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for Teachers**

**JUNIOR
NUMBER**

**MARCH
1916**

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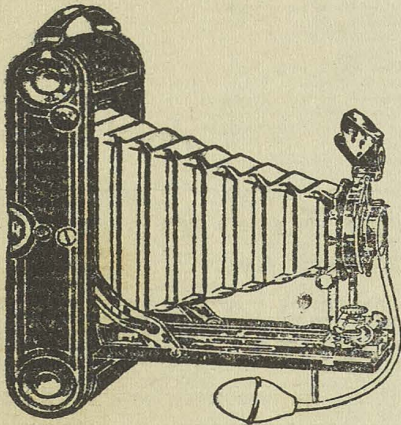
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The Echo

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The Echo

VOL. XXV

MARCH, 1916

No. 7

Literary Department

Memories

It was just such a stretch of country as might be seen from a car window almost anywhere in New York State. On one side were many fields of grain, some green, some yellow; like a great patch-work quilt, with here and there, dark fir-woods and circles of white-stemmed birches. On the other side was the little railroad station with the white, steepled church, village inn, and cozy cottages clustering about it. Along the edge of the town a brook was laughing softly to itself as it ran through a strip of hemlock forest. In the distance were the blue outlines of the mountains, and over all was a summer sky, with its lazy clouds and fitful light.

“What a pleasant scene!” you would say, in passing. “How peaceful, how prosperous!”

But how much more it meant to the old man who stood on a hill, looking over the place of his birth, his youth, his early dreams. It was now fifty years since he had last gazed upon the place, but although there had been many changes, he did not see them. He looked with the eyes of his youth.

He turned toward the house along the brook on the outskirts of the town. Time had melted its white and green together, and overlaid all with stains of brown. But to the man it was the place where She had lived. Flowers were blooming in the window boxes; snow-white curtains were in the windows; and the smoke curled up toward the bright, blue sky. He could see old Hiram Jones now, and hear him talking—

“I tell ye, my boys, if you want to perform your work in this world without any hindrances, avoid the wimen. See that dodder over 'n the clover field. Them there wimen is just like that; a parrysitic growth, a sappin' the life out o' the strongest plant. They argy and argy all day long, but they h'ain't got no reason. They don't know enough to stay where they belong, but must be a interferin' and a weakenin' them as was put in this yere world to run it.”

And then she had come, with her black, sparkling eyes, and her merry voice. She was Hiram's orphaned niece, and there was no alternative but for her to come and live with him. How he fretted and fumed before she came, and how he fretted and wondered and gradually became used to the situation after she came. But even on his death-bed he was still unconvinced.

"Ye may be a good girl, Mary, and ye may have kept the house in order, but I h'ain't admittin' nothin' about wimen."

How much she had meant to the man on the hill, this cheerful little girl! And was it only two months since he had last seen her? He rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes, and stood motionless for a long time.

And that building down near the church! Was it the old school-house? The man was again a boy, sitting on the hard, wooden bench. All heads were closely bent over the books. Not an eye wandered. It was the truant officer's visiting day. Sure enough, there he is, encased in the awe-inspiring frock coat which graced the dominie's reception thirty years before, the entire six feet of his frowning anatomy filling the little doorway and chilling the atmosphere like a coming storm. Now the measured step, the curt "Good Mornin'," the loud "Ahem," and the labored speech on the evils and punishment of truancy. Again the measured step, and then ears, elbows, knees and swallow-tail, on the old spring-board, behind the old white cob, slowly going up over the hill. The teacher and pupils take a long breath. The storm is over.

Then the man went down the hill, left the village, and walked toward the pine grove. He looked and looked and breathed deeply. His "Holy of Holies!" He was again twenty years of age. It was just as the closing day was leaving the valley in deep shadows, and he was going to the woods to think it over. He was discontented, disappointed; life seemed so small to him, so narrow. He lay down upon a pillow of moss along the stream, and looked up through the shimmering, silken mesh which the spiders had spun from tree to tree and which was now swaying with the breath of night. A golden glow in the misty sky

told that a great yellow moon was about to rise. Was he bitter a few moments before? Now it seemed that the little bluebell under his hand could hold all the bitterness there was in life. And then he heard a voice. He turned, and saw the faint outlines of Jack-in-the-pulpit. He was preaching, and the boy caught the words, "Life is beautiful, life is joy, life is eternal."

"Is it?" asked the boy.

The great audience of wood-folks nodded approval. Dare he deny it? Then he felt the roots of the great pines under which he lay twist their fibers about him until he was very life of their joyful life, their life eternal. The sweet, crushed scents of the night crowded upon him, and he sank, sank into a dazzling gulf of dreams, sank with those mysterious influences until he was one with the great forces of the universe. He had come into his birthright. He had found kinship with the universe.

EMMA WILBER, '17.

Ships

I

O ships that sail beneath a sun-lit sky,
From out the East in quest of Western bay,
With tugging sails which urge you quickly by,
To find the misty end of your bright way.
I mark the easy path the sea has made,
The winds that help you in your glad employ;
The dainty poise, demeanor unafraid,
And long to follow you in all your joy.

II

O ships that sail beneath a leaden sky,
Amid the inky waves, the pallid foam,
Whose masts are stripped, where hope can only die
While almost in the very sight of home.
I mark the swirling pit before your bow,
The tortured plunge, the hungry, grasping wave.
The sun-lit ships have reached their harbor now,
And I stay to mourn above your grave.

KOLIN HAGER, '17.

The Voice of a Canadian Volunteer

It was late in August in Saskatchewan. The heat was intolerable. The plains were brown with wheat, dead ripe and uncut. The leaves of the birches drooped listlessly. Lake Gibson lay utterly motionless in the dazzling sunlight. Mercifully its brilliant blue blinded the eyes of the girl so that she did not grow mad, gazing at its utter stillness.

Six days Jane had spent there on the doorstep of the lone log-cabin, six long days, beginning with sunrise at three o'clock, and lasting with scarcely a break, save for the scanty noon-day meal, until night came suddenly, without twilight, as it does in that northern country. She had begun watching while she knew there was yet no chance that the neighbor for whom she waited would come with his news, either that day or the next. Over and over she mapped out his journey, and reckoned the time it would take. First there must be the ride back to his own claim, and then, the next day, the long, slow journey behind the ox-team to far-away Prince Albert. He had said that business

would keep him there a day. Then would come the same slow trip back, and not until the next morning would he be able to bring her the letter, even if . . . , but there must be, there *would* be!

Yet why had he not come? He should have arrived early Wednesday. And this was Friday. She got up restlessly and went into the one-room cabin. The furnishings were crude, all home-made except the few articles brought from "the States" three years ago. Jane turned now to a cheap, battered talking machine, almost as crude as the other furniture if one compared it with similar modern instruments. Beside it lay a single record. Tenderly, tremblingly, Jane picked it up and carefully slipped the little black cylinder into position.

It was a simple song that she heard; two short verses, and then the refrain, "Sweet-thing Jane"; but it was the voice of Norman, her husband — a clear tenor voice which had promised much . . . before the War began.

For an hour she listened to the song. Then as she finally lifted the record, gently, with almost a caressing touch, there came the sound of hoof-beats in the distance.

An instant later Jane was at the door. Shambling towards her on a small, brown burro, was the neighbor. She watched him as he came across the long stretch of waste land; hidden now by a brown, parched knoll; now by a grove of tall pines, and now coming into view beside a scraggly, unkempt tamarack. It seemed hours later when the rider dismounted before her door.

Without greeting or explanation, the man produced from some inner pocket of his shabby brown corduroy

coat a travel-stained letter, and held it out to Jane. With a cry she snatched it from him, and without thanks or apology fled into the cabin.

Betraying no sign of interest, the man tied his horse to a poplar sapling and settled himself comfortably on the doorstep. Neither sympathy nor curiosity impelled him. He knew the homesteader's custom of obtaining food at any cabin where meal-time might find him, and so no thought of departure came to him. Even the Northwest bows to Madame Grundy.

Indoors Jane stared at the foreign-looking envelope. Suddenly she realized that the postmark was German. She hurriedly tore a jagged slit across one end of the letter, and drew out four closely written sheets. At the top of the first was a drop of white wax, firmly pressed with a familiar seal. Below it the date, June thirtieth, caught her eye. Unconsciously, as she read, she murmured phrases, sentences aloud.

"Taken prisoner . . . in the western camp
 . . . well treated . . . food . . . no lack . . .
 comfortable. Germans confident . . . reserves.
 . . . exchange . . . think of you
 . . . pay from the government . . .
 winter severe . . . give up claim . . .
 States.

.

Gradually the reading grew slower and more connected; the postscript was wholly audible.

"You wrote that you were planning to make a copy in oils of the family coat of arms. I still have the seal ring with me, but dare not send it to you, as the odds are against this ever reaching Saskatchewan. However, I have pressed the ring into a drop of wax

from a German candle and fastened that to the letter, in case you need to refresh your memory about the exact design."

The sun grew low in the west, and still Jane sat there, staring at the rough wall opposite her with eyes that saw a prison camp, and only one face in all that camp. She absently fingered the drop of wax on the letter. Her fingers moved over it, and loosened it. As it dropped into her lap she moved to replace it. A dark blur underneath caught her eye. Looking closely at the page, she could see a few finely-written words in the ring left by the wax. Catching up a small reading glass that lay on the rough pine table beside her, she walked quickly over to the window. There she made out these six words:

"They have cut my tongue out."

Blindly she groped for a chair. As she did so, something cracked beneath her foot, and she stumbled over a small hard object lying on the floor. Glancing down she saw the record, broken into a hundred tiny pieces.

ETHEL M. HOUCK, '17.

A Declamation

Printed by request, for the purpose of showing that all declamations do not deal with the tariff or the right of appeal.

The other morning, on the street-car, I noticed that Jack Frost had been doing some window-decorating, not in his usual filled-in style, but an etching. There was a tall tree, and there were some bulrushes, reflected in a pond. Then I observed that at one side, close to the frame, was a telegraph pole.

"Alas," I wailed, "the commercialism of this age."

But immediately I added, "What are you complaining about? A row of miles and miles of telegraph poles never really filled you with woe. It's the suggestion that from an early age has been forced upon you—the idea that this century is given over to materialism and commercialism and is therefore unlovely and unlovable.

I suppose people talked the same way when some men first used a stone knife instead of the natural and more romantic implements he was born with.

Why can't we take our world as we find it and believe that every invention, every forward move in commerce is but opening new chances for us to find something delightful?

Think of a trainyard. Unless you are mechanically disposed, it may be that you can think of no attraction in it. Yet there are wonderful, filmy, white masses of steam, breaking against the car-windows. There I have seen a light fall of snow over the cinders, just as the manna must have fallen in the wilderness.

The most entrancing thing is a long line of freight cars. They come from all over the country, and they say such various things. I had just finished reading Dr. Finley's romance of the French pioneers, when I saw a car labeled "Pere Marquette R. R." I hope I shall never be able to see that name without feeling the heroic spirit of the missionary-explorers. One day I saw a car of the Grand Trunk Pacific coupled with one of the Atlantic Coast Line. History—commerce—pride of empire! What might this not suggest to you?

These are instances. I am not anxious that you should all go about looking for romance on freight-

cars. I want to make a larger appeal than that. Each one of you has some taste to be gratified. Don't seek to satisfy it only within library walls. Keep your eyes open; enjoy yourself wherever you go. I am not inviting you to deep study or philosophical musings, but I am asking you to have a good time at a splendid game. Come on and play!

PEARL LUKENS, '17.

Rain Dreams

Oh, the sun brings roses,
The night brings rest,
But the rain brings dreams,
And dreams are best.

There are dreams of dryads,
And dreams of fays,
And dreams of brownies
That hate bright days.

There are dreams of witches
That ride on brooms,
And dreams of goblins
In dusky rooms.

There are dreams of circles
In forests old,
Where the frost sprites dance
When their toes are cold.

There are dreams of caverns
Down under the sea,
Where the mermaids hide
When they sing to me.

There are dreams of rivers
Where water sprites leap
And din and splash
When we're fast asleep.

There are dreams of fairies
That live in the sky
And slide down moonbeams
Fifty miles high.

There are dreams of the elves
That live in the rain
And come tap-tap-tapping
At my window pane.

Oh, the sun brings roses,
And the night brings rest,
But the rain brings dreams,
And dreams are best.

ANON.

Fragments

Tranquillity

Where is, what is this spirit of feeling and emotion which we so often speak of as "Tranquillity"? What sort of realm does this unseen goddess reign over? We see her riding in her chariot, a fleecy cloud, as it passes in front of the moon which is shining down upon a little mountain lake on a summer's night. She breathes, and the little hill-surrounded lake is perfectly calm because of the presence of her spirit — there is scarcely a ripple on the reflecting waters. She

rides on the wings of the bird which is of the blue that does not fade in dazzling light, and is a part of the true happiness it brings to men and women. She presides over man's thoughts, when, in contemplation, he "walks the cloistered pale," woos the chauntress in the woods, or "walks unseen, on the dry smooth shaven green." She goes hand in hand with an old man as he goes over the brow of the hill to view the sunset of life, bringing to him beautiful thoughts, which make old age lovely. She is present and fills the soul of a poet as he describes the beauties of nature or writes of little children —

"Life was full of dulcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven anear —
The sound of the little ones hard at play —
Willie and Bess, Georgie and May."

Although she does not fill it, yet this goddess of ours holds a small corner in that greatest and most spacious and wonderful of wishes, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Again, *what* is this goddess? As she certainly has her great place in Easter joy and peace, just so surely, if we could see her, we would see the soul of a pure white lily that reigns in light and in darkness, in joy and in sadness, but ever with calmness and beauty.

Andrew Zweigler was a Teuton. His little round stomach, his stolid blue eyes resting on puffy lids, and his sturdy carriage vouched for that. He came from a long line of rent collectors, and the payroll of his tenant was quarry to be hounded and hunted in the true spirit of the chase. He was a contractor and builder, but if contracting was his vocation, then rent

collecting was his avocation. He was wont to drive up to a tenant's abode in his rattling wagon with such despatch that he would nearly lose the old nail kegs and wooden horses off the rear end. These were the earmarks of his profession. Jouncing off the spring seat he scuttled up to the front door and gave the bell three quick jabs. Then he would assume a one-legged pose, bracing himself with one arm against the door-post, the other akimbo, hat pulled down over his eyes, and thus await the appearance of the tenant. If the rent was not forthcoming at once, there ensued a strenuous conversation. Now Andrew was a rapid talker, and talking always excited him. He had a habit of pushing his hat backward and forward on his head at regular intervals, and thereby mussing his short stubby hair in a comical fashion. This would delight the tenant's children, who were peeping at him from behind the door. In the end he would make dire threats, but never keep them, for he loved to play the tyrant, and harried all of his tenants continually after the manner of his feudal ancestors.

MARGARET M. CHRIST, '17.

The dew is sweet on the rose-buds,
'Tis morning, heart o' mine!
The birds have sung for an hour!
Come swiftly, heart o'mine!

The light is dim on the hill-top,
'Tis end o' day, dear heart.
A dream has come with the shadows,
A thought of you, dear heart.

H. A. K., '17.

The mist clung about the shabby houses, sinking down into the alleys, and half concealing the mazes of clotheslines, bright colored and limp. From the gray above, the rain fell steadily into the streets upon little bare-foot, gaudy figures spattering about. Gradually the mist thickened to heavy fog, the rain poured down, and through it suddenly pierced the cry of a child, uncomforted in its hurt.

The fog deepened and hid the wretched gaudiness and squalor of clothesline and alley; the rain came in floods. Through the dimness, a figure with an un-gainly pushcart scuttled to the poor shelter of an overhanging roof — and out of the mist and darkness rose a glorious voice, singing powerfully, exultantly, “O Sole Mio—.”

A. R. N., '17.





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Editorial Department

Don't Forget How to Play

I know a girl and so do you.

She wears a bonnet loosely attached to a few hairs in the left or right-rear of her head — a sober bonnet shouting *utility only*.

I know this girl and so do you.

She flops about in heel-less shoes and style-less, colorless, homeless coverings labeled *for the sake of warmth and propriety only*.

She lives in the realm of soul — no, spirit, she calls it — above the petty frivolities of us lesser beings. The body must be catered to merely for the fostering of this spirit. Her mind pierces and dispels the mysteries of religion, faith, beauty, and truth. Her life is a *Why* in its relation to the world, God, and herself.

She sleeps little, eats less — they waste time. So do novels, styles, dancing, and amusements. Her eyes are starey from much study and little rest, her hair is a constant apology, her mouth turns down, and her nose shines up.

Oh, I know this girl and you do, too.

She laughs rarely. Your foibles are her chief source of amusement and even that is of a pitying sort — for are not your foibles to be deplored?

She talks at you but never with you. Her words may take the form of a pun, a satire, or a heavy thought. But at no time are you at ease — for if you are not that moment affording her material for a witicism you may be the next.

She goes to a play, is bored to death. There may be an uncaused action or a presupposition.

She is interested in few people; fewer are interested in her. She may be lonely; but she finds the world at fault, not herself.

I know the girl and so do you. She may be in our midst, she probably is. And what is wrong with her?

Can it be that she has forgotten how to play?

Has she in her struggle after the world of spirit and true art forgotten that her way must lead through the sunshine of pleasure and laughter? Has she let critical discernment rout her light hearted sympathy with her fellow beings? Has she built her self-walls

so high and firm that there is no escape? Has she never tried to cultivate the art of listening? Oh, has she forgotten that life is rich, that the world is full of beauty to him who can find it, that every man is full of goodness to one who loves him?

And how to find the beauty and goodness? Look for it!

Learn from people as well as books, learn rational delight in living and helping to live, learn that he "who loves most has most," learn how to play.

For I've known such girls and so have you

News Department

Y. W. C. A.

At the meeting on February 23d, Miss Thoburn, of the National Headquarters, spoke to the Y. W. C. A. girls on the life of Grace Dodge, the founder of our Association. The meeting was well attended.

On the afternoon of February 29th, Miss Alice Ward, the Extension Secretary of the Albany Y. W. C. A., talked on "Service," and the practical side-by-side helping that college girls can do for each other.

The first meeting in March was on the afternoon of March 7th. The speaker was Mrs. Harriet K. Christie, head of the Albany branch of the Y. W. Bible Training Movement in America, and her subject, "Knowing and Believing." Her talk was very simple and earnest, but most forceful and convincing. Miss Elizabeth Evans sang at this meeting.

The questionnaires which were given out at the banquet were called in on the first of March, and the

results are to be carried by our annual member, Ruth F. Evans, to the conference in New York City.

Y. W. C. A. girls, don't let your interest in your Association flag at the end of our Jubilee Month. Let's make every month a jubilee month by attending all of our meetings and doing things to help along our work, and, above all, let's pay our dues immediately!

College Club

The fates were kind to the club during February, and they (or the Program Committee) found two most interesting speakers for us. The first meeting of the month was addressed by Dr. Richardson of our own faculty. He spoke on the subject of the war, outlining causes, occasion, preliminaries, and progress up to the present time. Dr. Richardson's comments on the German system were especially worth hearing because of his travels in that country. Dr. Hastings was the speaker at the second meeting, when he read to us, in his usual delightful fashion, selections from the writings of Oscar Wilde.

Truly, College Club is prospering.

Chemistry Club Notes

A regular meeting of the club was held Friday, Feb. 25th, at which Miss Devine gave an interesting paper on "Bread." This was followed by a discussion in which all took part.

On Friday, March 10th, the annual stunt meeting was held. Many curious and interesting phenomena were shown, and the ability of our members to control the elements was quite thoroughly demonstrated.

Flowers became pale from very wonder at our knowledge, and flames appeared from water at our call.

Among those taking part were: Mr. Long, Mr. Schneible, Miss Jacobi, Miss Stewart, Mr. Walker, Mr. Winkler, and other club members.

El Circulo Castellano

At our first literary meeting, Wednesday, January 12th, the subject was the Alhambra. Mr. Pearsall gave us the history of the Alhambra, Miss Horning read a charming story written about the traditions of the Alhambra, and Professor Stinard showed us some splendid views of the different parts of the ancient ruins.

Wednesday, February 16th, some very interesting papers were read on life in Spain.

Miss Hildred Griffin described a bull fight in Spain, Miss Emma Sommerfield told of the life of the Spanish gypsies, and Mr. Bernard Marron read a story of the Moors.

Omicron Nu

With great pleasure we welcome Miss Edna I. Avery as a faculty member of Omicron Nu.

Senior Notes

The Pedagogue goes to press March 31st. We expect the best and the most representative year book that the State College has ever issued.

The caps and gowns have arrived. One more fact to prove that the Senior Class affairs are being run with business-like efficiency.

The Moving-up Day Committee consists of the following members: Jessie Dunseith, Dorothy Feeney, Katherine Ensign, Jacques Harwich.

Junior Class

At last the impossible has been accomplished, and a photograph has been secured which almost does the class justice. We are so delighted that we go about all the time singing. But then 1917 has something to sing! What class can show anything to equal our new song, composed by Mr. Hager to the tune of "Men of Harlich"?

One last boast with hearts all flaming,
 One last cheer we'll raise acclaiming,
 One last hymn we'll sing in naming
 " Nineteen Seventeen " !

Send the slogan flying,
 Echo still replying,
 Glad the song that rings along
 Of our love undying.
 With a brave and proud emotion
 We will raise by farthest ocean,
 This our emblem of devotion,
 " Nineteen Seventeen."

Firm the clasp of hands uniting,
 True the vow of faith we're plighting,
 Warm the flame of love we're lighting,
 " Nineteen Seventeen " !

Fate our paths may sever,
 May the future ever
 Show the power in coming hour
 Of our past endeavor.

Then until our lives are ending,
 Distant songs shall still be blending,
 Greeting still to thee be sending,
 "Nineteen Seventeen."

Sophomore Notes

On February 25th the annual Sophomore-Senior reception was held. Both classes were well represented. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with palms and with the colors of the Sophomore class. O'Neill's orchestra furnished the music. During the evening some members of the Sophomore class gave a delightful program. An address of welcome was given by the President, Mr. Dedicke. Miss Burleson rendered a piano solo most effectively. Miss More sang a delightful little song and Miss Johns recited in a pleasing fashion.

Freshman Class

The window went up and the cream came out,
 But the Sophomores did *shine*.

* * * * *

The spoons went up and the cream went down
 And the Freshmen did dine.

Isn't it queer, everybody, how Spring comes so suddenly? We never seem to realize that it is coming until it is here. Did you ever wonder how it is that the grass becomes so green and strong-looking without our noticing it? All nature just seems to try to surprise us about this time of the year. Glance at a Freshman, for instance. Where did you ever see such a bright verdant young soul? Isn't it remarkable? We've become really very clever too, you know.

Ask the Sophomores. They didn't think it was in us—but they should have known before that we were very much alive and full of spirit. We just happened to wake up and blossom forth with everything else that is verdant. Your young schoolmates brought the spirit of Spring once more into the college. That is all.

We have not made a name for ourselves in athletics—yet. But *brains* and *brawn* do not always go together, you know. And, inasmuch as we were endowed with the brains, we shall wait for the brawn to develop.

“Frosh” Party

The annual Freshman party occurred Friday evening, March 17th. The ingenuity and variety of the decorations was a big surprise to the upper classmen. More than two hundred couples attended. The event was a social success in every way, and proved that our class spirit was very much alive. A delightful program, including a whistling solo, a recitation, and vocal selections was rendered.

Delta Omega

We welcome back to college Miss Rosebrook, who has been ill since examinations.

Recently, Miss Dorothy Martin, Wellesley '15 was initiated into Delta. The following girls are wearing the yellow and white pledge: Mary Ella Blue, Bernice Bronner, Caroline Lipes, Dorothy Vanderpool, and Helen Foster '18.

Delta is beginning to make plans for her annual week-end, the 12th and 13th of May.

Eta Phi Notes

The Eta Phi girls with a few friends enjoyed a sleighride Saturday evening, March 11th. Afterwards they went to Kimmey's bakery for eats and dancing.

Theda Mosher entertained Miss Peggy Van Ness from Northville, N. Y., over the week-end of March 4th.

Ruth Kimmey recently spent a week-end in Utica at the home of Mrs. Harrison Weaver, formerly Miss Sarah Trembly.

Eta Phi welcomes into membership, Miss Arlene Beardsley and Miss Dorothy Wilbur.

We announce the marriage of Miss Mildred Gillespie, ex-'18 to Mr. Raymond Glenn, Union ex-'17.

Florence Lansing recently spent a week-end in Syracuse, attending the $\Pi B \Phi$ formal at the Onondaga.

Kappa Delta

Kappa Delta's membership has been splendidly increased by the addition of two Sophomores and six Freshmen. The Sophomores are Eloise Lansing of Albany, and Janet Wall of Savona. The Freshmen are Gertrude Blair of Clinton, Viola Brownell of Buskirk, Mildred Oatey of Hoosick Falls, Dorothy Roberts, Eugenia Lee, and Margaret Shirtz of Albany. On Monday, March 6th, the old members entertained the newly bidden members on a jolly sleighride, and later in a cosy group around the fire. On Tuesday evening the arrangement was reversed, for the new members furnished us boundless entertainment during the ordeal of initiation. This they survived in heroic fashion, however, and will doubtless live many a day as an honor to the fair name of $K \Delta$.

Psi Gamma

On March 4th, Psi Gamma held its annual dance in the college gymnasium, which was decorated like a Japanese garden. The patronesses were: Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Decker, Mrs. Sahler of Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Horning and Mrs. Johns of Johnstown, Miss Wilson, and Miss Farnsworth. Several of our alumnæ returned for the dance, Frances Wood '14 of Catskill, Grace Meade '15 of Tuxedo Park, Florence Whittmen '11 of Utica, and Clara Wallace '14 of Cape Vincent, Lake Ontario.

Psi Gamma is glad to welcome as pledge members, Ruth Patterson and Helen Van Ness.

Kappa Nu

Kappa Nu cordially welcomes to membership Magdalena Andrae, '19, Marcy Carney, '19, Nora Chavoustie '19, and Agnes Dennin '19.

Mildred O'Malley entertained the sorority at a tea at her home on March 7th in honor of the Freshmen.

We are glad to have Celia Casey '16 and Edith Sullivan '18 with us again after their illness.

Helma Laventure, '17, and Katherine Hagle, '17, entertained the girls on February 22nd.

A dinner was given to the new members on March 16th at the Knickerbocker.

Several of the girls enjoyed the dance given by Psi Gamma on March 4th.

Sigma Nu Kappa

Orris B. Emery spent a week-end recently as the guest of Σ N K.

Plans are being rapidly completed for the annual

Σ N K dance which event will occur in the latter part of May. A large number of Alumni have signified their intention of attending.

At the next meeting the election of officers for the ensuing year will be the special order of business.

College Notes

On Tuesday, February 22nd, the college met in the auditorium to celebrate both Washington's and Lincoln's birthday. Mr. Harlan H. Horner of the Regent's Department was the principal speaker of the occasion. Mr. Horner began with a few words of comparison between Washington and Lincoln, Washington the kind, patient, and wise father of his country, who emancipated his own slaves, and Lincoln, the savior of his country, who emancipated all the slaves. The chief topic of Mr. Horner's address was, "The Faith of Lincoln." He traced briefly his life and the different people who had had any part in it or any influence upon him. He spoke, too, of his religious principles. Lincoln was not a member of any church. His faith could not be confined by any creed. No one church or sect can claim him. He is the inheritance of all people. Lincoln's great faith in God was never disappointed. In every problem and every struggle of his life he sought divine guidance and it never failed him. Mr. Horner's address revealed his deep love for the martyred president and a careful study of his life.

Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard University gave the last two lectures of the series on February 23rd and 24th. The subjects of these lectures were, "The Difference between Closet and Acted Drama," and "Pageantry and its Position in the United States."

Prof. Baker said very decidedly that the closet drama, that is, drama which is not acted on the stage, is not a higher form than the acted drama, as many people believe. It is not acted because for some reason it is not fitted for the stage. Byron and Browning wrote some excellent plays, but they were not successful on the stage because neither of these poets had had any practical training on the stage. They did not know how to turn good dramatic material into good theatrical material. The difference between the closet and acted drama was made still clearer by an actual comparison of Tennyson's play "Thomas Becket," an excellent example of the closet drama and this same play after it had been arranged for the stage by the great actor and producing manager, Sir Henry Irving.

The pageant is one of the oldest and most historic forms of dramatic entertainment. The modern pageant is not like the old pageant of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, but it is a development from that. The pageant is usually used in celebrating some historical event and to recreate the past history of some community for the pleasure of the people. A pageant has a great and very beneficial influence in a community. It ties up the present with the past. It brings to life all that was valuable in past history. It sweeps away class distinctions since people of every kind in the community take part. It gives people the opportunity to find unexpected talents in themselves and to develop them. A pageant shows all the arts in cooperation, music, dancing, etc. For these and many other reasons pageantry has proved itself worth while.

On February 28th, Prof. Decker talked in chapel on the "Social Influences of the German Army." The two things of which Germans are most proud are of

their systems of compulsory education and of military training. All boys in Germany must serve in the army before they are twenty years old. If they have a certificate from the "gymnasium" they need only serve one year. Otherwise the term of service is two years in the infantry and three in the artillery. During these years all the time is given up to military training. Those who advocate this system of compulsory military service declare that such training has as broadening an influence as a course of travel. The soldiers come in contact with other soldiers from different parts of Germany. In the army, too, they hear good German spoken. On the other hand, the support of enormous army places a burden of expense upon the people which is difficult for them to maintain, and this is one of the reasons why women are forced to work in the fields and often look old and worn out at the age of thirty-five.

Dr. Thompson gave a short talk in the Student Assembly on March 3rd, urging everyone to attend the play, "The Rivals," which was to be given that evening by the class in dramatics. Dr. Thompson said that there were two ways at least by which our college could distinguish itself. We have enough literary talent to make the best college magazine in the country, and enough dramatic talent for the best dramatic class in the country. We ought to realize that our dramatics class is one of the best ways by which our college will gain a reputation among other colleges and we ought to support that class in every way that we can.

Such a pleasant time as we had at "The Rivals," with Mrs. Malaprop, and Sir Anthony Absolute, Lucy, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Captain Jack Absolute, Lydia

Languish, Bob Acres and all the others! Those who were fortunate enough to go enjoyed a delightful evening. The following is a list of the characters given in the order of their appearances:

Fag.....Arthur N. Woodward
Thomas.....W. J. Ellis
Lucy.....Margaret Shevlin
Lydia Languish.....Anna Nelson
Julia.....Rose Martin
Mrs. Malaprop.....Geraldine Murray
Sir Anthony Absolute....Alfred E. Dedicke
Captain Jack Absolute.....Kolin Hager
Faulkland.....Harry Russel
Bob Acres.....George Anderson
Boy.....Charles I. Sayles
David.....Arthur N. Woodward
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Walter Doyle

On Tuesday evening, March 14th, Prof. Kirtland spoke at the meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of School 16, Troy. The subject of his talk was, "Justice in Child Training."

Alumni Department

Died

Miss Adele M. Fielde, '60, author, lecturer and missionary, died in Seattle, Wash., February 23rd, 1916. Miss Fielde was born in Rodman, N. Y., 77 years ago. She was a well-known scientist, also, had traveled over the world, and taken a prominent part in all work in connection with civic betterment.

Visitors at College

Mrs. Abijah C. Peck, *née* Fanny F. Campbell, '82, visited college last Friday, March 10th.

Mr. Frederick Singer, '15, also visited us on March 10th.

Miss Christina Lawson, '86, paid the college a visit on Thursday, March 9th.

Alumni Banquet

There were one hundred and thirty representatives of our college who attended the recent Alumni Banquet, the oldest member present being Dr. David P. Austin, class of 1857. The tables were effectively decorated with red carnations. There were eight representatives from each of four classes, '84, '01, '14, and '15, respectively. Dr. Richardson, Dr. Brubacher, and Miss Pierce represented the College Faculty.

Dr. Katherine B. Davis was unable to attend on account of illness. Her place was filled by Miss Grace Strachan, of wide repute as a leader of the Women Teachers in New York City who are working for equal pay with men and for retiring pensions.

Dr. A. R. Brubacher gave some interesting information concerning the accomplishment of some of his plans outlined the year before and suggested means of further progress. He said that the attendance had increased 30 per cent. over last year, and all signs indicated growth.

Dr. Henry R. Rose, of Newark, N. J., spoke very interestingly on Kipling's "Measure of a Man."

The young alumni are rejoicing in the fact that the new president of the Alumni Association is Mr. Gerald S. Pratt, '14, and are hoping that all new alumni will rally to his support in the following year.

Executive Committee Meeting

A meeting of this committee was held on March 10th to arrange for Alumni Day, June 17th. The parade,

stunts, singing, and luncheon of last year are to be the features of the day. A committee was appointed to consider the awarding of prizes in the Song Competition started by the Alumni Association some months ago. The committee reports that many contributions have been received.

The members of the Song Book Committee are: Faculty, Miss Anna Pierce, Miss Clara Springstead, Prof. John Sayles; Seniors, Edna Albert, Elsie Austin, Dorothy Feeney, Jack Harwick; Juniors, Ethel Houck, Edith Wallace; Sophomores, Harold Russel, Marion Putnam; Freshman, Margaret Shirtz.

1915

Florence Spooner is teaching in Wappingers Falls, N. Y.





Since the last issue of THE ECHO, the following exchanges have been received: *The Concordiensis*, Union; *The Cornell Era*, Cornell; *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross; *The Ridge*, William Smith; *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar, and *The Westminster Holcad*, Westminster.

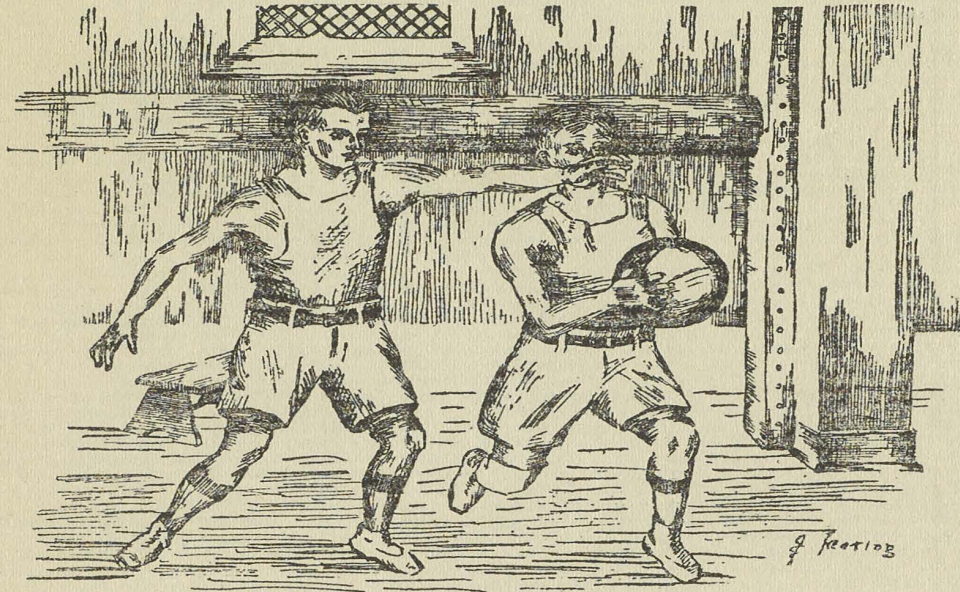
This month, we read our exchanges in a vain attempt to find something striking, upon which to comment. Magazines devoted entirely to news are up to the ordinary standard, but literary publications are sadly dull. *The Vassar Miscellany* is better than the rest, but even here we find the old, conventional college stories. *The Coward* is a perfect example, being the story of a Washington society girl, who went to Europe at the beginning of the war, and who, though without experience of any sort, became a skilled nurse. She nursed an English soldier back to life, only to find, on the day before his discharge, that he was condemned to death. She returned to America with a broken heart. Could anything be more time-worn?

In the *Holy Cross Purple* (whose literary department is a mere shadow of its former self) we find an explanation for the prevailing mediocrity. It gives mid-year examinations as the cause. "The time that ordinarily is devoted to the magazine by the contributors is swerved into preparation of the matter for

examination for at least a month before the ordeals start. Another month is consumed by the tests themselves. And finally it would seem that the student takes unto himself a final month of rest after his trials."

This is no doubt true, but "exams" are now well over, so let's brace up.





Athletic Department

Varsity Basketball

We fear our athletic news last month must have seemed ancient history. We expected it to be read before our basketball five went to Brooklyn to play St. John's, instead of long after the Colgate game. We'll try to make our "news" news next time.

The defeat Colgate administered to our boys did not blur the splendid victory won in Brooklyn over St. John's. Enough cannot be said in praise of the team's work. The evident explanation of the Colgate fiasco is that we were playing out of our class. Our opponent was the proven fastest five in the East. Nevertheless the game was worth while, if only on account of the phenomenal crowd that witnessed Colgate's splendid precision and accuracy of team work. Our old friend "College Spirit" woke up.

The Sophomores were out in a body and in their behalf President Dedicke, of the Sophomore class, presented Goewey, the popular 1918 man on the purple and gold five, with a coat-jersey as a token of appreciation of the services he has rendered both to his class and to his college.

On March 3rd and 4th, Coach Swaim and Manager Maguire took the five on a northern trip, on which Clarkson Tech. was played at Potsdam, and St. Lawrence University at Canton. The first game was marred by inefficient, partisan refereeing, but at Canton, the boys, playing under fairer conditions, put up a lively fight. Only after a great effort was St. Lawrence able to come out a winner by a score of 25:19.

We give below the scores of all games not published before in THE ECHO, not as news, but only as part of a record of the games played this season:

ST. JOHN'S			S. C. T.				
F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		
Goette, R.F.	3	0	6	S. Fitzgerald, R.F.	3	5	11
Murphy, L.F.	1	0	2	Goewey, L.F.	2	0	4
Collins, C.	1	0	2	O'Connell, C.	1	0	2
Barry, R.G.	1	0	2	Jones, R.G.	3	0	6
Clarke, L.G.	2	0	4	Curtis, L.G.	0	0	0
Weiss, L.F.	0	0	0				
McCafforey, R.G. ..	0	0	0				
Totals	8	0	16	Totals	9	5	23

Score at half-time: 6:12. Referee: Casey. Timer: Swaim. Time of halves: 20 min. Where played: Brooklyn. Score: 16:23. Date: Feb. 19, 1916.

COLGATE			S. C. T.				
F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		
Van Alstyne, R.F..	10	0	20	S. Fitzgerald, R.F.	2	9	13
Kennedy, L.F.	6	4	16	Goewey, L.F.	0	0	0
West, C.	1	0	2	O'Connell, C.	0	0	0
Glendenning, R. G.	3	0	6	Jones, R.G.	1	0	2
Stewart, L.G.	4	0	8	Curtis, L.G.	0	0	0
Enderson, L.F. ...	2	0	4	F. Fitzgerald, L.G.	0	0	0
Reid, C.	3	0	6				
Totals	29	4	62	Totals	3	9	15

Score at half-time: 31:8. Referee: Hill. Timer: Swaim. Time of halves: 20 min. Where played: Albany H. S. Date: Feb. 24, 1916. Scorer: Marden.

CLARKSON COLLEGE

OF TECH.	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Morrison, L.F.	7	0	14
Barclay, R.F.	11	2	24
Maley, C.	1	0	2
Teahan, R.G.	1	0	2
West, L.G.	2	0	4
Reynolds, L.F.	0	0	0
Carroll, L.G.	0	0	0
MacDonald, R.F. .	0	2	2

Totals 22 4 48

S. C. T. F.B. F.P. T.P.

F. Fitzgerald, R.F.	3	0	6
Goewey, L.F.	1	0	2
O'Connell, C.	1	0	2
Jones, R.G.	0	3	3
Curtis, L.G.	2	0	4
Hohaus, L.G.	0	0	0

Totals 7 3 17

Score at half-time: 28:8. Referee: Taylor. Timer: Perkins. Time of halves: 20 min. Where played: Potsdam, N. Y. Date: March 3, 1916. Scorer: S. Maguire. Score: 48:17.

ST. LAWRENCE

UNIV.	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Noble, L.F.	1	0	2
Guernsey, R.F.	5	7	17
Clements, C.	0	0	0
Morgan, L.G.	1	0	2
Reynolds, R.G.	1	0	2
Church, C.	1	0	2

Totals 9 7 25

S. C. T. F.B. F.P. T.P.

O'Connell, L.F., C.	2	0	4
F. Fitzgerald, R.F.	1	0	2
Goewey, C.	0	2	2
Curtis, L.G.	2	0	4
Jones, R.G.	2	3	7
Hohaus, L.F.	0	0	0

Totals 7 5 19

Score at half-time: 11:10. Referee: Wheeler. Timer: Maguire. Time of halves: 20 min. Where played: Canton, N. Y. Date: March 4, 1916. Scorer: Swaim. Score: 25:19.

Inter-Class Games

Probably never before have the inter-class games been of such an exciting nature, nor the race for the championship so close. A few weeks ago, when the Juniors beat the Freshman, and the Freshman beat the Seniors, the race seemed to be narrowing down to a fight between Juniors and Sophomores. All depended upon the outcome of the Junior-Sophomore game; and when the Sophs won, it was up to the Seniors to keep the 1918 men from becoming champs. The then following Senior-Sophomore game was unquestionably the most interesting contest ever staged in the S. C. T. gym. It was anybody's game up to the final whistle, and the Seniors won 25:24. This brought the Sophomores back into a tie with the Juniors which will be

played off in the near future. The standing of the teams at the present time is as follows:

	W.	L.	Perc.
Sophomores	2	1	.666
Juniors	2	1	.666
Freshmen	1	2	.333
Seniors	1	2	.333

Following are the scores of the various class-games not hitherto reported, with exception of the Junior-Frosh game in which case our mercy forbids us to add to the injury of the Frosh, the score having been 48:15 in favor of the Juniors.

JUNIORS					SOPH'S						
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Winkler, L.F.	1	0	2	Cohen, R.F.	2	1	5	Goewey, L.F.	6	5	17
Hohaus, R.F.	3	9	15	Van Derwalker, C.	3	0	6	Greenblatt, L.G. .	0	0	0
Hager, C.	2	0	4	Dedicke, R.G.	2	0	4				
Jones, R.G.	3	0	6								
Walker, L.G.	1	0	2								
Totals	10	9	29	Totals	13	6	32				

Score at half-time: 11:10. Referee: Swaim. Scorer: Marden. Timer: Maguire. Time of halves: 20 min. Score: 29:32.

SENIORS					FRESHMEN						
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Doyle, L.F.	0	0	0	Gillette, R.F.	0	0	0	Mason, L.F.	3	0	6
O'Connell, R.F. ..	4	4	12	Cassavant, C.	0	0	0	De Voe, L.G.	1	0	2
Maguire, C.	2	0	4	F. Fitzgerald, R.G.	3	13	19				
Harwich, R.G. ...	0	0	0								
Dolan, L.G.	0	0	0								
Totals	6	4	16	Totals	7	13	27				

Score at half-time: 7:14. Referee: W. Jones. Scorer: Marden. Timer: Swaim. Times of halves: 20 min. Score: 16:27.

SENIORS					SOPH'S						
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.		F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
O'Connell, L.F. ...	1	0	2	Cohen, L.F.	3	1	7	Goewey, R.F.	5	3	13
Anderson, R.F. ...	4	3	11	Burns, R.F.	0	0	0	Van Derwalker, C.	0	0	0
Maguire, L.F.	0	3	3	Dedicke, R.G. ...	1	0	2	Greenblatt, L.G. ..	1	0	2
Dolan, C.	0	0	0								
Doyle, L.G.	0	0	0								
Curtis, R.G.	3	1	7								
Harwich, R.G. ...	1	0	2								
Totals	9	7	25	Totals	10	4	24				

Score at half-time: 11:8. Referee: Dr. Powers. Scorer: F. Connors. Timer: Swaim. Time of halves: 15 and 20 min. Score: 25:24.

Girls' Athletic Association

At a recent meeting of the Association several important changes were decided upon. The regular girls' Varsity team has been discontinued and in its place an honorary team is to be formed, the membership of which will be determined by the result of the inter-class basketball championship series. The members of the team winning this series will compose the honorary Varsity. At this same time it was decided to award the class numerals to the members of each team who had played in three whole games or seven half games. After winning the numerals once the player will receive honorable mention the second time, and any girl having won her class numerals three times will then be awarded the college letters. It is important for every member of the Association to remember that this does not apply only to those playing basketball, but also to tennis. With these changes every girl's chance for winning the coveted college letters is strengthened, and this should arouse greater enthusiasm and college spirit. Come and get interested in college athletics for you don't know what you can do till you try!

The first basketball game between the Seniors and Freshmen resulted in a victory for 1916. The value of continued playing together through their college course aided the Seniors greatly, and their success was never doubtful. The opposing teams were:

SENIORS — 29		FRESHMEN — 6	
Ensign	Forward	Barry	Forward
Mathews	Forward	Curtis	Forward
Wager	Center	Vedder, Andrae	Center
Nolan	S. Center	Dennin	S. Center
Tedford	Guard	Shirtz	Guard
Loveless, Noon	Guards	Linehan, Lee	Guards



The young lady was just back from abroad and had acquired an accent. She was at a dance with a former beau from the home city, who had not yet learned the distinction between good English and the vernacular practised in his birthplace.

“Oh, dear,” sighed she during a pause in the activities, ‘I’m dahnced out!’”

“Oh, no,” the chivalrous youth hastened to say, comfortingly, “not darn stout, just nicely plump.”

I wish I were a little stone,
 Sitting on a hill,
 With nothing in this world to do
 But just a-sitting still.
 I wouldn't sleep,
 I wouldn't eat,
 I wouldn't even wash,
 I'd just sit still a thousand years,
 And rest myself, by gosh!

Said the Inebriate

As he stood before a lamp post, knocking loudly,
 “You needn't pretend you're ashleep up there, Shushie,
 I shee your light in the window.”

As he repeatedly bumped into the only tree in sight for miles, "Losht in an impenetrable foresht, and no hopesh of gettin' out."

As he circled again and again the wire netting which surrounded the maple tree in front of his suburban home, "Where dickensh is 'at gate gone to? Can't get home, when can't find my way out."

The Spring Cold

What is so rare as a cold in Spring?

Then if ever come perfect colds.

The myriad cold germs whistle and sing,

While you to your handkerchief manfully cling,

And vainly try some comfort to bring

To your mournfully stricken soul.

Your dear friends will faithfully try everything

On you as a cure for the cold.

You find that relief time only will bring,

For the cold germs still whistle and cheerfully sing,

Still working your nose like a wet weather spring,

Then, presto! 'tis vanished, the cold.— *Life*.

Some Ideas on Lenten Sacrifices

We suggest that:

A - - - - a Nel - - n give up snoring.

T - - da M - - r give up her Monday morning letter from Washington.

R - - - - t H - - - us give up copying Ed. I reports.

Ir - - e Gil - - rt give up evening dresses held up only by the "grace of God and a rose."

Ar - - - e N - - - K, M - - ica C - d - ff, and C - - r - n
B - n - - tt give up borrowing.

J - - - s Wa - - - er give up trespassing on "Cupid's" property.

Jo - - ph - ne K - - ting give up laughing in the library.

J - - n McN - - - give up wearing his Senior ring.

St - - y F - tz - - - d limit his visits at 124 South Lake to two a week during the Holy Season.

Prof. S - y - s give up "camping on his trail."

K - l - n H - g - r give up making astronomical observations.

M - - g - - - t Sh - l - n give up "having her conscience quieted."

Ha - t Ar - - tz give up talking in Hist. III so that Prof. Risley may have a chance to lecture.

I - v - g G - w - y give up wearing his purple sweater.

M - r - n B - l - y and R - y - d S - h - le give up conversation in the halls.

J - s - e D - - th give up working for the *Pedagogue*.

Ka - ine O - ll and G - - e An - - - n give up their morning walk from chapel.

Signed — *The College Cat*.

Dr. Blue, ending an Ed. I lecture: "And here I end my dying strain." My, it's a good thing it only comes once a week.

To the Student Body

BEFORE shopping examine the "Index to Advertisers" in THE ECHO. It will help you to fill your needs quickly and to the best advantage — these merchants make a specialty of your wants. If you want to boost THE ECHO save your compliments until you go shopping. Always mention THE ECHO.—
ADV. MANAGERS.

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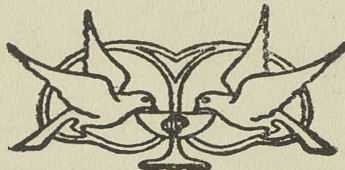
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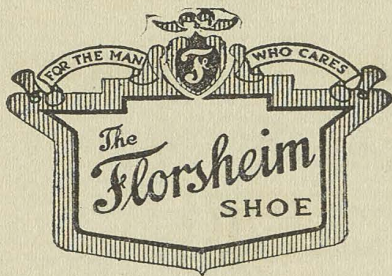
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