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MEMORIAL DAY
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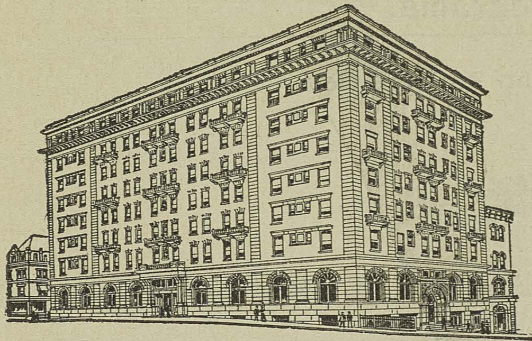



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THE ECHO.

VOL. 13.]

ALBANY, N. Y., MAY, 1905.

[No. 9.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Memorial Day Thoughts.

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
For they banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead."
— Francis M. Finch.

Propriety of thought and action should characterize our observance of this day above all others. The manner in which it is being desecrated by the usual holiday pastimes has robbed it of much of its true significance and has dulled the finer sensibilities of many, and thus their appreciation of noble sentiment. This is to be regretted. It is not a holiday in the ordinary sense, and should never be made one. The respect and courtesy due the dead should give Memorial Day a far deeper meaning to all, and should prevent what may justly be termed on that day shameful conduct.

If the tender memories of the wartime and the love of native land come to mean more to us, whatever tribute we may offer to-day in memory of our loved and honored dead shall not be in vain, but shall bear immortal fruitage.

As teachers, we should, whenever possible, bid the old soldiers welcome to whatever observance we have planned for the school. Their presence will lend encouragement to our efforts, and afford the girls and boys inspiration for

the noble work that the youth of our country should perform—a work that shall contribute to our nation's culture, refinement and justice, and that shall tend to preserve its peace and supremacy.

More than a century and a quarter ago, a precious gift—liberty and an independent government, respected by the nations of the earth—was bestowed upon our fathers. Its development made necessary a higher standard of national permanency and character. To achieve this forty years ago, by necessity, the Union was purified and maintained by the sacrifice of those heroes whose memory and full-measured devotion we commemorate to-day.

While greeting the veterans, let us not forget their comrades, some claimed by the sea, others sleeping in the far southland. To them and to the Grand Army let us pledge anew our devotion.

"Brave old men, we bow before them,
Marching to the city white,
With their flowers and their garlands,
Surely, 'tis a gracious sight.
Proud are we that we have known them,
E'er the last old veteran true
Steps his last to martial music,
Goes to join his last review."
— C. A. Bramble.

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."
— Francis M. Finch.

A Comrade's Letter from the Front.

The following interesting wartime letter is published through the courtesy of Dr. A. N. Husted.

To us, to whom the conditions of the war exist only in history, this letter comes as a realistic and exceedingly interesting glimpse of the incidents that were of almost daily occurrence in the life of a soldier at the front:

("Company E," referred to in the following letter, was the "Normal School Co.," of which Prof. Rodney G. Kimball was the first captain.)

Bivouac near Antietam Creek,

Maryland, July 12, 1863.

Dear Kimball.—We seem likely to have a short rest to-day, and I will try to improve it. Your letter of June twenty-third was received on the seventh inst. * * * None of Company E were hurt (in the "severe engagement") of which you speak—it was but a skirmish. On the march from Catlett's station to Manassus Junction the heat overcame me, and I was obliged to halt. The division went but a mile further when it was obliged to stop, as the men were dropping by sunstroke. Next day we rested, and the following day, which was one of the hottest and dustiest, marched to Gum Spring. I stood it well. My health is now very good. * * * Sergeant Willett has continued to improve and well earned a commission at Gettysburg. It was through him principally that Company E took the ninety prisoners. He was in a favorable position to see the Rebs fall back, and immediately advanced with Prudhom, D. F. Ferris and two or three others. He took two swords and one splendid revolver. Ferris got a sword, also Corporal Mills, and one or two others. The number of prisoners is rather under than overstated. I took charge of them, and, with a little assistance, marched them to the rear, taking the precaution to count them, though I could not be very accurate, as they continued to straggle in for perhaps fifteen minutes. They thought they were falling into the hands of the militia and expected to be shown no mercy. One of

them was shot in the back by a rebel bullet while imploring me not to shoot him with my revolver.

I will now tell you of the Normals and others who have left us recently. First the killed: Wolcott, L. Burnham, and S. Munson, all shot through the head, I believe, and died almost instantly. We buried them side by side beneath a black walnut tree and placed a board marked with their names and the order of interment. They fought bravely and well. We have scarcely had time to grieve for them—perhaps it is as well. But, oh, the dead and wounded about us when the remnant of that Texas brigade fell back! Just near me lay men of Company E, some of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and some of the One Hundred Fortieth New York, which came to our support. While I was gone with the prisoners a new line of Rebs approached and Company E changed its position a little. When I returned I went directly to our first position, thinking the boys were lying close, when, to my astonishment, I saw that what I supposed to be men ready for fight were dead and wounded.

The Rebs came through the woods; we were just in the edge, at the foot of a rocky hill which commanded almost our whole army. Had the Rebs got possession of this hill, it might have gone hard with us. The "new line" came not very close and fired but little, and soon withdrew. Then we went forward to see the killed and wounded. Our first volley, given at short range and in full view, cut them badly. The dead lay all about, some in groups of half a dozen or more. The wounded of Company E, so far as I have learned, are: Sprague, shoulder, not dangerous; Corporal Thompson, part of nose shot away, slight; Barrick, while carrying the colors, neck and shoulder; Chafee, both legs, probably lose one; D. Thompson, mouth, not very serious; Traver, breast, dangerous; Esmay, hand and arm; P. Thompson, part of ear shot away, slight; Crawford, neck, slight, attending the worse injured.

Burke was sent to hospital June 7th; Adams, April 27th; Burroughs, June 7th; D. Burnham, Burgess and Updike fell out on the march and have not come up; Darling, sent to hospital June 16th; Dennis, April 30th; Hanes, June 7th; Hunt, April 25th; C. MacDuffy, same as Updike; W. Munson, sent to

hospital July 5th; Corporal Rowley and A. Royal, June 28th; Sommers, April 25th; Wilder, June 17th.

But forty muskets of Company E actually got into the Gettysburg fight. To-day we number thirty-four. Captain Royce is sick at a house some two miles distant; I fear he will be off duty some time. Captain Larabee cannot receive the word you sent. He was probably the first Forty-fourth man hit.

When the Third Brigade reached its position his company was sent out as skirmishers. Reaching the top of a ridge, the rebel line was seen close upon them. They retired at once, but a rebel bullet struck him under the shoulder blade and passed completely through. He fell on his face and died. His body was recovered and buried beside Lieutenant Dunham, who was shot under the eye. Lieutenant Thomas was wounded, and, we learn, is dead. Captain Munger was wounded slightly. Captain Bowen and Lieutenant Zielman were also wounded. I must hurry; things look like a move.

July 13, 7 A. M. The "general" sounded as I finished that last sentence at 11 A. M. yesterday. We marched, countermarched, formed divisions, line of battle and rested for the remainder of the day. Towards night there was a very heavy shower — fully an inch of water fell.

Our line of battle here seems to extend from the Potomac to Antietam creek, a distance of five or six miles. For two days past this line has been gradually advancing northward. The regiments formed double columns at half distance and the whole line moved at the same time — pioneers going ahead (behind the skirmishers) to knock down the fences. The Rebs fall back as we advance, making but little resistance. It is said that we are now near their intrenchments, but the bugles blow and the fires are as lively as though we were a hundred miles away. I am in doubt as to what Lee is doing, but should not be greatly disappointed to learn that a strong line of skirmishers is holding our formidable array in check, and that Lee is safe beyond the Potomac.

The past month has been one of severe labor for this whole army. Our general health is good, but we begin to look somewhat worn and haggard.

For the week preceding the Gettysburg bat-

tle we marched fully one hundred miles — some days as many as twenty-five. From Aldie the weather was very favorable, and the roads generally good — no dust, and not much mud, till after the battle. The principal towns on our line of march from Aldie are * * * We are now near the right of the line and not over four miles from Hagers-town. The morning is cloudy and does not open very lively. We have been expecting a fight for the past three days — will probably get it soon enough.

I am glad you are able to go back to your former sphere — suppose you were in Albany on the ninth. Please write me about it.

I have written fast — too fast perhaps — but now we know not that a moment more is our own.

Regards to Mrs. K. and interested friends.

Very truly yours,

A. N. HUSTED.

Which of the Two?

Clifton was a beautiful little village, lying among the Highlands of the Hudson. To the east and far below flowed the majestic river, widening to the north into the gracious sweep of Newburgh bay. Eastward, too, were the mountains rising straight from the banks of the river; westward stretched again the mountains, tumbled in wild confusion, curving to form with the distant Shawangunks a vast amphitheatre. To the south the river flowed more narrowly between the ever restricting mountains to join the great ocean sixty miles away.

The village itself, with its large, comfortable houses setting back amid green lawns, presented a most pleasing aspect. The one long white road was smooth and carefully kept; the houses were spacious and well built; everything bore the hallmarks of eminent respectability and affluence.

In one of these spacious houses, setting back on its lawns, dwelt a little boy. His father was a lawyer, a man whom the

old Huguenot and Puritan blood had combined to form in a stern, noble mold. His mother was also of Huguenot descent, sweet, gentle, good, but, true to her French blood, susceptible, impulsive and poetic. In the small Pierre the austerity of the father and the susceptibility and impulsiveness of the mother were already at war. He was a child, one could see, who needed a strong, firm hand to steer him through the turbulent period of childhood and youth, for his was a nature particularly strong, even in childhood, with a particularly weak side to it, due to the constant strife within him of the Puritan with the irresponsible French blood.

Pierre's mother realized the fine-grained nature with which she had to deal, and her care was constant and wise. She did not send him to school, but taught him at home, weaving into his nature, with the routine school work, a fine and true regard for the real things of life, bringing out and strengthening all the noble instincts of his nature, pushing back, slowly but surely, any traits that would not conduce to make him a true man and a "most perfect gentleman." So Pierre lived his life somewhat apart from that of other boys until he was fourteen. At that time the even tenor of his way was interrupted. He was then a tall, straight boy in whose face the insouciant French blood showed only in the warm coloring. His features were fine, but strong — a rather large nose which gave a look of decided character to his face, a stern mouth with tightly compressed lips, a pair of large, but rather deep-set, eyes, whose straight, intense look was almost too austere — a portrait of a Puritan. But his coloring was warm and beautiful — soft, brown hair, eyes of

the deep dark, tender blue of the distant mountains, a skin whose fine texture and warm, soft coloring a girl might well envy — a voice that was quick and impetuous, but very soft and full of quaint, southern inflections, with a suggestion of something metallic in its softness which was one with the look of determination behind the soft blueness of his eyes. Such was Pierre at fourteen — a boy abrupt, yet courteous, determined, yet gentle, a strong nature held in leash by a life-long habit of self-control.

At fourteen, his cousin, Augustin, a boy but a few months younger, came to spend a year with him. He had been living in Paris for some months and the fact, perhaps, had intensified the French traits he had inherited, to the exclusion of the Puritan element. He was a careless, dreamy boy, living in a world of his own, troubled but little by the real things of life. He brought with him a tutor who was to prepare both himself and Pierre for college entrance. This companionship with a boy of his own age and a young man some few years older caused a perceptible change in Pierre. He began to grow suddenly from a child into a youth, with decided ideas upon all subjects. His mother watched him growing out of her life with some concern, but his careful training had not been in vain. He was developing into a strong, forceful, self-controlled boy, with a will of steel, with ideas that were almost too severe and Puritanic, but with a gentle courtesy and a fine sensitiveness that showed strongly his French descent.

The rather self-repressed Pierre conceived an affection for the dreamy, fair-haired Augustin, which was almost paternal, while Augustin worshipped his strong-willed cousin and followed his lead

implicitly. Thus the year passed all too quickly and Augustin returned to his home in a distant city to the southward, there to continue his preparation for college. The tutor remained with Pierre and the two were almost constantly together in his walks, in his drives, at home the tutor was Pierre's friend and companion and under his wise, strong guidance Pierre emerged from the stormy period of boyhood into a manly youth—a fine-grained boy of good blood and good breeding—a “most perfect gentleman.”

When he was seventeen the next change occurred to him. The tutor left and Pierre, who was not yet ready for college, was sent to a private academy in a neighboring city. There he met the inevitable girl. Pierre's life thus far had been lived in entire ignorance of that most important factor—the girl. The French within fought and conquered—he fell—the girl became the all-absorbing thought with him. Fortunately, Maisie was a very sensible girl, not at all sentimental and of an excellent family. Moreover, her grandfather and Pierre's father had at one time been friends. So Maisie's life and Pierre's became gradually interwoven. They were fond of each other, as boy and girl love goes, but they were, above all, friends.

The girl admired to the utmost the soldier's life—its bravery and its recklessness appealed to her, and, appealing to her, also touched Pierre. Together they often visited the great military post not a mile distant, and Pierre's strong will became set upon West Point as his aim. His father, seeing only good to be derived from the hard, restricted life, readily agreed and thus it turned out that Pierre at eighteen became a pleb at the

Point. His susceptible nature, with its secret passion for that which was austere and Spartan-like, became deeply attached to the Point and the life led there. The Point itself, with its great plain, faced on the south by the cold, stone barracks, shielded on the west by the towering wall of mountains, that wide plain on which so much of his life was spent, meant much to him—the strict life, ordered with military precision by the roll of the drum and the blare of the bugle meant more—Pierre was heart and soul a soldier.

It quite naturally came about that Pierre's yearling year found Augustin a pleb at the Point. Then life, for Pierre, began to assume a troubled aspect. Augustin was not born for the restricted, precise life. His irresponsible nature pushed aside the iron laws with a gay insouciance that caused the frown of worry to deepen day by day upon Pierre's brow. Augustin had not been at the Point a month before he was a well-known figure. His manners were so charming, his smile so joyous that the stern tacticians relented toward him somewhat, while the ladies of the post idolized him. Only Pierre worried and it took all the strong effort of his will to prevent Augustin from committing some rash act that would cause him to be dismissed in disgrace.

So the summer months wore on and Augustin rambled serenely through his course at the Point, the favored of the officers, the spoiled darling of the officers' wives and daughters. Maisie came often to the post, and in some way, unconsciously, Augustin's dark, dreamy eyes did their work. She forgot everything but the soft-eyed, adoring boy who showed his worship of her in a thousand chivalrous, poetic ways. Pierre saw how matters lay and the anguish that the dis-

covery caused him showed him what he had never known before — that he loved the girl who was now lost to him. It was characteristic of him that he made no effort to regain her, but fought the fight and conquered — Puritan that he was, in this twentieth century world. The French had struggled and had lost and now seemed dead within him, as he went about with stern, steady eyes and tightly compressed lips. Through it all his love for Augustin remained unshaken.

It was a custom of some of the more daring spirits among the cadets to steal away upon nights when there was some festivity at the big hotel near Clifton. That they ran the risk of detection and dismissal only added zest to the enterprise. Augustin had often broached the subject to Pierre, but Pierre's emphatic prohibitions had deterred him until the fateful night.

Day by day Augustin's infatuation for Maisie had grown more and more intense until life for him held no other sunshine but the sunshine of her smile, no other shadow but the frown of her displeasure. He went about with face that was passion-pale and with dreamy eyes that saw not the real things of life. One memorable day Maisie made a request that was almost a demand. There was to be a soiree at Clifton, and her brown eyes besought Augustin silently. Augustin understood, but Pierre's counsels were strong in his mind. Finally, in desperation, Masie ventured:

"It won't be a pleasure to me if you are not there. Can't you come — Augustin, please?"

Augustin's face grew pale with emotion. "I can't, I can't, Masie," he murmured in deepest distress, "it is against the rules. I would do anything for you, but not that — not that."

"Anything but what I want you to do," Maisie returned in a low, angry tone. "It was not enough that I should so far forget myself as to ask you, but you refuse me — refuse!"

"You are unjust, Maisie!" Augustin cried, passionately. "It is not like you. Don't you see that I am a soldier, and my duty is to obey?"

Maisie's pretty head turned obstinately aside. "I see only that you do not care for me any more — a month ago you would have come," her voice quavered a little, and she ceased suddenly.

Augustin caught her hands tightly in his. "I shall come, Maisie," he said, desperately. "I may be caught and expelled, but what does it matter after all — 'drink the wine, live the roses,'" he concluded, his voice a little hard and reckless. Her lips brushed tightly against his hand and — love stood between him and duty.

That evening, as Pierre, on guard at the outskirts of the camp, paced his weary round, he saw a slight figure dash furtively across the road before him. "Halt!" he cried, sharply. The figure hesitated, and, hesitating, was lost. Pierre had reached him. "I place you under" — he began, when suddenly he ceased, a deadly chill at his heart, for Augustin's eyes regarded him from beneath the visor of an army cap, and Augustin's gay voice, now a little anxious, said:

"Oh, Pierre, let me go. Do, please. I have an engagement."

As Pierre hesitated, white and silent, a great fear that he might be prevented from seeing Maisie flashed over Augustin. Beside the possibility of losing her, his military career was as nothing. With a jerk he wrenched himself free and left Pierre standing, dazed, in the middle of the road. His duty was clear — to report

Augustin — that meant dismissal, disgrace, for the rules were stringent. At first he had no other thought, but presently another stole in insidiously. None had seen, no one knew, why say anything? It was easy to keep silent, to keep Augustin's love, to save Maisie sorrow; so spoke the irresponsible French instinct, but the Puritan within bade him hold to his duty. He was a soldier and duty must a soldier place before all things else on earth. When relieved he had not decided. Morning found him pacing his room, pale, dark-eyed, wavering — the first time in his life that he had not conquered at once. Finally, with a stern renunciation of all he loved he turned to go — to report at headquarters that Cadet Augustin Delacom had been caught trying to steal through the guard at ten o'clock in the evening, had been placed under arrest and had broken away. Before going he turned involuntarily to Augustin's cot. Augustin lay there sleeping peacefully as a child. As Pierre watched, his dark eyes opened: "Good, old chap," he murmured, stretching out his hand to Pierre's in a loving, little way of which he was not ashamed. Pierre's lips set and he turned away, watching the sun pushing its way up over the dark eastern mountains. As he watched, undecided, the notes of reveille sounded clear and insistent across the parade ground. He stripped the covers off of his cot and busied himself, grimly, with his duties — the French within him had conquered. Love had proved stronger than duty.

E. R. Bazzoni.

Freshman — I thought you took Algebra last year.

Sophomore — I did, but the faculty encored me. — Calendar.

OWEGO.

I. The Tragedy of the Red.

It was sunset of a bright day in September, when a solitary horseman paused at the summit of a rolling hill, overlooking the Susquehanna. Leaning wearily on the pommel of his saddle, he gazed down into the valley. Below him stretched the river, winding away toward the east and west like a shining ribbon. Just opposite the hill upon which he stood, and about half a mile from the southern bank of the river, was a still higher hill, against a background of blue misty hill tops, vanishing away into the mountains of Pennsylvania.

On the nearer bank of the river, was a cleared space covering about sixteen acres. Here were pitched a large number of Indian tepees. In the center of the village, for such it was, stood a tent much larger than the others, evidently a chief's tepee.

After a swift survey of the surrounding hills, the traveler, a muscular, sun-browned youth of about twenty-three, dressed in soldier's uniform, slipped from his saddle, and, adjusting a field glass, gazed intently down into the valley. After several minutes, with an exclamation of pleasure, he restrapped his field glass, leaped into the saddle and vanished into the forest toward the northeast.

Meanwhile, down in the village, unconscious of any threatening danger, the inhabitants were pursuing their accustomed duties. At the camp fires, several old crones were broiling the fish for the evening meal, pausing now and then to deliver a smart blow to some unlucky oily skinned child, who happened to get in the way. Two dusky maidens sat in the doorway of a tent,

weaving baskets, and, near by, a group of stalwart Indian youths were engaged in a wrestling match, while the old men of the tribe were engaged in smoothing flint arrow heads, and fitting spear points to handles.

The evening came on apace. One by one the camp fires were extinguished. The women and old men withdrew to the tepees, the young men rolled themselves in their blankets, and soon the whole village was wrapped in slumber. Nothing broke the stillness save the murmuring of the river over the shelving rocks. The stars shone down upon a scene of peace,—a quiet too rudely broken!

For hark! A crackle of a twig in the forest is heard, the metallic click of a musket's trigger, the muffled sound of many foot-falls. From the edge of the forest a regiment of soldiers glides stealthily out and downward upon the sleeping village. They surround the village; they overcome and bind the warriors; at the point of the bayonet the terror-stricken women are compelled to strike their tents and pack their few treasures, and with the help of the old men and children catch their ponies.

When morning broke, they were formed in line for marching, the women and children riding on some of the ponies, while the tents and utensils were strapped on others. Following them came the men, with arms bound, closely guarded by the soldiers. As the exiles passed out of the village and into the forest, with one accord a cry of lamentation went up, "Ahwaga, Ahwaga."

It was the last time they ever saw their beloved Ahwaga, for they were driven far away from the Susquehanna

valley. In time, the site of their village was occupied by white men, and another village grew and thrived there under the name Owego.

II. The Romance of the White.

If you have chanced to make a journey from New York to Buffalo, by way of the Erie or Lackawanna railroads, you, no doubt, remember that the first station of any importance west of Binghamton is Owego.

Owego is not a large village. It is charmingly located upon the Susquehanna river, and is surrounded on all sides by hills. The streets are wide and lined with shade trees. It has many handsome residences and six churches. One of these is a copy of an old English church, and is entirely covered with ivy.

While not essentially a manufacturing place Owego is the principal business center for all of Tioga county.

There are four railroads passing through Owego, making access to other towns comparatively easy. As a result of these facilities, many excursions are run every summer to points of interest about New York State.

It was in this same village, on a crisp, cold day in January, in the year 1895, that a score or more of girls and boys of from sixteen to twenty years of age set off for a frolic on the ice. The weather had been unusually cold, and the river was covered with thick ice except in two places in midstream, just around the point, where there was a break of about ten feet. This spot was quite hidden from view by the point, and a careless skater was in danger of skating into it, before he saw his peril.

As soon as our party reached the river, and had strapped on their skates,

they separated into couples and began cutting graceful figures on the ice. Several of them played hockey, and two were striving to waltz. As the afternoon wore on, they tired of these frolics, and one of the number, a bright, winsome brunette of sixteen, suggested a race. "Agreed!" shouted the others, "and you may set the pace."

It was decided that the race should be to the cove, just above the point, and back. To reach the cove, one had to cross the break in the ice. The merry crowd had either forgotten its existence or were not aware of it, for no mention was made of it, nor any warning given.

The contestants were selected, Mamie Burns, Beth Walker, Hermon Spaulding and his brother Jack. They lined up at the starting place and waited for the signal. When the word "go!" sounded, away they darted like arrows. At first they kept well together, but soon there grew a rapidly widening distance between Mamie and the other three. With long, easy strokes she easily distanced the others and was rapidly approaching the point, when a figure leaped from the bank in front, dashed out upon the ice, and with a rapid movement grasped her as she was passing and dexterously turned her about. The tramp, for such he was, remained upon the ice, and by his motions indicated to the skaters that there was danger. They collected near the point, and to their horror saw the peril from which Mamie and perhaps themselves had been rescued.

Humanity is usually grateful for death deferred, and the tramp had reason to be glad that he had chosen the river road instead of the railroad track that afternoon.

E. B. Bauer, '05.

A Psalm of Death.

[Dedicated to the Normal High School.]

Tell us not, in mournful numbers,
That you've killed the College nine,
That their form the ground encumbers,
And the glory all is thine.

The nine's alive, the nine's in earnest,
And defeat is not its goal;
Fighting blood within it turnest
As the scores against it roll.

Not enjoyment, but destruction
Was its fate the other day,
But that team will raise a ruction
When it once begins to play.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And not all at one fell swoop,
In a single giddy meeting,
Will the College team so stoop.

To the little High School laddies
All its secrets to unfold,
Who would rush back to their daddies,
To escape its science cold.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
For there may be rocks ahead,
When you think you snared a pheasant,
You may find you're caught instead.

Collister will soon remind you
That he has a curve in store;
Constantine, the bold left fielder,
Is good for a few men more.

Campbell is a stunning pitcher
Of the kind you cannot touch;
Could you show us something richer
Than the time he struck out "Dutch?"

Lovelock's got you running bases
And you cannot put him out;
When Terbush sacrifices
You will all go up the spout.

When Bazzoni grabs the mitten
Then the batsman gets a shock;
And when Welch lands on the horsehide
He will knock off Clarkie's block.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any team,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Show we are not what we seem (nuts).

— S. N. C. Amalgamated Poets'
Association.

THE ECHO.

Published Monthly by the Students of the
New York State Normal College.

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No. 474 MADISON AVENUE.

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Contributions are solicited from alumni and undergraduates, the only requisites being merit and the name of the author accompanying the article. Matter must be in before the tenth of the month.

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EDITORIALS.

THE return of the month of May and her wealth of flowers must bring to our minds, if we are loyal Americans, the yearly remembrance of our brave soldiers whom we honor on Memorial Day. They will never be forgotten as long as the world lasts and what better use can we make of the May flowers than to strew them on their graves?

Although the schools are closed on Memorial Day itself, exercises of a patriotic nature are usually held on the day preceding or following that the students may not think of the day merely as a holiday. We who are going out from this institution as teachers, and especially as teachers of history, can do much to show our pupils the deeper meaning of this day. Often the vacation and freedom from school are uppermost in the pupils' minds. The name given to the day varies. If it is called Decoration Day, the central thought will be the decorating of the graves with flowers and flags. Many times this is done with little thought of the reason. But the name Memorial Day has reference to the remembrance or memorial of some one. We honor our soldiers with flowers and colors because we hold them in grateful memory. Flags and flowers, patriotic exercises and the erection of monuments and tablets are ways in which we honor their memory.

Those who have been in Schenectady have seen in the public park, a monument erected to the heroes of the Civil War. Such a monument can be found in nearly all of our cities. In New York city, on Riverside drive, is the magnificent soldiers and sailors' monument. Grant's tomb, not far away, is another memorial of bravery. Monuments are often erected on the battlefield, on the very spot where the heroes fell. They have been likened to trees which have sprung up, nourished by the warm life blood of the nation.

Another form of monument is the memorial tablet. One of these, it is hardly necessary to say, has been placed on the southeast wall of the College Chapel. While some have studied it, it is to be feared that others have given it

but a passing glance. It was erected by the alumni on June 10, 1900. The material is green marble. It bears the inscription: "In honor of the graduates of New York State Normal College who fell in defense of their country, 1861-1865." Then follow the names, which are divided into two groups, those who fell in battle and those who died in hospital. With each name is the date of graduation and that of the year in which they fell. The whole is crowned with a laurel wreath, the symbol of honor and victory.

THE Alumni Association of the College meets as usual at commencement time. Each class has its reunion and classmates meet who have not seen each other perhaps for years. It is one of the most enjoyable parts of the program for commencement week. Those of us who are finishing our course this year should take an especial interest in the Alumni Association. May next June find us enrolled in it and may each one who is able return for the reunion that the Class of '05 may be well represented. Let us be as loyal as alumni as we have been as students. May a common interest find us all together, and may we never feel that our connection with the College has been severed.

"Have you any careless jest?
Bury it and let it rest.

"Have you heard some idle tale?
Do not pass it on.
Gossips may repeat it o'er,
Adding to its bitter store.

"Have you any unkind thoughts?
Do not write them down.
Write no words that giveth pain:
Written words may long remain."

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Delta Omega.

A regular meeting of the Delta Omega Society was held in room 207, Friday, April the twenty-eighth.

Miss Lizzie Bunyan and Miss Ruth Hall were initiated into the Society at this meeting.

The Delta Omega Society was received at the Executive Mansion, Tuesday, April the twenty-fifth. Those present besides the members of the Society were Dr. Hannahs, Miss Bishop, Miss Hyde and Miss McCutcheon of the College faculty.

On Saturday evening, May the sixth, the annual play of the Delta Omega Society was given in the College Chapel. A large audience was present, consisting of the members of the Society and their friends.

The program consisted of two plays: "Our Aunt from California" and "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." Those taking part in the first play were Lilian Brown, Rose Markham and Alice Palmer, as the Misses Needy; Laura Weaver as their mother; Helen Hitchcock, as Mrs. Wilcoxngibs, their dressmaker, and Helen Kerr, as Mrs. Merry Muntoburn, their aunt from California.

Between the two plays Miss Grace Rathbone Patton sang "Spring Time." Miss Patton was enthusiastically applauded and responded with another selection, "The Land of Nod." Miss Patton was accompanied by Miss Laura Preusser.

The second play, "Miss Oakley's Telephone," was cast as follows:

Elinor Marsh, as Mrs. Oakley.

Constance, her friend, Jennie Anthony.

Mary, the cook, Barbara Sammons.
Emma, the maid, Fanny Drevenstedt.

All those taking part carried out their impersonations in a very creditable manner.

After the play the guests were invited downstairs where refreshments were served.

Kappa Delta.

The regular meeting of Kappa Delta was held in the Primary Chapel, Friday, p. m., April fourteenth. Miss Clara Robinson, '04, spent the afternoon with us.

The Kappa Delta Sorority and a few of her friends enjoyed a chafing dish party at the home of Miss Ruth J. Guernsey on North Allen street, Saturday evening, April fifteenth.

On Saturday afternoon, April twenty-ninth, Misses Mary McDermott, Maude Ward and Lena Yelverton were initiated into Kappa Delta. Refreshments were served afterward in the Kindergarten room. Misses Mildred Thompson, Ola Blackburn and Edith Theall of our alumni attended.

A meeting of Kappa Delta was held in the Primary chapel Friday afternoon, May fifth. Miss Marion Moak, ex-'05, was present.

We regret that Miss Ruth J. Guernsey has been obliged to leave College again on account of her health.

Miss Clara Robinson, of Glens Falls, was a recent visitor.

Miss Mildred Thompson spent a few days with us. She has accepted a position at Northampton, Mass., for next year.

Miss Ola Blackburn visited Miss Anna S. Horth recently.

Miss Marion Moak has been visiting at College for a few days.

Several special business meetings have been held during the month.

Psi Gamma.

Psi Gamma Society held its regular semi-monthly meeting, Monday, May first, at 3.15 o'clock in the Primary chapel. Misses Riedel, Mahan, Mosier, Tobey, Roosa and Kokesch were shown the mysteries of the Society.

Special meetings of the Society have been held during the month.

Miss Marsden leaves the hospital for her home in Newburgh Saturday.

A special meeting was held May twelfth for Miss Marsden.

Eta Phi.

A special meeting of Eta Phi was held in Dr. Richardson's room on Tuesday, April the twenty-seventh, at 1.15 for the purpose of transacting important business. The honorary members of the Society were present.

To Miss Marti Keene Wilson is extended the sympathy of Eta Phi on the occasion of the death of her father recently.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The regular meetings have been held as usual in the Grammar and Primary chapels. The regular monthly missionary meeting was held on April twelfth. Miss Mabel Woodruff led the meeting with the topic "India." The Easter meeting was led by Miss Josephine Mahon on April nineteenth. Miss Minnie Getman, on April twenty-sixth, had for her topic "The Joy of Easter," and on May third, Miss Helen Durfee led with the subject, "Self De-

nial, the Test of Religious Earnestness." The pledges are still being solicited, and it is desired that every student who has not yet made a pledge and who desires to contribute something toward the support of a general secretary or the general work of the Association will do so at the earliest opportunity.

Entertainment.

On Saturday evening, May twentieth, an entertainment was given by the Y. W. C. A. in the College chapel. It consisted of Peter Newell tableaux, vocal and instrumental music and reading. Those present had a most enjoyable evening. Tickets were sold at twenty-five cents each, and the money is to be used for the support of the Association.

This year we have had the great privilege of a general secretary. Her services have been very necessary just at this time and a great help, the importance of which very few outside of the Association seem to realize. She has practically taught us the ins and outs of Y. W. C. A. work. She has, by much thought and valuable advice, taken us safely through many difficulties. When not at College helping the different committee chairmen, she has been planning various means and methods of carrying out the work to the best possible advantage. She has led four bible classes which have met weekly at the different boarding houses. During part of the year, she has given weekly talks on personal work to the members of the cabinet. She has done the greater part of the clerical work of the Association.

She has, however, been disappointed that so few have really understood her position. She had wished that all of

the students — members of the Y. W. C. A. or not — would feel at liberty to come to her for advice or help whenever they felt the need of such. This privilege few but the cabinet members have seized, and the writer, speaking in behalf of the cabinet, wishes to express her great appreciation of it.

Such duties as these required someone of experience. Miss James is a graduate of Vassar College and was active in Association work there, where it is such a strong factor in the college life, as the number of students taking part in it indicates. Besides this, she has been very closely interested in Y. W. C. A. work since her graduation.

This year the Association has been doing good work, but has perhaps fallen short of what it ought to have done. We have made mistakes; but since this is practically our first year we have had a great deal to learn. Next year's management will profit by our experiences and we sincerely hope that the Association will mean more to the whole student body than it has this year, and that true Christian fellowship may become a feature of our life here. One strong purpose of the college training is to broaden our minds. Hence all sides of our natures should be strengthened that well-rounded lives may be the outcome.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Alumni Executive Committee Notes.

The Executive Committee of the Alumni Association held a meeting on Saturday afternoon, April fifteenth.

The president, Mr. Beverley A. Smith, left his many duties in New York to come up, and with the exception of Mr. George G. Groat, '97, all of

the members of the committee were present. Every one of the committee is very enthusiastic over the coming reunion believing that those who attend will find that the arrangements have been made with their pleasure in view.

The reports from special committees, appointed at a former meeting, were received, and the decisions reached are substantially outlined in the announcements sent out last week to the more than four thousand living graduates.

The following is the program for the days devoted to alumni exercises:

Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Husted by the Faculty, College Hall, June fifteenth, 8 P. M.

College Commencement, College Chapel, June sixteenth, 3 P. M.

Reception by President and Mrs. Milne at Hotel Ten Eyck, June sixteenth, 7 P. M.

Banquet at Hotel Ten Eyck, June sixteenth, 8 P. M.

Literary exercises, College Chapel, June seventeenth, 9.30 A. M.

Business Meeting, College Chapel, June seventeenth, 11.30 A. M.

Class Reunions: Hotel Ten Eyck, June sixteenth, 6 to 8 P. M.; College, June seventeenth, 8.30 to 9.30 A. M.

Special classes for this year and their secretaries:

Sexagesimal-Year Reunion of the Class of 1845, secretary, William F. Phelps, 599 Summit avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Semi-Centennial Reunion of the Class of 1855, secretary, Miss Emily A. Rice, Ocean Grove, N. Y.

Quarto-Centennial Reunion of the Class of 1880, secretary, Loron M. Bur-

dick, 467 West One Hundred and Sixty-Fourth street, New York city.

Decennial Reunions of the Classes: 1865, secretary, Aimon Holland, 108 Second street, Albany, N. Y.; 1875, secretary, Mrs. Ellen Bishop Smallwood (Mrs. John B.), Warsaw, N. Y.; 1885, secretary, Miss Myra L. Ingalsbee, Hartford, N. Y.; 1895, secretary, Miss Aurelia Hyde, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.; 1890, secretary, Mrs. Ella Sloan Cameron, 173 Western avenue, Albany, N. Y.

A special request came from the Class of 1890 for a secretary, as they expect to celebrate their fifteenth anniversary. Mrs. Ella Sloan Cameron has been appointed.

President Smith will again come to Albany, on June third, to attend the next meeting of the committee, when the arrangements will be completed for the best reunion of our history.

Alumni Association New York State Normal College.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., April 29, 1905.

Editor of the Echo, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.:

Dear Sir.—Enclosed please find a clipping from the Glens Falls Star, relative to a luncheon tendered to Dr. Wm. J. Milne, April 27, 1905. The article cannot fail to be of interest to many of your readers, and if your paper is an exchange with other Normals, may be of interest, in part, to them.

There is an Alumni Association in New York City, but I do not know the address of its secretary or president and cannot send the notice to them. Perhaps you have a way for reaching the members of that organization through your paper.

Thanking you for past courtesies, I am,

Respectfully,

CORA M. LITTLEFIELD.

LUNCHEON FOR DR. W. J. MILNE.

THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI OF THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE ENTERTAINED AT THE GLENS FALLS CLUB—NAMES OF TEACHERS WHO ARE IN ATTENDANCE.

One of the most pleasant events in connection with the session of the Warren County Teachers' Institute being held here this week was the banquet in honor of the president of the State Normal College, Dr. William J. Milne, given by the Associated Alumni of the College yesterday from 12 o'clock till 2. The members of the Alumni are largely residents of Glens Falls, or teachers in its public schools, but the neighboring villages swell the membership to fifty. Dr. Milne was scheduled to speak at the institute at the date mentioned, and his coming was the occasion for the ovation. The banquet was held at the elegant and commodious suite of rooms of the Glens Falls Club, and the chef of the club, William V. Mellen, was caterer. Covers were laid for forty, and the favors were carnations. Beautiful souvenir folders contained the menu. Before the banquet, and while its numerous courses were being served, the Alumni and their guests engaged in delightful social enjoyment; and at the close "A Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul" held the attention of all. Dr. Sherman Williams presided as toastmaster, and Dr. Williams, Superintendent Griffith, James A. Holden and Dr. S. H. Albro participated in this interesting part of the function. The invited guests, beside Dr. and Mrs. William J. Milne, were Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Starbuck, Superintendent and Mrs. E. W. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Holden, Miss Gratia L. Rice and Dr. S. H. Albro, and nearly all were in attendance at the banquet.

Albany State Normal College Alumni Banquet.

For some time, it has been the desire of a few members of the alumni of the State Normal College to unite the graduates of that institution, scattered throughout New York city and vicinity, in an association which would have for its object the extension of the influ-

ence of the College and the cultivation of mutual friendship and helpfulness among the members of the association.

To this end, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jas. Edsall, Mr. Fred A. Duncan, Mr. F. D. L. King, Dr. Austin, Miss Mary Kenna and Miss L. B. Burns, met at the Hotel St. Denis, on Saturday, January 21, 1905, to discuss the matter of a permanent organization. As a result of this meeting invitations were sent out to a banquet to be held at the Hotel St. Denis on February 25, 1905. The returns were far beyond the expectations of the committee. Expression of loyalty to the College and hearty approval of the enterprise came in from every quarter. The cordial letters of invitation seemed to strike a responsive chord in every heart, and on the evening of the dinner, one hundred sixty sat down at the banqueting table, to renew the friendship of former years. Among these were our beloved Dr. Milne, Dr. Husted, Miss Pierce and Dr. Aspinwall, who had come from Albany for this meeting.

The dinner over, Mr. Edsall, acting as toastmaster and chairman, called upon Dr. Milne who, in his usual strong manner, responded with a toast full of wit, tenderness and seriousness. Dr. Husted followed in a most genial way, with a toast in which he told of the pleasure of this meeting to him. Miss Pierce was then called for and made a most charming little speech which was greatly enjoyed by all. Others followed with toasts suggestive of the more free and joyous side of the Albany College life, others with the more thoughtful and serious and still others had to do with the sturdy and vigorous present and the great and growing future.

The feeling which prevailed cannot be

expressed in words. The pleasure of having Dr. Milne, Dr. Husted, Miss Pierce and Dr. Aspinwall present, the meeting of classmates and old friends made it an occasion long to be remembered.

The constitution of the new association was then read, adopted and the following officers elected:

President, Mr. W. M. Strong; vice-presidents, Miss Mary Kenna, Mrs. J. D. Dillingham, Messrs. Robert L. Conant, Wm. F. H. Breeze, Charles J. Majory, N. J. Lowe, E. S. Sandford; secretary and treasurer, Fred. A. Duncan, 739 East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, New York city.

The members of the committee felt amply repaid for the effort put forth on their part to bring about this organization and assured Dr. Milne and the faculty that they may always reckon on the loyal support of the Metropolitan Alumni Association of the State Normal College.

Following is a list of the names of those who were present, together with the year of their graduation:

Class of 1854.—Sarah E. Buckelew, Emeline C. Davies.

Class of 1855.—A. N. Husted.

Class of 1857.—Benj. Edson, M. D.; D. P. Austin, M. D.; S. B. Husted.

Class of 1860.—Catharine E. Blauvelt Husted.

Class of 1870.—W. J. Ballard.

Class of 1873.—B. H. Gallup.

Class of 1875.—Geo. W. Horton.

Class of 1876.—E. H. Schuyler.

Class of 1877.—Irving W. Storey.

Class of 1879.—Beverley A. Smith, Wm. A. Storey, John Dwyer.

Class of 1880.—H. H. Plough and wife, Moses Becker, Jr.

Class of 1881.—Eva G. Moore, Mrs. J. N. Diehl, Richard E. Coon.

Class of 1882.—F. D. King.

Class of 1883.—Merinda F. Guffin.

Class of 1884.—J. M. Edsall, Cora A. Paterson King, Eugenia B. Craft, Ida M. Babcock, Theodore Witte, J. Wesley Drumm, Theophilus Johnson, Ann E. Pierce, Mrs. J. D. Dillingham, Martin Joyce, Luella J. Clark, Jas. W. Jacobus.

Class of 1885.—Susan F. Lockhart, Clara E. Stevens, Josephine A. Dugan, John F. Harris.

Class of 1886.—Jennie Edna Becker, Fred C. Bellows.

Class of 1890.—Hewlett R. Smith.

Class of 1891.—F. T. Shutts, Cornelia E. Crafts, Emily C. Brown Hitchcock, A. A. Dodds, Anna K. Jotter Johnson, Edward T. Kilcoin, Jennie E. Hewitt, K. Maud Armstrong.

Class of 1892.—Miriam E. Douglass, Caroline Mayhew, Frances M. Crawford, Amelia W. Hunter, A. Maud Royce, Mary Lynch, Julia Babcock, Henrietta L. Havens, Edith A. Bailey Taft.

Class of 1893.—Robert G. Patrie, Nathen J. Lowe, Mary E. Keliher, Catherine M. Rider, L. Gertrude Dugan.

Class of 1894.—S. Francis Hamlin, Fannie A. Morrissey, Wm. E. Freeman.

Class of 1895.—Roberta M. Cochran, Mary K. Pease, Anna J. Robeson, Laura E. Holliday, Harriet W. Burton.

Class of 1896.—Rose L. West, L. Louise Arthur, Mary B. Heard, Evelyn M. Birch, N. Ella Wingate, Mrs. Anna Wood Holden, Elizabeth Sutcliffe.

Class of 1897.—Leon J. Cook, Irene L. Gregory, Elizabeth M. Seaton, Harriet A. Morey, Geo. P. Allen, Mary A. Quinn, Cornelia E. Gayler, Amy B. Horne, Elmira Oakley, Geo. S. Rosecrantz, Geo. B. Sime, Harlow McMillen.

Class of 1898.—Minerva C. Hess, Helena M. Buckley, Edna Steenberg, Letta B. Burns.

Class of 1899.—Cora E. Welsh, Nellie Willard, Florence R. Walwrath, Olin B. Sylvester, T. Elizabeth Lawlor.

Class of 1900.—Mary E. Kennar, Nellie F. Munger, Lily C. Menzer, W. C. Decker, Wm. B. Aspinwall, W. F. H. Breeze.

Class of 1901.—Jas. L. Reese, Frances M. Bothwell, Edith McElroy.

Class of 1902.—Rhoda Hadsell, Jessie L. Simpson, Josephine W. Smith, Annah M. Dunlap.

Class of 1903.—Mabel L. Chase, Edith M. Theall, H. Louise Hitchcock, Dot Smalling.

Class of 1904.—Bessie E. Bishop, Etta Viola Martin, Frances Burlingame, Florence B. Haviland, Mildred Thompson, Edith H. DuMond, Blanche L. Winterstein.

Class of 1905.—Sadie M. Boyce.

Guests.—Mary E. O'Donnell, W. W. Craft, Mrs. Wm. M. Simmons, John W. Diehl, Mrs. Beverly A. Smith, William J. Milne, Media A. Hawkins, Mrs. Nathan J. Lowe, Martha E. Dodds, Dr. W. R. Hitchcock, J. D. Dillingham, Geo. A. Taft, Cecelia Davies, Irving E. Young, Mrs. J. B. Wingate, Mrs. Harlon McMillen, Mrs. F. T. Shutts, Mrs. J. W. Drumm.

I'd like to be a senior.
 And with the seniors stand,
 A fountain pen behind my ear,
 A note book in my hand;
 I would not be a president,
 'Tis hard to be a king;
 I would not be an emperor,
 For all the wealth 'twould bring;
 I would not be an angel—
 For angels have to sing;
 I'd rather be a senior,
 And never do a thing.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

Woman and Music.

Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, who writes on "Woman and Music," tries to explain why we have yet had no woman Bach or Beethoven or Wagner. He thinks it is due to the inadequate training. Woman has really had no opportunity for developing this heaven-sent power. From reading we know that until quite recently woman has been excluded from the fields of art, while man has for ages been developing his powers in art.

Great works are not the outcome of imaginative impulse. We need but a glance at the lives of the great composers to show us that the high gift of original creation has had to be fostered by active care and congenial surroundings. It is here that woman has, because of choice or necessity, failed to secure the advantages which would educate her to become an artist. Take, for instance, an illustration of Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny. The sister in her earlier years showed greater musical promise, but finally the training of the sister stopped while the boy was encouraged and assisted in many ways. Even now, so little chance of real, hearty encouragement has the woman who enters the field of musical composition that the very circumstance of her being a woman is made a kind of pretext for criticising her work on different lines from the work of men. "A very good composition for a woman," is what the critic, in effect, usually remarks. (In Occasional Papers, London.)

An ethical and spiritual interpretation of "Parsifal" is the latest literary and philosophical effort of Dr. R. Heber

Newton. It is published by the Upland Farm Alliance, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The "Voice of Nature, or the Soul of Things," by Charles Wagner. This book is written in the same line as Pastor Wagner's other works, "The Simple Life" and "The Busy Life." Translated by Olive Harper, Ogilvie Publishing Company.

A very attractively printed exposition of the principles of "jiu-jitsu," the wonderful method of attack and self defense, has been published by the Japan Publishing Company. It has been prepared by Capt. Henry R. Skinner and fully illustrated with poses by B. H. Kuwashina, of Columbia University. Literally, the expression "jiu-jitsu" means "the gentle art of making your opponent use his strength to his own disadvantage." The Japanese are not endowed with large and powerful bodies, but they make up in skill and science more than what they lack in size and strength.

School Songs With College Flavor.

School Songs With College Flavor. This is a song book for use in high schools and upper grammar grades. It has 124 pages bound in green cloth. Price fifty cents. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York city. Many old songs have been revised to adapt them to youthful voices.

The Right Life and How to Live It.

The Right Life and How to Live It. By Henry A. Stimson. Price \$1.20. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. This is a valuable book for young people. In a sympathetic and helpful manner, the author deals with the problems of practical life.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The Crimson and White had several very interesting stories in it this last month. The paper would be even more attractive if some High School artist would lend his or her aid.

The Normal Magazine, Potsdam, has no exchange column. A paper that cuts itself off from the outside world is not the kind that prospers.

The art editor of the Canary and Blue deserves great credit. The cover and illustrations are excellent.

The editorial columns of the April number of "The Oneontan" were read with much interest.

"The Holy Cross Purple" is an excellent magazine. The literary department is especially worthy of commendation. The poetical contributions, which are very good, are particularly appropriate for the spring number.

"The Chronicle," published by the students of the Niagara Falls High School, is a refreshing little paper, for its few pages are crowded with school news.

A fishy old fisher named Fisher,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;
A cod with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.
— Ex.

A remarkable story is told of a clergyman in London who, concluding a long sermon, said: "Yes, my brethren, there is a hell," and then, drawing out his watch, he added, "but we will not go into that now." — Ex.

MY STAR.

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that darts the red and the blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs
furled;

They must solace themselves with the Sat-
urn above it;
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore,
I love it.

— Robert Browning.

Professor — Two sounds added some-
times produce a silence.

Pupil — I don't hear any silence.—

Ex.

Bell, bell, bell,
How I wish that you would ring;
Bell, bell, bell,
For I do not know a thing.

— Ex.

The student who does his level best
has little time to worry about results.—
Ex.

Teacher — Mr. Smith, how would you
punctuate this sentence: "After a long
time of waiting, I see Mary coming
down the street?"

Mr. Smith — I'd make a dash after
Mary.— Normal Leader.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Makes all mankind our kin.
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads we win."

Teacher — What do the poems L'Al-
legro and Il Penseroso represent?

Pupil — Happy Hooligan and Gloomy
Gus.

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish
you would run across the street and see
how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned
and reported: "Mrs Brown says its
none of your business how old she is."

Where lies the secret of success?
Men would know this ever.
Clear as a bell the answer comes:
The answer is — endeavor.

Riches alone will never gain
Honor and position.
Only the man who tries shall win
The goal of his ambition.

Heard on a Century Forum sleigh
ride during a deep silence which sud-
denly arose: "Oh, Mr. Burns, your
face is so rough."

Pity the editor on the "Exchange"—
How broad her work, how narrow her range.
She must either commend or criticize;
She should be clever, she must be wise,
She must observe the golden rule
And maintain the dignity of the school.
Don't condemn her mistakes, but pity her,
Her reward is slender, skimpy and slim.

— Ex.

Why will America's emblem last
longer than England's, Scotland's or
Ireland's?

Because the "Rose" will fade, the
"Lily" droop and the "Shamrock"
die, but the "Stars" are eternal.

We saw a thing
Of greenish hue,
And thought it was
A lawn of grass;
But when to it
We closer drew
We found it was
The freshman class.

It doesn't take long to write the biog-
raphy of a man who never offended any-
body.

MY PLAN.

Quiet and peace from steady will
 To do the things that I must do,
 And joy in trying to fulfill
 My every duty through and through.

This is my plan, and I shall seek
 To make its value doubly sure,
 By acting where I used to speak,
 And striving where I did endure.

— Midland.

He who is boasting of his ancestors is
 like the potato plant: the best part of it
 is down in the ground.

Well done things are altogether too
 rare.— Ex.

The man who whispers down a well
 About the goods he has to sell,
 Will never reap the golden dollars
 Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.
 Moral: Advertise in The Echo.

In the school of life many branches of
 knowledge are taught. But the only
 philosophy that amounts to anything
 after all, is just the secret of making
 friends with our luck.—Henry Van-
 Dyke [Fisherman's Luck].

The hardest man to shake from the
 ladder is the man who mounts one rung
 at a time.

You can lead a horse to water,
 But you cannot make him drink.
 You can ride a Latin pony,
 But you cannot make him think.

Ex.

It is more shameful to distrust people
 than to be deceived by them.—The
 Philistine.

“Lives of great men oft remind us,
 As their pages o'er we turn,
 That we're apt to leave behind us
 Letters that we ought to burn.”

Is the man that owns an “auto” an
 auto-crat?

A little kiss
 Is Cupid's snare,
 That brings first bliss,
 Then years of care.

No man can avoid his own company,
 so he had best make it as agreeable as
 possible.

Last night I held a little hand
 So dainty and so neat.
 I thought my heart would surely break,
 So wildly did it beat.

No other hand unto my soul
 Can greater solace bring
 Than that one which I held last night—
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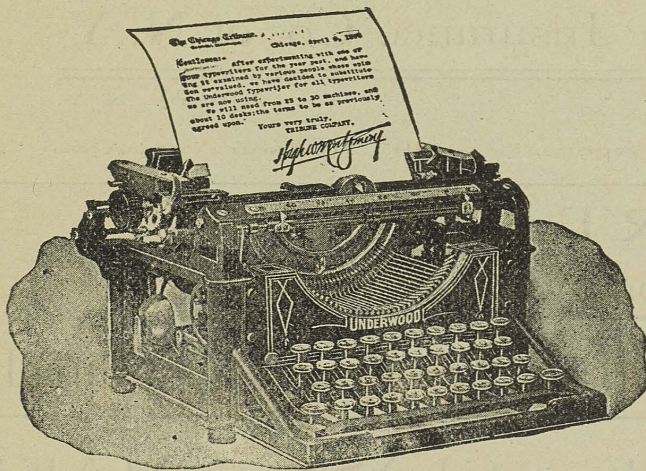
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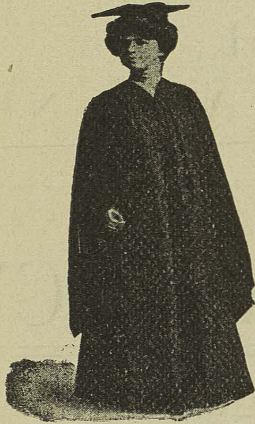
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