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**New York State College  
for Teachers**

**SEPTEMBER  
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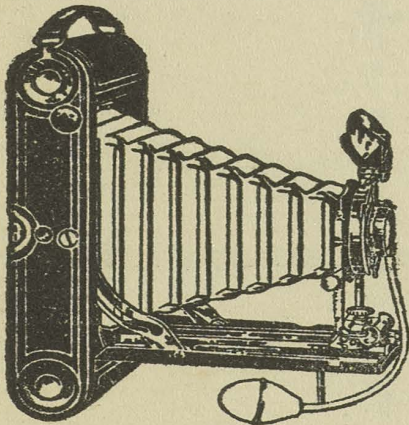
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# The Echo

VOL. XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 1

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## Literary Department

### Jimmy's Complaint

"What's the matter, Jim, ole man?" asked Reginald Stoninghouse Parsons Jr., (officially known as "Stony"), with that swaggering air of worldly knowledge so often assumed by boys from ten to fourteen years of age.

The person addressed as Jim certainly did look "down in the mouth," and he continued in silence for some time, dejectedly sucking a bent soda-straw, evidently a remnant of some past fête. At length, with plain disgust at his task, he burst out, "We've got a baby at our house."

"Ye don't mean it!" was Stony's sympathetic response.

"Yep, an' I don't see the use of it. It don't do nothin' but yell all day, an' at night I jest get asleep an' I hear it goin' agin. Yesterday Miss Payne, a nurse who looks like it—hurts her to smile, come down stairs an' said t' me, 'My dear little boy, your mother has something for you. Come with me.' So I went,

thinkin' maybe ma had bought me that sail boat I've been talkin' about fer so long, an' there was a little red lookin' thing on the bed squallin' two-forty an' punchin' th' air with his fists. An' ma says, 'Jimmy, here's a little brother to play with you!' Imagine me playin' with it! Why didn't they git a bigger one if they got it fer me? Well, so long, Stony, I'm goin' in an' see if it'll stop cryin' if I make faces at it."

'18.





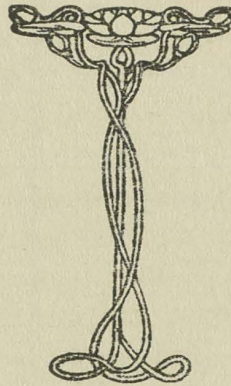
### Realism and Romance

The doctrines and teachings of realism appeal to the unimaginative, practical mind. A realist lives in the world as he finds it, and it is left to the lover of romance to build a world of his own where air castles filled with imaginary wonders tower high above seemingly imperishable cliffs. To the realist there is no such thing as romance. He lacks the power to create an imaginary wonderland out of everyday life. On the other hand, the man who is ever finding pleasure in fanciful dreams for the future often loses himself in his hopes and ideals, and finds neither the time nor courage to carry them out in actual practice. One must be both a romancer and a realist to plan out great deeds and execute them. All famous men appear to have had the elements of both romance and realism in their characters. Napoleon's dream of a universal empire was as romantic as any fiction, but his determined attempt to carry out his vision was the action of a true realist. Shakespeare's great plays are nothing more than the dreams of an unusual, wonderful romancer written down with painstaking care by the realist element in the man. Every one seems to have this dual nature, but in some the element of romance is stronger, in others that of realism.

The romantic element is stronger in most children. The sand pile in the old orchard to them is a mighty fort, and the stones they have piled about it are the heaviest of cannon balls. Only a child that has extraordinary realistic tendencies sits idle all day long wishing for some one or something to play with. The romantic child finds scores of playmates in his own imagination, and enjoys their society quite as much as if they were real children. It is a very common thing for a child to say that thunder is "God's wagon

rumbling across the sky” or that lightning is “God striking a match.” The romantic imagination of the child seeks for an explanation, and finds it in the realistic things of life—associating noise with wagons and light with matches. Thus even the small child is both a romancer and a realist.

E. C. B., '17.



### Examination Brilliants

“The Governor is the chief executive of the State. His two chief duties are to beg all pardons and fill all vacant chairs in the house.”

“Oxidation is the unison of oxygen and carbon.”

“The sheep dispenses the seeds of the sheep tick by catching in their coat and spreading them.”

“The woodpecker is brown and red with white spots about the size of a swallow.”

“The roothair is the little threadlike projection leading out of the brain and spreading all over towards the outer surface of the head.”

“The hydra produces verma cella and this in turn produces hydras.”

“Heart trouble may result from spitting in public places.”

Of the resuscitation of a drowning person —

“. . . The tongue should be held so that it cannot stop up the gullet. A hot pin is the easiest way to hold it. This is done by sticking it through the tongue.”

“The butterfly has an artificial midrib on the wing which makes it look like a leaf.”

“After the crayfish hatch, their morality is great.”

“Navigation without people is unusual.”

“Alcohol sometimes eats up the stomach of a person, so the owner of it is ruined.”

“Rosetta Stone was a missionary to Turkey.”

“Guerilla warfare is where the soldiers rode on guerillas.”

“Typhoid fever can be prevented by fascination.”

“Shad go up the river to spoon.”

“In the beginning, this collection of gaseous matter was known as the nebular hypothesis.”

Question — “Why do women receive smaller wages than men?”

Answer, by a boy (of course) — “ Because they are fisical and menteley inferior.”

“ Geometry teaches us how to bi-sex angles.”

Question — “ Name a mammal useful to man? ”

Answer — “ President Wilson is very useful to man.”

From a Zoology paper — “ Nymph is a fishlike form with a human head.”

“ The stomach is a part of the alimentary canal and is just south of the ribs.”

“ The oxygen’s horns were large.”

“ Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.”

“ The quarrel in the Civil War was whether the negroes were real or personal property.”

“ Ordinances against spitting in public places prevents the germ from being taken in by other people that are in the saliva of some one else and so prevent consumption.”

“ A mammal useful to man is the rubber tree for its rubber.”

“ The protogoan called the paramoecium moves by imaginary feet called cilia.”

“ The solar system is the most important system in the world.”

MARY I. EDWARDS, '16.

### Mars Extra

Friends and Fellow-Martians: Ever since the time of my great-grandfather, when a man was carried by some strange bird to such a height that he was able to see people moving about on the planet called Earth, there has been much curiosity concerning that world and its inhabitants. Having just returned from an extended stay there, I feel it my duty to satisfy your curiosity.

One day I was walking on Hipack mountain when I suddenly noticed what seemed to be a winged monster hovering over me. I was so astonished that I did not see a rope with a sort of double hook attached, dangling from the monster, until it had caught in my garments and suddenly jerked me upward. I was pulled into the creature, which proved to be a boat sailing in the air.

There were two men in the boat, and, to my relief, they seemed kindly disposed, though the barbarous way in which they were dressed led me to distrust them at first. They could speak only a harsh jargon, and my efforts to make them understand that I wished to return to Mars were unsuccessful.

Presently, I looked down and saw that we were near earth, in fact, about to land in the tallest building I have ever seen. Upon my honor, it was higher than Hipack mountain, which, as you know, is the highest spot in these parts. Having landed, my companions led me into a large cage, which immediately began to sink with great rapidity. I thought my last hour had come, but the citizens of earth did not seem startled.

The cage's fall ended with a much slighter bump than I expected, a door opened, and I was conducted into a street where all sorts of men and monsters were rushing to and fro. There were many of the creatures

which I afterward learned were called automobiles. These somewhat resemble our carts, but are much larger, and are not drawn by animals in the usual way. The beasts must be concealed underneath, but I cannot conceive what sort of creatures they can be to run so fast. I later ventured to look under one which was standing still, but doubtless the animal had been removed, for it was not visible.

My companions hurried me down a staircase to a large room, in which stood a monster more awful than any I had seen before. It was as long as Salmon river and had a great many eyes, like balls of fire. Imagine my terror when I learned that I was expected to go inside this creature. Suddenly it began to move, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, until it seemed to me we must be flying through the darkness. Finally we stopped, and I was glad to follow my earth-friends out into a large room and up a flight of stairs to the light.

We must have flown some distance, for the buildings were smaller here. We entered one, and my friends amused themselves by talking to boxes which seemed to answer them through handles attached to the box by a cord. Truly, these men of earth do strange things.

It had begun to grow dark by the time the men tired of this play, and they led me through streets, lighted with balls of a peculiar kind of fire, which hung from poles. We entered a large house. One of the men pushed a little knob on the wall, and, to my amazement, balls of fire appeared in the roof. If I were to try to describe all the surprises of the next few hours, I should never end. I was given awful mixtures to eat; was offered flavored hot water, which they called tea; watched my friends try to set fire to themselves by putting one end of a peculiar stick into their mouths,

lighting the other end, and letting it burn; and was expected to sleep on a platform-like arrangement, which would have been quite comfortable, had I been able to keep from falling off. My friends did not have this trouble, so perhaps there was some knack about it which could be acquired by practice.

My hosts were building an aeroplane, which was similar to the one which had carried me off; and I became quite familiar with the machinery by which they hoped to make it fly. When weary of this, I spent much time talking with various people by means of signs which they were very quick to understand, as a result of their habit of often going to see strange pictures in which forms like men moved about and talked in sign language. In this way I learned many curious things. For instance, they spend many years in acquiring an education and read books thousands of years old, yet when I addressed the wisest of them in my native tongue, they assumed blank expressions and did not seem at all ashamed of their ignorance.

Each day brought something new and wonderful, until at last I ceased being surprised at anything. Nothing seemed impossible.

One afternoon I was alone in the house amusing myself with a peculiar box called a victrola. If any one placed a black disk on the top of this box and turned the handle a few times, agreeable sounds would be heard. I was so interested in this strange toy that I did not notice anything unusual, until a peculiar noise at the window caused me to look out. Accustomed as I was to new sights, I was startled to see the streets flooded with water, which was rapidly growing deeper. A man was passing in a boat and shouting that New York was sinking.

I rushed to the roof and watched the water become deeper and deeper. I realized it would soon cover the

roof too and looked about for a way to safety. My eye fell upon the aeroplane, which had been completed the previous day. In another moment I had jumped in, pressed the engine starter, and found myself once more sailing through the air.

Soon I began to wonder which way to steer my craft, for I knew it would not go on indefinitely. Should I fly inland, away from the flood and trust to making friends among the savages, or should I attempt to return home? I was not long deciding upon the latter course, and as a result arrived safely yesterday afternoon.

EDNA G. THOMPSON, '18.





**Three Tiny Beds**

There stand the three tiny beds in a row —  
Three tiny pillows for three tiny heads!  
Why do I linger and yearn o'er them so?  
Over the three tiny beds?

Smooth out the first little pillow with care —  
See the rose flush on the warm little face —  
Kiss the sweet lips and the smooth silken hair —  
Hold in a close embrace.

There lies the second — my stubbly-haired boy —  
Brown chubby hand under brown chubby cheek —  
Even in sleep he is smiling for joy —  
One might expect him to speak.

Now as I kneel by the third tiny bed —  
There in the pillow thro' tears I can see  
A tiny hollow, but no curly head  
Where a head used to be.

Where has it gone — that third tiny head?  
Where is the little crib's occupant fair?  
Is there an angel guarding this bed —  
One that has curly hair?

JESSIE E. LUCK, '14.

### A Descendant of Noah

The rain was descending in torrents. A second deluge seemed imminent. I stood balanced upon a slippery rock by an Adirondack road and gazed disconsolately at our car, which had been stuck in the mud for more than an hour. Another automobile had driven up behind it and of necessity was awaiting our departure. A stout lady, clad in a black satin dress, white silk stockings, and patent-leather pumps, was perched on the rock next to mine. She seemed quite annoyed at the delay, but I don't know why she should have blamed us, we couldn't help it.

"Sensible people get out of their car *before* they come to a mud-hole, not after. *We* always get out before."

Deigning no reply, I calmly removed my recently blackened hat, from which shoe-blackening and rain were trickling down my neck.

"When you have driven a car as long as we ——"

I rudely turned my back upon her and proceeded to build a road by throwing cobblestones into the soft mud. After having walked up several mountainous hills in the rain, I was in no mood for trifling. I took gloomy delight in hurling the stones so that the mud flew in all directions; but presently my mother made me stop, and even that slight and innocent pleasure was denied me. In despair I gazed down the road, but I turned back delighted, for a car had just appeared which contained five stalwart men. What matter if the car was a Ford, and the men had been worshipping Bacchus a little too ardently? They all helped to shove our car from the ditch. Exultantly we entered and went on our way.

At last we arrived at a house. Its appearance was not prepossessing, and so we stopped merely for information. Two women appeared at the door and told

us that the road ahead was worse than that behind. It was twenty-two miles to the next town, and night was fast approaching. There seemed nothing to do except stay where we were; but, strange to say, the woman didn't want to keep us. Yes, they kept boarders, but the house was pretty well filled just now. However, she'd ask Abe. Abe appeared unwilling, but finally consented to let us remain.

The interior of the house was even less attractive than its exterior. There was no plaster, but merely paper pasted over the rough board wall. The old Franklin stove in the living-room had no fire in it, and no one offered to start one. The three visible chairs were old and rickety. We had been conducted into this room but were not shown where to go next. Presently my father entered with some wood and started a fire around which we gathered in a vain attempt to get dry. There was nothing to read except some three-year-old magazines of questionable character. Finally the slovenly girl who had come to the door when we arrived, entered with a lamp and offered to conduct us to our sleeping quarters. Ascending an open stairway, we arrived in a sort of loft partitioned into rooms. The partitions did not reach the ceiling, and there were no doors. Thin red curtains took their place. I groaned inwardly while the girl was there and outwardly when she was gone. But we were obliged to say nothing and make the best of it.

After supper we girls went to bed. The partitions and floors were so thin that if one moved in one room the whole house shook, and every sound could be heard from the cellar upward. In spite of this we soon fell asleep.

It seemed as if I had been sleeping but a short time when I heard an automobile drive up, and men talk outside. The moon had come out, and in its light I

could see by my watch that it was two o'clock. I was just about to go to sleep again when I heard a man say,

"Take 'er out careful, Abe."

What could he mean? I lay and listened but could distinguish nothing more that was said, although I knew that the people had entered the house. Presently my room grew very warm, and I discovered that the stove-pipe going through it was too hot to touch. I caught a faint odor. Ugh! It was burning hair! What a place we had gotten into! Presently I heard a girl laugh and a man sternly command her to "Shut up."

How horrible it was! Now I could smell flesh burning and hear bones being sawed. I pulled the blankets about my head, and, as I lay there nearly suffocating, recollections came to me of all the dreadful stories I had ever heard about mountain hold-ups and murders. I didn't dare to move, but I was so frightened that I could scarcely lie still.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the morning when I went down to breakfast, every one seemed so calm that I was half ashamed of my terror of the previous night. The only signs of the recent disturbance were two strange men at breakfast and a revolver lying on the table in the sitting room. When the men departed in their car, I heard one say,

"Well, Abe, I'll be up in a couple of weeks for a good time — and lots of venison."

The last was spoken in an undertone, and the deer season did not open for a month, but even then my mystery had to be explained to me.

MAUD ROSE, '18.

### Cause Unknown

On the broad summit of a certain hill in the Berkshires a girl lay reading. The light wind rustled the leaves of the white birches near her and brought the odor of blueberries to her nostrils. Every few moments she would put aside her book, eat some blueberries from the bushes near her, and admire the hawk circling overhead, the wooded hills nearby, and, far below, the blue lake bordered by a dusty road. She turned again to her book —

“And I tell thee truly, the sun shall rise in the west with blood-red light, men shall battle everywhere with each other, and thou shalt perish.”

It was the writing of the prophet, an imaginative student, who felt that the world was entirely bad and doomed to destruction in the near future. Ena shut the book with a bang. She had found it in the road, where it had been dropped by a summer boarder, and had expected an interesting novel, but now she was disappointed. Slowly she walked down the lane to her home.

That night Ena dreamed. It was midnight. She was on the hill of the birches in her night garments, and the wind blew, but the birches did not whisper as formerly. Everything was silent, black, and foreboding. Suddenly an awful, lurid light from the west reddened everything. The hills, the trees, the lake — all were stained with the gloomy, terrifying color. Then in the western gap the scarlet sun rose! Ena could see the people below clad in their white night-clothes climbing to their roof tops to watch the phenomenon. Then in the same deep silence the sun sank back, and all was dark again. Ena walked down the lane toward home, thinking of the words of the prophet. A huge black dog came bounding beside her, accompanied her home, and insisted on sleeping in her bed.

Suddenly the scene changed. It was war time in some very mountainous country. Men marched away in small companies. Great wagon loads of provisions were being sent to the front. Ena went with one of them, but she did not ride all the way. Sometimes she would get off and look down on the valleys between the mountains — steep-sided, deep, and dreary. During one of these trips, she was walking toward a deep crevasse, when a soldier seemed to rise out of a narrow crack in the ground, and in his hands, her long, white hair trailing down, was the head of Ena's mother. The girl uttered a cry of utmost grief and terror, and the black dog, which she had not seen since the red night, sprang to her side. Ena felt herself going mad. She rushed toward the soldier to snatch the gruesome object from his hands, but he melted away from her grasp, only to reappear a few yards farther on. After two or three attempts, Ena ran wildly to the cliff which formed one of the walls of a crevasse nearby and threw herself over. Down, down, down she went. Then suddenly she seemed to be at the top of the cliff watching her own descent. At length the body, crumpled up in a queer-shaped heap, struck bottom and was still. Its spirit had departed this life.

In the morning Ena's mother went to her daughter's bed to awaken her. The girl was dead.

The physician announced, "Fatal syncope; cause unknown."

ELSIE SHANKS, '18.

### The Legend of St. Anthony's

On an elevated plain, overlooking the quaint little town of Onangehela, stands a great cathedral. "Incongruous!" you say. "You wouldn't find such a building in a small and practically unknown place." But listen to the story, the tale that has won St. Anthony's fame; the tale that the simple villagers love to tell.

Long years ago, when the plain was only meadow land and the cows munched the daisy-decked grass at will, there lived at Onangehela, Anthony Caldwell, beloved of all. The man had seen much sorrow, for he and his ten-year-old granddaughter were the only survivors of a large family. However, his experience had not embittered him; indeed, he seemed to have been mellowed and sweetened through grief, and he and little Alicia lived happily in their snug cottage.

Next to Alicia, Anthony prized his violin most dearly. The villagers whispered that in his youth, before he had come to Onangehela, he had been a great musician — but beyond that they were forced to shake their heads in perplexity. There was a mystery somewhere, to that they all agreed. However, there were few travelers who came to Onangehela, and those who did knew nothing of the man, so since Anthony Caldwell himself chose to be reticent, the mystery remained unsolved.

Whatever his former vocation in life there was no doubt as to his musical talent. And at no time did he play more appealingly than when, on Sunday afternoons, accompanied only by his two treasures, little Alicia and his violin, Anthony sought the fields of Onangehela. When the sky was bluest, and drifts of clouds, white and fluffy as cotton, sailed lazily about, when the wild flowers put on their gayest colors to

tempt the slowly passing bees; when the trees whispered gently in the light breeze, then it was that Anthony played from his heart. At these times such strains of poignant sweetness sounded through the calm of the afternoon, that the villagers would almost involuntarily cease their occupations and whisper, "Anthony's up on the hill a-playin' to Alica."

But it was not to Alicia that her grandfather played. Still less was it to the people of Onangehela. He played to the sky, the flowers, the trees. It was the cry of his soul to his God as made manifest by great Nature herself, and who dares assert that he received no response to his call? No one ever knew the dreams Anthony dreamed upon that plain. No one ever interpreted the music of his violin as the baring of his very soul, but it was certain that when he returned in the soft dusk from his mountain, his eyes were brighter, his step firmer, his tone gentler than before.

There came a day when the simple townfolk were startled by the cry of "Fire!" Upon running in the direction of the cry, they found Anthony's home flame-enveloped. They succeeded in saving the old man and his granddaughter — but his cherished violin, the confidant of his heart, was destroyed by the hungry flames.

A kind neighbor opened her doors to the homeless man and child, and scarcely realizing what had happened, Anthony Caldwell dazedly accepted the invitation. After the loss of his violin, the old man was never the same. For hours at a time he would wander through the fields. Nor would he attempt to play upon the instrument his friends good-heartedly provided. The music was locked within his breast. He could not free it, and he was pining away because of his inability to express it. With the violin that had accompanied him through the joy of his youth as well as the sorrow of his old age, had departed Anthony Caldwell's heart and the music of his being. Without it, he



could not live, so he welcomed death, as it came slowly but surely to him.

Before his "release," as he came to look upon death, he requested that he be cremated and his ashes scattered over the plain which had been the scene of the communion of man and violin. The good villagers followed the instructions of the white-haired violinist, and out of the fullness of their hearts, started a fund to be devoted to the erecting of a church on the plain, in memory of Anthony Caldwell. The sum grew with surprising rapidity, but it was only after years of loving labor that the beautiful St. Anthony's Cathedral was completed as a living monument to the musician of Onangehela.

And many assert that when the sky is bluest, and drifts of clouds, white and fluffy as cotton, sail lazily about it; when the wild flowers put on their gayest colors to tempt the slowly passing bees; when the trees whisper gently in the light breeze, that above the pealing of the great organ can be heard strains of such poignant sweetness, that the villagers almost involuntarily cease their occupations and whisper, "Anthony's up on the hill, a-playin' to Alicia."

ELOISE LANSING, '18.



# The Echo

VOL. XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 1

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## Editorial Department

We say good-day to you, newcomers, and to you, old friends; we say a Prosperous, Happy School Year to you all! Prosperous in favorable returns at the end — to be sure — but more in a realization of growth! Happy in the friendships you will make, and the hundred and one small ties that will bind you the more

closely to Our College; happy in the sharing of her projects, hopes, and troubles; but happiest in the knowledge that we trust will come to you of the value of service!

---

### Can You Get It Over?

The audience smiled expectantly when Mr. A. stepped on the platform. He gave the prescribed glance of recognition, the very slightest pause, and began. I remember the dignified studied presence, his gestures — very graceful, his voice — big, perfectly trained and modulated, the few appointed steps now to the left, now to the right, with feet devoid of consciousness. I remember the burst of applause at his closing, and this elevating remark of a transported neighbor: “Didn’t he speak his piece grand?” — I remember all this — but, somehow, I don’t remember *what he said*. I listened, too, but a moment after his conclusion I could not have told you his theme.

The second speaker was announced. He was rather little, rather shriveled, rather scared, altogether nonde-script. Strange, isn’t it, but that is all I remember about him — except *what he said*. I didn’t try particularly to get his message. I couldn’t help it.

And there you have the difference. What do all the gestures, voice, and training in the world amount to if you don’t get your story over? This rather little, rather shriveled, rather scared, altogether nonde-script bit of humanity had something to say that he wanted us to hear. He forgot his voice, his feet, and his gestures. So did we. But he remembered us and his story, and we received him and his offering.

I didn’t see how the others of that audience welcomed him. I was too busy trying to control my own rampant feelings. But the quiet was very quiet when

he had finished; and the voice that announced the third speaker sounded somewhat strained, a wee bit suspicious; and I heard no transported neighbor remark: "Didn't he speak his piece grand?"

And so let us girl school teachers and boy school teachers who may be rather little, rather shriveled, rather scared, and altogether nonde-script — just remember that if we really have a "story" and get our "story" over we stand a far better show in this world than the Venus or Apollo that "speaks his piece grand."

The ECHO Board have appointed Mr. Francis Connors to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Long from the office of Advertising Manager.

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### News Department

#### Y. W. C. A.

Class of 1919, now that you have become one of us, you will share with us our life, and we feel confident that among other organizations to which you will add your staunch support will be our Y. W. C. A., whose aim is — service to our College by uniting its young women in good fellowship, and by shaping our college life according to the highest standards of Christian living.

The regular meetings of this organization are held weekly. They are led by students, by our faculty friends, and occasionally by outside speakers. You will find them helpful, and certainly your presence will be a stimulation. At all events, come to the first meeting, which will be of an informational character, and learn more fully of the Y. W. C. A. in your College. Later will come the Silver Bay meeting when you will

hear about that wonderful spot on Lake George where summer conferences are held. In June, 1915, seventeen girls represented our College at the Y. W. C. A. conference for college girls. They were: Doris H. Smith, Anna Gordineer, Edith W. Case, Harriet Tedford, Sarah K. Lott, Dorothy Graninger, Hazel Wilson, and Elsie M. Austin, all of 1916; and Myra L. Du Mond, Marion I. Blodgett, Hildred M. Griffin, Lucile Hale, Mildred P. Henry, Ruth L. Dixon, Sabrina Gaylord, and Edith O. Wallace, all of 1917.

You are most cordially invited to all the social functions given for the College under Y. W. C. A. As long as the weather permits, we shall have evening "Sings" on the campus week-ends. Then there will be receptions and parties during the year, and you must not miss them.

Y. W. C. A. is attempting to supply one need felt in our College this year, namely, the publication of a S. C. T. song book. Your support of this enterprise is earnestly solicited.

Soon you will be asked to join this organization. By so doing you will be taking your stand for what is finest and loveliest in college life — Christian ideals.

*Watch the bulletin board for notices of all meetings and social events.*

---

### The College Club

Freshman! Have *you* joined the College Club? If you haven't, give your name to the first of its officers that you meet, for we need you, and after you've been at just one of our meetings we hope that you'll want us.

Watch the bulletin board for notices of the time and place of our meetings. Then come to hear an address

by somebody well worth hearing, it may be Prof. Risley, whom you all know; Judge Brady, of Albany's Police Court; Dr. Richardson, whose reminiscences are delightful; or any one of a score of others to whom we are all glad to listen.

The officers for this year are as follows:

President.....Theda Mosher, '16  
 Vice-President.....Eleanor Dunn, '18  
 Secretary.....Helen Ross, '18  
 Echo Reporter.....Ethel Houck, '17  
 Program Committee.....Edna Albert, '16;  
 Mildred Lawrence, '17; Maude Rose, '18

There are no dues and few duties. We'll welcome you

---

### Promethean

The Promethean Society held its annual banquet last June. Much praise is due those who had charge, for the decorations and menu were beyond expectation. President Horowitz acted as toastmaster and Mr. Louis Ward and Miss Jessie Dunseith delivered addresses. At the close of the banquet the following officers were elected for the ensuing semester:

Jessie Dunseith .....President  
 Dorothy Granniger .....Vice-President  
 Mary Noon .....Secretary  
 Eloise Lansing .....Treasurer  
 Edward Long .....Critic  
 George Cooper .....Sergeant-at-Arms

The society had a very prosperous year, the meetings being interesting and well attended. Promethean was especially fortunate in securing Mr. Horowitz as president. We extend to him our thanks for his able administration.

Promethean is also fortunate in her selection of Miss Dunseith as the next president. Under her administration the prosperity of the society is assured.

Promethean greets the new comers to S. C. T. and desires to make the acquaintance of all those interested in literature, debate or parliamentary usage.

---

### Delta Omega

Katherine Odell, Marion Blodgett, Hildred Griffin, Fannie Leach, Helen Rosebrook, Ruth Evans, Ruth Bayer, Mildred Fleming and Bertha Reedy extend their greeting to the College from the Delta House on Western avenue.

Our officers for this year are:

|                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Ruth F. Evans.....    | President               |
| Bessie Race .....     | Vice-President          |
| Marion Blodgett ..... | Recording Secretary     |
| Mildred Fleming...    | Corresponding Secretary |
| Maud Rose .....       | Treasurer               |
| Agnes Futterer .....  | Critic                  |
| Carolyn Bennett ..... | Echo Reporter           |

The marriage of Olive Ely to Clarence Fischle occurred on August 14.

Hildred Griffin taught for five weeks in summer school in Newburgh.

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### Eta Phi

Eta Phi welcomes you, Freshmen, and wishes you good luck throughout the year.

At the last regular meeting of Eta Phi the following officers were elected:

|                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Elsie Austin ..... | President      |
| Theda Mosher ..... | Vice-President |

|                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| Doris Quinn .....      | Secretary     |
| Hazel Wilson .....     | Treasurer     |
| Verna McCann .....     | Chaplain      |
| Anna Nelson .....      | Marshal       |
| Doris Smith .....      | Critic        |
| Elmetta Van Deloo..... | Echo Reporter |

The girls in the Sorority House this fall are: Elsie Austin, Helen Kelso, Jennie Muhlemann, Theda Mosher, Doris Smith and Hazel Wilson.

During the summer the engagement of Miss Louise W. Clement, the English critic, to Professor Harry W. Hasting was announced.

On September 9th Lillian Farnham was married to Harold F. Andrews of Albany. They will reside at 83 South Pine avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Ruth Oliver, '15, is taking a post-graduate course at Pratt Institute.

The engagement of Sarah Trembly, '11, to Harry Weaver has been announced. They will be married in October and make their home in Utica, N. Y.

---

### Kappa Delta

Kappa Delta girls bid you welcome, Freshmen, and hope that you will soon grow to love S. C. T. as much as we, who know her better, do.

The new officers who take up their duties this fall are:

|                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Mary I. Allen.....    | President               |
| Frances Larmon .....  | Vice-President          |
| Ruth Mosely .....     | Recording Secretary     |
| Louise Burleson....   | Corresponding Secretary |
| Adele Hedges .....    | Treasurer               |
| Edith Case .....      | Chaplain                |
| Harriet Tedford ..... | Critic                  |
| Eleanor Dunn .....    | Echo Reporter           |



Kappa Delta wishes to express loving sympathy for its president, Mary Allen, in the recent loss of her father.

The house girls this year are: Anne McIntosh, '16; Bessie Baremore, '16; Katherine Ensign, '16; Edith Case, '16; Frances Larmon, '16; Marguerite Stewart, '17; Ruth Mosely, '17; Minnie Feder, '17; Mildred White, '17; Elizabeth MacMachon, '18; LeMoyne Gillette, '18; Adele Hedges, '18, and Louise Burleson, '18. With these inmates No. 116 North Allen is not apt to suffer from dullness.

---

### Psi Gamma

Officers for 1915:

|                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| President .....              | Clara Anderson   |
| Vice-President .....         | Dorothy Graniger |
| Treasurer .....              | Nina Johns       |
| Corresponding Secretary..... | Doris Sweet      |
| Recording Secretary.....     | Olive Horning    |
| Critic .....                 | Margaret Christ  |
| Echo Reporter.....           | Elizabeth Curran |

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### Kappa Delta Rho

A new chapter of Kappa Delta Rho, a national fraternity, has been organized in this College. On June 10, 1915, occurred the initiation and banquet. Following this the officers were installed by members of the fraternity from Middlebury College and Cornell University. The charter members are: George W. Cooper, John McNeill, Ray Townsend, James Walker, Arthur Burns, Reinart Hohans, John Crehan, Sylvester Maguire, Dewitt Townsend, Jacques Horowitz, Joseph Walker, Alfred Dedicke, Raymond O'Connell, Ralph Floody, and Prof. Sayles honorary member

## Alumni Department

Commencement last June was marked by a new feature in the form of Alumni Day. Many graduates returned to celebrate this event. At ten o'clock Saturday morning, June 12th, the representatives of the various classes lined up in groups at the Robin street college entrance. They marched through the College, across the campus and back again to the front entrance where each class entertained the spectators with a "stunt." The Class of 1914 — the youngest alumni members — returned as infants in long dresses and baby caps. With them were still younger babies, the Messrs. Quackenbush and Reynolds, '15, who demanded the constant care of the ever-watchful Charles. The flowers of 1912 were an attractive feature. 1910 — the first class to graduate from our Alma Mater as a College — appeared as pioneers in appropriate costume. Many other classes were represented, the members of which entertained with their songs and cheers. The procession then proceeded to the Auditorium where a business meeting was held and the officers for the following year elected. When this part of the program was completed an attractive luncheon was served in the gymnasium by members of the Class of 1916.

### 1915

Ruth Bissel, '15, is teaching in the Tuxedo High School, at Tuxedo, N. Y.

E. Louise Carmody, '15, is assisting in the Chemical Laboratory under Prof. Bronson this year.

Edith A. Carr, '15, is teaching English in the Schenectady High School.

Mary E. Horan, '15, has a position in the Glen Cove High School, at Glen Cove, N. Y.

Clarence A. Hidley, '15, is assisting in the History Department under Prof. Risley this year.

Lena C. Knapp, '15, is teaching at Wallkill, N. Y.

Dorothy McCabe is teaching in the Lowville Academy, Lowville, N. Y.

Hermine Stuckman, '15, has a position in Fishkill High School, at Fishkill, N. Y.

Dorothy H. Hailes, '15, is studying art and design in New York.

Grace G. Mead, '15, is teaching in the Tuxedo High School, at Tuxedo, N. Y.

Barbara B. Pratt, '15, has a position in Spring Valley, N. Y.

Neil R. Quackenbush, '15, is teaching in Round Lake, N. Y.

Ethel M. Rose, '15, has a position in the Cambridge High School, in Cambridge, N. Y.

Mabel Schmidt, '15, has a position in Binghamton, N. Y.

Pearl B. Shafer, '15, is at her home in Albany, N. Y., this year.

Almira Waring, '15, is teaching in the Tuxedo High School, at Tuxedo, N. Y.

#### 1914

Edith F. Casey, '14, is teaching in Roxbury, N. Y.

Orris B. Emery, '14, is doing graduate work in Cornell University.

Abbie C. Franklin, '14, is teaching in Waterford, N. Y.

Harold W. Goewey, '14, is principal of the Wallkill High School.

Mrs. Gerald S. Pratt, *nee* Rachel A. Griswold, '14, is living in Spring Valley, N. Y.

Eva F. Hayes, '14, is teaching Latin in the Albany High School.

Marguerite W. Pearsall, '14, has a position in the Albany High School.

Gerald S. Pratt, '14, is assistant principal of the Spring Valley High School.

Louis B. Ward, '14, is teaching History in the Albany High School.

Jennie Davis, '14, and Marion A. Wheeler, '14, are members of the faculty of the Spring Valley High School, at Spring Valley, N. Y.

Chester J. Wood, '14, is teaching Chemistry and Physics in the Lansingburgh High School, in Lansingburgh, N. Y.

Margaret K. Preston, '14, is assisting in the Hygiene Laboratory in Albany, N. Y.

Ethel A. Stewart, '14, is teaching in the Loudonville Academy.

J. Harry Ward, '14, has a position in the Loudonville Academy, in Loudonville, N. Y.

### 1913

Alice Toole, '13, is teaching in the Tuxedo High School.

Marion Ploss, '13, is doing graduate work in Cornell University this year.

Julien Miles, '13 H. E., is teaching Domestic Science in the Tuxedo High School, in Tuxedo, N. Y.

Amy Wood, '13, has a position in the Niagara Falls High School.

Dorothy Church, '13, is teaching in the Waterford High School, in Waterford, N. Y.

Sylvia Rogers, '13, has a position in Geneseo Normal, teaching German.

Laura Bristol, '13, is at her home in Ovid, N. Y.

1912

Helen Schermerhorn, '12, is teaching in the Saratoga High School.

1911

Ada Edwards, '11, is teaching in the Schenectady High School.

1910

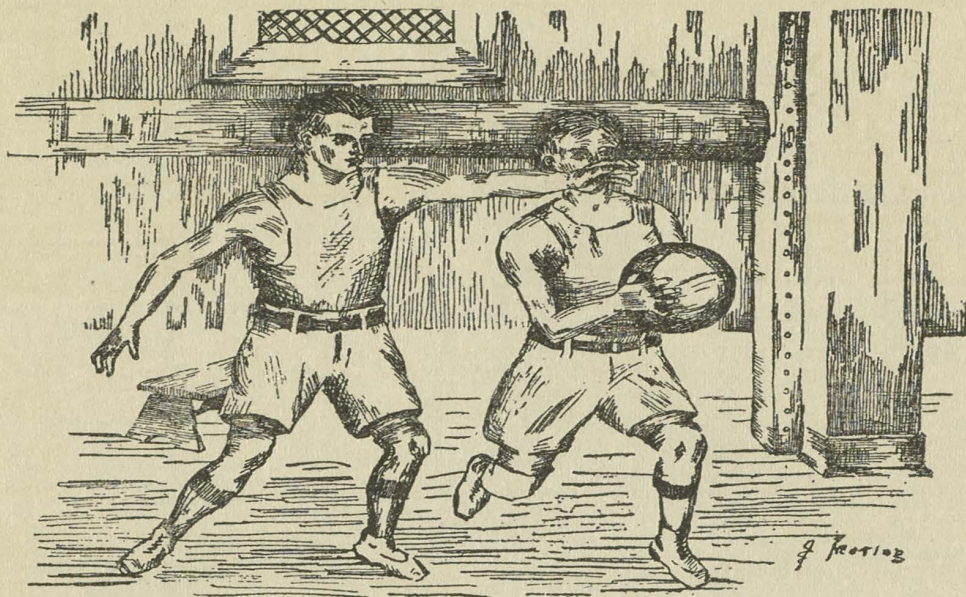
Mary Denbow, '10, is teaching Mathematics in the Schenectady High School.





Inasmuch as college papers are inactive during the summer we can report no exchanges. During the coming year, however, we expect to hear from the following papers: *The Concordiensis*, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; *The Crimson and White*, College High School, Albany, N. Y.; *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; *The Mirror*, Hendrix College, Conway, Ark.; *The Mount Holyoke*, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.; *The Ridge*, William Smith College, Geneva, N. Y.; *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; *The Westminster Holcad*, Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.





## Athletic Department

### *Girls' Athletic Association*

We are glad to give a word of welcome to the entering class of 1919 and we hope before long to become better acquainted with you through athletics. The Girls' Athletic Association stands for the promotion of all kinds of athletic sports and good times as well. "Gym frolics" for the members of the Association are held often and you can't afford to miss these opportunities to enter into the college life and spirit.

Again the Association feels a strangeness caused by the loss of its leader, Miss Estabrook, who has accepted a position as Physical Instructor at the Eastern State Normal School, Charleston, Ill. We feel sure, however, that every girl will give Miss Grey, our new director, a most hearty welcome and loyal support during this year.

The Association will be glad to welcome a larger number of Freshmen to its membership than ever before. The dues are very small and the enjoyment you obtain is very large. Then, too, all girls entering athletic contests must be members of the Association.

All notices for the Athletic Association are posted on the bulletin board in the lower hall, and Freshmen are urged to watch it carefully.







A moderately fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villain!" the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed!"

"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on his son's collar, "not bloodshed — woodshed."

---

"Shine yer boots, sir?"

"No," snapped the man.

"Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in 'em?" urged the bootblack.

"No, I tell you!"

"Coward!" hissed the bootblack.

---

"Is that you, dear?" said a young husband over the telephone. "I just called up to say that I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner to-night, as I am detained at the office."

"You poor dear," answered the wife sympathetically, "I don't wonder. I don't see how you manage to get anything done at all with that orchestra playing in your office. Good-bye."

---

"Ugh!" spluttered Mr. Jones, "that nut had a worm in it."

"Here," urged a friend, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."

"Wash it down!" growled Jones. "Why should I? Let him walk!"

*English as She Is Parsed*

I have a copper penny,  
And another copper penny,  
Well, then, I know I have  
Two copper pence.  
I have a Cousin Jenny,  
And another Cousin Jenny,  
Well, then, pray do I have  
Two Cousin Jence?

— *Carolyn Wells.*

---

The literary boarder fastened his eye upon the hash.  
“Kindly pass the Review of Reviews,” he said.

---

A gentleman of Arizona once hanged himself to a  
bed-post by his suspenders. The verdict of the  
coroner’s jury was:

“Deceased came to his death by coming home full  
and mistaking himself for his pants.”



## READ THIS!

**H**OW much does "The Echo" mean to you as an institution of this College? Your estimate of its value *must be* and *is* judged by your patronage of the various concerns advertising within its covers. They are the ones who make possible its publication. Will you not, therefore, show your appreciation of this fact, and patronize *only* the merchants patronizing us. Display your College spirit by mentioning "The Echo" when shopping.—Adv. Managers.

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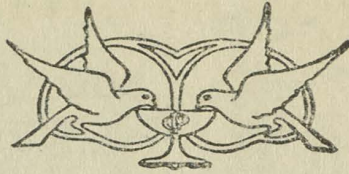
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