which is very frequently if not most frequently handled by sweat-shop methods and the journey from the hands of the "sweater" to the wearer is often short. This condition is especially obnoxious in the case of under garments. The basis of legislation in the United States is, in regard to children, the parental relation of the state and for women the police power of the state. It must be added that the filling of public contracts for clothing by sweat-shop methods is forbidden by law. A fair proportion of the states have laws more or less effective. Court decisions have sometimes barred their best efficiency. Some other guiding principle is needed.

The ultimate determining factor in all production is the consumer. Moreover he has the right and generally the desire to be reasonably safe in the use of the article he purchases. The difficulty arises when the attempt is made to trace, through its various and devious stages of manufacture, the goods in question. No one consumer can do it. Upon investigation, it has not infrequently been found that the best stores vend goods made under unwholesome conditions. They are confronted by the same problem as the ultimate consumer. In answer to a considerable demand for protection to the wearer

* Industrial Commission XIV, 130.

an institution called the "Consumers' League," was brought into existence about twenty years ago. It is now nearly nation wide in its scope of operation and appears to be able to wield considerable influence especially among those who are possessed of sufficient poise to resist the lure of the bargain counter. Its efforts are in the main confined to ladies' underwear.

The method of operation is to attach a Consumers' League label to the garments sold by such firms as deal only in goods made under proper and wholesome labor conditions. These conditions are determined by careful investigation. The list is called the "White List." It amounts to a form of advertising. It must not be inferred that all goods not bearing this label are made under improper conditions. The regulations are fairly strict and many manufacturers fail to meet the requirements for "White listing" by small margins and some fully meet them, but refuse to be listed. It is reasonably certain, however, that listed goods are safe.

It is obvious that the great corporation—a railroad—buying steel from the United States Steel Corporation can afford to hire experts in order to be assured that the goods are, in every respect, what it wants. The rule "*caveat emptor*" holds good. It is equally obvious that an individual cannot have expert knowledge of all goods purchased for his personal needs. The object, then, of the "League" may be said to be two-fold: To provide something which approaches expert knowledge for the consumer, and second, "to organize an effective demand for goods made under right conditions."

There is an object far more reaching than this. If every citizen has the right to be well-born and well-reared and if the welfare of the state demands that he shall be so born and reared; then it is the duty of the state to take adequate measures toward the attainment of this end. Natural forces are

certainly at work which seem to point toward the partial solution of the problem. The suggestion has been made that it is the duty of the state to determine the plane of competition, in other words, to establish a minimum standard as to hours, wages, sanitation. It is, obviously, within the power of American citizens to go very far on the road toward the correction of the evil without recourse to law.

ADAM A. WALKER.

SELF-CULTIVATION IN CONVERSATION.

Dr. Palmer, in his "Self-Cultivation in English," says that there are two ways to improve in talking, by speech-making, and by conversation. There is a special kind of conversation, however, which Dr. Palmer does not mention in his essay, but which ought to be regarded as a most profitable means of improving one's speech. Talking to ourselves has never yet been generally considered an accomplishment; in fact, it is usually thought to be a sign of mental weakness, but why should it be so considered? We talk to others for their benefit; we write for the purpose of aiding or instructing them, and why could we not in the same way instruct and benefit ourselves? Psychologists tell us to introspect for our moral improvement; but introspection is not a cheerful occupation. Nearly all of us delight in giving advice to others, and if we could only imagine ourselves to be those others, would it not be great fun to sit down every time the opportunity occurs, and deliver to ourselves some good, sound advice?

Now there is a man living next door to us who is very fond of coffee. Every morning when he goes to work his head begins to ache. He meets our talkative friend from across the street and starts to bemoan his affliction. The friend asks him what he has had for breakfast, and immediately begins to explain what a harmful thing coffee is, and how quickly the head-

ache will stop if the man will drink no more coffee. Now, this same friend is very nervous and cannot sleep at night. If he treated himself as he does his neighbor, he would take himself in hand some night and say sternly: "How many cigarettes have you smoked to-day? About thirty. Haven't you common sense enough to know that kind of thing will kill any man? How under the sun can you expect to sleep?" Why, in the course of half an hour that man would have persuaded himself never to light another cigarette as long as he lived, and he would go to sleep dreaming of wonderful things to buy with the money saved on smoking apparatus.

Then again, I know a clergyman who is a very sincere man, but a very impractical preacher. His sermons are carefully worked out and earnestly delivered, but his illustrations are all drawn from the Old Testament, and his language is that of an encyclopaedia; while his hearers are just plain, ordinary people, who do not appreciate such things. Now, if that man should feel in need of greater moral strength on any particular point, he ought to choose a text and deliver to himself the most effective sermon he could compose. He would then, perhaps, discover how hard it is to apply Ancient History to modern morals, and how much more easily one can understand natural talk than elaborate speeches.

College students are much like other people in the matter of giving advice. Do you remember the day that girl came to you in the deepest distress because Chemistry was so hard; the more she tried the worse it seemed, and no matter how long she studied she never knew a thing? So you delivered an oration. "Why don't you stop worrying about it? It is no harder than anything else. Just take your book and go at it easy; pretend you like it and pretty soon you will be liking it;" and so on. Then on a Tuesday morning, not long ago, a certain fiery little friend of yours met you and started to dis-

course in this fashion: "*I don't care!* I'm not going to study English any more, you don't get any credit for it, no matter what you do. We got fifty and sixty all the time before, and what will we get now when they take off five for every little mistake?" Then you quietly tried to persuade your friend that it was all for her own good; that she would be more satisfied with her work, and that if she did not pass English the last semester, she would have gained many other valuable things. You were not delighted with the English system, but excited people should always be quieted.

Well, do you remember that you started to write an English theme last Monday night? You selected a subject and wrote one sentence. Not another word could you think of. "I hate English," you informed your sister's picture which was slipping down behind the table. Then you took another topic and wrote a paragraph. Once more your mind became blank. You went through all stages of emotions from anger to grief, and said many things which did not add to your essay at all. Wearily choosing another subject, you wrote it down.

Some time after that you heard a clock strike, and then the brilliant thought entered your head that you needed some advice. You walked over and stared into the looking glass. Your nose was red, your eyes were half closed, your mouth was out of joint, and your hair was dishevelled. "Go to bed!" was your advice. So you took it.

TERESA KERLEY, '13.

NOTES ON PERU.

International, commercial, political and social affairs are so complicated that it requires personal investigation on the part of the person who wants to find out a thing of that sort, in order to get the truth.

During my stay in the United States I used to wonder where

did the average Yankee get all the wrong information he knew regarding South America. Some one told me that the Yankees were of the nature of belittling others, but while I have been told this so many times I did not believe it. I thought there were some causes for that, and I promised to find out for myself as many of them as I could.

It is not my purpose now to give all the causes I found, but I will mention or at least explain one:

Coming from the United States, just per chance, I had the opportunity to hear a conversation between two representatives of two mining corporations; one was Yankee and the other was English. The former asked the latter for information regarding the mining business in Peru, and the information was given. But what information? I do not believe it is worth of even mentioning it here.

After I got the information and some time was passed, I used to think why did the Englishman give such a wrong information regarding the mining business in Peru. I know he is the representative of a corporation that is getting an annual income that has not decreased for years; and not only has the income kept without fluctuation, but has had and is having an annual increase all the time. I don't believe we have to know human nature in order to understand this. The same fact that the corporation had been successful for years was the reason for giving such a wrong information. He would not like to have competition established, but on the contrary, he wanted to destroy it. The way he employed for the destruction was detrimental to Peru, what did he care? His interests were in England, and while he was getting money from Peru, he cared nothing for the country.

I said before that I was not going to enumerate all the causes I knew, so I am going to keep my promise. I want, nevertheless, to mention the fact, that I do not expect to draw

my conclusions from these and the many facts I found out personally, but I can say that things of this nature are the cause of the depreciation of our nation. A double causal compels some persons to act this way. If the persons are successful, they will give bad reports of the country in order to avoid the coming of new concerns; and if the persons are not successful, they will inform in the same way because they will never say: "I was the lazy man, I did not know how to work," but they will say: "Such and such a country is no good," and they proceed to badly inform.

Peruvians are awake to this fact already and they are interested and are succeeding in combating this condition of affairs. They want to realize this double vice versa causal: Good for many good persons, bad for many bad ones. Just the other day we had another case of this nature, in an article written in England about the formation of a new corporation in this country. We have had one article on education of tremendous importance and of great value for many persons. We are having many on the wrong idea of Revolutionary Peruvian Character; and we will have much for the present; wrong information given about Peru in foreign countries is very wide and very disastrous to our own country. I want to remember here, too, that while many foreigners give such information, not all of them do it. We have many who are a real help to Peru, joining us in the solution of the many difficult problems that countries of the nature of Peru naturally will have and I confess that we truly recognize this fact.

People with bad intentions will sooner or later fall. This has been and is being proved in Peru. We are trying to develop not only our industries, but our people, and in doing this, we are fighting against the cancer that avoids that work. When this cancer is destroyed Peru and its people will prove to the world that they are and they will be the sort of people they

want to be in any branch: Science, education, commerce, society and the realization of all their ideals.

I thought that since this article is for the ECHO, a journal of education, and a paper for persons whose young brains are receiving new knowledge and experience, its importance would be great because of the fact that it gives persons a chance to study and compare the things as they are and as they appear to be. The students are having history, economics and sociology; then here an opinion may be given.

Just now I am on board of the steamer "Ucayali" of the *Compania Nacional de Vapores y Dique del Callao*, and I think Peruvian steamers are the most modern, the most comfortable and the most rapid you will find on the West Coast from Panama to Chile. They have these qualities not only for the first class, but for the second and third. The third class in "The Peruvian," is equal and better than the second of the "South American" and "Chilian" companies. This is materially true, not patriotically, romantically or theoretically.

You will be interested to know that here in the steamer they call dinner with a cornet, and just now I hear the last call; the sea is so calm, the sunset is so nice and the dinner so good, that I cannot do anything else than close with "*Hasta otra vista.*"

J. S. ADRIANZEN, 1909.

[Mr. Adrianzen was graduated from the State Normal College in 1909 B. S., and in 1910 Pd. B., having given special attention to English, Science and American Methods and Systems of Education. He is now prominently engaged in educational work in his native land, Peru.]

"CONVICTION."

I breathed a sigh of relief as I buttoned the twentieth little wriggling body in her coat which lacked more than half of its buttons and which was worn and tattered in many places. I tied her little worn bonnet under her chin, which was a part

of a physiognomy to which a little soap and water could have been administered with pleasing results. The others were not much more remarkable than she for their cleanliness; at a mission chapel in a crowded city one does not come in contact with the cream of society. When the last shrill voice chirped out, "Good-bye, teacher," I was glad and thought to myself on my way home, "Well, what is the use of it all anyway?"

I was tired and discouraged. Everything had gone wrong at the chapel. The kindergarten teacher was ill and so it had fallen to my lot to take entire charge of her class. Despite an irritating headache, I set about my task, but everything seemed against me. The little tots were unusually mischievous and noisy, and notwithstanding my most earnest entreaties, they played havoc in the little kindergarten room. There were too many to watch at once, and while I coaxed and pleaded with a little boy, very self-willed, and told him that it was very improper for him to fight with his companion, I heard a cry from the other end of the room, where two little girls were quarreling over a picture card, evidently following out the belief that "Might makes right." The lesson for the day was one which did not interest the little folks and I could neither recall nor improvise any story which was sufficiently interesting to calm the rising spirits of the children. I attempted to lead them in singing, but I did not enjoy my own voice well enough to continue thus alone for the children were in no frame of mind for song. I was glad when I heard the big door of the main room open, for then I knew dismissing time had come. In anything but a cheerful frame of mind, I then attempted to get the little ones ready for dismissal. I spoke crossly to a little boy who would not stand still in line, and when I looked down at him again I saw a tear in his big blue eyes. I felt softened for a moment, but my displeasure returned. It was,

as I have said before, with a sign of relief that I lost sight of the last child clattering down the stairs.

On my way home I contemplated the happenings of the afternoon and thought to myself, "What good am I doing in trying to instruct little ones who are too young to understand and appreciate anything? I have spent many hours at the chapel and for what purpose? Only to have a crowd of street urchins annoy me and try my patience. If I could see any fruits of my labor I should be satisfied, but I can not." Throwing myself into an easy chair on my arrival home, I decided to think it over and perhaps to decide to resign my position. . . .

It was Sunday afternoon. The chapel bell had not rung, although it was past time for it. I gathered up my books and papers and wended my way to the chapel, but strange to say, the door was locked. I wondered if by any chance, I was mistaken in the day, or if the sexton had forgotten to come, or if the big clock which chimed out the hours was at fault. Upon further investigation, I discovered a side entrance which was opened and I entered the chapel. It was very quiet. I went into the various rooms, but they were all deserted. As I turned to pass out of the door whence I had entered, a hand was gently laid on my shoulder, and turning around, I beheld a strange woman. She had a most beautiful face which was surrounded by an almost ethereal light. She was clad in a spotless gown of white and her long flowing hair was caught up by a halo. I was, as it were, struck dumb by her presence. She smiled benignantly at me, and drew me to her as if by magnetism. I followed her and we both walked on in silence. When once on the street, we continued to walk. The streets became narrower and dirtier as we walked on. Never had I seen a more wretched place. Finally my unknown guide stopped in front of a dirty hovel, opened the door and pre-

sented me a scene of direst poverty and squalor. There were eight persons huddled in a small room. On a bed of rags in the corner, I beheld a little girl who was apparently very ill. Her father and mother haggard, pale and emaciated, sat near her, and four or five other children were huddled about in various parts of the room. As I bent over the child, I recognized the little girl with the dirty face, whom I had seen but a week ago. Her face was thin now and as she looked up at me, she faintly smiled. Before I had time to speak to anyone, my strange companion drew me away and we walked further down the narrow street. Babies were playing in the filthy streets. Here and there were boys playing craps, smoking and swearing at times. Children were fighting, crying and wallowing in the filthy gutters. No one could imagine a more horrible sight. To think that this was the way in which they spent their Sundays, was still more terrible. I recognized many of the little ones with whom I had been acquainted at the chapel, but how they were changed! Thus we continued, until finally we found ourselves again at the chapel. My guide then disappeared as mysteriously as she had appeared. . . .

I started and found myself sitting in my easy chair with the little book which I had picked up from my desk lying open in my lap. I picked it up and glanced at the open pages. My eyes rested on the following words in red print: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me." In an instant my soul was touched and I saw clearly what I had never seen before.

HELEN R. ODELL, '13.

KLOPSTOCK, GOTTSCHED AND THE SWISS SCHOOL.

That the study of foreign languages is a necessary part of a liberal education is a proposition which few intelligent per-

sons will, at this day, dispute. A knowledge of foreign literature, both ancient and modern, is almost indispensable, for this knowledge liberalizes the mind in the same way as foreign travel. The man who is familiar only with the writer of his native tongue is in danger, it seems to me, of thinking that manners and customs and habits of thought, which belong only to his own age and country, are inseparable from the nature of man in general. Acquainting himself with foreign literatures, his view-point is not only broadened, but he loses that contempt which he had for everything outside of his own narrow circle, and he tolerates those ideas which he formerly resented and cast aside as worthless. It is my purpose, therefore, in the brief sketch of Klopstock, Gottsched and incidentally of Lessing, to give not so much a biographical and historical resume, as it is to show their relative importance in the literary period of the eighteenth century and also their influence not only upon succeeding German writers, but even upon the writers of all nations.

Glancing back rapidly over the periods of German literature from the earliest time, we see behind us a strange vista of regions, one opening into the other, and yet so dissimilar that they scarcely seem to be links in one chain of events. At the start we find ourselves in a rugged, primeval mountainous land covered with dark forests of pine and fir trees and inhabited by a race of men, strong and warlike, yet withal simple in their nature. From the depths of the forest comes the sound of the Druids' chant and from the valley we hear the faint, sweet notes of a bardic singer. Then we cross a long, barren waste; reaching at last the bright land of the Middle Ages, with its castles and cathedrals, its tournaments, its crusades which united the East and West, mingled customs and costumes of the Orient with those of the Occident, and brought echoes from the ancient legends of Palestine and China. This

region, too, fades in the distance and before us looms up another dark waste which we must cross. It is a weary journey and the lights are so few and scattered that at times the dim, dim flickering seems scarcely sufficient to guide the pilgrims along the stony way. But when at the point of despair, a new region appears, a land of earnest workers and builders, but the sky is clouded and only now and then does the sun clearly shine forth. Suddenly, however, we find ourselves in a sparsely settled plain, which we cross eagerly, for we can see a glimmer ahead and we emerge at last into a region where all is fair and we see the result and influence of the earnest workers and builders mentioned above, for as we glance about we are aware of a wonderful change. Noble edifices greet the eye and in the bright sunshine gleam the lofty temples of thought.

When we have studied the history of German literature and the history of German sufficiently to comprehend the constant, almost indescribable trials and sufferings of the people during these intermittent periods, we no longer wonder at the slow development of their literature. However, it was only a delayed not a prevented growth, for much good seed had been planted during the different ages and although slow in sprouting, it at last developed into hardy plants, whose blossoms breathed forth fragrant odors which still permeate the literary atmosphere. To this period belong Klopstock, Gottsched and Lessing.

We must bear in mind the fact that, when these men began to write, literature was not much else than a collection of lifeless forms; that government still clung to the ideas of the Middle Ages, and that religion had degenerated into rigid doctrine. There was no patronage of literature by the state, the political power of which was under the control of Frederick Wilhelm I, and his son. In fact, literature was ignored at the Court of Berlin, unless, perhaps, it appeared in the form of a French

ditty or a frivolous comedy in the same language. Friedrich Wilhelm I scorned both philosophy and poetry and his son would not take the trouble to write his own language. In an "Essay on German Literature," which he wrote in French (1780), he mentioned neither Klopstock nor Lessing, and when an edition of the *Nibelungenlied* was presented to him, he declared it was "not worth a shot." Indeed, in literature the king was as French as his friend Voltaire. Yet he indirectly aided the growth of a national language, for he infused his own energy into the character of his people and gave them something to be proud of.

The revival of national literature in the eighteenth century was a continuation of the work begun by Opitz, Leibnitz, Wolf and others. Men, left without any great interest in general politics and excluded from political power in the several minor states, found in literary culture the occupation and freedom which they could enjoy nowhere else. Literary unions, with their journalism and controversies, supplied the means of intercourse between students living in Saxony and Prussia. Switzerland was also reunited with Germany by means of literature. The literary unions of the preceding century had not been entirely useless, for they had "weeded French words out of German verse." One of the literary societies of the seventeenth century still survived at Leipzig and Gottsched, in 1727, gave it a new lease of life and partly changed its character for the better. About six years before this, Bodmer, a professor of history at Zurich, and his friend Breitinger, a pastor there, had started a literary journal, chiefly for the purpose of improving poetry. This formed the nucleus of the Swiss School. A literary union existing at Halle, from 1734 to 1737, had only two active members and when they left Halle the "Society for the Culture of Poetry and Rhetoric," suddenly disappeared. A more important association, however, was formed

at Leipzig in 1744 by several young men, afterwards known as the Saxon School. They at first obeyed the rules stated by Gottsched, but soon went over to the side of Bodmer, who had scarcely any consistent theory of poetry, but he pleaded for a free exercise of the imagination, in opposition to Gottsched's tyrannical common-sense and preferred English to French poets.

These two schools of Leipzig and Zurich were the highest authorities in poetry and criticism, although other unions of literary men were soon formed, especially at Berlin and Halberstadt. Glinn, while a student at Halle, formed a society consisting of himself, Uz and Gotz. Afterwards when Kleist and Ramler entered as members, the society became known as the "Prussian School." Ramler later went to Berlin to live, where, with the aid of several friends, he founded a literary association, which included Lessing, Mendelssohn and Nicolai, the publisher of the "Literary Letters" to which Lessing contributed. Gleim carried on a very extensive correspondence with his literary friends in all the schools.

These brief outlines of several of the literary unions may serve to explain their relations with each other and their comparative importance. Now let us note the chief representatives, especially those of the Leipzig and Zurich Schools.

Johann Christoph Gottsched was born in 1700, near Konigsberg. In 1724 he went to Leipzig and there founded the "German Society for the Culture of a National Literature." Gottsched was ambitious. He wished to make Leipzig a literary centre of Germany as Paris was of France, and in this he chose wisely for Leipzig was a large, flourishing town and the home of a fine university. French literature at this time was controlled by the Academie Francaise, which not only subjected it to fixed rules, but it helped to centralize the literature and advance the standard of the language. Gottsched wanted to make

his German society into such an academy which, with him as its president, might gain for German literature what the Academie had done for France.

He began his work well by a criticism directed chiefly against the affectation and bombast of the Second Silesian School. He then proceeded to lay down strict laws for the cultivation of poetry. He maintained the three following propositions: First, that poetry must be founded on an imitation of nature; second, that the understanding must prevail over the imagination; third, that the best models must be found in French literature. He thus made poetry an art to be acquired by systematic instruction, and by imitation of the Greeks, whom he took as models in matters of taste. On the contrary, the Zurich writers, although they were more clumsy in the form of their writings, were less systematic and showed greater depth of thought. They did not aim to give Germany or the world a text-book on how to write the various kinds of poetry, but they did seek to find the beautiful in poetry and to produce the beautiful in poetic form regardless of systems or rules. Both parties, however, agreed that poetry is an imitation of nature.

At this time several translations from English poetry had appeared, especially that of Milton, who had many admirers in Germany, none of whom was more enthusiastic than Bodmer, who translated his "Paradise Lost." In an essay on "The Marvelous in Poetry," written in 1740, he defended Milton from certain charges brought against him by Gottsched, and so began a controversy that gave animation to criticism and had, also, other good results. Gottsched protested chiefly against the supernatural qualities of "Paradise Lost;" the quarrel then turned upon the merits of Homer and Milton. The scholars of the Swiss school defended the cause of beauty against the dogmatism of Gottsched and so they gained the

victory. It was in the midst of this controversy that the literature of the eighteenth century arose. His wife, Luise Victoria Gottsched, assisted him a great deal in his literary labors. With her and other allies, he maintained his ground, for some time, in his contest with the Swiss scholars; but his dominion was overthrown at last by himself, when in the pride of his power, he went so far as to condemn Klopstock, who was then rising to popularity.

The Leipzig Critic declared that the "Messias" was an irregular and worthless poem and could not at all be compared with "Hermann," a new epic by Christoph Otto Schonaick; but the public as well as many critics condemned this as dull and unreadable. Critics arose on all sides against Gottsched; even his wife went over to the side of the innovators. Deprived of the literary authority which had been his, censured and prostrated, Gottsched finally retired. Erich Schmidt says: "Gottsched war leider kein Reformator. Ihun war besteinmt abzuschliessen nicht zu eroffuen." But he may be regarded as a reformer of the externals of literature. This was just what German literature then needed.

"The Swiss School" found their best allies in Halle and Berlin and in Klopstock. Prussia furnished them with the German Milton, whose advent they so ardently desired."

Friedrick Gottlieb Klopstock, born at Quedlinburg in 1724, entered the Gymnasium of Schulpforte at the age of 16, where he read, not only Greek and Roman authors, but also Lasso and Milton. On leaving the school, Klopstock chose for the theme of his valedictory Latin oration, "The Highest Aim of Poetry." In 1745 he went to Jena to complete his education and there made a sketch in prose of his epic, "The Messias." In the course of the next year he went to Leipzig, where he enjoyed the friendship of several of the contributors to the Bremer Breitrage. In 1748 the first three cantos of "The

"Messias" appeared in the above-named journal. Bodmer, the Swiss critic, hailed the work and invited the writer to come and stay at Zurich. He accepted the invitation and during the several months which he spent at Zurich, he met the Danish Minister Von Berustorff, through whose instrumentality he received an invitation from Frederick V, King of Denmark, to come to Copenhagen. The King gave him a pension and he had nothing else to do but finish his epic. Gottsched and his school attempted to depreciate the work, but its popularity was not affected by the attack.

Klopstock accepted the King's proposal and for twenty years he divided his time between Copenhagen and Hamburg. He finished the "Messias" in 1773. It commences with the withdrawal of Christ apart from his disciples, to commune with God upon the Mount of Olives; it includes the Last Supper, the Trial, the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and closes in Heaven, when Christ takes his seat on the right hand of God, the Father. There are, however, introduced a great number of angels and devils and the spirits of the chief personages of the Old Testament, beginning with Adam and Eve.

Besides this work, he wrote many odes which are thought by the critics to be the poet's best compositions and which have made his name immortal. He has been called the "German Pindar." Most of his odes are untranslatable, and like all lyric poems and more than most, to be rightly appreciated, they must be read in the original.

The chief merit of Klopstock is his idealism. Sentiment, too, was a ruling factor in his writings and perhaps it is this element which, more than any other, did much toward arousing the native pride and ambition which had for so long a time been dormant. He was popular because the people saw in him those ideals which he advocated, and whenever Lessing made his way by means of destructive criticism, Klopstock

made his, more slowly, by his piety and virtue and his heartfelt enthusiasm.

“Though many of Klopstock’s literary experiments may seem to us very strange, yet they all give expression to some widespread tendency of the age, and in most of them he found imitators. . . . Goethe learnt from him the use of free unrhymed rhythms.”

Kuno Francke says that Klopstock’s works aided in nationalizing German literature. He also states that Klopstock was a true liberator, for he was the first among modern German poets who drew his inspiration from the depth of a heart beating for all humanity. In this one instance do we see a true member of the Swiss School, whose ideas concerning the Culture of Poetry were not formed according to set and fixed rules.

Hedge thinks Klopstock “unreasonably lachrymose.” “Scarcely a page,” he says “but swims in tears.” But we must remember, when we consider this, the age in which Klopstock lived. Men and women were prone to indulge in tears at the slightest provocation or annoyance. In fact, it was not then considered a weakness, and they had not yet learned the art of controlling the emotions by means of cultivating a strong will power.

In Lessing, we see the master-spirit of the age. Being a member of the Berlin Literary Society, founded by Ramler, he, too, entered into the controversies between the various schools, especially those of Leipzig and Zurich. As a literary reformer, he stood alone, at this period. He lived in the world of his own thoughts and yet he was not a narrow-minded book-worm as many of that age were. He was a seeker after truth and his criticisms and severe polemical writings were usually directed against errors and not against individuals.

ISABELLE BIGLEMAN, 1911.

Edward Thring said at the opening of the Uppingham School-room in 1863, "Something also I would say to the school on the subject of *school greatness*. I have observed lately no unnatural desire to claim a position among English schools. Now you cannot claim it. It must come. Indeed, we are very far from wishing that the school should come forward on the false ground of mere increase of numbers—which may be increase of shame, for a mob is not an army— or of mere identity with other schools, which is not what has made us what we are. Yet be sure there is the means here of being great. Have you so soon forgotten the motto in your head-room :

‘Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—

These three alone lead life to sovereign power?’

Yes, power must come and there are two ways for it to come. Most of all, and first, the winning of a character for *truth* and *true honor*. Most of all, that no lie in word or deed, no shame, no underhand deceits shall harbor here—nothing that will not bear the light. Let this be the school character, as I trust it is, and fear not, the school is great.” . . .

[“The Marks of a Man,” by Robert E. Speer.]

Editorial Department.

Warm weather immediately breeds discontent with indoor work and indoor pleasure. By way of contrast with gymnasium and auditorium recreations, the athletic association is arranging for a series of baseball games. Several factors must be in evidence to ensure the success of their efforts. There must be encouragement, faith, suggestion and moral and financial support on the part of the student-body. There must be recognition of the fact that as in all other College work, that is voluntary and receives no recognition or particular credit,

many qualities that are not only desirable, but also profitable are developed; qualities that are more ordinarily recognized in the outside world than are satisfactorily passed examinations, logical and convincing class recitations, or remarkably neat and complete note-books. Any intelligent coach or any fellow who plays the game himself will tell you that the biggest requirements are self-control, quick and accurate judgment, clear-headedness, justice to the other fellow, willingness to stand aside for the common good, responsibility and best effort at all times.

Are these worth striving for? Are they important to us as an institution? Give our team a chance to show us clean sport, combined science and skill and some real action.

COLLEGE DRAMATICS.

The student who regards his College course as four long years of routine of attending classes, writing notes, preparing papers, taking examinations, and finally receiving his degree, is unfortunately failing to derive much which such a career may offer him. Although the benefits thus obtained are by no means to be disregarded, there are other channels through which certain unmeasurable and imperishable rewards may be attained. "Passing Courses" may be a minimum requirement for graduation, but the maximum benefit which each student may receive is determined solely by his own individual interest and participation in the various forms of student activities.

College Dramatics represent a type of activity of this sort. The desire to dramatize naturally appeals very forcibly to the College student. It is ingrained in his nature, and, if rightly exercised and developed, will furnish him no small amount of pleasure, of culture, of refinement, which he cannot otherwise obtain.

The admirable progress in this direction made by the students of the State Normal College last year has been fortunately continued, and with the performance of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," on Friday, the 24th of February, another highly successful entertainment was furnished to both students and public. Striking costumes, vivid expression, clever acting, and admirable interpretation, characterized the play, and the entire cast is indeed to be highly complimented for its excellence. Irrespective of the pleasure and development which each of the players necessarily received through his actual participation in the performance, the thanks of the entire student body are due those who have at the same time, at much effort, sacrifice of time and under trying conditions, done so much in bringing their College before the public, and in developing and furthering that element in College life which we all admire and respect—College spirit.

A. E. REJALL.

A SUGGESTION.

In a very old and well known Book are to be found these words: "Be courteous." Not only because of the source of these words would we call attention to them, but because we believe they embody what should be the true spirit of friendly opponents.

The need of this spirit came to our notice while watching a basketball game in our gymnasium not long ago. The teams came trotting into the room—fine, sturdy fellows, broad-shouldered and strong. Every movement showed them to be alert and ready to do their best work. The whistle sounded and the game began!

The ball was tossed, passed and hugged as the occasion required. By skillful work, the home team made a basket. Cheers from the spectators! There was more passing and slid-

ing and then a skillful toss landed the ball in the other basket. The visiting team had won two points. Silence on the part of the spectators! Then the home team had a free throw. The ball *almost* went in—no more. A groan from the audience! The contest grew fiercer and more exciting. The visitors sent the ball in a graceful curve around the rim of the basket and it dropped—on the wrong side! A sigh of relief followed by another silence, for the ball had been sent back and this time went in! Eagerly we watched the boys strain every nerve to control the ball. Several baskets were made on both sides, each time showing the skill of the player. Good plays by the purple and gold called forth ringing cheers, but the other fellows received little appreciation for their hard work. It was time for the first inning to close. . . . Then once more the whistle blew for action. The struggle grew more tense. Each team played eagerly. Suddenly all was quiet and the spectators began to withdraw. Was it all over? Yes, and the visiting team had been victorious. *No cheers were given at the end of the game!*

Such was the game—played fairly and well. But we missed the cheers. It seems that it was proper to cheer when the home team made a basket. Wild cheers were given then! But when the visitor made the basket, why was he not entitled to cheers, too? Did it not take as much skill on his part as for the home man? If so, why wasn't our appreciation shown? Must we admit that, in the presence of defeat, we cannot be magnanimous enough to congratulate the victors? Shall this be said of S. N. C.?

College spirit and team loyalty are all right. We would cheer as heartily as any for our team, but we believe that S. N. C. should be known for its generosity. So let us cheer for the victors!

A SPECTATOR.

[Such an appeal for generosity is the result of a misconception of the purpose behind the applause given by the audience. The purpose should be, ideally, to express appreciation for good work, irrespective of the worker; and usually one who himself plays the game and is consequently most competent to judge is actuated by this purpose. But "in the last analysis," for the majority the purpose of applause is to encourage and to inspire the home team, and this is not accomplished by emphasizing the success of our visitors.]

TO THE STUDENT BODY.

Every one must be aware that the ECHO is supported, for the most part, by the advertisements. Of course, some of our friends advertise altogether out of good will and a generous desire to help the College paper without expecting any material results. Yet the greater number of our business friends advertise expecting to receive some return for their money; and if this return is not apparent, they refuse to continue advertising. When one of our agents is soliciting an advertisement, he explains to the merchant that the ECHO is read by three or four hundred odd students and also by their families and friends. In spite of this, merchants often complain that they receive *absolutely* no trade through their advertisements. This seems to us impossible. There are but two explanations to make: Either that the students actually do not trade with our advertisers, or that, when they do trade, *they do not mention the ECHO*. There are two ways in which every one can help the College paper: First, trade with our advertisers rather than with those who do not advertise. The goods cost no more, and very often less. When you have to buy articles of any description, why not help the ECHO at the same time? In the second place, when you do buy of advertisers, *please mention the ECHO*. There is not a merchant in all Albany who would ever desire to withdraw his advertisement, if, in a whole year, six

new customers came to him saying: "I saw your advertisement in the Echo."

A. I. B., Asst. News Editor.

The Echo staff wishes to announce that to remind some who have not yet assisted in settling accounts, the April issue will contain a list of our regular subscribers who have neglected to meet the business manager.

College News.

PROMETHEAN NOTES.

The members of the Promethean Society held their regular meeting at the College, Saturday evening, February 25th. The program was presented as previously arranged. The debate, "Resolved, that Ice Cream is More Nutritious Than Pie," was well sustained on both sides and the arguments occasioned much laughter. The decision was given in favor of the negative. We particularly enjoyed the musical numbers—Miss Hotaling's solos and the mandolin selections. We hope we shall be favored with more of a similar nature in the future.

After the program all repaired to the Gym., where a "spread" was enjoyed. Much merriment ensued when each of the supporters of the negative side of the debate was presented with a pie, instead of a plate of ice cream. As in most of our Gym. affairs, dancing followed the refreshments.

The evening of March 10th was devoted by Prometheans to the life of Edwin Abbey. Miss Morse's committee planned the following program:

Paper, The Holy Grail in Literature..	Miss Mary McClelland
Reading from Sir Galahad.....	Miss Ethel Everingham
Piana Solo.....	Mr. Willis Pells
Reading from Sir Launfal.....	Miss Jessie Cole

Paper, Life of Edwin Abbey.....Miss Anna Quackenbush
The Holy Grail as Shown in the Mural Decorations of Edwin
Abbey (illustrated by pictures).....Miss Grace Young

Miss Kelly's committee is arranging for a farce and pantomime for March 24th. The cast for the farce includes the Misses Isabelle Knapp, Madeline Roach, Martha Kinnear, Anna Brown, Messrs. Allison and Murphy. Miss Gertrude Wells and Miss Jessie Haskins will render a piano duet. A quartet, made up of the Misses Emilie Hendrie, Florence Keller, Mr. Edgar Palmer and Mr. Stanley Rice, will sing.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

At the last two meetings of the Club we were transported from the wonderful atmosphere of the Greeks, as portrayed in "Masque of Pandora," to the romance and chivalry of the Middle Age, as so beautifully pictured in "The Golden Legend." The latter work as a type of the Miracle Play, is exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Mooney read two papers in explanation of the development of this form of dramatic art, which were greatly appreciated by the members present, as most of us were unfamiliar with the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. We shall complete the reading of the "Golden Legend" at our next meeting, when we also hope to make the selection of a play to be read and studied for future presentation. We hope that all members will be present at this meeting.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Elizabeth Everett led the meeting held on Jan. 18th. Her subject was "The College Girl and Her Examinations." It was a most helpful and inspiring meeting.

Miss Frances Stillman led the meeting held on Feb. 15th,

and gave a very interesting talk on "The Social Teaching of Christ."

Miss Charlotte Wright has been appointed chairman of the Silver Bay Committee, which is soon to be formed. This committee is to consist of all who have ever attended the student conference held at Silver Bay, Lake George.

For the next few weeks the regular Y. W. C. A. meetings will be held on Wednesdays at 12.45 in the High School Chapel instead of 4.15, the usual hour.

The members of Y. W. C. A. regret the departure of Miss Emma Conant, its President, and Miss Ione Schubert, Chairman of the Practical Service Committee. Both have been earnest and loyal workers for the welfare of the Association.

BORUSSIA.

The meetings of Borussia are becoming more interesting as time goes on. Their atmosphere is so decidedly German that those present easily imagine themselves in a fraternity of some German university. At the last meeting, President Schneider delivered a talk on the masquerade celebrations of German cities which take place just before Lent. At the next meeting, March 18th, several distinguished instructors of German in neighboring schools are expected as visitors.

SENIOR NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Senior Class was held in Room 100, Monday afternoon, March 6th. Nearly two-thirds of the Class was present, and although it was an improvement on former meetings, yet we still desire better attendance. These meetings are important and they are for each member of the Senior Class. It will be impossible to accomplish anything worthy of College Seniors unless we have the co-operation of

each one. Only a few more meetings, so be loyal, while you may, to the Class of 1911.

The members of the Senior Class enjoyed the novel reception given to them in the College Gymnasium by the Sophomores, Friday evening, February 17th. Commencement exercises were the feature of the evening, but instead of salutatory and valedictory essays, impromptu speeches were delivered by the following:

Miss Deegan....."The Love Affairs of Our College Men"
 Miss Ella Watson, "If the Moon Were Made of Green Cheese"
 Miss Edith Scott....."Why I Never Married"
 Miss Beulah Brandow "Bluff"

Medals were awarded to the following:

Miss Fitch "The Best Teacher"
 Miss Stillman "Efficiency in Slang"
 Miss Edith Scott "The Best Athlete"

The Seniors received their "*preliminary diplomas*" from "*Dr.*" Heyford, under the supervision of "*Dr.*" Rosenbloom, who presided. Refreshments and dancing followed the exercises and the generous hospitality displayed by the Sophomores was unprecedented, for each *graduate* received *two heaping* dishes of ice cream and all the cake she wished.

"THE GREAT SURPRISE."

The Senior Class wishes to announce the approaching appearance of "The Great Surprise," in the form of the "Senior Year Book." The committee in charge has been busy since early last fall, gathering material for this work and it is due to their earnest and untiring efforts that we can offer a *Book*, which in every respect is worthy of finding a place on the table or book-shelf of any one who enrolls himself as a member of the student body of S. N. C.

The Book is an artistic production, as well as being a "biography" of the Senior Class. It will contain pictures of our

buildings, the casts of "The Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer," our basketball teams and many other groups; original drawings, and organizations; editorials. You will want one.

The Books will be on sale on or after May 1st. But we are intending to have an "Advance Sale" sometime in April. This will give those who desire a book an opportunity of subscribing by seeing either Miss Helen Bennett or Miss Edith Scott. The price of the Book will be \$1.50.

Miss Mary Norton is teaching Mathematics and Science in the Rensselaer High School.

Miss Mary Boyle spent the week-end of February 17th, with her brother in Philmont.

On February 9th Mr. James D. Sullivan lectured to the Senior Psychology Class on "School Attendance." He stated that a *bad boy* was *rarely* to be found and that boys whom teachers thought were *bad* were so considered merely because they were not understood. Such boys, who are really very active and energetic, will leave school if they do not have sufficient material to employ and interest them. This would often happen if it were not for the "Compulsory Education Law," for the enforcement of which the Board of Education is responsible. Mr. Sullivan further showed us the value of this law by giving us a *concrete* illustration. He said that Gov. Blease of South Carolina was opposed to compulsory education, hence, in that state, 36 persons out of every 100, can neither read nor write. We, as teachers, can aid the education department in the enforcement of this law by being accurate and truthful in keeping our registers.

The members of the Class in Psychology 14 enjoyed Mr. Sullivan's lecture so much that they were greatly pleased, when, on February 20th, Prof. Rejall announced Mr. W. R. Eastman, who talked to the Class concerning "Library Extension Work." He explained how any one might obtain a traveling

library; of what the traveling libraries consist; where sent and upon what conditions. He told us, in a clear and pleasant manner, the value of such knowledge to a teacher, especially to one who happened to be in a place which had no library and where there were no good books in free circulation.

On March 6th the members of the Senior Psychology Class again listened to a very enjoyable and instructive stereopticon lecture given in Room 150 by Mr. Alfred W. Abrams of the "Department of Visual Instruction." The well-defined maps and clear pictures which he showed us would be useful in teaching not only American History, but also Commercial Geography, Economics, Science, etc. Mr. Abrams considers this a "*method of teaching.*" He says that it is much easier to reach the mind of an individual through visual instruction than through the sense of hearing. Nor is it a method to be used solely in the primary and secondary schools, but may be used profitably in Colleges.

"Languages and words do not convey to and sufficiently impress on the mind certain ideas unless those ideas are also conveyed to the mind through the sense of sight."

We wish to thank Professor Rejall for giving us an opportunity to listen to these interesting lectures, and we also extend our thanks to those who have so kindly given up their time for our pleasure and instruction.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

On Friday evening, February 18th, the long anticipated event of the Sophomore reception to the Seniors, came and went. Much interest and mirth was provoked by the impersonation of strange characters. The varied program of a mock commencement afforded unique amusement and entertainment.

The last Class meeting was a sorrowful one, for our faithful Class President resigned to join the ranks of the Juniors. In

wishing him success, let us sing with the Germans, "Hoch soll er leben."

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

Miss Hall attended the ECHO play and spent the night at the Society Flat, February 24th.

Miss Laura Patrick of Schenectady spent the week-end of February 24th, with Miss Everett.

We are very glad to have our sister, Miss Barnet, again with us at College, after her illness.

Mr. Gardner spent February 23 and 24 with his daughter, Miss Florence Gardner.

Delta Omega enjoyed the ECHO play very much.

Misses Kaemmerlen and Odell spent the week-end of February 17th, at Waterford.

ETA PHI.

Recent meetings of Eta Phi have been held at the homes of Miss Raynsford and Miss Danaher at which we had very enjoyable social times.

Miss Grace Wilcox was the guest of Miss Florence Warner at Stillwater for the week-end, March 6th.

Miss Lillian Houbertz has recently been to her home in Fultonville.

Miss Helen Smith spent the week-end, March 6th, at Vassar.

Miss Edna Burdick has been visiting friends.

Miss Grace Beaver of Mt. Holyoke College has been home at Coeymans for a spring vacation.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Kappa Delta is glad to announce the initiation of two new members: Miss Anne Quackenbush and Miss Roberta Smythe.

The Misses Elvira Stillman and Vera Jones of Poland, N. Y., were the week-end guests of the girls at the House recently.

The Kappa Delta girls were most delightfully entertained on Valentine's evening at the home of Miss Gertrude Wells.

Miss Evelyn Austin is substituting in the Poughkeepsie High School.

The Misses Mary Denbow and May Foyle attended the banquet of the S. N. C. Alumni in New York City.

The wedding of Miss Alice Isabelle Counsel, '07 and the Rev. Mr. Allison, was solemnized in St. Andrew's church, Utica, N. Y. We all extend our most hearty congratulations to them.

Kappa Delta extends deepest sympathy to Miss Ada Edwards in the loss of her father.

Miss Pearl McVoy of Poland, N. Y., spent several days at the House.

The Kappa Delta girls at the House entertained some of their friends with a St. Patrick's day party.

Miss May Chant of Johnstown visited at the House recently.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

Regular meetings of Psi Gamma were held at the home of Miss Cleveland, February 10th and 20th.

Alma Borst was a guest of Miss Florence Chase the second week in February.

A very pretty little party in honor of the Sorority was given by Miss Mae McHarg, February 11th, at her home on Quail street. Cupids and hearts formed charming decorations and at the conclusion of three hours' merry-making, the guests were escorted to the dining room, where delicious refreshments, suggestive of the occasion, were served.

On February 21st Psi Gamma entertained her alumni mem-

bers and friends with a dance in the College Gymnasium. Among the alumni were the Misses Elizabeth Macmillan, Mae Marsden, Fannie Powel and Mabel Tallmadge.

Miss Jessie Cleveland spent the week-end of March 3d at her home.

Miss Harriet Maynard of Hartford spent the week-end of March 3d as the guest of Miss Beatrice Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Peekskill, N. Y., spent the week-ends of February 17th and March 3d with their daughter, Miss Edna Hall.

Miss Florence Brown was a welcome visitor at College February 17th.

NEWMAN CLUB.

On Tuesday evening, February 28th, at the home of Miss Anna Brown, the following new members were initiated into the Newman Club: Misses Madeline Roach, Margaret Flaherty, Mary Cummeey, Helen Flaherty and Mary Wallace.

The Newman Club extends a most hearty welcome to its new members.

Miss Stasia McCarthy visited her niece, Miss Loretta Austin, on Sunday, February 5th.

Miss Madeline Roach spent a few days in Glens Falls during the past month.

Miss Bessie Deegan spent the week-end of February 19th at the home of the Misses Watson at Castleton.

Miss Rose Wilkinson spent the week-end of February 12th with friends in Saratoga.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mrs. Wm. Titus (nee Kelsey), '07, visited College Wednesday, March 1st.

Mrs. C. Edward Jones, who has been taking special work

in College this year, died at her home in Albany, Wednesday, March 1st. Mr. Jones, '04, is Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Albany.

News has been received of the death of Major Harrison C. Hannahs, father of E. Helen Hannahs, '84. Maj. Hannahs was graduated from the Normal College in 1853. At the beginning of the war he enlisted with the 11th Kansas Volunteers and during the war served as First Lieutenant, Adjutant-General on staff of General Ewing, and Captain. Maj. Hannahs is also remembered as one of the founders of Washington College of Topeka, Kansas.

Miss F. B. Roff, '08, visited College February 27th.

Misses Eddy and Thomas, '09, and Misses Purdy and Lucas, '10, were back for the ECHO play.

ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF ALBANY STATE NORMAL COLLEGE ALUMNI.

The annual banquet of the Metropolitan Association of Albany State Normal College Alumni was held Saturday evening, February 25th at Hotel Majestic, New York City. It was an occasion of great pleasure to the two hundred and fifty who attended. The one thing needed to make the evening complete was the presence of Dr. Milne, but owing to illness, he was unable to come. He holds a warm place in the hearts of the members of the Metropolitan Association.

A reception was held from 5.30 to 7 o'clock in the beautiful drawing room of the hotel. Promptly at 7 o'clock the president of the association led the way to the banquet hall, which was a veritable palm garden so exquisitely had it been decorated with palms and ferns. During the dinner delightful music was rendered by Mullers' orchestra and many of the College songs were sung.

After the banquet President Coon introduced the first speaker, Prof. Kirtland of the Albany Normal College Faculty, who represented President Milne. He paid a fitting tribute to the beloved president of our Alma Mater, expressed the deep regret Dr. Milne felt in being detained at home by illness and conveyed the best wishes to each member of the association.

Among the other speakers were Dr. Husted, Miss McClelland, Dr. E. Helen Hannahs and Dr. Gager. Letters were read from Mrs. Mooney and Prof. Wetmore, expressing their great interest in the welfare of the alumni of this city.

A telegram was sent to Dr. Milne and Prof. Kirtland was requested to convey to him the warmest regards of the members of the Metropolitan Association.

After the toasts the nominating committee presented the following names for office during the coming year: President, Dr. E. Helen Hannahs of Adelphi College, Brooklyn; Vice-president, Principal Arthur G. Balcom, Newark, N. J.; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Fred Duncan, Jamaica, N. Y. City; Executive Committee, Miss Arthur, Long Island City; Miss Burns, Jamaica, N. Y. City; Miss Clare, New York City; Miss Ostrander, Newark, N. J.; Mr. Baker, Yonkers; Mr. Hyde, Brooklyn. They were all unanimously elected.

It was a very delightful meeting and all departed feeling that they must surely attend next year and bring any friends not present this year, who are alumni of the College.

The Hotel Majestic will be the permanent place for holding the annual banquets in the future.

ONE PRESENT.

New York City, N. Y.

THE SENIOR THOT BOOK.

“Quousque tandem abutere, O Professor, patientia nostra?”
When, O Professor, do you mean to cease abusing our pa-

tience? When are we to perceive the last of that spirit which "flunks" whenever it will? When shall we hear the last of that magnanimity which gives an "all-around padding" on the student's marks so that he may pass on sixty per cent.? Do not the tears of the broken-hearted female students—does not the silence of the male element—do not the cold, indignant looks of all the students have any effect upon you? Do you think that you are respected one whit more on account of your stiff courses? Shame on that kind-heartedness of those "post-mortems" in which you seek to console by dilating upon our poor work. The students are aware of these things; the Seniors see them; and yet he continues. Aye! and even comes into his classes with a malicious smile. He conducts his class strictly; he allows no whispering; and all the time he is watching, marking down, and checking off for slaughter every one of us who does not recite up to concert pitch. And we, (submissive students that we are) think we are doing our duty if we study till our eyes are sore, only to fail at last, or forsooth, get thru on 60 by his "gentle all-around padding."

Sir; is it nothing to you that the seats in your classes become vacant? That all of those who have been marked out by you to receive a non-punched card, leave your class? How do you think you ought to bear this? Mehercule! If my students disliked me as yours do you, I should—turn a new leaf in my attitude toward them.

And thus, sir, do the College students plead with you, and with eyes mute with anguish, speak to you. We did not "flunk" anything save your courses. You "flunked" us before and tho it was hard to bear, yet we bore it with fortitude. But now, that we should fear you alone, that we must eat lots of pie (on account of the great amount of lard therein contained) to slip thru your courses, this is no longer endurable,

and we shall not stay in your course any longer. We shall not!

Cicero was certainly a master of invective if ever there was one and that is why, even in this Thot Book (which I shall let no one see), I let him give expression to my enraged feelings. I don't think Latin is a dead language after all. Human nature is always the same. Just see how Cicero's phrases centuries ago fitted one of the live topics at S. N. C.

I had a most pleasant surprise today, I sauntered down to College at noon expecting to find the urbane Doctor Lyon's physiognomy in psychology and incidentally, I expected to memorize some more of those delightful (?) nonsense syllables. For aught I knew to the contrary, they might have been in Hebrew this time. But the aforementioned popular (?) doctor was to be numbered among the absent, and so we continued our discussion of strictly educational topics. "The Cream of the College." Such was the appellation he gave to thirteen of us poor, deluded Seniors. Yes, deluded by the thot that we should have no term's paper to write. Everyone wanted to know why he gave us such a pleasing title, so we told them what he told us, that we had "primarily the best types of memory found in the College." Of course, as he himself said, even idiots can memorize, but we didn't divulge this fact to the non-elect. However, we must pay for everything we get, and so day after day, one might have seen us poor species of humanity doubled over, eating dates, milk chocolate or nabiscos with lips violently moving and incidentally committing to memory either the forty nonsense syllables, the two hundred digits or perhaps a couple pages of Dewey's "School and Society," until, as one of those who are out of the pale said, it seemed as if the psychology department was trying "to make butter out of the cream."

So that's why, sleeping or waking, I cannot get the facetious countenance of Doctor Lyon out of my mind. One of those at the head of the list in the experiments told me that he affected her differently. She only thinks of him in her sleep. Oftentimes she has the night mare. Not long ago she dreamed that her house was burning, and in graphic manner, she told me how it seemed as if the digits were running up and down on the front of the house. Her mother stood on the roof (something like the Emperor Nero, I imagine) shouting with the full capacity of her lungs, "Save the digits! Save the digits!"

Of course we received a prize for all of this work. And what do you suppose it was? I hold my breath in awe whenever I think of it. It was a pamphlet. Yes; a pamphlet on a psychological subject (as, for instance, *The Mentality of Deficient Children.*) Yes; a pamphlet carried up here all the way from Columbia in Dr. Lyon's Gladstone bag. A pamphlet, forsooth, gleaned and garnered from hundreds of other pamphlets. A pamphlet in short, which represents "the survival of the fittest" in pamphlets. Is it any wonder that if we had not received one of those pamphlets we should have organized ourselves into a militia, bombarded the door of the psych. department and in true Patrick Henryesque style, have bawled in stentorian tones, "Give me a pamphlet or give me death!"

Methinks I'm getting to be an all-around knocker, so for a time, I shall put away my little golden hammer and indulge in some pleasant thots. First of all, I must say I think "She Stoops to Conquer," was simply fine. Could anything have been nicer than the way they were made up? Tho to be sure, they didn't need much, for the photographer thot that one of the actresses had applied too much rouge when in reality she hadn't applied any.

Since the play I've noticed that some of the cast think they can talk at all times even in classes and have to be reminded that it is not their cue, but the instructor's, and that they are disturbing the "play."

From my seat, however, I saw but few of the domestic science people at the play. Perhaps they were detained at home baking a cake, darning stockings, or washing and ironing a handkerchief for their next day's recitation. Well, they don't know what they missed. The embracing was so well done that one of the profs. said a course in that particular branch ought to be introduced here. Well, I'm sure it will be crowded and I'm sure no one will ever think of cutting either.

How I do wish I were taking that course in public speaking. Of course I never intend to become a public speaker, but (who knows?) sometime I may attend a university convocation and from my obscure seat in the rear of the room be called upon to ascend the rostrum and make an extemporaneous speech. For, as we know, he that humbleth shall be exalted. Go where we will, in the auditorium, in the gymnasium, in the Senior locker room, you will find embryonic Daniel Websters of this course giving free play to their talent by making up speeches on subjects, as "The Effect of a Stained Glass Window on a Bald Head in Church," "On the Frivolities of College Students," "Was He Pushed or Did He Fall," and such. Their speeches are usually of this type: "Ah, I don't know as I am prepared to speak on this topic. As we all know, stained glass windows give bald heads a fantastic appearance. I remember I once saw the effects of a stained glass window on a hat in front of me in the church. I could not listen to the sermon. The hat was in the latest style. It had a willow plume. Therefore stained glass windows give a kaleidoscopic effect to bald heads."

But I'm told when they come to class, its another matter.

Most of them manage to rise to their feet, but when they land! Oh! oh! Their knees tremble; their hands shake, and rubbing their eyes they stutter: "I—I—I really—I—I hav—haven't—a—a sin—single i—dea in my head," and covering their faces with their hands, they take their seats. Perhaps, like some one at the Sophomore-Senior party, they only need "Colonel" or a certain "Precious" for inspiration.

I'm sure the Sophomores repaid us with interest for the entertainment we gave them last year. Only it brought most vividly to my mind the proximity of June. We all discovered why the moon is made of green cheese and also why a certain Senior never married.

I say, what was the use of the invention of printing? Before it was invented, one man dictated to twenty or thirty scribes and that's just what we do in our lecture courses. But speaking of taking notes, recalls to me how my critic (I am still teaching) took down quite a few notes in my class the other day. One of the other girls thinks she didn't want to lose any of the profound erudition I was imparting to my cherubs.

I never knew until the beginning of Lent what an awful habit I've caught. You see, I was saying that I had nothing to give up when a serious minded Senior, in a dear way, said: "You might give up your habit of criticising people." And, *believe me*, it never dawned upon me until that minute that I ever criticised. However, now that I know I'm the possessor of this most abominable habit, I shall use all my will power to weed it out, root and branch.

I wish I might write more tonight, but just now the clock struck one in its deep sepulchral tone, and to deserve the compliment that the history prof. gave me one day when I was sitting on a settee in the corridor; namely, "that I am a hard

worker," I think I must begin to read Rhodes concerning the Compromise of 1850. So, tho I should dearly love to record some more of S. N. C. current events, I must obey the call of study.

N. B.—Truth compels me to admit, dear Thot Book, that it is not one o'clock, but seven-thirty.

I guess I should have knocked on wood for I crowed too soon about those memory tests. No sooner does Dr. Lyon leave us than he begins to send his best regards, and when we begin to feel our own importance (to think that such an eminent man should notice us), why, we are told that he needs our assistance to help him solve another memory problem and that this will take at least five weeks. I suppose he wants to prove that the old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," is false. I do hope that when he writes his book on memory (if he ever intends to write one), that he will mention "the cream of the College" by name and so reward us for all the work we had to do when the "skimmed milk" could amuse themselves by laughing at us in our misery.

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