

Miss Clement

Vol. 16

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No. 9

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MAY, 1908



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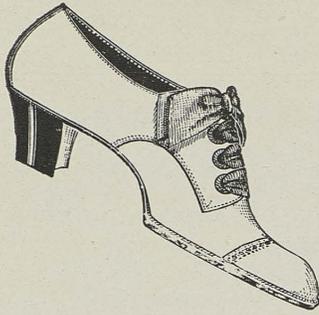
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Teach in New York City

Some teachers do not wish to teach in New York City, but others do. I am speaking to the latter. Nine hundred teachers appointed November 1, 1907; all the January list appointed March 1, 1908. What will be done for September? The June examinations must furnish the list.

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THE ECHO.

VOL. 16.]

ALBANY, N. Y., MAY, 1908.

[No. 9.

The Nation's Dead.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you.
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who
died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you.
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely
died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Up many a fortress wall
They charged, those boys in blue;
'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you.

Those noble men, the nation's pride,
Four hundred thousand men, have died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due;
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

—Anonymous.

We feel that this poem was inspired by as true and deep a spirit of gratitude, loyalty and ardent patriotism as was Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The unknown author deserves a monument if ever any man has deserved one for expressing such sentiments. It is an irresistible appeal, made in simple, strong, poetic language, to every man and woman that knows the story of the Civil War. The dirge-like undertone of the

poem produces an effect of sorrow, mingled with pity and regret that such a sacrifice of young manhood was necessary to preserve the life of the nation, but it is a sorrow not without hope, and there is a note of victory in its martial music.

MARGARET S. MOONEY.

An Apple Orchard.

“The roads should blossom, the roads
should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home,
Should blossom and bloom with garlands
gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day.”

When Longfellow wrote these lines I think he must have had in mind an apple orchard in May. Can you see it now? An old stone wall surrounds it, over which the wild clematis is just beginning to trail its tiny, grayish-green leaves. The grass under our feet is as soft as velvet, and here and there a bright dandelion lifts his saucy head. Poor fellow! He doesn't realize now how soon he'll be an old graybeard, whose woolly locks will become the plaything of every wandering breeze.

Planted in straight rows, the apple trees stand here like soldiers in rank and file, but they are veterans, for every tree is bent and gnarled. What need is there, however, of erect and stalwart form, when Mother Nature has given each tree so fair a garb? As far as our eyes can see the world is a mass of bloom, ranging in color from the deepest pink to snowy whiteness. The petals, floating lazily down, fall upon our heads and faces, and remind us of nothing so much as baby fingers. Little innocent babies and dainty rose-petalled blossoms — both of you must see many a change before you

will be ready to play your part in the world.

Do you smell the fragrance around us? The air is saturated with the most delicate of odors, which rise as incense to the great Creator. The blue-vaulted sky “bends tenderly, lovingly o'er us,” and the breeze is thrilled with the music of bird notes. Listen a moment, and far away you will hear, “Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe.” Spring has come, indeed.

Come with me in October into my orchard. As we pass through the gate, the old stone wall is hardly visible, so thickly is it covered with the clematis tassels, bitter-sweet and Virginia creeper. The grass is brown and dry, and not a flower is to be seen. The sky is a dull gray, and only the distant west shows a gleam of faint, yellow light. The baby blossoms are gone and the crooked trees stand here now, devoid of beauty. Devoid of beauty, did I say? Perhaps they are, but not of life, for a merry crowd of apple gatherers is at work. Here and there are ladders, and upon each of them are men and boys at work. Upon the ground and in baskets everywhere are piles of red and golden fruit. The air is full of shouts and laughter and song. The cheerful orchard reminds us now of the winter, before whose open grate we shall roast and eat these very apples. As May was youth, so October is middle age, and each has its advantages.

One winter I visited my apple orchard with a merry crowd of friends, bent upon a strange quest — a steep slope down which to coast upon the crusted snow. As we passed between the tiers of trees my orchard was wrapped in silence. The moonbeams sparkled upon diamonds under our feet, around us, over our heads. The scene was so magnificent that we involuntarily hushed our

speech for an instant, as if fearing to waken the white-robed trees, now gone to sleep.

Our slope found, we drew the long sled up, crowded on with much confusion and went speeding down, until we were all too abruptly forced to stop by the stone wall. My position upon the "bobs" that time had been rather insecure, and when we started the second time I resolved to clutch with firm grasp the girl in front of me instead of the sled. This I did, in spite of her objections, but to my own undoing. Before I had gained my equilibrium after our sudden start, the sled struck a stone or some other obstacle. This gave an impetus to our already swaying forms, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, I lost my balance, reluctantly releasing my hold of my friend, and tumbling over into the snow, while the sled and its other passengers went on their way.

I always imagined that my apple orchard awoke from its sleep and chuckled slyly, as I slowly picked myself up, gathered my scattered wits, brushed off the snow, and resigned myself to the thought of the jokes at my expense when my friends returned. As October was maturity in my apple orchard, so December was its jovial old age.

L. ANTOINETTE JOHNSON.

REVERENCE.

In reverence is the chief joy and power of life. Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth: for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.— Carlyle.

A Monument.

There is very little attention given in history text-books to the battle of Oriskany, but it cannot be so easily overlooked by the American citizen. About ten miles from Utica, near the little village of Oriskany, there stands a tall shaft of beautiful granite which attracts all who pass either by rail or by trolley. It is about one hundred feet high and at the base has beautiful carvings, the nature of which I have never been near enough to see. It occupies a beautiful level plain, which it is difficult to believe was the scene of a bloody battle.

However, this is the case; for this beautiful monument is to commemorate the men who fought at Oriskany, called "the bloodiest battle of the Revolution." Here the stalwart old Dutchman, Nicholas Herkimer, calmly directed his army, in an ambush into which he had been led by their impetuosity, and which had been prepared for him by Sir John Johnson and his bloodthirsty Indians. Here, they realized too late the kind of a man they had for a leader. The monument is a memorial of his bravery and patriotism, his neglect of personal suffering for the good of a cause which, as far as this battle was concerned, was a lost one.

But we do not need a monument to keep the name of Herkimer fresh in our memory. No true patriot can forget the brave old Dutchman, his limbs shattered, sitting under a tree, smoking his pipe, and calmly giving his commands. It is fitting, however, that, on the spot where he suffered and received the wounds which caused his death, a monument should stand which will forever keep his fame and that of his brave though foolhardy companions, in the minds of posterity.

ALICE FINN.

A Memory.

When the night-wind thro' the hemlocks
 echoes with a wild refrain,
 And the ever-darkening shadows in
 their course bring mist and rain,
 To my mind come far-off memories, and
 I fondly sit and dream,
 While the branches of the willow lash
 the distant frozen stream;
 And the pictures seem so vivid that I
 fain would deem them true.
 'Tis the face and form and figure of a
 boy I knew.

Once, again, I see the waters of a sunlit,
 crystal lake
 From a little boat whose motion carries
 gladness in its wake,
 For my hand is at the rudder and he,
 gently, lifts the oars
 While the soothing breath of Summer
 wafts its sweetness from the
 shores;
 And the passing breezes linger in their
 course, as if they blew
 Just to lightly kiss the forehead of this
 bonnie boy I knew.

Now, we leave the lake behind us as we
 slowly change our course,
 And we enter on a little stream and
 drift along its source,
 Where the winding banks stretch onward,
 laden with their gift of
 flowers,
 And the nodding reeds are beckoning
 to this little craft of ours.
 Scarce a murmur breaks upon us as we
 gently glide along,
 But the stillness which surrounds us
 seems more musical than song.
 And the stream still bears us onward
 'til we reach a sheltered spot
 Fragrant made by water-lilies and the
 sweet forget-me-not.

He is plucking me a handful, with a
 laugh of boyish glee;
 And he holds the blossoms toward me
 with a smile so sweet to see;
 And I reach to touch their petals and
 to breathe their fragrance, too,
 But they've vanished with the likeness
 of that boy I knew.

E. H. SHERMAN, '08.

An Incident of the Boer War.

In the year 1904 we had a visit from an aunt who for many years has lived in South Africa. Naturally she had a fund of interesting and exciting stories at her command, all of which we listened to with great eagerness. The most interesting of them all was her story of the way she saved her husband, my uncle Ralph, from the hands of the Boers at the time of the Boer war.

My Aunt Amelia and her husband had gone to South Africa years before, when they were first married, in the hopes that they might there gain success. They arrived at their destination, the small town of Keimos, in the province of Caniroom, and found it a dreary place indeed. But Uncle Ralph soon established a mercantile business in which he proved himself very successful for ten or twelve years. In fact, they had made a home for themselves which it would have been hard for them to leave.

It was at the time of the war of the Boers with the English, and all the provinces of South Africa were in a state of the greatest excitement. My uncle's sympathies were naturally with the British, and on this account he was greatly disliked by the majority of the inhabitants. In fact, their enmity toward him was so great that they often threatened to kill him if he should enlist on the side

of the English. But these threats did not trouble my uncle, as he considered them vain boasts.

The district in which my uncle lived was being ravaged by bands of men, somewhat like the guerillas in our Civil War. These, more than the regular troops, were the terror of the English. They would go from one village to another and rob the people of everything of value. Finally they came to the village Keimos, my uncle's home. As he was the only English sympathizer in the place this put him in a very precarious position. After some depredations the guerillas came to my uncle's house and demanded to see him. He came out at once and as soon as he appeared they dictated to him the following orders: "You must either swear allegiance to the Boer flag, or depart at once from Transvaal." As soon as they had delivered these orders they went away.

My uncle immediately went in to discuss the affairs with my aunt. She was a woman of great presence of mind and keen foresight. She at once advised him to leave her in Keimos, with her children and servants, while he should flee to German West Africa, a neutral district. As soon as the region was free of guerillas she would send for him to come home. After some discussion this was acted upon.

For three weeks the Boer guerillas continued their ravaging in Keimos and then went away, as it seemed, for good. Thereupon my aunt immediately sent for her husband to come home, as the coast was clear. Of course he acted upon the information at once and arrived home in the dead of night.

The next morning the family were all seated at the table when my aunt's face suddenly grew pale, and with a low voice

she exclaimed: "For God's sake, Ralph, here are the Boers! They will kill you. Go, run as quickly as you can across the cornfields, swim the Orange, and make your way to Uppington!" As quick as lightning my uncle flew out of the door. No sooner was his back turned when the Boers appeared at the other door.

"Mrs. Miller, we wish to see your husband," demanded the leader.

"I do not know where he is," my aunt answered.

"Well, you'd better find out soon, or we will do it for you." Hereupon the troops overwhelmed the house, ransacked the rooms from top to bottom, but did not find my uncle. They left the house, swearing to shoot him on sight.

For three days Uncle Ralph traveled through the country, lying in hiding in cornfields and swimming across rivers, until he arrived at Uppington, the headquarters of the British, safe, but almost exhausted. Here his family soon joined him and they remained there until the end of the war. They later found out that Uncle Ralph's return to Keimos had been betrayed to the Boers and that they had had all intentions of killing him at sight. That this had not happened was due only to his wife's presence of mind at the appearance of the Boers. Later, at the end of the war, all the property which had been stolen from him by the Boers was restored by the British, and he again started in his business the gainer, rather than the loser, by his adventure.

AMELIA KARTLUKE.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer;

"Eb" for short she called her beau;
Talk of tides of love. Great Caesar!

You should see them — Eb and Flo.

— Ex.

The Commerce of Old Albany.

When Hendrick Hudson in his search for a northwest passage to India sailed into the bay which receives the waters of the noble river which now bears his name he little thought that right there was destined to grow up one of the very greatest cities of modern times; and he could not even have dreamed when he came to anchor, one hundred and fifty miles up the river, that he was at the natural gateway of a continent. Yet so it proved.

The Dutch founded trading posts on Manhattan Island and at Fort Orange, and by degrees began to realize the immense natural advantages of both places. For a long time, though, the trade consisted of trading, with the Indians at Fort Orange, goods received at Manhattan from Holland, and receiving in exchange furs, which formed the most valuable commodity the Indians possessed. Hence old Albany became an important fur trading post.

The real commercial life of Albany began with the settling of western New York, and dates more especially from the completion of the Erie canal, "De-Witt Clinton's big ditch," in eighteen hundred twenty-five. The bountiful crops of grain, the output of the flour mills, lumber and live stock here found their natural market. Here the bulk of cargoes must be broken, and goods destined for New York, New Haven, Boston and other ports on the coast were transferred to the old time North river sloops. The old Albany merchants naturally transacted the business. With the constant growth of the country this trade greatly increased, so that in summer it was a common sight to see the entire river front covered with sloops and

schooners waiting to receive or discharge cargoes. They would be loaded in return at the ports to which they were consigned, with various merchandise, and the same Albany merchants would be the consignees. This called for large warehouses, some of which yet remain in lower State street, Dean street and on the upper and lower piers. Banks were also needed, and Albany became famous for the soundness of its banks and the integrity of the officers and directors, many of whom were the rich merchants.

The natural advantages of Albany helped to build up the greatest stove foundries in the United States. The iron and coal were brought by water, and an abundance of fine moulding sand was obtained in the immediate vicinity. The finished product was easily and conveniently shipped by boat.

During the winter months, when the river and canal were frozen, loaded sleighs in great numbers brought produce from as far west as Erie county. All this could be readily sold to the merchants, and was stored in warehouses, thus giving employment to large numbers of men. The teamsters, of course, had commissions to buy needed goods, which the merchants in turn supplied. With the breaking up and going out of the ice in the spring the sloops would again appear, beating up from New York, and another prosperous summer would begin.

Such was the commercial life of old Albany. With the advent of railroads, the river and canal ceased to be the dominating factors, and now conditions are entirely changed—for the better, let us hope. At all events the march of progress will not be stayed.

HARRIET B. OSBORN.

May.

A fair expanse of azure sky,
 Where fleecy clouds are passing by,
 A mass of bloom of pink and white,
 A hovering bee, the sunshine bright.
 A brooklet flowing on so gay,
 Released from Winter's dreary sway.
 A bird's song, sounding sweet and clear,
 Bringing a message of hope and cheer.
 The sturdy little flowers bold,
 Peeping up from earth's dark mould.
 A feeling of life in every vein,
 Telling us Spring is here again.
 That's May.

ELIZABETH F. SHAVER.

A Tale of the Frontier.

Cherry Valley, as you know, is in the hills, and cold weather comes to it early. By the tenth of November, 1778, winter had set in. All day a chilly west wind had been blowing and by night the snow was falling over the little settlement. The repeated rumors of an Indian attack, led by Joseph Brant and Walter Butler, which had come to the village for the past few days, were at last discredited by the authorities. The Indians would undoubtedly go West to their villages and wait for spring, they said; and Colonel Aldin, commander of the troops in the fort, who had lately come from the East and knew little of Indian warfare, took up his quarters with one of the settlers and refused to let the families move into the fort, though he was strongly urged to do so.

Among those who had earnestly desired this was Colonel Clyde. He was a brave soldier and knew the Indians well. Joseph and Molly Brant had often been his guests. Had the Colonel's advice been taken all might have been

well. His cabin stood on the hillside, a mile and a half or more from the fort. With the forest so near and the fort so far away, it is no wonder that he felt anxious for the safety of his family.

It was with many misgivings that he sat down before the blazing fire in the evening. His wife sat near him and her hand went often to the cradle where her baby lay. The other seven children, with Simon, an apprentice boy, were playing in the room. I have no doubt they were playing soldiers, for the accounts all say that that was the most popular game of the day among the children of the settlement.

At last they went to bed. Mrs. Clyde did not sleep well. Her mind was alert for every sound. Three times she had the same horrible dream. She thought the Indians and Tories had surprised the village and were burning the houses and murdering the inhabitants and that Molly Brant was urging her to flee while there was time. Each time she woke with a start to hear the wind moaning in the forest. When day came at last her dreams were still so vivid that she could not be contented, and her husband finally acceded to her wishes and rode down to the fort to try once more to induce Colonel Aldin to allow them to move into the fort.

The sleet, which had commenced to fall in the night, continued. The hours dragged slowly on until about nine o'clock, when suddenly the signal gun boomed ominously from the fort. The message came almost too late, for Mrs. Clyde had scarcely time to gather her children around her, snatch the baby from the cradle and run to a ravine near the house before the yells of the savages were heard behind them. Hidden behind a large, fallen log amid the under-

brush they heard the fiends as they plundered the buildings and finally set out to join their companions in the valley. Then they heard the crackle of the flames which quickly reduced their home to a heap of cinders, and above it all the shrieks of the Indians and the cries of their victims from the village.

All day they lay there in the snow, not daring to move for fear of attracting the attention of some prowling Indian. Added to their anxiety was the fact that the oldest girl was missing. She had become separated from them in their flight and her mother did not dare to hope that she had escaped. At evening the fight was not over, for the enemy were trying to take the fort, and all that night the cannon boomed and the savage yells answered it. By the morning of the twelfth the fugitives were nearly frozen but the Indians were retreating slowly. They had failed to take the fort. They came back over the hills in straggling bands, scouring the woods for fugitives. One band nearly discovered the little group. They passed so near that a musket trailed over the end of the log. Simon held his little dog's mouth shut to keep him quiet, and Mrs. Clyde put her hand over the baby's mouth. But the danger passed. Finally Mrs. Clyde told Simon to go to the top of the hill and, if the flag still floated over the fort, to try and make his way thither and tell Colonel Clyde where they were.

Meantime, Colonel Clyde had reached the fort and taken command, and in doing so had probably saved it, as Colonel Aldin and most of his officers had been killed outside. He had watched his cabin burn and had little hope of finding his family alive. So,

when Simon arrived at the fort his news was good, indeed. Fourteen men volunteered to accompany him, and they set out. They had some difficulty in finding those whom they sought, for though Mrs. Clyde heard the calls she did not dare to answer, fearing they might be enemies. At length they came upon Simon's tracks and followed them to the hiding place. The fugitives were almost helpless with the cold.

The journey back to the fort was slow, and had the guns from the fort not kept off the Indians who had been attracted to the spot they would never have reached it; but the journey was safely over at last.

During the day the lost little girl was seen in the edge of the woods. She saw the sentinels wrapped in blankets to keep them warm and, thinking they were Indians, ran back again. She was followed, however, and brought to the fort, numbed with cold and terror. And this family, more fortunate than the others in the settlement, gave thanks that they had all been spared.

ALLORA PHELON.

WHAT COMMAS DO.

That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is.

To avoid nightmares we immediately punctuate this:

That that is, is; that that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is.—Ex.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, to the young ladies of Massachusetts:

“Health, courage, intellectual training, a keen sense of beauty, the love of home and zeal for service are the ‘durable satisfactions of life.’”

EDITORIAL.

Our New College Course. If any of the students in college have not been watching the progress of the new college building, it would be well worth while to take a walk out State street and see the amount of work which has been accomplished since the Easter vacation. One building is well under way, and the outlines of two others can be plainly seen. This seems like a bright outlook for next year. Now is the time for students who are graduating from High School to decide what work they wish to undertake in the future, and now is the time for us to be pointing out to these students the advantages of our college course. As one High School principal has said, "It is an ideal course for anyone who wishes to prepare for teaching." Its only drawback is that the required work is too heavy to allow time for anything in the athletic or social line, and this is a want keenly felt by the students. There can be no all-round development with these interests overlooked, but with the beginning of the work in the new building, and the establishment of the four-year classes, conditions may change. The course, being new, is not widely known as yet, but everyone is anxious to learn of it, and now is the opportunity for the students present in college to be spreading information regarding it.

Current Events. If someone should ask you what per cent of our students could talk intelligently on the most important happenings in the world to-day, what answer would you give? If the same person should inquire further if you were among the small number who can, what would you say? It is a lamentable fact that so few students keep up with the times. Perhaps you are studying the history of Europe. Do you realize that history is being made there to-day the same as it was in the seventeenth century? Perhaps you are studying economics. Can you talk intelligently on the economic problems of to-day? Don't allow yourself to *exist* during all your years of study in the past ages, but *live* in the affairs of the present. There may be an *excuse*, but no *reason*, why you should not, and there are numerous reasons, for your own good, why you should.

A Correction. Owing to a misstatement of the question the Freshmen were not credited with having won the debate recently held between the Sophomores and Freshmen. Therefore, we would make this correction. The question was, Resolved, That the barge canal would be of greater value to New York State than a ship canal. The speakers on the affirmative were the Misses Kenny, Windsor and Watson; on the negative, the Misses Denbow, Bennett and Talmadge. The affirmative were successful.

News

Delta Omega.

The regular meeting of the sorority was held at the rooms Thursday evening, April twenty-third. After the business session, flash light pictures were taken and fudge was enjoyed.

Miss Olive Briggs spent her Easter vacation in New York.

Tuesday afternoon, April twenty-eighth, Dr. Leonard W. Richardson gave an interesting talk to the members of the Delta Omega society. The main topic discussed was "Books and Reading."

Miss Elinor Marsh, of New York city, gave a Delta tea Saturday, April twenty-fifth. Among the out-of-town guests were Miss Minnie Schultz and Miss Laura Weaver, of Loudonville.

Miss Stella Whittaker, a former Delta, called at college recently.

Miss Grace Markle was in New York over Saturday, May second.

Miss Lillian Blain, '02, spent her Easter vacation in Albany.

During Easter vacation Miss Lizzie Bunyan was the guest of Miss Edith Everett, and Miss Alice Wheeler visited Miss Mollie Kingston.

A regular meeting of the society was held Thursday afternoon, May seventh.

The Delta Omega girls had their annual group picture taken Saturday morning, May ninth.

Miss Alice Merrill has returned to college.

Miss Louise Wood spent Sunday, May tenth, at Northampton, Mass.

Eta Phi.

Through an oversight our April notes were not prepared for that issue. Some of them are included in these May notes.

During the early part of last month a cousin from Brooklyn visited Miss Raynsford, and a party was given by the hostess to the girls of Eta Phi, which was one of the pleasantest of the year.

Since our last notes Miss Burchard's brother has been in Albany for two brief visits. Miss Burchard's father, also, was in Albany for a short time last month.

Several of the girls in the two-year course have completed their work, and, with one exception, are taking a long holiday in order to be rested before beginning their fall work.

Miss Jane Doyle has been retained as a teacher of algebra and mechanical drawing in the High School department, and now occupies a position on the faculty list.

Miss Jean Laing has been the guest of friends in Kingston, N. Y., for several weeks past, and will not return to Albany for some time longer.

Miss Adaline Raynsford has recently returned from a long visit in New York. For some time she was the guest of her cousin, Miss Helen Bainster, of Brooklyn, and later of Mrs. David G. Hoy, of New York, formerly Miss Margaretta Shanks, of Albany. After leaving New York Miss Raynsford made a short visit in Red Hook, as the guest of Miss Mabel Bryce, an Eta Phi girl, who is teaching there.

Miss Bessie Schaupp left Albany two weeks ago for Northville, N. Y., where she will spend the summer.

Miss Stuart also has been to New York since our last notes. She spent merely a week-end there, being obliged to see her oculist.

During the latter part of April Miss Daisy Andrus entertained over the week-end, a cousin from Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Burchard spent a week-end at her home in Norwich the latter part of April.

Miss Eaton went home for a short visit on May eighth, to remain until Monday.

The Misses Andrus and Trembly are anticipating a week-end visit at Lake Casenna, N. Y., in the near future. They will be the guests of the former's uncle, Mr. C. F. W. Smith, at his summer home there.

Miss Trembly expects a visit from her friend, Miss Mabel Hughes, of Utica, who will pass through Albany on an automobile trip.

Several of the Eta Phi were in the ranks of the "taggers" on May second, notably the Misses Andrus and Trembly and our honorable sister, Miss Clement.

On Tag Day a small afternoon party was given by the Misses Burchard and Eaton to the active members of Eta Phi.

Another party was given by Miss Harriet Osborn on the evening of May ninth.

One was given, also, by Miss Stuart during the latter part of April.

Eta Phi helped along the worthy object of the Y. W. C. A. bazaar by serving orange ice and cookies. The girls enjoyed the bazaar and were much pleased with the pretty bits of handi-

work and delicious "goodies" that they purchased there.

The girls had a very good time on the evening of May eighth, the occasion being the presentation by a number of Normal High School students of an amusing little play for the benefit of their school paper, "The Crimson and White." Most of the girls remained for the dancing which followed.

Some of the girls are learning to roller skate and have had many pleasant mornings at the Auditorium.

Both Miss Schapp, our president, and Miss Laing, our vice-president, being absent, the sorority last month elected a new officer. The unanimous choice was Miss Harriet Osborn, who ably and sweetly fills the double post.

Kappa Delta.

A pretty home wedding took place May sixteenth, at Crown Point, when Miss Julia Murdock was united in marriage to Mr. Harry North Peck, a civil engineer, of Albany. The bride was prettily attired in white silk batiste and carried a white shower bouquet. The matron of honor was Mrs. William Ensinger, sister of the bride, who was attired in pale gray crepe-de-chêne. The Misses Ada Reed and Katherine Hickok were the bridesmaids and were dressed in pink, carrying pink roses. The wedding breakfast was given immediately after the ceremony. The bridal pair will visit Washington and vicinity on their wedding trip. They were the recipients of many beautiful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Peck will make their future home at Waterford, N. Y.

The Kappa Deltas have organized a baseball team and are thinking of join-

ing ranks with the Pine Hills team. Subscriptions for arnica and antiphlogistin will be gladly received.

A regular meeting of the society was held May seventh. Miss Jane Shaw, who is now teaching in Rhinebeck, was present.

Miss Evelyn Austin was obliged during the past week to return to her home in Coxsackie, owing to an attack of tonsillitis.

Miss Cornelia Lansing spent Saturday and Sunday, May ninth, tenth, at the sorority house.

Miss Maude Burt has accepted a position to teach English in the Gloversville High School.

Miss Florence McKinlay has returned from her visit in New York and its vicinity and reports a very good time.

Miss Isabel Mentieth, of Canandaigua, daughter of Sir James Mentieth, of Scotland, spent a few days with her friend, Miss Mary Denbow, at the sorority house.

Miss Katherine Hickok's father recently spent the day with her in this city.

Kappa Delta has recently received the sad news of the death of Miss Katherine V. D. Merwin, '99, of Kinderhook. Miss Merwin was the first president of the sorority.

Miss Ada Reed, of Schenevus, spent Thursday night at the sorority house while she was on her way to Miss Murdock's wedding.

Psi Gamma.

All the girls returned from the Easter holiday ready to make the best of the last few weeks of this college year. Most of the girls spent the vacation

at their homes. Miss Mina Nitzschke visited in New York, Elizabeth, N. J., and Philadelphia.

A regular meeting of Psi Gamma was held April twenty-second at 106 Chestnut street. After the business and literary program a dainty spread was served, the main feature of which was real, fresh maple sugar from Miss Stuckman's home.

Miss Mina Nitzschke entertained Miss Grace Hovey, of Olean, for several days before vacation.

A social meeting of the society was held May thirteenth at Miss Fannie Pawel's. Social meetings are for fun, and that is what we had, isn't it, girls?

Miss Viola Carnrite and Miss Amy McGraw paid rather "flying" visits to S. N. C. friends lately. Viola's was especially "flying," for she caught the train back to her waiting school at Ravena only by a "sprint" to the depot.

Miss Ethel Sherman, S. N. C. '07, was recently a guest of Miss Fannie Pawel for the week-end.

Phi Delta.

A very enthusiastic meeting of the fraternity was held Friday evening, May eighth.

Preparations are under way for the final banquet. All the members are looking forward to a jolly time and the greeting of our former active members.

Mr. Brown has been teaching at Ravena.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The meeting scheduled for Wednesday, April eighth, was omitted so that everyone could attend the wedding of Miss Aurelia Hyde and Dr. William B.

Aspinwall. A poster, announcing this fact, was in the form of a wedding bell, on which was printed, "No Y. W. C. A. for Me," and the date.

The Easter vacation, April tenth to twentieth, found almost all of the students at home, and all returned after the short rest to their studies with renewed vigor.

The next meeting of "Y. W." was held April twenty-ninth. Miss Helen Bennett gave a very interesting talk on the "Duty of Controlling One's Speech." Miss Anna Thebo added to the enjoyment by giving a vocal solo.

Many posters announced that the Y. W. C. A. would give a sale on the first day of May, also on the evening of the second. Every student in the college was asked to contribute something, and in this way all became interested in the success of the affair. Fancy articles, beautiful bits of water-color, college and class pennants, college stationery, candy, salted peanuts and sherbet were sold, and almost thirty-five dollars was cleared. This money will be used to help different girls pay their expenses as delegates to Silver Bay.

As this is the first attempt of the sort ever held in the college by the association, we are very proud of the success achieved, and hope to make the experiment an established custom.

On May sixth we had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Pearl Archibald, a traveling secretary of the industrial work of the Y. W. C. A. in and about New York. She proved a most fascinating speaker and deeply interested us all in this great work that the Y. W. C. A. is doing in the factories. Before you decide where you shall take up your life work,

think seriously of the factory girls, for they need the brightest and most clever of our college graduates for their secretaries.

The intercollegiate committee wishes to announce to the students that the posters which appear on the bulletin board are to be exhibited at Silver Bay in June as a proof of our activities. Having told you of this, we hope that we may again put up attractive posters without fear of their disappearing.

Senior Class,

Our regular meetings are held every Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock.

Arrangements are being made for the celebration of Class Day. A complete list of the Class Day officers will appear in the next Echo.

The annual senior excursion and outing will probably be held on the first Saturday in June. Watch for a definite announcement and keep the date open.

A large per cent of the class have already secured positions for next year.

Sophomore Notes.

Vacation is over and all the students are once more hard at work. All the sophomores are busy delving into their books again.

The meeting held on Monday, May eleventh, was an extremely interesting one. The freshmen accepted our invitation to be present and seemed to enjoy the merry gathering. A piano duet was given by the Misses Van Auken and Ryland; Mr. Bassette favored us with a reading, and Miss Lucas recited for us. Several members of the class gave quotations from Dr. James, and the en-

tire class, with Miss Van Auken presiding at the piano, sang a class song and a college song with spirit. Each number on the program was admirably rendered and thoroughly enjoyed. At the conclusion of the meeting the freshmen went away chewing on sticks of candy.

Freshman Notes.

A special meeting of the freshman class was held on April twenty-third. In the regular meeting, on May seventh, Mrs. Mooney was accepted as an honorary member of the class.

Miss Edna M. Watson spent the Easter vacation with Miss Emma Conant at Granville. Miss Ella Watson spent her Easter vacation in Brooklyn.

Miss Marion G. Pierce has again returned to college after three weeks of illness.

Miss Rose Wilkinson spent Sunday, May tenth, with her parents at Saratoga.

We wonder to whom Miss Kartluke was referring, when in Latin class she spoke of "those terrible young men."

The freshmen attended the meeting of the sophomores May eleventh, and were enjoyably entertained.

Freshman Reception.

On the evening of May fifteenth, in Primary chapel, occurred one of the most pleasant receptions that the students and faculty have attended this year. The room was prettily decorated with pennants and green and white crêpe paper. Partly concealed in a corner was a magic tree, whose leaves revealed startling fortunes. In another corner was a lemonade booth. The program for the evening consisted of the Freshmen song, a scene from "The Merchant of Venice,"

by the Misses Lane, Windsor and Elsa Shaw, a reading by Miss Bertha Bott, a scene from "The Rivals" by the Misses Edith Scott and Bessie Deegan, vocal solos by the Misses Mary Norton and Mary Hotaling, and a violin solo by Mr. Albert Bacon. The accompanists were the Misses Chant and Larkin. All deserve high commendation. In accordance with the class colors, green and white ice cream was served, with little cakes of the same colors. The class have proven themselves very entertaining, and we wonder if the *green* is beginning to shade into the *blue*?

The Alumni

Miss Mary Ryan, '04, after a most successful year as vice-principal at Middle Granville, has been re-elected at a raise of fifty dollars.

G. Emmett Miller, principal at Middle Granville, has resigned his position there and will return to the S. N. C. next year to complete the college course.

William J. Randall, Jr., '07, principal at Saratoga, was in Albany recently.

Vincent G. Brown, '06, and a member of the class of '08, has been at the Ravena high school for a few days this month.

Edward G. Leefeldt, '06, principal at Staatsburg, called on friends in the city in the early part of the month.

Miss Cora E. Warner, '07, has been retained as principal at the West Hebron union school, at an increased salary.

Every lassie has her laddie,
To whisper words of love;
But every lassie has a daddy
To knock on the floor above.

Reviews

Arthur Henry Chamberlain's discussion of "The Condition and Tendencies of Technical Education in Germany" should prove valuable not only to the student of technical education as it exists in Germany, but especially to those who are trying to start and develop industrial and technical training in our own country. We can easily see how much attention is being paid to this phase of education in Germany from the mere classification of the schools, namely: Continuation schools, trade schools, secondary technical schools, schools for the building trades, schools for foremen, schools for the textile trades, industrial schools of Bavaria, higher technical schools and schools of industrial arts or art trade schools. This book is worthy of a careful perusal by those who are interested in improving the trade schools of America.

Mr. Draper's address, "Our children, Our Schools, and Our Industries," is very interesting and presents a subject well worth our careful consideration. This is practically a discussion of trade schools, and to show Mr. Draper's opinion of the present system of industrial training I can do no better than quote the following: "The public school system has had but little thought of craftsmanship, by which the greater part of the people must live, and upon which the moral and intellectual health of the people and the greatness of the nation must depend; the work of the schools has led almost exclusively to mere culture and to professional and managing employments; the efficiency of the teachers has been measured by the number and train-

ing of the pupils they send to the grade above, and thus the pupils have been led to think that the grade above was the good of life, and the grade above has led to literature and the sciences and to professional and managing vocations. This is operating both to the industrial and intellectual disadvantage of the country." Comparisons are drawn between our American trade schools and those in France and Germany, in which the last country seems to show up to the best advantage. He states in conclusion his suggestions and "tentative plans," which, if they could be carried out, would give every child his or her chance to select the work he or she would like to do, and to be exactly and definitely trained in it, and so uplift the industrial conditions of our country.

Exchanges

One of our best exchanges this month is the Hendrix College Mirror. This paper is published by the Franklin and Harlan societies of Hendrix College, Conway, Ark. This month the alumni number is published. The cover is especially attractive and the magazine contains two excellent articles "The Traditions of Our Fathers" and "Theodore Roosevelt, the Man and the Statesman."

The articles in the Revista de Educacion, Buenos Aires, give us an insight into the educational questions being considered outside our own little circle, and we find that moral and agricultural education are world-wide topics.

The Echo is proud of the Crimson and White, New York State Normal High School. It competes very well with some of the college papers received, especially in neatness and attractiveness.

The Northern Illinois for April is almost entirely given to a report of "The Contest" between the Glidden and Ellwood societies of that school. The essays and debate make us wish we might have been present at this contest.

The exchanges are in the reference library. Do not fail to read Dr. Aspinwall's article on "Education for Business Life," in the April American Education.

We missed "College Verse" in the Colgate Madisonensis for April 21, but that given in the number for May 5 is excellent.

Normal Advance, where are your exchanges?

The Cardinal (Plattsburg Normal) has an excellent exchange column, but is lacking in literary articles.

The Bulletin (State Normal School, Valley City, N. D.) is improving with each issue. Keep the good work up!

In winter it's chilly,
We imagine heat's sublime,
But don't we change our notion
"In the good old summer time."
— Ex.

Professor D—— (in German)— You may read, Miss S——.

Miss S.— Oh *dear*, I've lost the place.

Did it ever occur to you that on a railroad it's the freight and not the steam that makes the cargo?— Ex.

"Ex." placed after a joke means that it was once considered humorous, but that time has changed it so that it is no longer funny and has to become an ex-joke.— Ledger.

Did you ever hear the story about the two holes in the ground?

Well, well.

Did you ever hear the one about the peacock?

A beautiful tale.

Three is a crowd, and there were three:
He, the parlor lamp, and she;
Two is company, and no doubt
That is why the lamp went out.— Ex.

Prof S. (in History 2 just after vacation) — I think our last lesson was on Louis XIV.

Miss B.— No, it was on April 3, Mr. S——.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding house?" asked the young man who was contemplating a change.

"A table of waits and measures," replied his friend. "The former long and the latter short."—Chicago News.

"Of all mean words
That people know,
The meanest are:
I told you so."— Ex.

The joke editor may scratch a pen
Until the ends of her fingers are sore;
But some one's sure to remark with a sneer,

"Rats! How stale! I've heard that before!"— Ex.

Prof. D.—Miss D., suppose you read something especially fine, and it appeals to you, what do you immediately do?

Miss D.—Write something like it.

N. B.—Watch for the young authoress.

Perhaps the sophomore English class can learn something about the comma from the following:

THE NIMBLE LITTLE COMMA.

The comma is a small round dot,
With tail that's hung below it;
Though insignificant in size,
O'erlook it and you'll know it.

It chanced that once upon a time
A "deestric-skule director"
A maid heard tell the comma's use,
And thought that he'd correct her.

"They ain't no kind o' use to larn
Sech bloomin' nonsense ever;
A comma don't cut any ice
If used a lot or never."

The pupil asked then if she might
On blackboard show her meaning,
And got permission so to do,
(He thought her but a greening.)

Then on the board she deftly wrote
Where all the school could view it,
"The trustee said the girl's a fool."
(Aside: "I so construe it.")

Then up she spoke and said, "Kind sir,
No comma there is written,
But when each one is put in place
You'll be the one most smitten.

"A comma after 'trustee' there,
And after 'girl' a second,
Will make my meaning clear, I think;
Am I the fool still reckoned?"

She — Do you like tea?
He — Yes, but I like the next letter
better.— Ex.

Dr. R.—Remember that here "fidem"
doesn't mean *faithfulness*.
Miss D.—Oh, no, it means a *lyre*.

THE SCHOOLBOY BRAIN.

One of the most substantial and genuine of delights for those of humorous appreciation consists in a study of the answers made by schoolgirls and schoolboys in examination papers. A writer in the current "Harper's Weekly" has collected a new batch of these, of which the following specimens are among the most choice:

"Blood consists of two sorts of corkscrews—red corkscrews and white corkscrews."

Asked to explain what a buttress is, one boy replied, "A woman who makes butter."

One pupil defined "primate" as "the wife of a prime minister."

"Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees."

To the question, "What is a limited monarchy?" this answer was returned:

"A limited monarchy is government by a king who, in case of bankruptcy, would not be responsible for the entire national debt. You have the same thing in private life in limited liability companies."

Flo was fond of Ebenezer,
Eb. for short, she called her beau.
Talk of "tides of love!" Great Cæsar!
You should see 'em Eb. and Flo.
— Ex.

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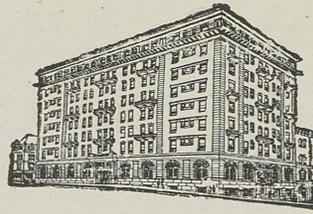
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