

# **-THE-ECHO-**

**New York State College  
for Teachers**

**MAY-JUNE  
1915**



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# The Echo

VOL. XXIV

MAY - JUNE, 1915

No. 9

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## Literary Department

### Lessons Unlearned

Dim on the shadowy western hills  
The draperies of the years trail grey;  
Silver soft, through the twilight's hush,  
Come echoes of a distant day.

Oh, happy days that lie asleep,  
Within the tender arms held fast  
Of her we joyed to walk with once,  
Whom now we call the Silent Past.

Dear lessons learned within her smile,—  
Why did we foolishly forget  
The simple ways of childhood's life,  
Where hurts with joys in laughter met?

Strong courage of a pure child-heart,  
That choked a sob beneath brave mirth!  
If we could thus rise from each fall  
Would we then sigh our spirit's dearth?

EDITH CARR, '15.

### The Choice

The preacher sat in his study and pondered. He had just returned from a meeting of the city's most exclusive literary society, where the subject of discussion had been, "Modern Thought in the Field of Religion." He had listened with growing indignation while brilliant philosophers and celebrated scientists had, with polished phrase, dissected his beloved Faith, and over its remains reconstructed a system. The system was full of high-sounding words and clean ethics, but it centered about no God, nor did it find room for an immortal soul. He had fought bravely in defense of his religion, and the effort had well-nigh exhausted him. Worst of all, it had been received with politely concealed smiles or sneering scepticism. He had failed.

On his study table lay a letter from a great publishing house, asking him to supervise the compiling of a many volumned work of research. The task would mean years of congenial, peaceful labor — but it would also mean retiring from his ministry. As he looked at the letter he thought of the years of battle which he had waged with the growing tide of indifference and rationalism in his congregation. It was not that he lacked power or eloquence or unministerial ability. In these respects he knew himself the peer of his fellow laborers. The trouble was in the air. Empty pews had begun to appear; the call of Sunday was away from the church and out to the open. The teachings of modern scholarship and modern materialism were spreading insidiously among the flock which had once gladly "accompanied him to the throne of the heavenly grace." Thus far the battle had been a losing one. The church was loyally supported so far



as finances went, but the support of faith, the loyalty to doctrine were waning. What use to keep up a losing battle? God had hidden himself. The parish activities were maintained by a handful of women. Strangers drifted into the church, listened to the beautiful music — and departed before the sermon. In the ears of the old-time members, the purr of the costly automobile was far more gracious than the words of the Christ. As a man, the preacher realized they loved him. As a teacher of the faith he was politely tolerated. Only that morning his little boy had come to him with awe-struck face, from his play with the son of a leading vestryman, and had said, "Oh, daddy; George told me he heard his father say that he didn't believe there was any God!" With burning soul, but tender words, he had reassured the little chap, but the arrow had reached his heart.

Once more he looked at the letter and thought of the intellectual calm, the freedom from battle, which it promised. Let a better fighter than he take up the work, which had grown so discouraging. But were there any better fighters? His conscience said "no." Perhaps, after all, this new activity was his real duty. And so he sat and thought.

It was almost midnight now. Finally, with weary movement he took pen and paper and wrote a brief letter, sealing it as if he were consigning to oblivion all earthly joy. The publishers would be very sorry. Then with dogged courage, from which hope had vanished, he sought a text for the morrow's sermon.

KOLIN HAGER, '17.

“ Something Good About Pansies ”

We had climbed to the top of old Gray Peak,  
And viewed the valley o'er;  
And we started off on the homeward tramp —  
A good three miles or more.

The road lay curved like a ribbon of gold,  
Around the base of the hill,  
And the brook gleamed out with a silver sheen,  
From thickets near the mill.

But the sun shone warm on the dusty road,  
Until by heat oppressed,  
We wearily stopped at a cottage gate;  
The matron bade us rest.

How cool was the shade of the trumpet-vine,  
A spring ran fresh and clear;  
The flash and the whir of a jewelled thing —  
A humming-bird was near!

We were sauntering down the garden path,  
Repeating kind good-byes,  
When suddenly now were our footsteps stayed —  
New beauties met our eyes.

“ Will you have some pansies? ” the hostess asks,  
“ O thank you, no! ” we say;  
But the matron is culling the purple blooms —  
We let her have her way.

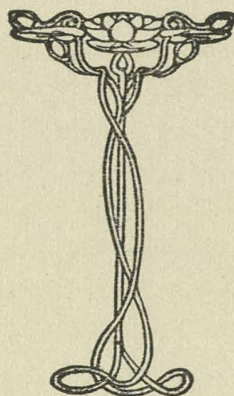
Purple and blue and russet and gold,  
Those fragrant rich bouquets,  
“ Ah! ” she explains, “ of my violets sweet  
You have not learned the ways:

“ There is something good about pansies  
That’s worth your while to know ;  
The more they’re picked and given away,  
The more they’re sure to grow.”

MARY A. McCLELLAND,

New York State College for Teachers.

[These verses are copied from the first number of  
the ECHO, published in June, 1892.]



### First Fears

"Huh!" sniffed The Knocker, "I don't believe that nine-tenths of the pupils in the high schools have any individuality to be developed. Anyway, I think 'poets are born, not made.' I'll wager no teacher ever had Darius Green write an exposition on 'How to Fly.'"

"Analogy is the most dangerous form of reasoning," warned The Senior. "Besides, anybody who saw the fate of the first aviator should have been given the opportunity to write a fable with a moral."

The Knocker persisted. "But you can't make something out of nothing. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. 'It's like flirting,'" she re-quoted, "those that can will, and nothing can stop them; those that can't can't, and nobody can teach them."

"Going back to your second idea," interrupted The Dreamer. "If the day is hot, and the water is cool, isn't it quite probable that the horse will drink?"

"Psychologically speaking, high-school pupils are just standing around waiting to be tickled." Kitty McKay had the air of one who has just made an important contribution to the general welfare of the community.

"Why the first adverb?" inquired The Senior, bewildered.

"Don't trouble the child," begged The Junior. "You know Freshmen have a wonderful faculty for remembering phrases they hear, and combining them. This time Kitty added apples and pears, and thinks the sum is peaches. Don't disillusion her."

"I think it would be a fine idea for the teacher to trace the ancestry of each pupil!" exclaimed The Bright Idea. "Then when she found that a person

was a descendant of Charlemagne, she'd have him develop his administrative ability, and then think what a class president we'd have!"

"Blessings on thee, Moving-up Day!" fervently whispered Roomie. "After you are past maybe we'll hear about something besides that class."

The Freshmen glanced at each other surreptitiously, and smiled.

"Do you suppose they have something up their sleeves?" inquired Roomie of The Dreamer. "Last year it was a dove in a box. Now this year if . . . if I should walk in here with a chicken . . . !"

"I think a daisy chain would be lovely," suggested The Freshman, who many years ago took the prize at a Baby Show.

"I'd rather have a big bonfire, and burn my Livy," argued Kitty, who is modest.

"Feminism vs. Militancy," laughed The Dreamer. "You see there are always two many variables for one to be able to decide, off-hand, which is the worse."

"Militancy is," announced The Senior without hesitation. "Then you don't get pink lemonade at afternoon teas. Be a feminist and dispense the sparkling nectar, say I. Only yesterday I beheld my best friend in her glad rags for a tea at three in the afternoon, while I, though only a neutral, had to go *hang a frog*. Would that they'd use electrocution in the labs."

"Resolved, That vivisection is justifiable," cried Roomie, remembering her brief.

The Junior scented an argument, and interfered hastily. "Why is it that there is never an operetta without milk-maids?" she inquired. "Is it one of the unities of the operetta that there should be? Of

course they're always charming, but I'd like to know why they always *are*."

"Milk-maids, to be or not to be, that is the question!" tragically announced The Freshman. The Freshman is a candidate for dramatics, and is likely to be rehearsing almost any time.

"Milk-maids remind me of the country, the country reminds me of the lake, the lake reminds me of tadpoles, and there I have it. Please don't let me forget that I must put it down on the Nature Calendar that I saw thousands and thousands of tadpoles in the lake last Saturday. Why, the water fairly bubbled with them." I shouldn't be surprised if Kitty were an eminent zoölogist some day — she simply dotes on horrid, slimy, creepy things.

"All of which reminds me that I have a sup in Biology to-morrow, and the thermometer is registering ninety in the shade," groaned The Freshman. "If marks are inversely proportional to the height of the mercury, what will ever become of me?"

"You might do your cramming in an aquarium," suggested The Bright Idea.

"Aquarium!" exclaimed Roomie, rising hurriedly. "I almost forgot, I'm going swimming this afternoon — I must get my picture in the Sunday papers —

'If you want to be in print,  
Just come along with me.'"

E. M. H., '17.

### The " Nine Cent " Sale

One February morning in a large department store the silent aisles echoed the steps of a few clerks who had come ten minutes earlier than usual to prepare for the " nine cent " sale. As they busied themselves with the large cotton covers, removing and folding them, the uncouth, bulky shapes underneath emerged to the yellow glimmer of questionable sunlight from upper windows, through which the lately disturbed dust of the night lazily floated down. Girls in black dresses, some freshened by the contrast, others, who might have been pretty, haggard in their sombre, unbecoming uniforms, moved about, arranging articles for counter display.

Into the maelstrom of this " nine cent " bargain sale, fell myriads of small articles of jewelry, half-pound packages of cheap writing paper, men's ties, novels, combs, tape, scented soap, napkin-rings, cold cream, aluminum saucepans, and hairpins. Nothing was left out, seven-cent packages of bone buttons were raised to nine, while twenty-five cent tooth brushes were thrown away at the same price — nine cents.

When the floorwalker appeared a few moments after the seven-forty-five gong and stepped up to greet politely the blonde head-clerk at the jewelry counter, the elevator boy abruptly left off joking with " clerk No. 6," clanged the door of his iron cage and departed for upper regions in business-like haste.

As soon as the great outer doors were opened the first bargain hunters hurried in with a mild rush. They were the country housewife with her comfortable knit mittens and Gladstone bag, who had come in on an early train to take first choice of this marvel-

ous array, and the foresighted dressmaker, whom we recognize by her sharp, intelligent inquiries concerning materials, as she runs through the remnants of silks or laces with deft fingers and practiced eye, for some artistic "9c" bit, which later may grace the shoulders of a millionaire's daughter.

But these first shoppers do not long have the undivided attention of affable clerks. People begin to pour into the store through the yawning doors; they stream through the aisles, around corners, into elevators, out of elevators, congesting and clearing the narrow spaces, jostling each other, and making it almost impossible for the check girls to answer the intermittent calls of "Check girl!" across the counters. Little steel cash boxes spin with lightning speed along the buzzing wires overhead; swingdoors rushing back and forth, let in draughts of cool, damp air on the dry, hot closeness of the store. The clerks near the front entrance shiver and answer between coughs the rapid fire of thoughtless questions. Everywhere are the cards bearing the enticing information, 9c. They are the distraction of many women on this day as they flaunt their mystic symbols before the eyes of a multitude of hurrying, pressing, garrulous females, fiendishly tempting them as they struggle to get past to more crowded counters beyond, where the jabber and clatter is louder.

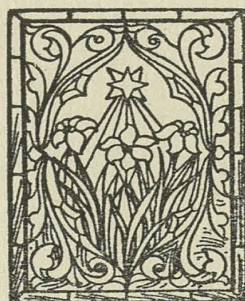
The wails of tired children add to the din, but as long as there are bargain sales babies will be carried or pushed in carts through congested aisles, in and out between walls of moving skirts and wooden counters, their only compensation being the privilege of twirling a squeaky counter stool around occasionally at a dizzy rate.



Towards six o'clock in the evening after the strife has spent itself, when pocket-books can no longer answer to demands for 9c, when check girls come slowly and wearily to insistent calls, the thick white illumination from opaque, hanging glass globes pours down on slovenly aisles and counters, piled with disordered heaps of ribbons, handkerchiefs, and hat trimmings, which lie crumpled and forlorn, after having been snatched up in eagerness, examined and dropped again, or eyed longingly, or tossed aside, according to the tastes and purses of the shuffling throng.

Tired out, the clerks sort out and put away the remains, and with the last gong crowd into the elevators. Only the delicate contents of the glass show cases, beneath the counters have escaped the muss and scramble. Serenely they bask in the light of their private little electric bulbs, safe in the knowledge of their superior quality and their consequent exclusion for months to come from "9c" bargain sales.

MARGARET CHRIST, '17.



**Graduation**

It's a comin' graduation  
In our little village school,  
An' the thoughts of 'xaminations  
Kinder spoil the swimmin' pool;  
Kinder hants yer like a sperit,  
When you're playin' of ole cat,  
Kinder takes that happy feelin'  
When you're steppin' up to bat.

Them fellers what will graduate  
Are a struttin' round as grand,  
As if high school graduation  
Was the only in the land.  
Sister, she's got some new dresses  
Fer the dance an' class day too.  
Gee, I wish the thing was over,  
An' the whole blame bus'ness through.

We'll pile into the opera house,  
An' we'll swelter fer three hours,  
An' we'll listen to bum speeches,  
An' then we'll send 'em flowers;  
An' then, too, we 'gratulate 'em,  
An' the hul thing will be done,  
There won't be no school ter bother  
An' vacation sure is fun.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, '14.

### Tennyson — His Faith

Alfred Tennyson was born in eighteen hundred and nine. He died in eighteen hundred and ninety-two, at the age of eighty-three. During this extraordinarily long life, great changes in the fundamental ideas of men concerning God and religion occurred. And the poet who has aptly been called the "clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the nineteenth century" shows in many of his works the characteristic tendencies of this period of stress and storm.

During his boyhood he was educated by his parents at home. From his mother he received his early religious instruction. Later, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. At the time of his university career religious life in England was at a very low ebb. That zeal and enthusiasm which burned in Wesley and his co-workers had long since died out. In the established church apathy was quite general. Most of its members were Christians in name only; there was nothing aggressive, nothing of a positive nature in their religion. The outward remains of a glorious religion still existed in their churches and forms, but the vital spirit was not there. Ere long, however, conservative England was plunged into a stormy turmoil of religious controversy which changed the calm, placid faith of the many into honest doubt and sincere, earnest questioning in their efforts to get at the truth.

This storm did not leave Tennyson untouched. The belief of his early days underwent a severe trial in the heated discussions springing from the discoveries of the scientists. Men like Darwin saw in man merely an animal evolved from lower states and advancing by successive stages higher and higher in the scale of development. Such men very naturally could not

accept the story of the Bible and of the churches regarding the origin and end of man. Indeed, it was quite logical for them to become agnostics or even atheists on account of their too-scientific way of viewing things. They tried to apply scientific principles where scientific principles clearly had no application at all. But the firm, unshaken confidence of a few great, noble souls took up their challenge, and staid old England became a hotbed of feverish discussion of religious subjects.

Some, like Newman, looking to the past for guidance turned to Catholicism. The Church had come down from the very time of Christ and taught with conviction and certainty. It did not hesitate, quibble; nor did it compromise. Others, like Maurice, sought for the eternal verities in the world and life around them. Tennyson seems to have happily grasped the vital principles of both of these men.

The basis of all religion is a lively and implicit trust and faith in God, and a belief in His personal relation to each one of us. In contemplation of such matters, reason and argument are useless; these are not applicable to eternal questions which, by their very nature, do not respond to the cold touch of analysis and logic. Tennyson had such a faith, but only after a period of vacillation and doubt expressed in such poems as "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," "The Two Voices," and "The Vision of Sin." In these poems we can clearly see his wavering faith trying to cope with the great, eternal question of immortality. But in "In Memoriam," he sounds a note of positive conviction in matters of faith. To a world of skeptics and honest doubters he brought a word of encouragement and assurance. In hearts torn by bitter strife

in search for the truth, he sowed the seeds that were to produce "a sober optimism" and "a reliance on the Strong Son of God, Immortal Love."

From this time on he was never doubting or skeptical as heretofore, but, on the contrary, he became an ardent champion of Christianity as he believed in it. His "Despair" and "The Promise of May" very strongly denounced the Materialists. His late poem, "Crossing the Bar," is a final expression of the hope to see "My Pilot face to face, when I have crost the bar." It is a clear and happy statement of the success of faith over doubt and trouble.

It is then this faith that places Tennyson above all the poet of the nineteenth century, and makes him a poet of all time for those in doubt or despair. His profound trust, his deep earnestness and wonderful power will bring peace to the heart, troubled and sore with endless dispute and argument. Such is his greatest power and greater than that, "Is there any?"

JOHN F. MACNEILL, '16.



### Po' Aunt Mary's Funeral

Ann' Lize was in a decidedly reminiscent mood, one summer day, as she rocked to and fro on the back porch drawing long, contented puffs from her old clay pipe.

"Dat's jes' it, honey, it was cutinly a gala day in Freemantown when po' ole Aunt Mary, one ob de bes' niggahs dat eber lived, tuhned up her toes an' died. An' her funeral, land a massy, dat was an event dat will nebber hab a place in mah fo'getter. Dere wasn't a black niggah in Freemantown dat would hab missed dat air funeral, no indeedy! Why, de young black gals an' de old ones too, kept deir hair done up in string all dat week, fo' de 'casion. Did Ah go? Yo' all jes' bet yo' sweet young heart, honey, dat dis ole niggah done went. Eberybody done admihahed mah presence dat day. I wore mah bes' black calicer Balkin jumpah, an' dat yaller hat wid de big red poppies on it, dat yo' blessed grandma done gib me. Yis, Ah cutinly done dis air fambly an honah dat day!

"Yo' all done heah yo' Ma tell how faithful po' ole Uncle Joe was to Aunt Mary. How she use to dress up ebery Sunday evenin', an' hab him come to see huh. An' yo' know how his chillens done show de opposition to deir frien'ship. Well, honey, we ole niggahs done 'spected dat Joe's John had pisened de Preachah Bill Jeffries' heart agin po' ole Aunt Mary. Suah nuff, ouah 'spicions done come true. We all done felt it, soon as we come in dat air church. De air was so solemn like, not a speck like othah funerals dat we generly 'tended. Po' Aunt Mary lay out neah de pulpit, an' all de niggahs done mahched 'round de corpse. Ah 'marked den, to Sis Mandy, dat dey hadn't

used much taste in layin' huh out — she didn't look well — kinda funny like, an' would yo'-all believe it, honey, she done hab on dat same dress dat she picked crabs in fo' nigh on forty yeahs.

“As eberbody knows, Aunt Mary wasn't generly liked by ouah preachahs, 'cause she nebber went to church, but Ah 'spects dat de main raisin was because she was dat po' dat she nebber had eben a cent to gib to de preachah's pay.

“Well, speakin' ob de funeral, dere wasn't much mournin' long 'bout de fust ob it, but 'bout de middle, aftah de songs, we-all felt dat sumpthin' pow'ful citin' was goin' to happin. Den all ob a suddin, Bill Jeffries, de preachah, done got up from his chair an' walked up to de coffin whar Aunt Mary lay. Den he made one ob dem air pauses dat yo'-all done see on de stage an' said: 'Brethren an' Sistren, we hab assembled heah to de funeral ob one ob de biggest black sinnahs in Freemantown; look at her, brudders, eben in death she tuhns pale at mah sayins. Yis, Brothah Niggahs, she am damned fo'ever, nebber will de good Lawd 'mit huh in de golden gate, nebber will she tread dem holy streets, or behold God's chariot flyin' across de Ribbah Johdan.' An' den he done commit po' Aunt Mary to dat place ob etarnal destruction. Yo'-all might well shuddah, honey, but dat's de hones' truff. We all sat like de little image in yo' Grandma's pahlor, fer a spell, an' den de Spirit done grabbed Sis Mandy, fo' she begun to sway back and fro, an' to sing and hollah, 'Oh, Good Lawd, sabe huh, sabe huh. Oh, Lawd, send de powah jes' now, and baptise eberyone.' Ah leans ovah and gives huh a punch in de ribs, but it wasn't no good, fo' it only made huh hollah loudah. Den de whole place

begun to sound like a reg'lah ole-time camp meetin'. Big, fat Art, po' Mary's son, den got up, mahched to de front, an' leanin' obah his mothah's coffin, shook his fist at Bill Jeffries, an' hollahed, 'Yo'-all preach mah Mam to Hell, will ye, ye dirty black dog ob a preachah. I'll teach ye to preach mah Mam to Hell!'

"Bill Jeffries jes' mahched up an' down, yellin' ovah an' ovah, 'She's damned, brothahs, Ah tell ye she's gone straight to Hell, fo' she's damned, an' de Debbil's done got huh fo' eber. Oh, brothahs, she's damned.' Den he begun to mahch up an' down de aisles, wid his han's wavin' in de air, an' kep' on gettin' loudah an' loudah ebery time he done sed it, dat eberyone believed him, eben Ah did, skeptical as Ah be! Den ebery one ob Aunt Mary's eight chillens done stood up in deir seats an' yelled at de preachah fo' preachin' deir Mam to de bad place, but de preachah done got religion dat air day, fo' he kep' right on mahchin' an' repeatin' ovah an' ovah, 'She's damned, brothahs. Oh, Brothahs, she's damed, an' de Debbil's got huh in de place ob torment!' Den de whole company begun to rock from side to side and yelled, 'Sabe huh, preachah, fo' de good Lawd's sake, sabe huh; hab mercy on de sannah, preachah, an' sabe huh.' Dat air funeral done las' till six o'clock in de evenin', till eberyone had to leave beca'se deir breff was so knocked up dat dey couldn't hollah no mo'."

During this recital, Ann' Lize had grown more and more emphatic. At length she paused for lack of breath and heaved a sigh of exhaustion and satisfaction.

"Yis, honey, dat sholey was de mos' 'citin' funeral Ah eber 'tended — an' ter think it begun so solemn an' unpromisin' like!"

EVELYN GARDNER, '16.



## Judgments — En Route

“ Yes, the weather’s wonderful!  
The tennis-courts are fine.  
Oh, won’t it be terrific when  
Our chapel starts at nine?  
Just think, exams are one week off —  
I’ll sure flunk German 8!  
We’ll probably be late for psych.  
At such a lazy rate.  
Next year the Freshman will arrive  
In college at eight-ten,  
Of upper classmen will inquire,  
‘ Do you eat lunch?’ and ‘ when?’  
Doctor Painter just went in  
Did you study for a test?  
What do you think of the new regime?  
Shall we ever have a rest?  
To-day, at four, on court sixteen,  
Let’s play a game or so,  
It’s awful hot, and my arm is lame —  
But I’ll stand a ‘ set ’ straight through.  
Next fall with lessons done in school  
We’ll wait for education.  
The strictness of the ‘ rushing ’ rules  
Will cause great consternation.  
‘ Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
And don’t forget your balls.  
There’s Charles descending from above  
‘ No talking in the halls!’ ”

’17.



# The Echo

VOL. XXIV

MAY, 1915

No. 9

## Board of Editors

THE ECHO Board for 1915-16 is as follows:

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

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## Editorial Department

The Board will appoint an Advertising Manager to take the place of Edward Long, who resigned from that position.

The Board of 1914-15 wishes the best of success for the coming year to these new members.

**“ Sylvia ”**

The ECHO Board wishes to thank all those who helped to make the operetta a success, Prof. Belding, the musical director; Prof. Kirtland, the members of the caste, and the committee in charge.

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**“ Be Enthusiastic ”**

Be enthusiastic! A short time ago when I gave that exhortation to a friend of mine, this was the answer, “I can't, it isn't natural for me to gush, and I won't be a hypocrite.” I say no, enthusiasm is not gush; it is an indescribable something that makes the world livable. What a life this would be if we were condemned to continual association with unfeeling, unresponsive, ultra-proper, unenthusiasts, who find hypocrisy in giving pleasure, in cultivating the faculty of sympathetic, human, wholesome, sunshiney interest and fervor in their fellow-beings! You can cultivate it — it is really little more than unselfishness. For doesn't it make others happy, provoke their self-expression and consequent growth? Few of us can do without encouragement — fervent, sympathetic response. If a man does a fine piece of work, don't lose a minute in telling him so. Don't say, “You did very well,” in a semi-apologetic tone, but look as if you meant it. Gush if you must. If the spirit is sincere the “gush” will not condemn you to everlasting flames.

You are going out, soon, into the world — we are all going there; and the world needs a human sunshiney you and me. Remember — be enthusiastic, make that world livable!

## News Department

### College Notes

On the morning of April 18, Dr. Brubacher was formally inaugurated as president of the New York State College for Teachers. The ceremonies began at 10 o'clock, when Dr. Brubacher and Dr. Finley entered the auditorium, after passing through the lane formed in front of the building by two lines of scholars, distinguished visitors, the Board of Regents, the members of the faculty, and the members of the Senior class. When Dr. Brubacher, Dr. Finley, the Regents and faculty had taken their seats on the platform, Dr. Finley welcomed Dr. Brubacher to the presidency of the institution. Then Major Moore, as representative of Governor Whitman, read the Governor's letter of regret. Dr. Hadley, of Yale, the chief speaker of the day, followed. He spoke of the part central New York had played as a nursery for great teachers, great scholars, and great scientists, and of the problems that lie before it now.

Dr. Brubacher then gave his inaugural address. He emphasized the fact that although efficiency, culture, and scholarship are individual, the aim of education is not to be individual but social. He said: "Only when public institutions of learning make of their graduates socially-minded men and women whose motto is '*Ich dien*' will they justify the public moneys laid out for them." Institutions could attain this, he said, by conserving the physical welfare of their students, by making them industrially efficient, by giving to them their race heritage

of culture, and by giving them moral and religious instruction. In continuing, he spoke of the teaching which is to bring this about as distinctly social service, the service being measured in terms of character, of soul-life. He concluded with the statement that the men and women of the State College who were to follow this aim must be "men and women who are socially-minded, cultured, scholarly, fit to serve and ready to serve."

Then followed greetings from Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, former president of the Schenectady Board of Education; Principal Alfred C. Thompson, of the Brockport State Normal School; Principal W. F. H. Breeze, president of the New York State College for Teachers Alumni Association, and Dr. Leonard W. Richardson, of the faculty.

The Rev. William Herman Hopkins, of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, delivered the invocation, and the Very Rev. Monsignor J. L. Reilly of Schenectady pronounced the benediction.

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Chapel period on April 21 was taken up by an interesting little talk on "The Value of Spanish," by Professor Stinard.

On April 23 Miss Pierce gave two talks before the Conference of Teachers at Berlin, Rensselaer county.

Professor Smith and Miss Van Liew attended the Eastern Art and Manual Training Teachers' Association which was held in Buffalo, April 29-May 1.

On May 5 the College Quartet made its first appearance in chapel. Its members are Howe Cassavant, first bass; George Anderson, second bass; George Cooper, first tenor; Kolin Hager,

second tenor. The three numbers were "Hush, Ma Honey," "The Tale of the Tack," and the "Winter Song" from "Robin Hood."

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### Exhibit of the Work of the Home Economics Department

On May 28 and 29 in the class rooms of the Department there will be an exhibit of the work done in the various courses in Home Economics. These will include Plain Sewing, Dressmaking, Handwork, Costume Decoration, Millinery, **Costume Design**, Textiles, Cookery, Dietetics, Food Chemistry, Bacteriology, Sanitation, Home Nursing, Household Management, Laundering, and House Decoration.

The purpose of the exhibit is to give the public a general idea of the scope of work of the Department and to give the students in the Department an opportunity to observe their work as a correlated unit.

The work will be arranged so that the observer may see the line of work the student follows to gain the ultimate end of the course.

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### Y. W. C. A.

The meetings of the past month have been most interesting and successful. From first to last the speakers have been of an unusual character, and their talks inspiring and helpful.

On March 31, Stephen Chovey spoke. He is an Indian boy studying in our High School, and his talk was of his own country, about which he told some very interesting facts. He spoke also concerning his life and customs in India. At this same meeting Miss Flenniken, student secretary of the northeast field of Y. W. C. A., made an appeal to

the college girls to share some of the benefits they received with the girls at home. This movement centers in the formation of clubs during the summer vacation.

On April 14, Dr. Karl Kumm, from the Soudan United Mission, and also connected with several national geographical societies of the world, spoke on his work in Africa, and especially of the need of mission stations across Central Africa to check the southern rush of Mohammedanism.

Mrs. Harriet K. Christie, head of the Young Women's Bible Training Movement in Albany, spoke at the meeting on April 21st. Her talk, to which she gave no name, might have been called "A More Intimate Relationship with Christ."

On April 28, Dr. George Dugan, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, spoke to us.

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### College Club

The last meeting of the College Club was held Friday, March 31. At this time we had a pleasant departure from the customary consideration of current events. Dr. Richardson told us of his trips to Germany and France taken during his days as professor at Oxford. His first trip included visits to Leipsig, Hamburg, Sesenheim and other German cities, especially those which had been familiar to Goethe. His visit to Ober-Ammergau, where he saw the Passion Play, was exceedingly delightful. During his second trip he had the opportunity of coming under the influence of the great Wagner. Dr. Richardson's advice to us was to see America, but not to stop at that; to visit also the land that has the more glory and interest for its added centuries of civilization.

### Promethean

A funny meeting of Promethean was held in the college auditorium Thursday evening, April 29. The members responded to the roll call with jokes. Funny stories were read by several of the members. Howard Harrison read one by George Ade; Dorothy Hailes, one of Hashimura Togo's amusing letters; Rose Martin, one by Mr. Dooly, and Orris Emery, a selection from Mark Twain. These were all greatly enjoyed. A spelling match was then conducted by Ella Hoppe, and remarkable ability was shown by the members. After a mock session of the legislature the meeting adjourned.

Wednesday evening, April 27, an initiation was held in the college gymnasium. Frances Larmon, '16, George Cooper, '16, and Bernard Marron, '16, after proving their worth by various means, became Prometheans. We are glad to welcome these new members into our society.

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### Chemistry Club

The Chemistry Club has not been stricken with the usual fever attending the advent of spring. Instead of settling back and letting things take their own course, and watching the beauties of nature unfold, we are up and awake every minute without a bit of spring fever in our blood.

One of the ways in which we show our interest is the attention we manifest in practical every-day topics. At every meeting we have a prepared talk on some topic of common use. Also, we have read, by any member who chooses, items of current interest. Then we have discussions concerning topics which are interesting or valuable to the rest of the



club. New discoveries and inventions are discussed and their value and efficiency explained.

At a recent meeting Mr. Long gave a very interesting talk on "Wireless Telegraphy." At another time Mr. Kennedy entertained us with a talk, illustrated by lantern slides, on "Coal Mining." What could be more instructive or profitable than hearing about these important and interesting processes?

Also we are ever looking for new members. Several new names have been added to our list recently, and we are always glad to welcome anyone who is qualified and interested.

We are making plans for a good time in the near future, so it would be interesting for every member to come to the meetings. There are only a few more meetings this year. Why not make them record-breakers in attendance? Come out and show your interest by being present and contributing to the discussions which take place.

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### Senior Class

The Seniors are very proud of the part they were allowed to take at the inauguration ceremonies. We hope that we presided efficiently over the refreshments, and that our conduct the next day was sufficiently staid, solemn and dignified throughout the addresses.

The Board of Editors has been working very hard on the Year Book, and it is expected that it will be out very soon. A novel feature this year will be the hand-colored frontispiece.

The date of the Senior Ball has been set for the evening of June 14, and the various other exercises of Commencement Week are in the hands of committees.

### Junior Class

Problem of the month: "Are you from Schenectady?"

Members of the Junior Class ushered at the inauguration ceremonies for Dr. Brubacher. They included Margaret Hays, Edna Albert, Ruth Evans, Hazel Wilson, Theda Mosher, Marjorie Bacheller, Dorothy Feeny, Harriet Tedford, Kathrene Ensign, Marion Frisbie, Katharine Odell, Amy Rextrew.

The nominations for class officers have been made.

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### Sophomore Class Notes

On Thursday, May 15, the Sophomore Class elected its officers for next year. The following persons were elected for officers:

President.....Margaret M. Christ

Vice-President ..... Marion Payne

Secretary ..... Edith Spencer

Treasurer ..... Jesse Jones, Jr.

Echo Reporter ..... Ethel M. Houck

Stanley G. Fitzgerald and the members of this year's executive committee are to be congratulated on their ability in handling the affairs of the class during the past year.

### CLASS HONORS

Grace Braem — Silver loving cup for Girls' Athletic championship.

Jesse Jones, Jr., and Stanley G. Fitzgerald — Letters for 'varsity basketball.

Kolin D. Hagar — Leading rôle in college play.

### Delta Omega

The Deltas had a most successful reunion this year. From the first function, on Friday evening, May 7, until the guests returned home Sunday night, everything went off well. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Delta Omega, and on this account the number of "old girls" who returned was particularly gratifying. The theatre party on Friday evening was at "The Hall," and everyone enjoyed "Polly of the Circus." Saturday at 1 was the luncheon at the Ten Eyck, and Saturday evening the dance in the college gymnasium.

Many of the girls have already made plans for at least a part of their summer. Among these:

Esther L. Marks is going to spend the month of July at a military camp of Wells College girls in Gretna, N. Y.

Ruth Bissell, who has been living in Brooklyn this winter, will spend the summer with her mother in Waterville, N. Y.

Marion I. Blodgett will pass the first three weeks in July at a camp at Highland Lake.

Dorothy Swartwout will enjoy a few weeks' stay in August at Niagara Falls.

Helen R. Odell, who is now occupied in the State Hygienic Laboratory in Albany, will attend the summer course at the Physicians and Surgeons' Hospital in Columbia.

Fanny G. Leach will be in Landisville and Scranton, Pa., most of the summer.

Katherine B. Odell has made her plans to spend most of the summer in Ridgefield, Conn.

Anne P. Stockwell will cruise on Lake Champlain on "The Lark" during the summer.

Among the girls chosen by the College Y. W. C. A. as delegates to Silver Bay are Edith O. Wallace, Marion I. Blodgett and Hildred M. Griffin.

Anne P. Stockwell gave an afternoon tea in honor of one of her former classmates at Wells College, at which the Delta girls were entertained.

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### Eta Phi

The Eta Phi dance was held Saturday evening, April 24, in the college gymnasium, and was a very enjoyable affair. The committee in charge was Geraldine Murray, Elsie Austin and Florence Lansing.

Eta Phi wishes to announce the marriage of Ethel Zeigler, '13, at her home in Coeymans, N. Y., Saturday evening, April 24, to Mr. Harold McClennan of Albany.

We are glad to welcome to our membership two members of the Freshman class, Ruth Kimmey and Jennie Muhlemann.

Irene Sheehan spent a very pleasant week-end, April 16 to 18, at the House as a guest of Louise Powers.

Hazel Wilson recently spent a few days with Elsie Austin at her home in Troy.

Among recent guests at the House have been Miss Avery, Miss Wilson and Miss Steele.

The Annual Eta Phi Breakfast was held this year at the Ten Eyck with about thirty of the sorority and their guests present. Edith Carr presided as toastmistress and several members responded to toasts. The committee in charge was Theda Mosher, Helen Kelso and Lillian Farnham.

### Kappa Delta

The "House" girls entertained Edith Casey, '14, over the week-end of March 19th.

Dr. and Mrs. Hale entertained the Kappa Delta girls at their home on Manning boulevard one evening last month.

The girls were delighted to see Elizabeth Skinner, '17, during the week of March 29th.

Kappa Delta welcomes Adela Hedges, '18, and Le Moyne Gillette, '18, to their number.

We extend our warmest sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Ward in their recent bereavement.

The "House" girls were delightfully surprised to see Rachel Griswold Pratt during the week of March 29th.

Ruth Moseley, '17, entertained her father at the "House" March 24th.

Barbara Pratt, '15, spent the Easter vacation with Bessie Baremore, '16, at her home in Jamesburg, N. J.

Frances Larmon, '16, spent the Easter vacation in New York.

Junia Morse and Mary Denbow were guests at the "House" the week-end of March 1st.

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### Psi Gamma

The Psi Gamma girls on May 1st moved into their new home at 124 South Lake avenue.

Most of the members of the sorority enjoyed Easter vacation at their respective homes.

Katherine Summerfield and Hesther Calkins of Salamanca visited at the Psi Gamma house Easter week.

Lucile Hale has been elected house stewardess for the ensuing year.

Esther Eveleigh visited at the home of Dr. Eveleigh of Schenectady on April 27th.

Tea was served at the Psi Gamma house to several alumni members who attended the inauguration of Dr. Brubacher on Saturday, April 17th.

Mary Robbins, '14, of Saratoga, spent a few days during Easter week at the Psi Gamma house.

Grace Mead spent the Easter vacation in New York City.

Marion Rowe of Greenwich spent a few days during the week of April 20th at the Psi Gamma house.

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### Sigma Nu Kappa

Sigma Nu Kappa has elected the following officers for next year:

W. Jay Ellis.....	President
Stanley G. Fitzgerald.....	Vice-President
Willard H. Pearsall.....	Secretary
Earl Waring.....	Treasurer
Walter LeGrys.....	Sergeant at Arms
E. Raymond Schneible..	Master of Ceremonies
William Nussbaum.....	Crier

The fraternity has moved to its new home, 84 North Allen street. Plans are nearing completion for the annual banquet, which will take place Wednesday evening, May 26.

## Alumni Department

We were glad to welcome back to our college a number of our alumni who returned to witness the inauguration of our new President, Dr. A. R. Brubacher.

Christina H. Lawson, '86, who has been in India for some time, is en route for home, and hopes to be with us at the time of the Alumni Reunion.

Alta Everson, '12, who has been teaching in the domestic science and household arts department in Millbrook Memorial School, Millbrook, N. Y., has secured a position in the Lansingburgh High School for the coming year.

We extend our sympathy to the friends of Irene M. Kraemer, '99, whose death occurred March 22, 1915.

Gertrude Markey is teaching in Watervliet, N. Y.

Hope Duncan has a position in Richmondville, N. Y.

Gertrude Brasch has been teaching in Herkimer, N. Y.

Beatrice Mable is now situated at Lyndonville.

Olive Maxwell has been filling a position in Liberty, N. Y.

Isabel Davis has a position in Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Anna Kennedy is now teaching in Gloversville, N. Y.

Emma Conant is teaching in Greenport.

Marjorie Bennett is filling a position in Ilion, N. Y.

Helene Franke is now teaching in Schenectady, N. Y.

Jessie Spence has been filling a position in Cambridge, N. Y.



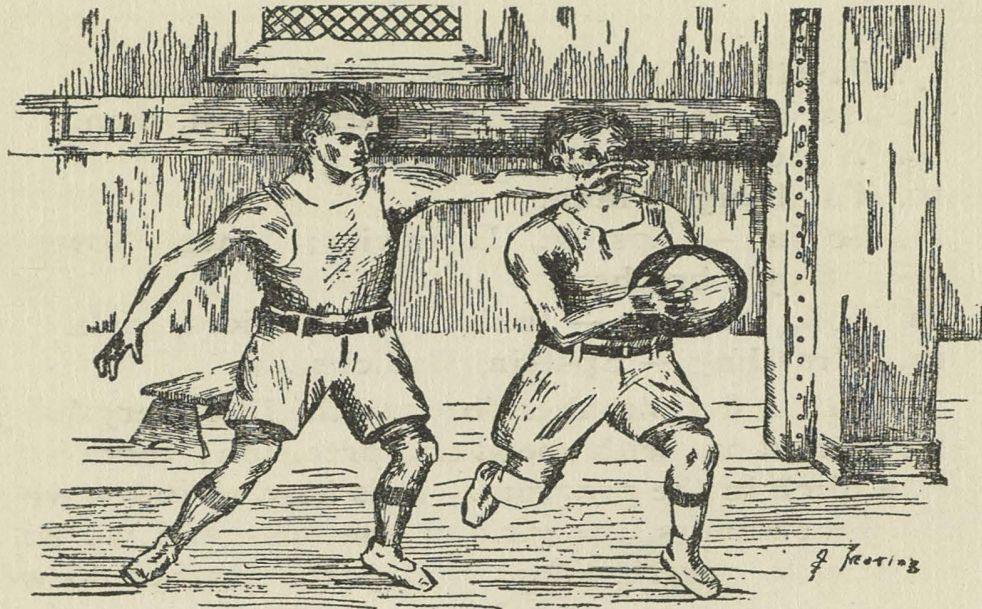
THE ECHO acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Academy Graduate*, Newburgh, N. Y.; *The Holcad*, Westminster College; *The Mirror*, Hendrix College; *The Mount Holyoke*, Mount Holyoke; *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar.

*The Mount Holyoke* is a splendid college paper. The stories show much originality and are of great interest, and the department entitled "In Short" is extremely well written. Since your paper is so good, why not make it a little better by having a frontispiece and some jokes?

The Co-Ed number of *The Mirror* from Hendrix College was very interesting. But isn't it possible for the Co-Eds to write better poems and stories? They were decidedly mediocre. We also noticed the lack of alumni notes. The best department in the paper is the "Locals."

*The Vassar Miscellany* is one of the best of our exchanges. The stories and poems are especially well written, and the alumnae department is quite extraordinary. It seems that if other college papers would so thoroughly systematize their alumni notes they would keep fresh the interest in their colleges. If graduates know that in every issue of their paper their class is to be represented, they will be eager to subscribe for it. We congratulate Vassar College on the interest of her alumnae.





## Athletic Department

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### Gymnastic Exhibition

The annual gymnastic exhibition was held in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, April 29, and was a complete success in every respect. The affair, which was staged under the direction of Mr. Swaim and Miss Estabrook, reflected great credit upon their ability as well as upon that of all who took part. The program, which was varied and highly interesting, was presented as follows:

1. Indian Club Drill — High School boys.
2. Marching Tactics — Freshmen, girls.
3. Indian Club Drill — Juniors, girls.
4. Wand Drill — Freshmen and Sophomores, men.
5. Free Arm Exercises — Freshmen, girls.
6. Torch Club Swinging — Mr. Swaim.

7. Parallel Bars — Gymnastic Team, men.
8. Horizontal Bars — Gymnastic Team, men.
9. Wand Drill — Sophomores, girls.
10. Tumbling — Men.
11. Boxing — Epstein, Horowitz; Jones, Gowey; Doyle brothers.
12. Folk Dancing — Juniors and Seniors, girls.
13. Wrestling — Epstein, Dedicke.

From the first number down to the last everything was carried out with speed and precision; there was not a hitch in the program. It is hard to judge who took first honors, the girls or the men, and we will not stop to quarrel about that part. Rather do we appreciate the co-operation between the two that brought about so enjoyable an evening. The various beautiful drills presented by the girls were ample evidence of the hard and efficient work which had been done throughout the year by Miss Estabrook, who is to be congratulated on the great showing made by those who are in her charge.

The men were the funmakers of the evening, the blind boxing match between Epstein and Horowitz and the funny boxing sketch between Gowey as the "Bowery Kid" and Jones as "Weary Willie" being the greatest laugh provokers. But the serious side of the men's performance must not be overlooked. The gymnastic team, composed of Cassavant, Kendall, Horowitz, Anderson, Epstein, Nusbaum, Woolever and Dedicke, gave a splendid account of itself both on the horizontal and parallel bars, the giant-swing by Cassavant being a distinct feature of the work. Perhaps one of the most striking events of the evening were two very difficult pyramids built by this team.

The wrestling match between Epstein and Dedicke proved an interesting part of the entertainment. The men were evenly matched in weight and skill, and after securing a fall apiece, wrestled to a draw.

William and Walter Doyle gave as clean and fast a three-round boxing exhibition as it is possible to stage, with neither of the two gaining an appreciable advantage over his adversary.

Truly the S. C. T. can be proud of their gymnasts and of their leader, Coach Swaim, of whom (last, but not least) we have yet a few words to say. It is hardly necessary to talk about Mr. Swaim's ability as a gymnast; it is too well known. Yet in Thursday evening's exhibition he outdid himself. His torch club swinging act was one of the best numbers on the program, and his wonderful exercises on the horizontal and parallel bars, though bordering on the sensational, were done with the ease of the born gymnast. Above all, we must not forget Mr. Swaim's large share in the organization of the exhibition.

The affair was staged for the benefit of the baseball uniform fund, and the cause was supported well. The college people and their friends were present in goodly numbers; however, more members of the faculty could have been accommodated. The evening was a delightful one, and it was the common wish, expressed by all present, that Mr. Swaim and Miss Estabrook give many a similar exhibition in the future.

### Baseball

Poor weather has interfered somewhat with the work of the baseball squad, but whenever the conditions have been favorable the boys have been out and at it with a vim. In spite of handicaps, Coach Swaim and Captain McCarthy have gotten together a good nine, and have the men on edge for the series with the local Y. M. C. A. These games surely will be hotly contested and full of interest, to which you can add spirit by attending. Get the habit of supporting the team. Don't be a dead one. Get out of your coffin and let the boys know you are living, and that you are appreciating the work they are doing for you and your college. You'll find them taking care of the rest. Fall in line and join the boosters. Manager Jones is making arrangements for a series of games with the Waterford Y. M. C. A. also, and other fast teams are being secured. On account of conflicts with other teams no definite schedule can be announced at the present time, but watch the bulletin boards! There will be sport galore; don't waste it.

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### Basketball

It seems out of season to mention basketball at this time of the year. However, an event has taken place that means a great step forward in the fight our various basketball managements of the past seasons have been making for recognition among other colleges with first-class athletic reputations. Union College has put our five on their schedule, and basketball fans look upon this fact as a good omen, which points towards one of the greatest basketball seasons in the history of the college.

On Thursday evening, April 29th, the fine showing of the girls' gymnasium classes was marked, as the result of the work which has been done in this department during this past year. Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Estabrook for her enthusiastic efforts to make this event such a decided success. There was not a time during the evening when the interest of the audience was not held as the girls went through their marching tactics, free-arm exercises, wand and Indian club drills and folk dances. College spirit was once more shown in an attempt to swell the baseball fund!

What proved to be one of the most exciting surprises in the interclass basketball contest was the Senior-Freshman game. The Freshmen were on the alert from the time the referee's whistle first sounded, and the fine work of their captain gave the Freshmen a slight lead which was almost continual throughout the game. When time was called the record showed that our youngest basketball team was the victor by a score of 21-19.

As a result of the Freshman victory, the Seniors are now tied with the Sophomores for the interclass championship, and this final competition is to be held soon.

The members of the Girls' Athletic Association and their friends enjoyed a "hike" to Indian Ladder Saturday, May 8th. All who availed themselves of this opportunity found the trip most interesting and enjoyable.

After a season of friendly, spirited contests, the girls of the class basketball teams and the substitutes enjoyed the annual Basketball Luncheon which was held in the "gym" Friday, May 14th.

During the "aftermath," which included toasts given by the various captains and college songs participated in by all, our popular coach and guest of honor, Miss Estabrook, awarded the college letters to the members of the 'varsity team and the class numerals to the team winning the interclass championship. The success of this was due to the following committee: Emma Grey, chairman; Mary Dabney, Ruth Moseley, Elizabeth Furgeson and Margaret Hays.

The social activities of the Girls' Athletic Association reached a climax at the final "gym frolic," which was held the last of May, and which those present will not forget soon. Girls, if you have enjoyed your membership in the Girls' Athletic Association this year tell someone who is not a member about the good times you have had, and in this way help to increase the membership for next year!





An Englishman was seated in a car which a woman carrying an extremely ugly baby entered. He, with the absorption customary to his race, immediately commenced to stare at the baby. Finally the mother, becoming indignant at this effrontery to her infant, said in haughty tones, "Rubber!"

A look of extreme relief passed over the Englishman's face as he remarked politely: "H'oh! h'is h'it? H'I tho't h'it was real!" — *Ex.*

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Under the spreading lemon tree  
The college knocker stands.  
The tree is never known to yield  
Aught but the sourest brands;  
And unto all that come that way  
The fruit thereof he hands.— *Ex.*

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*Overheard on the Boulevard*

"Why did they build the right hand on the Statue of Liberty eleven inches wide?"

"Haven't any idea."

"Why, because if they built it another inch it would have been a foot!" — *Ex.*

*Some Sport!*

Mrs. Nuritch — “I want to get a pair of swell white gloves to wear to a ball.”

Clerk — “Uh-huh. How long do you want 'em?”

Mrs. N. — “See here, young man; I ain't talkin' about rentin' 'em. I want to buy 'em.” — *Ex.*

Q. “What is the smallest thing in the world?”

A. “A nit on the nut of a gnat!” — *Ex.*

*The Prodigal Son*

His father saw him coming a great way off;

Between them there was a stone.

He swiftly ran to fall on his neck,

But instead he fell on his own.— *Ex.*

*Requiescat*

There was an old miss from Antrim,  
Who looked for the leak with the glim;

The leak was of gas;

Alack and alas!

We will now sing the fifty-fourth hymn.— *Ex.*

A young girl of a ruddy complexion  
Thought dried apples simply perfection.

She ate some one day;

Drank water. We'll pray,

Then we'll take up the collection.— *Ex.*



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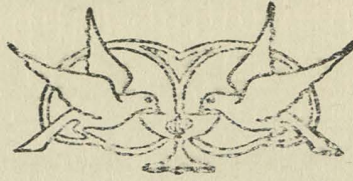
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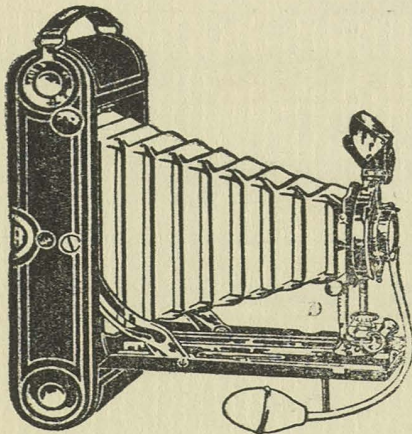
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