









# **-THE-ECHO-**



**November, 1910**

**Albany,**

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**New York**



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## THE ECHO

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# THE ECHO

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XIX

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 3<sup>o</sup>

## Literary Department

### "The Pilgrim Fathers."

From the skies of merry England to the cold, forbidding grandeur  
Of the forest and the desert and the rock-bound ocean shore;  
From the gentler clime of Homeland, from the Fatherland of  
ages  
To the strange and distant Nomansland, their home for ever-  
more,  
Came the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers; in the grim, hard days of  
yore.  
Barren rocks and dreary forest, killing cold and hostile native;  
Wresting from their stern New England, food to keep away the  
famine;  
Huddling close in deadly terror of the wild marauding savage;  
Far away from old time friendships, far from England still be-  
loved,



In a lonely land of danger; there they fought 'gainst cold and  
 famine,  
 'Gainst the wild beast and the red man; struggled with the stub-  
 born sternness  
 Of the rough, unyielding country, of the wild primeval forest.  
 These they fought and they conquered  
 In the grim hard days of yore.

E. G. S., '13.

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This represents the original development of a class assign-  
 ment. The work of the English classes *should* supply the Liter-  
 ary Department with *all* its material and it is with great pleas-  
 ure that we are able to find such an excellent proof of that obli-  
 gation. Let others follow in the path which has here been  
 broken, and so fulfill our highest expectations.

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### Waiting, for What ?

Work and activity done,  
 Mortal race struggled and run,  
 Yet, is her life but begun?  
 Waiting, for what?

Childhood's earth-paradise gone,  
 Gone the first glory of dawn,  
 Fled like a wild startled fawn,  
 Waiting, for what?

Maidenhood's beauty and bloom  
 Wasted and wan in their doom,  
 Body all fit for the tomb,  
 Waiting, for what!



Powers of ripe womanhood past,  
Each day so less than the last,  
Seemingly slow but how fast!  
Waiting, for what?

Glory with her to be classed  
Comes the soul answering blast,  
Glory to thus wait the last,  
Waiting, for what?

Love has she now and forever,  
Love that no power can sever  
From man or from God, as she's ever  
Waiting, for what?

Love that to spirit is breath,  
Guard against illness or death,  
Guide to all hope and all faith  
In waiting,, for what?

Love has she, soul of existence,  
God's gift, life's purest essence  
She but endures earthly presence,  
Waiting, for what?

HOWARD DABNEY, '12.

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### Simplified Spelling.

Chaotic truly characterizes the condition of our spelling of to-day. The majority of our words are "standardized" as regards orthography, hundreds, however, permitting of more than



one spelling; rule upon rule and exception upon exception; at times fonetic, at times anything but "phonetic;" now spelled in accordance with the orthography of the masters of English poetry and prose, now in accordance with the recommendations of those who would reform our spelling! Brander Matthews expresses the condition in an article entitled "The Spelling of Yesterday and the Spelling of Tomorrow." "And how truly vicious our present spelling is, anyone can see for himself. It misrepresents the derivation of the words; it is wholly unscientific; it is as wasteful as it is absurd; and it is inferior to the spelling of French and of German, and far inferior to the spelling of Italian and Spanish. No better example could be found of the inconsistency of human nature than the fact that the most businesslike of races has been so long content with the most unbusinesslike of orthographies." One and the same vowel sound is now represented by *e* in *let*, by *ea* in *head*, by *ei* in *heifer*, by *eo* in *leopard*, by *ay* in *says*, by *ai* in *saint*, and by *a* in *many*. But the vowels are not to be outdone in this race for inconsistency. And so we have one and the same sound of the consouant *s* now represented by *s* in *sure*, by *sh* in *ship*, by *sci* in *conscience*, by *ci* in *suspicion*, by *ce* in *ocean*, by *ti* in *motion* and by *xi* in *anxious*.

Is there any reason for this state of affairs? Briefly stated it is due to the fact that English has suffered more than any other modern language from the evil influence of uneducated printers and half-educated pedants. The earliest printers in England were mostly Dutchmen and Germans, to whom English was a foreign speech. Through ignorance and lack of care the work performed by them was clumsy and slovenly, and a lasting testimonial to typographic incompetency and of orthographic recklessness.

So numerous were the variations in the spelling even of ordinary words that a reaction was bound to follow. Toward the end of the seventeenth century an effort was made to bring order



out of chaos. But wisdom and knowledge gave way to chance and caprice, for this reformation was carried on by the printers themselves, who knew nothing about the principles which should control the adjusting of spelling to pronunciation. A certain kind of uniformity was achieved in time by the acceptance of the standards set by the printers. This uniformity from which we are now suffering was external, arbitrary, mechanical and unscientific.\* In this "reform," says Professor Lounsbury, "propriety was disregarded, etymology perverted, and every principle of orthography defied."

And now the final blow! In the middle of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson in his "Dictionary" accepted these bad and incorrect spellings of the printers, and through his ignorance and stupidity such forms became "standard." If he had only known a little more about the history of his own language, and if he had exerted his dominating influence against the more obvious absurdities and inconsistencies then prevalent, our orthography would be less unsatisfactory to-day, and more easily set right.\*\*

Efforts on the part of scholars and scientific men to simplify our spelling have been going on for some time. Over twenty-five years ago the American Philological Association took up the large problem of improving our English orthography. It worked for ten years in conjunction with the Philological Society of London and in 1883, in a joint report, recommended a set of rules for amended spelling and embodied a list of 3,500 words in accordance with the rules. In 1892 the Modern Language Association recommended the rules and the word list. In 1893 an account of the movement was given in the Standard Dictionary. In 1898 the National Educational Association authorized the secretary to adopt in the proceedings of the association the fol-

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\* \*\*Brander Matthews "The Spelling of Yesterday and the Spelling of Tomorrow."



lowing simplified spellings: catalog, decalog, demagog, pedagog, prolog, program, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru and thruout. The Educational Review, one of our foremost educational magazines, has adopted simplified spelling in all its publications.

The Simplified Spelling Board, the present official body of scholars, attempting to improve and simplify our spelling, was organized January 12, 1906. Its purpose is "to promote by systematic and continued effort, the gradual simplification and regulation of our spelling." Through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie the Board has been able to carry on an active campaign. The Board originally numbered eleven members which has now been increased to forty-six. Of these, eleven represent other English speaking countries—England, Scotland, Wales, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Australia and New Zeland. In September, 1898, the Simplified Spelling Society of Great Britain was organized with purposes similar to the Simplified Spelling Board of America—embracing amongst its members leading men of science and letters, and prominent educators.

Let us consider somewhat more in detail the policy and purpose of the Board. At the outset it must be said that the Board is not attempting to force any "freakish" orthography upon any one. Whether its proposals are freakish or insane, whether they are in the same class with some other so-called "fads and frills" in the effort toward progress in education, is for the reader to decide. The wise person, however, will investigate and become acquainted with the facts before he criticizes. That there is no uniformity in spelling now, that there is no final standard of orthography now and—what is more important—that there never has been any authority to set up a standard, is one of the fundamental principles upon which the Board works. Spelling, like spoken language, is a medium of communication and represents a peoples' method of symbolical expression; each person reserves the right for himself as to the symbols he will employ. People have used and still may use *goal* or *jail*, *almanack* or



*almanac, metre or meter, although or altho, comptroller or controller, and even the wise sage may philosophize or filosopfize.* If they prefer cumbersome complexity let them use it; if they prefer simplicity let them also assert their preference. All the existing dictionaries can do is to record varying usages. Their editors have received no charter to decide finally between conflicting forms, much less to improve them.

The Simplified Spelling Board has no authority to demand changes—at best, it can and does merely propose and recommend. And it has not, nor does it intend to propose any radical or reolutionary scheme of reform, to advocate any modification of English spelling that is not temperate and reasonable. It does not desire to relax the existing rules and analogies, but rather to make them more certain, to extend them, to enforce them so as to get rid of needless exceptions.

To consider one by one the arguments that have been urged against “reformed spelling” is a waste of time and would go far beyond the space allotted for this article. It is rude in a sense, to consider them, for with one possible exception they are all based on ignorance either of the history of orthography, or of the true purpose of the Board. All that the objectors can be proud of, is their glarring stupidity and impetuous courage. As soon as they open their eyes to the facts they loose all ammunition and stand absolutely disarmed and helpless. The interested student will gain pleasure in reading some of the dictates of the objectors. They can redily find such amusement by asking for any of the circulars printed by the Simplified Spelling Board or Simplified Spelling Society which will be sent free on request to the Secretary of the Board, 1 Madison aenue, New York City, N. Y.

It must be admitted that one serious objection, which cannot in all cases be easily overcome remains. This argument—the conservative argument—based upon feeling and sentiment, rather than any body of conviction, has, from a psychological



standpoint, strong reason to exist. A habit once thoroughly formed is difficult to alter and in some cases almost impossible to eradicate. A different habit begets a different feeling. One who has in a lifetime gradually accumulated the first visual associations which have become endeared to him cannot readily change these habits. He in a sense feels a pang in his "spelling conscience" when he is forced to write in some way which is out of harmony with his habitual method of viewing such symbols.

But this objection must be somewhat modified, if we are to have progress at all. It does not seem safe for society to assume the attitude that an alteration or simplification of any sort should be tabooed by both young and old simply because it is an alteration. Our forefathers were accustomed to poor roads, did not have facilities for quick travel, did not dream of automobiles, and should we therefore prohibit those who desire to travel in an express or automobile from doing so? Our forefathers had no telegraph and telephone—should we therefore dispense with these time and money savers? Shall we not permit any labor saving device in the industrial world just because they are new? In short should progress in all fields of activity cease just because of feeling and sentiment? If so we can have no civilization. We marvel at the results of modern photography and no one objects to the "photographer" as long as he gets a perfect or improved picture of himself. Why should we not be proud of the progress in spelling when we see that the modern business man writes for a "catalog" and we read the "Program" of the 48th University Convocation of the State of New York?

If our sentiment is still unalterable, if we frankly admit that our spelling is bad and insist, in spite of reason and purely on selfish grounds, upon using it ourselves, we may still be friends of the reform movement if we are willing to permit the coming generation to adopt simplified spelling. Professor Calvin



Thomas, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Simplified Spelling Board, expresses this view in a pamphlet, "Simplified Spelling—A Letter to Teachers," which was sent to over 100,000 teachers in our country. To quote: "Any person is a friend of ours and not an enemy who says in substance, 'Personally I do not like your spelling and I do not propose to change my habits. I have learned to spell. I don't want to bother with new forms when I am writing, but I am willing that my child and my grandchild should learn Simplified Spelling.'"

With this objection removed there is no more to add. The skies are blue; the monstrous objections based on ignorance are no more; the sentimental objection has been answered by a compromise—and now peace reigns and we are united.

The progress made in the last five years has been remarkable—scarcely credible, and has gone beyond the fond hopes of the strongest advocates, and filled them with optimism for the future. A few of the more important accomplishments briefly follow:

The editors of the six great dictionaries of the English language—Webster's International, the English Dialect, Skeat's Etymological, The Century, the Standard, the Oxford, have approved the movement, and are now members of the Simplified Spelling Board.

Over three thousand members of the faculties of American colleges and universities have formally signed the agreement to use simplified spelling as far as practicable, and are giving the movement their cordial support.

Normal schools in Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and the State Teachers' Associations of Illinois have adopted the new forms.

Nearly three hundred newspapers and magazines, and over two thousand firms and business houses are employing the simplified spellings in their columns and correspondence.

The most important accomplishment thus far, however, is that



the discussion of Simplified Spelling by nearly every journal printed in English, and by innumerable publications in other languages, has stimulated hundreds of thousands of persons to give serious attention to the spelling and the history of the English language. Even if no other result had been obtained, this in itself is well worth all the effort which has been made.

To summerize. The camp is divided. On the one hand the opponents of Simplified Spelling, and the habits and prejudices associated with it, with no recognized defender, no leading educator, no eminent writer, no public man, no prominent man of business, no body of scholars, no organization, engaged in defending the conventional spelling or in controverting the arguments and efforts of the reformer. On the other hand, the advocates of Simplified Spelling, many of the best educated persons, the teachers, men of science, the profest scholars, clergymen, literary writers and editors, definitely organized, working as a unit toward an improved spelling; progressing toward accuracy; sending out thousands of pamphlets; explaining the facts of English spelling; pointing out its defects and preparing a remedy.

Shall we have a spelling dictated by fashionable ignorance as a spelling guided by scientific learning and making toward progress? Whether you register your vote with the opponents or educates of the movement, listen to their final plea—"Go to the sources for your information, seek the facts of the case, judge for yourself and act accordingly."

NOTE—The S. S. B. has published to date 24 circulars explaining the aims, purpose, progress of the reform movement, and arguments employed both by its advocates and opponents. These circulars are sent free on request by writing to the S. S. B., 1 Madison avenue, New York.

A Bulletin issued quarterly and containing news and discussions pertaining to the movement costs 5 cents per copy, 10 cents a year.



Circulars No. 14, The Simplification of English Spelling; No. 16, The Simplified Spelling Board; No. 23; Alfabetie List of Simplified Spellings recommended by the S. S. B. to January 25, 1909, contain material of unusual interest.

One copy of each of the Circulars and the Bulletin will be found in the S. N. C. library for the use of those desiring to consult them.

For further reference see especially the following:

Vaile, E. O.—Our Accursed Speeling—What to do with it. Oak Park, 1901.

Lounsbury, T. R.—English Spelling and Spelling Reform. Harpers, 1909.

March, F. A.—The Spelling Reform—U. S. Bureau of Education Circular of Information No. 8, 1893.

A. E. REJALL.

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### Spelling Problems.

Oh, spelling is the queerest thing!  
There's nothing quite so queer and odd!  
Sometimes I think the spelling-book  
Is just a great big game of fraud.

It says that t-o-e is toe,  
And so it's truly hard to see  
Why n-o-e won't do for know,  
And why is go without an e!

It says d-o will stand for do,  
And p-i-n is right for pin,  
But still y-o won't work for you,  
And b-i-n is wrong for been.



It says e-n-o-u-g-h  
 Is quite the way to spell enough,  
 Though d-o-u-g-h is dough  
 And m-u-double-f is muff.  
 It says—but what's the use to talk?  
 The spelling-book is just a bluff!  
 "JAC" LOWELL in *Every Other Sunday*.

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### Overdoing It.

"Dolan," said he, "what does them letters, 'MDCCCXCVII,' mean?"

"They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-seven."

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdoin' this spellin' reform a bit?"—*Exchange*.

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### Just You and I, Mr. Jones.

So Mr. Jones, you are firmly convinced that competition, or a struggle for existence is inherent in human nature. You state further, in your very interesting letter, that all great strides which humanity has taken in evolution, are the direct outcome of the struggle between the masses and the classes. You sincerely warn to beware of maudlin sentimentality, to observe without prejudice, and to assert the truth whether it be bitter or not. You quote Darwin, and Huxley and Ward, you ask me to take a bird's-eye view, as it were, of History, in fact from as many view points as the finite mind of man is capable of seeing, you attempt to force upon me the all-inclusiveness of your view. How vivid is the recollection of the day, last Fall, when you and I, Jones, went to see a football game, played between two high



schools. My, but how you did jerk at my elbow, when the game was at its intense point, and with your usual philosophy said, "Why, look! what you see before you is only an example, in miniature, of the zest and enthusiasm which keen competition gives to everything." You expressed that out loud; you stood up and closely scrutinized those about you to make sure that your profound utterance had received its due merit.

Then, you want everyone to shake his head in a sort of dignified approval, when you quote your "almighty axiom:"

*"Competition is the life of trade."*

Truly, Mr. Jones, your insistent imposing of this thought upon me has set my upper story to thrilling. For a long time I was haunted with it; wherever I went, whatever I saw, brought that word "competition" to my mind. It gripped me with its stern truth. Yet, honest Jones, I did not like it. A morbid gloom, a certain indefinable sadness gripped me too, and I knew not how to shake it off.

As you know, dear Jones, I am very fond of Ruskin; you know how much he said and how well he said it. Well, I was focusing my mental telescope on Mars, one evening, when I suddenly discovered a spot which greatly attracted me. I looked intently at that spot for a long time; it was delightful, Jones; never saw anything so thrilling. Here is what Mars said to me:

*"Competition is always and everywhere the law of Death; Cooperation is always and everywhere the law of Life."*

Really, Jones, I think Mars is marvelous. Why, he knows what is in my heart; he can express what I am too cowardly to say, even though I feel it deeply.

Well, Jones, a long time has passed since my discovery on the Ruskin planet, but truly I am far—oh—far happier! No longer do I dare attempt to dispute the promptings of my own heart in these matters. No longer are you altogether right and I altogether wrong. Why, look you, although you intimated to me that you had some very unpleasant neighbors, yet, dear Jones,



what would you do if you were all alone in your town? Not much, I suspect, even if you were extremely conspicuous.

You are a social being, Jones. Your mite of heart and brain, your neighbors and your neighbor's neighbor's mite of heart and brain put together, make one mighty, throbbing, loving, heart of humanity, and an almost infinite brain. That to me now, is the almighty law, and not yours of struggle. All the beauty and hope of our short life, lies now, in the mutual giving of the best in yourself, the best in myself, the best in nature's self, to all. Why, Jones, is it not the same beautiful, fascinating dream which the sublime souls of poets have dreamed for ages? Is it not that same mysterious law which forces the tears to trickle down your cheeks whenever you see avoidable poverty, ignorance, disease and all their wretched concomitants? Now tell me why have you not attempted to explain to me the nature of those sincere tears. Oh! Jones, dear Jones, nature never intended struggle and poverty, nature never intended ignorance and disease; ask Newton, the giant of universal law; ask Milton, the soul inspirer; ask Shakespeare, the master of the human heart; and see whether mutual cooperation or competitive struggle is the inherent "almighty law."

It is a disease, a blight wrought by man and not nature. This disease, Jones, has been diagnosed by the divine poets, giant scientists, and doctors of humanity, and the decision in modern times is: That it is a deep rooted, complicated disease, and like every other disease, the cause must be discovered. The cause, Jones, is a shameful unchristian struggle for the necessities of life, liberty and happiness among the masses. Quell the struggle by education, and diffusion of altruism and the mighty sick patient society will surely live the dream which forced tears to trickle down your cheeks. Pardon me, for all this, Jones. I understand you have considered all of these matters; so has everyone, but yet, at times, we all feel sentimental.

DAVID ALLISON, 1913.



## The Comfort of Bruin.

It was after Dickie's bedtime, but then it was Christmas day and Christmas only comes once a year. It isn't like other days. Dickie always thought of Christmas and Fourth o' July and his birthday together.

"Muvver, I don't want to go to bed now," he said with a long face. "Won't you light the candles first. I want to see my tree before I go."

"Ask papa to light the candles for you, Dickie. If he wants to, you may stay up a little while longer."

"Papa, will light my tree for me," said an eager little oice. "Will you, papa, please?" Dickie pulled papa's arm, and papa looked up from his book.

"H'm? What did you say?"

"Will you light my candles for me, please. Muvver says I can stay up if you will."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. It's time you were abed, Dick."

"I know, but muvver said—"

"Never mind, if 'muvver' said, it's all right. Get some matches."

One by one, the candles sprung into glow. The gas was turned low. The coals in the fireplace sent a steady gleam, and the tiny candles flamed bravely. Father sat in an armchair watching; mother lay on the couch, and Dickie stood right between with his big eyes shining, so that his little face was more attractive than the tree to both father and mother. The silence was unbroken until finally Dickie said:

"I wish I could have a Christmas tree every night in the year."

"If you blow out the candles now, you can have it lighted again to-morrow night," said mother.



"Will you blow them out, papa?"

"Why don't you blow them out?"

"I don't believe I can. Whff! Oh, that one went out."

Dickie and papa soon had the candles out and the gas was again turned up. Mother rose from the couch and said:

"Come now. Kiss papa good night."

"Good night, papa," with a kiss.

"Good night, Dick," and father was deep in his book again.

Dickie ran ahead up the stairs, going on all fours after the manner of children and monkeys. Mother followed slowly.

"Why don't you run upstairs, too, muvver?"

"I can't, Dickie."

"Why not?"

"It would make me sick."

"Why would it?"

"Because I'm most sick anyway."

They had reached the bedroom and she sank down on the bed to rest, while Dickie undressed.

"Hurry, dear."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I guess I'm most sick, too."

"I guess you're sleepy—most," she answered, with a smile.

"Come here and I will unbutton you."

He said his little prayer when he was dressed for bed, and then she tucked him in.

"Oh, muvver, can I have Bruin to sleep with?"

"Won't Jack do?"

"He's only a doll. I want my bear. He seems more live."

"Well, some other time. Take Jack to-night."

The little voice became a wail.

"I want Bruin."

"But he is way down stairs."

"I'll get him."



Before she could say "no" he was out of bed. The sobs stopped and he headed for the stairs. He was soon back with the fuzzy little brown bear hugged tight under one arm.

"Good night, muzzie," as he gave her an awful bear hug. "Kiss Bruin, too."

She made a pretense of kissing the bear, and then a reality of kissing the boy. She tucked him in bed and went to her own room, wondering at the strange fascination of the little bear she had bought him. Somehow, it did seem almost alive.

Bruin soon came to be recognized as a member of the family. He always went to bed with Dickie at night and got up with him in the morning. He usually came to breakfast and had to have his own dish. Sometimes he came to other meals, too. He joined all Dickie's games when there were no other playmates available. He became quite an expert at dominoes. He even tried to play the piano, but Bruin's musical aspirations were nipped in the bud, for mother's "almost sick" became a real sick.

When mother became too ill to leave her room, Dickie went in her room to say his prayer and tell her good night, and then Anna, the maid, put him to bed. Bruin was lots of comfort then. Later, when mother lay in the valley of the shadow, Dickie only went to her room long enough to say "good night" and kiss her very softly. One night, Anna said, "You can't disturb your mother to-night, I'll put you to bed."

"I want to kiss her good night."

The doctor said you must'nt. They may not live till mornin' and to be sure she wouldn't if you went bouncin' in there."

"I won't bounce."

"You can't go, and that is all there is about it. Now see if you can be quiet for once." Perhaps she was a little harsh, but Anna was having trouble of her own; it was hard to wait on doctor and nurse, and do the housework, also. It was not untenderly that she covered him, but she did not do it like mother



and she did not kiss him. She turned the light clear out, too, and mother always left just a tiny point. After she had gone, the heartsick little boy felt the tears welling up in his eyes. He hugged Bruin tight.

“Muvver is sicker, Bruin. Anna wouldn’t let me say good night to muvver, and I want to, oh, I want to.” He stifled a sob because Anna had told him to be quiet, and with his face buried in Bruin’s fur, he cried himself to sleep.

The next day was bright and sunny outdoors, but inside it was dark and quiet and oh, so long and gloomy. He had to stay down stairs to play and everything went wrong. The playthings weren’t real at all, and he couldn’t play soldier or cars, or anything really nice because it would be noisy. In the late afternoon, Anna came and told him he could go up and see his mother a minute if he wouldn’t talk. Father opened the door and led him in by the hand. The room was darkened and still. He walked across to the bed where mother lay.

“Muvver,” he said, and then stopping, remembering that he was not to talk.

“Kiss me, Dickie,” she whispered.

He bent over and kissed her. “I love you,” he whispered back.

“Good-bye, dear. Be a good boy and mind papa. Don’t forget me.” With her failing strength she drew him to her, and kissed him again. Then father led him away.

Dickie went to his own room then. He closed the door and threw himself on the bed. He didn’t understand what it all meant. He didn’t know why he did it, but he sobbed bitterly. It seemed like a long time that he lay there. He had stopped crying and was wondering what it meant, and why mother had told him not to forget her. How could he forget her when she was sick! After a while he got up and went downstairs. He waited a while, till father came down. Father’s eyes were red and Dickie thought he looked as if he had been crying too, but



he didn't dare ask, for father looked very stern, and father said men didn't cry.

After supper Dickie went upstairs to bed. Anna went with him, but before he was in bed father came up and told her he would finish putting Dick to bed. Dickie said his prayer and finished with, "God bless favver, and muvver, and little Dick and—and please make mamma well again and—do it for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Dickie, mamma has gone away to God's country and she'll never come back again." His voice broke and then Dickie knew men do cry some times. His loving little arms twined about his father's neck and he burst into tears.

"Don't cry, papa." Then in a burst of generosity, he said suddenly. "Papa, I'll let you take Bruin to sleep with, only, will you, please, leave the light. Muvver always did, and Anna don't."

"My dear little boy, I don't want to take Bruin away from you."

"I guess I can spare him, to-night, anyway. He is nice to cry with. I did last night."

"You did?" he said incredulously. He had not realized that his baby understood. He did not know he felt lonely and neglected. He was touched by the generosity and sympathy for him. A great wave of love for the boy swept over him, drowning his grief and giving him new hope to live for. He gathered the child in his arms and said:

"Suppose I come in here and sleep with you and Bruin to-night?"

"Oh, that would be nice. Then we can both have him," he said.

So father and son slept side by side and between them lay the little brown bear that had brought them closer together than ever before.

GRACE M. YOUNG, '13...



## Review Department

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### "A Rose of Yesterday."

MARION CRAWFORD.

I doubt whether many people have ever read this little book, which is scarcely long enough to be called a novel, and yet too involved and psychological to be entitled a short story. But whatever it is, it is one of the simplest, sweetest and tenderest love stories that has ever been written. The thread of the story can scarcely be dignified by the name plot; it is merely a stage setting; a background of which the author makes use to throw into greater relief the two principal characters of his story.

A man of sixty and a woman of fifty-five meet in an out-of-the-way village in Switzerland and recognize each other as lovers of thirty years ago. They had been very fond of each other, but the woman had decided in favor of another man and so they married and separated. The next time the curtain ascends they are in this mountain village; the woman with her son, a deformed, senseless boy of eighteen; the man with his beautiful ward of the same age. When the story opens we find the man carrying on with his ward a conversation in which he discovers that she is in love with him. He is almost heart broken at this discovery and we expect the rest of the story to deal entirely with this love episode. But we are agreeably disappointed. Robert leaves the hotel to try to unravel this tangle in his solitary walk, but meets Helen, whom he recognizes as the love of his youth, and Sylvia is straightway forgotten. Upon inquiries



for her husband Helen tells him that a life of dissipation has ended by placing him in an insane asylum and that she is only waiting for his recovery to return to him and nurse him back to health. In the course of the conversation the truth of his brutality comes out and the fact that a blow from his hand has been the cause of her son's infirmity. Robert is horrified at the notion of her return to such a man and sows the seed of discord in her mind. Up to the time of their meeting she had resigned herself to a life of patient suffering and trial until she could welcome death, and did not realize that life for her was not yet finished. Now when Robert pleads with her not to return she still remains firm in her resolve, but she is filled with a detestation of her husband which is further augmented by finding out that he had inflicted an awful wound on her son's head, which up to this time the boy had cleverly kept from her notice. Yet her determination to care for her husband is in no wise shaken, though Robert pleads with her not to return.

Finally she receives a letter from the hospital authorities that her husband is completely cured, and also a letter from him begging her forgiveness and forbearance and another trial. She loyally consents and just as she is about to go back to him she receives another letter saying that he is dead. Of course, she immediately tells Robert, who declares his love and they marry and live happily ever after.

You must not get an idea from my synopsis that Robert in any way tempted her to disloyalty to her husband. His mind only revolted from the idea of her being exposed to cruel treatment, and although he showed his love for her in every action, he never spoke of it or urged it while her husband lived. She, on the other hand, although despising her husband for his cruelty to her, never faltered in her allegiance to him, never wavered in her duty and resigned herself calmly to a life of self-sacrifice and fruitless, thankless devotion. Above self, human interests, love and happiness, she placed duty and self-abnega-



tion and the fulfillment of her marriage vows, "for better or for worse and until death." She obeyed not only the spirit but the letter of the law.

The whole story is psycholological and analytical, with very little incident or conversation. Yet we have these characters before the mind's eye as if they were painted on a canvas. They are human; he in his shrinking from the sight of her suffering; she in her unwavering loyalty to her husband.

Though this story is taken up and carried to a close there are two unfinished threads in the story which leave an impression of a work half done and of dissatisfaction. The first is the love affair of Sylvia and Robert. Silvia goes from her conversation with Robert to cry her eyes out because a man of sixty is not in love with the charms of eighteen years. The next time we hear of her is in the second unfinished thread when Helen's son, whose one marked, human characteristic is the love of beautiful things, falls in love with her as he sees her on the street. She is in a shop admiring a beautiful and very expensive hat when he walks in and purchases it for her; a very erratic proceeding and one we would expect from such a character. Yet there the incident is closed. We are not told whether the boy got over his love affair or what happened to Sylvia.

The character of the boy is drawn very well, but it is very sad. He is accustomed to play with blocks and the sight of a boy of twenty on the floor building houses has in it something so pathetic that the ridiculousness of the situation is lost in its sadness. His efforts to hide his foolishness from his mother when he realizes her sorrow at any evidence of his infirmity almost brings tears to our eyes.

With the exception of these unfinished threads the story is one of the sweetest, simplest and saddest that ever came from the hand of Mr. Crawford.



## Editorial Department.

The 24th of November approaches. Since we are all thankful every day in the year for recitations from 9 a. m. until 4.15 p. m. (instead of from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m) ; for the State Library as a retiring room ; for the extended and varied turn given to our reading ; and for the personal attention given us in the recitation room ; the one thing for which we should be particularly grateful is the vacation. Show your gratitude and avoid future unpleasantness by observing the following "don's":

Don't leave one minute before the vacation officially begins.

Don't return one minute later than the vacation officially ends.

Don't leave until after the vacation, work that is due before, You won't find opportunity to make it up before the mid-year examinations.

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Several adjectives such as restful, interesting and reactionary, might be applied to the principal feature of the University Convocation. This was the tendency to protest against the too lavish introduction of industrial and specialized training into elementary and secondary schools. While Chas. F. Thwing mentioned industrial training as a lack in American schools, he also emphasized the fact that it should never be offered to pupils who could be kept in school by any other means. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard, showed statistically and, hence scientifically, the advantages of scholarship in its "old fashioned" sense. J. H. Finley, President of College of the City of New York, in "The Man and the Job," (an address rich in allusions, suggestiveness and humor) pointed out the perverted attitude of present day educators in permitting themselves to be so strongly influenced by commercialism.



Every year when the Seniors determine their class assessments, the budget includes, as a matter of course, the expenses of the reception, commencement exercises, and a gift to the college. And then there is vague mention of a contribution to the Husted Fellowship Fund, and discussion of what *ought* to be done. That word "ought" is the key to their attitude toward the Husted Fund—it is the menacing shadow of duty which prompts them to take any action in the matter. We believe this condition to be due largely to ignorance, and we hope, by shedding a little light on the subject, to dispel that shadow and to leave in its stead a bright and shining light of *desire* to aid in the project.

Here, then, is the result of our delving into the history of the fund. At a meeting of the alumni association of S. N. C., in 1905, there was expressed the desire of honoring Dr. Husted in recognition of his services as an instructor in the Normal College for fifty years. Several suggestions were made—a loving cup, for example—but it was finally decided (in the words of the special committee appointed to consider the matter) "that the most appropriate and enduring memorial in recognition of Dr. Husted's devoted and distinguished service for a period of fifty years in State Normal College, and to the cause of public education, would be the establishment by the college alumni of a fellowship in State Normal College to be known as the Dr. Albert N. Husted Fellowship Fund."

The fund agreed upon was \$10,000, its purpose being to assist needy and worthy students through the Normal College. Since that time it has been customary for each graduating class to make a contribution to this fellowship fund, an action which, it seems to us, hardly rests upon duty. Suppose you saw a poor little boy crying with hunger. Would it be *duty* that would prompt you to feed him, or would it be the desire to see his tears



dried and a contented smile in their place? And surely all of us know of some one who is hungry for the very knowledge that this fellowship could give him.

True, it a fine thing for each class to remember its Alma Mater with a beautiful gift like the memorial window in the chapel; it must be a source of gratification when visiting the college in after years, to seek out the particular object that bears the numerals of your class as donor; but, after all, would there not be greater satisfaction in the reflection that, though there be no inscription to tell it, your class has made a substantial contribution to the Husted Fellowship Fund?

Think on this, Seniors, Juniors, and the rest of you, and the longer you think, the more inclined you will be to endorse the action of the Alumni Association in 1906, when, after discussion as to a memorial for the new building, they adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That the energies of this association be given to the completion of the Husted Fellowship Fund instead of trying to raise money for an alumni memorial for the new building."

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The other day we extracted the following note from the ECHO Box:

*"Dear Miss Editor:*

"I want to know if there is any way that I can get on the ECHO BOARD? I think I am fitted to be a contributing editor, for I wear eye-glasses, I have a toothsome smile, I have killed mosquitoes in darkest New Jersey, and I do *just love to talk*.

(Signed) AMBITIOUS THEODORA."

We were somewhat taken aback for a brief spell, but after consulting our guide, ("The Editor; How to be Them," by Van Denbow) we penned the following reply, which we consider too good to be given to Theodora alone:

*"Our Dear Miss Theodora:*

"Your letter of application is at hand. Your qualifications



are excellent—though we noted one which you failed to mention, i. e., the use of *I* eight times in two sentences. However, we are forced to disappoint you for the present. You see, every member of our staff is a contributing editor, and we can't use any more of us just now. We expect to increase our staff, though, in a couple of months and then will be your opportunity.

For the benefit of you and of any other students who are interested in any department of the ECHO, we will state how these new members are to be chosen. The present staff is to elect, and submit its choice to the advisory board of the faculty for approval. Our selection will be based upon interest shown in the paper up to the time of election. You can show your interest, and so become a potential contributing editor in the following ways:

1. Subscribe for the ECHO and get subscribers.
2. Use the ECHO Box.
3. Patronize our advertisers.

Respectfully yours,

THE EDITOR.



## College News.

### General Literary Society.

At the suggestion of Professor Kirtland a general literary society has been formed. The popularity of such a society is assured, for sixty-four have already registered as charter members, and this number includes none of the many freshmen, who are also interested. At a business meeting held October 20, Miss Neva Tillapaugh was elected president, and Miss Grace M. Young, secretary.

At the meeting of the society on the Thursday afternoon following, a constitution was regularly adopted and brief plans for work discussed. Two standing program committees were appointed, which will alternate in presenting the programs of the regular semi-monthly meetings. The chairman of these two committees are Miss Jessie Cole and Miss Marjorie Bennett.

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### Dramatic Society.

Following the proposed plans outlined by Mrs. Mooney and Professor Kirtland, the students who were desirous of forming a dramatic society met in room 101 on Thursday, October 20, at 4.15, for the purpose of organization. After a brief discussion by Mrs. Mooney and those present as to the aim and purpose of such a society, the students proceeded with the election of officers. The following were chosen:

Mr. Allison—President.

Miss Florence Gardner—Vice-President.

Miss Hotaling—Secretary and Treasurer.

The society is deeply indebted to Mrs. Mooney for her inter-



esting talk on school and college dramatic societies with which she is acquainted, and for the high standard which she set for us to attain and perpetuate. The society welcomes to membership all students sincerely interested in histrionic art. It was decided that regular meetings be held on alternating Tuesdays, commencing Tuesday, November 1, at 4.15 p. m.

The Play Committee is ready to submit the following report:

We expect to present "She Stoops to Conquer" some time during February. The cast selected is:

Young Marlow.....	Howard Dabney
Squire Harcastle.....	Edward Murphy
Hastings.....	Willis J. Pells
Tony Lumpkin.....	Harold W. Goewey
Sir Chas. Marlow.....	David Allison
Diggory .....	Wordsworth Williams
Stingo .....	Louis Ward
Aminadab .....	Samuel Heyford
Dick .....	George Anderson
Rogger .....	William Weddick
Muggins .....	Gerald Pratt
Slang .....	Ballard Bowen
Thomas.....	Henry B. Steer
Jimmy .....	Leland Smith
Twist .....	Karmel Fiske
Mrs. Harcastle.....	Edith W. Scott
Kate Harcastle.....	M. Elizabeth Dugan
Constance Neville.....	Jessie Luck
Maid .....	Marjorie May

On October 21st, the Senior class gave its annual reception in the college gymnasium. The class colors, green and white, were extensively used in decorations and favors. Those who received were Miss Ella R. Watson, Miss Florence Wittemeir, Miss Edna M. Watson and Miss Esther Raferty. The following delightful



program was given:

Violin Solo.....	Miss Grace Gardiner
Vocal Solo.....	Mrs. Risley
Reading.....	Miss Jessie Luck
Piano Solo.....	Miss Emily Hindre
Reading.....	Miss Mable Tallmadge
Musical Selection.....	College Quintet

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### At Home With Prof. Kirtland.

Friday afternoon, October 28, Prof. Kirtland gave the first of this year's series of readings from British and American poets. The selections were from the poems of Alfred Noyes, who is probably the greatest British poet of the present day. A beautiful conclusion to the afternoon was the singing of one of the lyrics, which has been recently set to music for the first time.

We had merely heard of this poet before, but at the close of the hour many of us had added his work to that personal storehouse from which we may draw perpetual inspiration and see visions we never could have seen before. Poetry, to show forth its true beauty must be read aloud and when that reading seems to be the spirit of the poem giving utterance of its own self, we may well be thankful that the opportunity to listen is given to us all.

The next Friday reading will be from "Drake," the great epic of the same poet. We are promised that several songs will be a pleasant variation of the longer poem. Several following Friday afternoons will be devoted to other present day British poets.



## Women in Industry and in the Home.

On Tuesday, November the first, we had the opportunity to hear Arthur E. Deane of the State Department of Education present to a large audience an important topic in a live and interesting manner. In his introduction he admitted that there were many phases of education because there were many people and many expert opinions—all of which he thought *ought* to be considered. But all are beyond the scope of one man's ability. The fundamental principal of all social and economic life is the effort to obtain food, clothing and shelter. On this he based his discussion. The school should be the place to receive such training as would result in these efforts being successful to the highest degree. He then showed how the Domestic Science Department of the State Normal College was only a start, though very significant. What we chiefly need is "more education."

He thought that if we knew the conditions of the great number of women who were *laborers* we would then realize more surely the need of this industrial training in the schools. There are three hundred and seventy-seven occupations in the United States, and women are employed in all but three. This is certainly appalling and Mr. Deane succeeded in making each and every one in the audience feel actually some personal responsibility.

In conclusion he said that education should take the form of an ellipse revolving about the woman and the job,—the job being not only in the vocation but in the home. We should have an education, cultural, vocational and domestic; so that women should be prepared in the schools to take any place in life. We admit the ideal, but ask Mr. Deane: "How are we to obtain this many-sided and perfect education in the time allotted to



## Senior Notes.

A very interesting class meeting was held Monday afternoon, October 17, in Room 100 and as "Coming Events cast their Shadows before" so the report of a certain committee at that meeting gave warning of a "Great Surprise," which is to appear some time next June.

The Misses Deegan and Keller entertained a few friends at the home of Miss Keller Monday evening, October 24, 1910.

Last Friday evening, October 21, Miss Angeline Horn entertained some friends at her home, 457 Washington avenue.

The Misses Hotaling and Wittmeier are contemplating a trip to New York in the near future, for the purpose of art investigation. We wish them success in their undertaking.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. Van Morlian as a member of the class of 1910. Mr. Van Morlian's home is in Asia Minor, where he attended Euphrates College. For the past two years he has been teaching and after completing this year's work expects to return to Asia Minor to teach.

Three cheers for the class of 1911! It has recently come to our notice that sparks of philosophic genius, long buried and unknown, have at last burst into flame and so we are eagerly awaiting an educational treatise from a talented one or two who have shown their aptitude in this direction,\* by certain productions which have already been read in the presence of a small part of the student body.

The Misses Watson entertained the Misses Scott and Miss Deegon at "The Farm" on October 30th.

On October 31st Miss Kartluke entertained several of the seniors at her home in Green Island.

Senior basket ball practice began on November 1st. Of course, we expect to keep the championship.

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\*These talented ones may be found, by application, in Education 2.



### Junior Notes.

The class had a jolly meeting Monday October the third. Miss Anderson rendered a delightful piano solo, and Miss Everingham caused much mirth and merriment by the production of a few humorous songs. Some members of the class were not present, and they can be assured that they missed something worth while. Come one, come all, to the future meetings, and you will not regret it.

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### Sophomore Notes.

The organization of the Sophomore class for this year began on the — of October, when the first meeting was called to order by the president.

The second meeting was held on October 25th. Among other things it was decided that the members of the Sophomore class have several social meetings during the term.

The early organization of the 1913 girls' basket ball team is a good sign. If all those who "signed the parchment" turn out for regular practice, we shall have a fair chance for gaining the championship this year.

Miss Chubb, formerly of our class, is now attending the Teachers' Training School at Schenectady.

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Why is Williams advocating the establishment of a swimming pool at college?

Who has "thus far evaded the delusive wiles of the fair sex?"

Who saw the captain and first mate on deck?

Heard in Greek Class:—Ouden means nothing; maiden (maden) means less than nothing. No wonder the Sophomore girls keep at their distance from Greek.



Who said "Are you any better off than your neighbor for knowing that Napoleon crossed the Delaware in 1492?"

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### Freshman Notes.

The class has elected the following officers:

President—Louis Ward.

Vice-President—Marion Wheeler.

Secretary—Edna Moat.

Treasurer—John Bur..

Reported—George Anderson.

On Saturday October 22, about twenty members of the class visited Camp Albany at Ballston Lake, on the invitation of Mr. Murphy. In spite of the bad weather, a good time was enjoyed. Prof. Kirtland accompanied the party and the expedition was voted a great success.

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### Y. W. C. A.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 12, the society held a regular meeting under the leadership of Miss Junia Morse. "The Study of the Bible" was the topic discussed, and Miss Morse gave a very helpful talk upon the subject. A very pleasing vocal solo was rendered by Miss Wormes.

Miss Sarah Trembley led the meeting held on October 19. "The Dangers of College Life" were discussed at that time. Special dangers were mentioned by different members of the society in a very interesting way.

On October 26, Miss Florence Gardiner led the meeting and gave a most inspiring talk on the subject "Christ, the College Girl's Friend." A piano solo, rendered by Miss Achille, was much enjoyed by all present.

The members of the society have been greatly pleased with the large attendance at the several meetings and with the interest manifested in the work of the society. They desire to have every girl in college enrolled upon their list of members. Come



to one of our meetings and you will want to come again!

One of the features of the work this year is the Bible Study Class conducted by Prof. R. H. Kirtland under the auspices of the society. The class meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3.30 p. m. in Prof. Kirtland's room. The study is confined to the Psalms. The class is most interesting and inspiring. You can't afford to miss it. All who wish to join are requested to speak to Miss Junia Morse.

October 12th a most delightful meeting was conducted by Mrs. William B. Aspinwall who gave an account of her trip abroad this summer. We were all especially interested to learn about the various missionary centers which she visited and of the most efficient work that is being accomplished there at the present time. Her informal talk not only gave us great pleasure, but inspired us to take more active interest in the one great work of our present day, the evangelization of the world.

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### **Borussia.**

The first regular meeting of Borussia was held October 11. Among the important features of the meeting were the appointment of Miss Kartluke and Mr. Williams on the executive board, and the discussion of society kins.

One of the future plans of the society is to organize a German chorus to assist in the entertainments and in the play which is now under discussion.

At the second meeting of Borussia, October 25, eleven names for membership were proposed. The members of Borussia heartily welcome them into their midst. A piano solo by Miss Kinne, a toast to the new officers by Miss Jacobs, together with a short talk by Professor Decker, made the meeting a most interesting one. The call of the "inner man" was satisfied by refreshments.



### Delta Omega Notes.

The officers of Delta Omega for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Anna Fraser.

Vice-President—Adele Le Compte.

Recording Secretary—Florence Gardner.

Corresponding Secretary—Hortense Barnet.

Treasurer—Bessie Ovitt.

Marshalls—Adelia Koemmerlen, Ethel Secor.

Chaplain—Elizabeth Everitt.

Critic—Ethel Everingham.

Editor—Helen Odell.

The Delta Omega Tea was held in the college reception rooms Saturday, October 8. Fourteen of the alumnae of Delta Omega were present, Mrs. Ives, a charter member; Mrs. Van Alstyne, Miss Shaver, Miss Hollands, Miss Loeb, Mrs. Aspinwall, Miss Tyler, Miss Phillip, Miss Harris, Miss Smith, and Mrs. Dockstader. Miss Perine, Mrs. Aspinall, and Miss Cushing, also alumnae of Delta Omega, kindly assisted by pouring tea.

Mrs. Fraser of Champlain has been visiting in Albany for two weeks, having spent a part of the time as a guest at the Society Flat, 2 Delaware avenue.

Miss Marsh of Boston, Miss Algie of Champlain and Miss Phillip of Troy have been recent guests at the Society Flat.

Two very pretty Delta weddings occurred during the past month. Miss Emma Montrose, '07, of Newburgh, was married to Mr. Snead, also of Newburgh, on October 15. The following Delta girls were bridesmaids: Miss Meriam Tyler of Albany, Miss Rose Markham of Haverstraw and Miss Eleanor Marsh of Boston. Miss Minnie Schultz of Newburgh, also a Delta, was maid of honor.



Miss Hazel Sickles was married to Dr. Webbe at Portchester, N. Y. Miss Eleanor Weaver was maid of honor and Miss Florence Kelley was bridesmaid. Both were alumnae of Delta Omega.

Miss Fraser and Miss Everett spent the week end of October 28 at the home of Miss Van der Zee at Troy.

Miss Kaemmerlen and Miss Odell attended the wedding of Miss Kaemmerlen's brother, October 20, at Haverstraw, N. Y.

Miss Helen Odel spent the week end of October 15 as a guest at the Minaville Parsonage, Minaville, N. Y.

The Delta Omega girls of the Society Flat were given a surprise on the afternoon of October 27, when the other members of the Sorority, after serving them a supper, "showered" them with various kitchen articles. Miss Le Compte presented the articles, reading an appropriate rhyme in connection with each.

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### Eta Phi Notes.

Miss Springsteed has been appointed as assistant in Latin and German in the college department.

Miss Agnes Stephens entertained the Eta Phi girls at a chafing dish party, October 6th.

Eta Phi entertained some of her friends at a dance in the college gymnasium October 8th.

Miss Louise Palmer of Gilbertsville, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Sarah E. Trembley over Columbus Day.

Saturday, October 15th, the sorority gave its annual tea to the faculty and students. Autumn leaves were used in decorating. Miss Bishop, Miss McCutcheon, Miss Clement and Miss Springsteed poured.

Friday noon, October 28th, Eta Phi entertained at an informal "spread."

Miss Daisie Andrus spent the week end of November 9th in



New York City.

The society extends its sincerest sympathy to Miss Agnes Stuart in her recent loss.

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### **Kappa Delta Notes.**

Kappa Delta enjoyed the teas of her sisters of Eta Phi and Delta Omega.

Mrs. C. E. Kinne and daughter, Martha, of Ovid, N. Y., were the guests of Miss Katherine Kinne at the Kappa Delta House.

Miss Ada Edwards of Schenectady visited at the House, and while here attended the Senior reception.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn entertained her mother, Mrs. Aliee Schermerhorn, who spent a week in Troy and Albany recently.

Kappa Delta and her friends enjoyed a day next to nature on Saturday, October 8th, when Miss Isabelle Knapp entertained them at the summer camp of her aunt, Miss Hoag. The merry-makers had an early start from the college and enjoyed themselves all day among the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" surrounding the Aspetong Lodgelow.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Haskins of Granville, with their daughter Esther, made a trip through Albany in their touring car and visited their daughter, Miss Jessie Haskins, for a few days.

We welcome back to our midst Miss Brownlow, '06, who is renewing her studies at the State Normal College.

On October 29th the Sorority entertained the faculty and student body at the Kappa Delta House. The rooms were beautifully decorated with greens. From a room at the side came sweet strains of music, and in the centre room we were served with sweet "nectar."

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### **Psi Gamma Notes.**

Miss Jessie Cleveland and Edna Hall spent the week end of



October 1st at their respective homes.

Psi Gamma enjoyed the teas given by her sister sororities, Delta Omega, Eta Phi and Kappa Delta.

A regular meeting was held October 4th with Miss Carlotta Jordan.

A second meeting was held October 14th with Miss Mable Talmadge. Among those who responded to quotations was Miss Genieve Brooks, '10.

The girls enjoyed a long and interesting letter from their sister member, Miss Gertrude Heap, who is now living in England.

On October 31st Psi Gamma and her friends spent a merry evening at the home of Miss Florence Chase, with the spirits of Hallowe'en. The witches and hob-goblins came in goodly numbers and many were the visits paid to the magic cave of the enchanted sibyl. Reveling and feasting lasted until that hour when spirits must no longer be abroad. With laughter and farewell all took flight until the coming of another Hallowe'en.

Miss Adelia Belle Holmes of Saratoga Springs and Mr. Charles Henry Tower of Brooklyn were united in marriage at the bride's home, No. 23 Franklin street, on October 5th. The wedding was one of the delightful social events of the early fall and was attended by one hundred and fifty friends of the bride and groom. Rev. James E. Wagner, D. D., performed the ceremony. The maid of honor was Miss Myra Campbell of Albany; the best man, Mr. C. S. Bowes of Utica. The bride was a graduate of the State Normal College class of 1900. Mr. and Mrs. Towers, after a wedding trip South, will make Albany their home. Among those from Albany present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice and Miss Myra Campbell.

Miss Frances Seeley, '10, is teaching German in the Albany High School.

Miss Frances Kitts, '10, is teaching in the Birmingham School, Birmingham, Pennsylvania.

Miss Marion Short, '10, is teaching German, Latin and Eng-



lish at Madeline, N. Y.

“The Normal Index” of the Alabama Normal has the name of Miss Orra Weaver, '10, in its list of teachers. She is to teach English and Literature.

Miss Emily Bryant, a noted lecturer and a graduate of S. N. C., class of 1866, visited college on October 5th.

Miss Eleanor Marsh, '05, and Miss Kate Algie, '06, visited college recently.

Miss Adaline Raynsford, Miss Harriette Osborne and Mr. Roy McCormack visited college on Columbus Day.

Mr. Alfred Bassett and Mr. Rox Van Denburg, '10, attended the University Convocation. The latter was present at Mr. Kirtland's reading on October 28th. During the first week of November he acted as secretary at the Rens. Co. Teachers' Institute, which was held at his own school in Castleton.

Mrs. Magdaline S. Blessing, '58, died at her residence in Slingerlands Thursday, November 3. Her father, F. B. Slingerland, was one of the four brothers for whom the village was named. Mrs. Blessing taught school for five years after graduation. She had traveled and, in her writings, put in permanent form an account of her travels.

The alumni editors are quite sure that the rest of the alumni are weighed down by the burden of their illustrious deeds. We should be glad to lighten the burden by printing some of those deeds in the ECHO, but alas! they are far too modest to share them with us.

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### Senior, That Book.

Hence, loathed Immaturity  
 Never midst upper classmen found,  
 Dwell in some freshman's brain  
 Where study is with frivolities confused  
 And every right abused.

Thus do I, a Senior, bid farewell to the follies and frivolities



of my under-graduate days and enter into the maturity, the dignity and the superiority of Seniordom. My, but it's grand! It's grand!! It's grand!!! I don't care if grand does mean colossal, I mean it. No longer are we cowed and brow-beaten by those above us. It is we who dictate, we who command, and yes—it is *we* who teach. For not the least important of our duties is to inculcate the habits of study in a class of twenty or thirty "cherubs." We Seniors know what an important position a teacher holds in society, for we learned it all in Psychology 14. "The teacher must encourage some instincts and repress others." How often have we not heard that told! Of course, to know the instincts of the child it is better to trace their geneology back to Noah, but failing in this, one or two generations are enough. We must know all points of syntax; be familiar with all history; be prepared to answer any question put to use from the number of the steps in the western staircase of the Capitol to the two plurals of "Band." It is we who mould the plastic morals of the youth; we who transform "anarchists" into good citizens. And as a reward for all this, what do we get? ( Why, we have

"Only a critic to praise us, and only a critic to blame  
And no one teaches for money, and no one teaches for  
fame."

Of course that bugbear, discipline, plays an important part. I look at my "cherubs." It does no good. I look at the floor, only to see one green and one red sock, a fine illustration of complementary harmony to be sure, but it almost destroys my own equanimity. Finally, I send one out of the room. Result: a trifle more quiet in the room. But I say this, that if they don't behave better in the future, by the heel of Achilles, I'll wring their necks," just as one of the profs. told me to do.

Took a constitutional the other day and I am glad to say I enjoyed it, although I did take it in the interests of health. But, had I only known the fate which was hanging over me like the



sword over Damocle's head; could I but have peered through the veil which separates the present from the future; could I but have glanced through the telescope of time into psychology class; careless alike to the entreaties of my friends, heedless to the laws of health, indifferent to the—I won't write any further for I once put expressions like these in my German thesis, and I never even received a "good" written on the margin. "But, however, notwithstanding," (this is copyrighted by 1911) I am writing them in my Thot Book, so that when I write my G. I. N. (which, being interpreted means, the Great International Novel) I will have these phrases ready for use. Cicero always kept a number of prefaces in his desk ready to tack onto his works, and if he was prepared like that, why can't I do the same? But, to resume: I was saying that I would not have taken my constitutional had I known what was before me. I (ego) was the unlucky victim called upon to give the five minute review. With the courage born of desperation, and with distress written in red head-lines over my countenance, i. e., I was blushing like a lobster, I took my stand, and in a hesitating voice betrayed my oratorical talent. I suppose we ought to be "semper paratus" (I found this on an undertaker's window, and, I must say, I think is is nice) for such exigencies, but—well, I wasn't. I will not tell the "crits" the class made; I will not put down those of the instructor, for though my heart is aching to tell it, tho every vein in my body is throbbing to write it, though the words hang on the very point of my pen, there are some things which I cannot, some things which I will not write, not even in this, my very own Senior Thought Book.

I guess the spirit of the new Dramatic Society has infested me, for I try to dramatize every story I hear. Virgilea, one of my chums, told me a story about her teaching. So after invoking Thalia, Melpomene and several other muses, I managed to write the following:

Act I. Scene, recitation room. Time, 10.30. Boy talking



to Virgilia.

Boy: May I have some help on this lesson?

Virgilia: Certainly. When can you come?

Boy: At 12.30.

Virgilia: All right. I'll be there.

Act II. Scene, Part Time 11.45.

Virgilia meets group of girls.

Girls: Come and sit down by us.

Virgilia: Can't. I've got to be back at 12.30.

Act III. Scene, Landlady's house. Time 12.15.

Landlady cooks as Virgilia eats.

Landlady: What time must you be back?

Virgilia: At twelve thirty.

Landlady: You'll have to hurry. It's now twelve fifteen.

Act IV. Scene, Settee in corridor. Time 12.30. Enter Boy.

Virgilia: Now, what was your trouble in this lesson. We'll go over it together.

Boy: I didn't know what "incute ventis" meant.

Virgilia (aside: Oh, shades of Virgil! Have I lost my dinner to tell him the meaning of "incute ventis?")

Act V. Scene, Corridor. Time 12.31. Virgilia roaming about (aside): What shall I ever do to pass the time until two o'clock?

The Senior reception has come and gone, and every one is congratulating the Seniors and the Seniors are congratulating themselves. I shall not write what took place for " 'till all within my memory locked." Besides, I placed a withered carnation in my Stunt Book, so that I can look at it when I become as old and withered as that now is. What recollections did not that reception awaken! I returned home, leaned my elbows on the window-sill, and with my head between my two hands went back in thoughts to the time at Trinity Church, to the blunders we made as Freshmen; to the good old times in Room 10. I still remembered the bright hopes with which we entered, our almost



universal hatred of "Math," the older students who were always so friendly to us. A world of phantoms, silent and familiar, seemed to be passing before my mind's eye when—here I was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door. I frowned, for I did not wish to be disturbed. The freshman across the hall entered, and putting her arms about my neck, softly whispered, "How nice it must be to be a Senior, and have all the other students envy you!" But at these words, I broke forth in a pessimistic strain, "No, little freshman, it is not nearly so nice to be a Senior as I first thought. Alas, I now know what pangs men pay for their dignities. (I involuntarily spoke these words I had seen the day before). But after the novelty has worn off, there is a queer little pain in your heart whenever you think of leaving your Alma Mater. To-night in the midst of all the hilarity, I could not help but think that this was the last Senior reception I would ever attend at S. N. C. For soon Thanksgiving will come, then Christmas, then the mid-years, then Easter, and then—oh, why must we break asunder our ties just as soon as we have made them?" But with the assurance of one who knows, this little freshman told me something, and because the remembrance of it will always give me strength when I become morbid, I shall write it down, not for others, but for myself. "Dear heart, don't you know that's a part of our nature and that it will be so always? The ties that hold us to our surroundings are continually breaking. You left home and came here to new scenes. You found new ties binding about you, but you did not completely break all the old ones. And when you leave



here, you will become attached to new persons, but you need not break entirely the ties that bind you to your old friends; now, need you?

And deep down in my heart I said, "No, little freshman, I need not, and shall not."

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