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-THE-ECHO-



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THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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OCTOBER, 1911.

No. 2

Literary Department.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Nestling 'mong emerald hills,
Fringed by beauteous trees,
Watered by dancing rills,
Lulled by humming bees,
Thrilled by song of the thrush,
Kissed by sunny skies,
Peaceful at noonday hush,
Our Lake Chautauqua lies.

RACHEL A. GRISWOLD.

CHAUTAUQUA THE YEAR ROUND.

By Chautauqua I do not mean that fenced-in little summer city on the shores of the Indians' "Beautiful Waters," nor yet do I mean the land immediately surrounding this lovely sheet of water; but I mean that whole territory extending from the sandy stretches and rocky cliffs of Lake Erie to about thirty miles towards the south. And in telling of this territory I shall not only try to picture the land beyond the view of the summer visitor, but, also, the land as it appears during those seasons when no city wayfarer frequents it. By way of introduction I shall briefly discuss its topography, and its history and tradition before the day when the city began to send its hordes out for a summer playtime.

Chautauqua County has a northern frontage of about forty miles on Lake Erie and extends southward for about thirty miles as an average distance. It is bounded both on the west and south by the State of Pennsylvania, and on the east by Cattaraugus and Erie Counties.

A narrow strip along the northern portion is low and almost perfectly level, and it is in this section that the main part of the "grape-belt" lies. Not many miles back from the Erie there is an abrupt rise, where the foothills of the Alleghanies begin. The abruptness of this rise may be distinctly shown by figures. Lake Chautauqua, famed for its high and healthful altitude, is ten miles from Lake Erie, and between these two lakes there is an ascent of eight hundred feet. Taking into account the fact that the land is level for about three miles back from Lake Erie, one can see that the ascent is over one hundred feet for every mile. The greatest altitude of the county is nineteen hundred feet above sea level, but it is only through the northern and central portions that the hills are at all precipitous.

There was a time when this country did not bear its present name, nor did other counties and states of the white man exist;

nor did the distances and heights have measurements in feet and miles. Then the Indians hunted in Chautauqua's forests and fished upon its sparkling lakes. The first white man to penetrate and explore this region found it an unbroken wilderness, with but few traces of living man; yet there were unmistakable signs of an ancient people that had dwelt there and built their mounds. These people were the Mound Builders. But, beyond their scattered monuments, they left no trace; when they came or how long they remained is not known. Someone has written these lines of them:

“ But they are gone
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our houses upon
The fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves;
Our lovers woo beneath their moon —
Then let us spare, at least, their graves! ”

Between the days of the Mound Builders and the European invaders there is no authentic information concerning the races that peopled this country. But we know that savages and barbarians were there and that they loved the land and that they left many beautiful traditions to add to an already exquisite paradise.

The name of Chautauqua is, without doubt, of Indian origin, but it has probably not come down to us in the form which the Indians had it. There are many conjectures as to both its meaning and origin. Some claim that it was the Indian *Connewango*, which the French changed to *Tchadakoin*. This name then, so it is said, underwent many slight variations until it received its present spelling and pronunciation. Others say that the name means, in the Indian, “Beautiful Waters,” and still others, “Bag tied in the middle.” The latter signification was con-
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tured from the fact that the lake, from which the county receives its name, is wide at either end but very narrow at the middle. In allusion to the mist arising from the lake at times, it has been said that the name means "foggy place." On account of the great height it may be that it means "high up." Yet another meaning may be "place of easy death," which, in the Seneca tongue, is "Ja-da-qua." This last idea is the result of a legend. A young squaw ate of a root that created in her a great thirst. She bent down to drink of the water of the lake and disappeared forever. Thereafter the Indians alluded to the place as "Ja-da-qua."

But whatever the origin of the name, Chautauqua it is and shall be, for no other name could possibly fit. The mystery of this name, in a way, binds it firmly to the mysterious beauty of which Chautauqua boasts. The early pioneers felt this mystery of beauty, their descendants and the later comers were charmed by it, and the tradesmen, passing over the old Portage Road, were made to forget for a few fleeting hours, that they were dwelling in a world of "trade and barter."

Then there were forests with their dense beauty, but to-day when many of those forests have been cleared away, is it any the less beautiful? No—, not even the buzzing civilization with its cultivated fields and noisy towns can detract from the strange and wild, yet comforting and tranquil attractiveness.

In the early part of the year the land towards the north first feels the presence of spring. There the wild ducks are first seen off shore; there the frosty nights and sunny days first fill the air with fragrance of sap and maple sugar; there the buds first begin to swell slowly on the trees. Then some morning you awaken to find tender, young green everywhere. The anemones and hepaticas peep forth next. By this time the hills off to the south have grown a faint, misty, greenish blue, and soon the little woods-flowers start there also. You wander out along the railroad track, breathing in the glorious air and sunshine, and wondering

at the blue of the sky, until you find yourself in amongst a world of "spring beauties." And not only in the woods are the flowers, but in every crevice of the rocky gullies. Before long a faint line of white gleams in the north and then it spreads and spreads back up the hills and away to the south. It seems as though every tree were filled with pink and white blossoms and with songs of birds. Why, it is so wonderful that the birds must sing, even though nest-building is well under way. One day you arise with the rosy sun and caroling birds. The slightest breeze fills the air with petals. It is beautiful, yet you could almost weep, because the misty whiteness will soon be gone. Suddenly you sniff the air,—violets! In an instant you are prone upon the ground, filling your hands delightfully with the modest purple violets that grow so profusely everywhere. You have been watching for them for days, but only yesterday the buds were ever so small. How could they have blossomed in the night? Ere long, however, the violets go and the roses come.

The roses are welcome heralds, for they announce that, unknown to you, spring has melted into summer. Now it is that the rows upon rows of grape vines are covered with their huge, triple-pointed leaves, that the hills are green and blue, that the sky is blue and white, that the fields of grain, dotting here and there, are white and gold, and that the orchards on the slopes begin to show tiny green fruit. Now the tourists have come to the lake and the deep, mournful sound of the steamer's whistle is heard, and the wild screech of the trolley becomes more audible. The lake lies in shimmering blue and the hills that slope gently away from it are the bluest hills you ever saw. On the hottest day there is always a cooling breeze and the nights are sublime. Days and days of perfect summer weather linger long about the hills and lowlands and gulches, and each day seems more lovely than the one preceding.

Perhaps — oh, yes, most assuredly — a few storms help in bringing about variation. The storms of Chautauqua are real

storms and well worthy of description. The lightning flashes vividly, the thunder rolls deafeningly and the rain drives down in such sheets that one cannot see farther than a few rods. Trees are sent crashing to the earth, barns filled with grain are put in flames, and the lakes froth and foam and beat wildly upon their shores. Then of a sudden it is all over, dazzling sunshine falls upon the dripping objects, and the bow, God's sign of peace, spans the sky.

'Tis a pity such days of sunshine and storm cannot last, but they must come to an end as all things do. The bold, brilliant flowers frighten away the last of the summer guests and the last day of summer. The leaves turn gold and red and fall from the trees, apples cover the ground, tons after tons of grapes are harvested, the corn is packed in sheaves, the golden pumpkins are gathered in, and at last every shrub, bush, tree, and vine is stripped bare. Drizzling autumnal rains set in and cold, chill winds and frosts come, first to the higher lands and then to the lower. Usually early November has a slight snowfall, followed by a few days — sometimes weeks — of glorious Indian Summer; but by Thanksgiving everything is white.

Now December advances and at Christmas-tide one is well aware that winter has come. The lowlands have less snow than the upperlands, where the drifts shut all in for months. But what coasting, what sleighing, what skating! Great merriment is going on continually, while the white world lies, apparently asleep, waiting for the bluebird's call to arouse it in the spring.

RACHEL A. GRISWOLD, 1914.

DAD AND YOU.

You were pals, Dad and you, and how vivid is the memory of the times you roamed the fields and woods with Dad. Perhaps it was a day in early spring and hard play all the afternoon had

made you very tired, but when Dad came home about five o'clock you jumped up and ran to meet him and he said:

"Hello, kid, want to take a walk?"

Your quick reply was:

"You bet!"

Then off together up the railroad track you went while he held your hand and steadied your wobbly walk on the rail, and, when your foot slipped off, it was sure to sink into the spongy cinders where the frost was all out, instead of on the ties. But Dad did not object to dirty shoes. He just laughed and said:

"Try again, kid; you've got so much real estate on your feet it ought to hold you in place."

By and by you left the track and went under a culvert and followed a cow-path that led down to a little brook which directly flowed around a bend and lost itself in a good-sized pool, deep now from the spring rains, but decidedly alluring. Dad and you stopped here and told how, if it were not so late in the afternoon, you would go swimming, even if it was early spring. Then you sat down on an old stump near a clump of willows that were just beginning to send out tiny, slender leaves of bright, shiny green. Dad took out his knife and immediately you asked:

"What are you going to make?" and he said:

"Guess."

So you watched him cut a willow whip about as big around as his little finger. He looked it over carefully and finally cut off a piece four inches long that had no buds nor knots on it. Then he cut a ring around the bark an inch from one end and tapped the other end with his knife handle. You watched very closely and when he pulled on the bark and three inches of it came off whole it seemed like magic. He made more cuts and notches and then slipped the bark on again, handed it to you and said:

"Blow."

So you blew, and that was your introduction to willow whistles. Another spring day Dad and you climbed way up on top of the

sand bank and looked off the edge at the whole world. Silver ribbons far below Dad said were rivers where you went rowing in summer, and a black, legless bug that crawled along beside them was a trolley car. Away beyond were hills and mountains so small that they looked like a lot of mud-pies stuck together, and their sides were like a checker-board, the way the woods and ploughed fields were scattered over them. When this view grew tiresome, Dad cut some alder shoots and then took out the pith and made little, tumbly men of it by putting lead at one end and pinching the edge off so the bottom was rounded, and made a pop-gun of the stalks. Those were happy times when Dad and you took short, late-afternoon walks, but best of all were the summer vacations when you could spend weeks at a time with Dad.

On these trips Vermont was always the goal. Dad liked Vermont, so of course you did too. You loved the trunk packing, which invariably included a search all over the house for the trunk straps, while the dog sat in the back-ground with a pathetically mournful cast of countenance, for he knew that trunks sent away meant lonesome days for him. Finally you were really on the train and it was moving, taking you faster and faster every minute to the little lake in the Green Mountains. You sat in the seat with Dad and talked about the towns and fields and cows and canals and rivers that were passed until you became restless. Then Dad took you to the end of the train where you stood with him a long time watching the receding rails go together. After that you were contented to sit down again and watch for a stone fence. As soon as you saw one you shouted, so the whole carfull could hear:

“Dad, Dad, here comes Vermont!”

A stone fence always meant Vermont to you and that sign of the admired state was welcome as if it had been a living being.

At last your station was reached and Dad and you jumped off the train the very first ones, and ran around the corner to the

hitching posts to see if the team was there. It was, of course, and the sleepy horses put their noses down to you for the sticky lumps of sugar that were always in your pockets. The hired man tied the trunks on back and Dad and you climbed into the front seat with him and he said, after looking at you closely:

“My, but you’ve growed,” and then in a few minutes:

“Want to drive?”

Of course you did, and when the stony, down-hill part of the road was reached you held the reins good and tight and kept a careful eye on the horses who, big clumsy beasts that they were, picked their way as daintily as deer and had absolutely no intention of trotting, but when the hired man said:

“By gol, you’re strong! You couldn’t have held ’em in like that last year,” you sat up stiff and straight, your chest all puffed out with pride.

The next day Dad and you went for a walk up the hill back of the house, and that was a funny hill too, for you never could reach the top. Always there was just another rise to climb, and when you reached the top of that there was still another. So you and Dad climbed up half way and then turned off into a little pine grove. The pine trees were young and grew close together, so it was hard to walk through the grove, but Dad went ahead and held the branches aside for you, so they would not scratch. Just the same, you were glad when the other side of this grove was reached. Here Dad discovered an old road which you wanted to follow. It led deep into the woods between thick, tall trees with huge clumps of fungus growing on their trunks. It was dark and damp in there and you felt just a little bit uneasy, not frightened, of course, so you walked quite close to Dad and finally took hold of his hand, so you could look for wintergreen and Indian pipes without stumbling. Suddenly you saw something white by the roadside, and jumped back against Dad. He looked, and then laughed. You laughed too, then, for of course it is a joke to find a cow’s rib in the road. But there was more than

one rib. In fact there were so many Dad said three cows at least must have died there, and sure enough, there were three skulls. You were very brave by now and picked up a queer bone that Dad said was a part of the spinal column. You took it home and cleaned it and you have it yet on your desk, where it makes a fine candle stick.

That night, back at the farm house, the hired man told all about the cows, how they were killed and dragged to the woods in the winter and how a panther had come and picked the meat all off their bones. The panther used to howl and shriek, the hired man said, and once he came right up near the house and screamed enough to make your blood freeze. Somehow you did not want to go to bed that night, and when bedtime came at last, you kept on the other side of the room from the piece of spinal column, and held Dad's hand until you went to sleep, for you were afraid he might be scared of the panther.

But in the morning, when the sun was shining, nobody cared about panthers, and you ate a big breakfast and then went out on the lake with Dad. That was the morning he taught you how to row. It was not hard to learn, you had watched him so many times. Really the most confusing thing was to back-water with one oar and pull on the other. Dad could turn the boat around in a second that way, but it took you several minutes, and in the meantime the boat drifted all over the lake. Dad was patient though, and you finally learned to row almost as well as he.

The memory of those days spent with Dad will always be with you, and you will look back on them with pleasure, and also with regret that they can never come again.

MARION BUTTON, 1914.

THE LOST TRAIL.

The boss at Lazy N ranch was supposed to have great influence; but I had learned that whisky had nine chances to my one. Three men would have been able to take the products to town, but all the boys insisted on going. This left me, now for the fourth day, holding forty cows, with only a Mexican greaser for help, and he was as good as useless. On the day of this incident he was complaining of a headache, and remained in the shack, even refusing to bring out my lunch at noon. As night came on my dog and I coralled the cows alone. I was totally unprepared for the sight that met my eyes as I returned from the coral. In the gathering dusk I saw a girlish figure seated on a gray cow-pony.

“Good evening,” said a voice that threatened to break. “Can you please tell me whether this is the right road to San Antonio?”

“San Antonio?” I replied in astonishment. “Why, you are miles from there. Where did you start from?”

“Brown’s ranch — ten miles out. I went through a cut. The sun was low and the sand was full of trails; I must be lost.”

“You sure are; you’re due west of there and I don’t know where to take you. I am sure sorry for you.”

“I’m all tired out. I must have help from some one I can trust. Both father and Uncle Bill will be grateful for any favors shown me.”

It was a bad time for me to leave, but here was a case of necessity. This young lady must have a guide and I found myself seized by the spirit of adventure.

“Well,” I replied after a few minutes thought, “all I can think of is to take you to the Junction, ten miles by the trail. You can stay there till morning, then take the train for San Antonio. I’ll bring your pony back and start him for Brown’s with a note in the saddle, so your people won’t be frightened by him coming in from the wrong direction.”

“But I’ve no money with me; I never thought of needing money.”

“I have a five-dollar bill; you can take that, if you want it.”

“I am afraid I’ll have to accept your kind offer; but I awfully hate to impose on a stranger.”

I told her I would start as soon as I got something to eat, but she said she had lunch with her and that she would divide later on, so we rode silently out on the trail. I gave her to understand in a few words that I was going to do the best I could for her, and that there was no great danger. Timidity gradually left us both, and when we were half through the sand hills we were more like comrades than like strangers thrown together by chance. As the ride proceeded I encouraged her to talk, for her narratives of school and social life opened doors that had always been barred to me.

At last we came to a grassy plot. We dismounted, and I picketed the ponies, so they could not wander along the trails. When I discovered a good rock I invited my charge to utilize it for a chair.

“Will you get the lunch out of my saddle-pocket; I’m so stiff and tired?” came the voice from the rock. I started forth gladly, thinking how I could soon appease my hunger. I fished up a package of lunch about as large as a government gift of seeds. I must say I experienced a sinking spell, but rallied and took the treasure to her.

“Now,” she said, “there are two chicken sandwiches, an apple turnover and two sugar cookies. I did not eat before because I was so worried about being lost, and I’m so glad I waited. You can have both sandwiches, because you lost your dinner; we’ll divide the rest.”

I declared two chicken sandwiches would tetotally upset my digestion, chicken and my system being at dagger’s points. I was almost afraid of *one*, but would risk it, providing she would take the other. She consented to this after several false statements on my part. The sandwich was a delicious morsel; I almost tasted

it as it went down. The half turnover was a dream — a brief and flitting one — and I managed to get the flavor of the cooky.

“ I’m afraid you haven’t had quite enough,” she said gravely.

“ I could have managed more; but, then I have a natural tendency to over-eat. Some one is a fine cook.”

“ Oh, I cooked the things,” she said proudly. “ I always help auntie.”

“ Here is a bit of advice for you: if it ever falls to your lot to cook for a rancher, cook great pans of those cookies.”

This remark of mine undoubtedly caused her to feel I was on dangerous ground and needed warning.

“ I — I’m going to cook for a dry-goods man.”

“ Dry goods? Humph! Girl’s work — unless he’s the proprietor.” I suspect there was a touch of sarcasm in my voice.

“ Oh, he’s our head clerk. I’m a clerk, too, but I don’t care much for the work. One sees too much of the narrow side of people, and then one has so little time to one’s self. Up at uncle’s there’s so much time, and it’s so pleasant and quiet. I always spend my vacations there.”

I saw she was trying to escape from the subject she had conscientiously introduced.

“ Do you read much?” she ventured.

“ When I can get the books and the time; both are very hard for me to get. Why, are you reading something special?”

“ Oh, a series of splendid articles about Napoleon, and his battles. If there’s ever another battle like Austerlitz I’d like to be in it,— that is, if I were a man.”

“ Well, women can send their hearts to battle,” I cautiously remarked.

“ Yes, indeed, but they don’t meet Napoleons. There are no more Napoleons.”

“ Why, is’nt your head clerk one?”

“ Oh, he’s so different. He’s a splendid clerk, but he’s not like Napoleon; nobody is these days.”

More and more weary grew my companion. When conversation stopped I took it up where she let it fall, telling her incidents of ranch life and the corals. Everything seemed easy now, and I could be pleasant, with Napoleon and the dry goods clerk in the background. At the last jump-off she groaned when I helped her from the saddle, lost her footing and slipped down on a sand hill.

"There," I said, as I steadied her, "why, you can hardly stand."

"It was an accident," she protested weakly. "If I ever get home I have you to thank for it." She said this in tones of utter despair.

It was about midnight when we entered the Junction and paused in the light. I studied her so intently my gaze drew hers in return. What I saw was a wide hat, golden brown hair, beautiful face and, crowning all, an air of daintiness.

"Why did you whistle that way?" she asked.

"The fact is, I'm wondering what I'm to get out of this deal."

"I've thought of that, too," she said. "I'll send your money back by uncle; and I have a gold ring here worth quite a little. Will you take it? Here it is."

"All right. Just slip it off into my hand, and don't let go till I get hold of it. I have it. Now, it's my ring, is it?"

"Why, most assuredly; I gave it to you."

"Now, you see I'm putting it back. So please remember you are wearing my ring and that you permitted me to put it on your finger."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"I mean just this, the dry goods clerk is a thing of the past."

"Well, of all the assurance! Has'nt a woman anything to say about whom she is to marry?"

"Nothing but 'yes' and 'no,' and she so often says those to the wrong fellow, I often think it is a pity she has that right.

Come, cheer up, when a woman sighs for a Napoleon and takes up with a mere ribbon snipper it is time for a third party to come to her rescue.”

VERA I. MANNING.

COMMERCIALIZED AMERICA — A FLEDGLING'S PROTEST.

The fledgling was growing and now and then dared to take high flights into unknown regions. He was dissatisfied with what he saw, and wanted to tell the world so. In every field he could reach with safety he probed about and revealed what to him seemed untold evils. Gradually his chirping was becoming louder and more competent, and the burden of his song ever was:

Do not seek to get and horde,
Virtue is its own reward.

This land of freedom is not free for it is enthralled by the almighty dollar. The altar at which the nation worships is an altar of gold. Every phase of art is no longer art for art's sake, but art for the sake of gold.

There are the artists who paint and draw pictures. Are they inspired to reveal hidden truths, or to interpret things ideally so that their work will, in turn, be inspiring and uplifting? Do they care anything about representing ideas which will have an elevating influence on those who come in contact with them? Do they give a thought to the true worth of these pictures? Alas! They choose subjects which will please the popular fancy, and they impose on the ignorance of the people. For their object is to make pictures that will sell. They want remuneration for their pains, in gold. Thus the poor little fledgling goes on. He does not realize that artists must live while they work and must be supplied with life's necessities before they can contribute to life's luxuries.

But where are those artists, authors, and poets who give beauty expressed in words? Do they express what they think and feel regardless of the market value of the finished product? Too often poetry is indulged in as a business; what a paradox it seems! Present day writers are not willing to give of themselves for others. But in catering to the popular demand, they may be said to give of others for themselves. Too many of the twentieth century books are only printed matter telling what the people like to read rather than what they ought to read. "Alas!" the fledgling sighs, "there never will be another Milton or Shakespeare," And he does not look far enough to see that for every age immortal bards are few.

Now the charge is that the curse of gold has crept in upon the three professions of law, medicine, and teaching. It is useless to mention the many cases of bribery and corruption in the political world. Every newspaper is full of the accounts. Monopolies, trusts, corporations, all are tools for money, rather than tools for men. The "itching palm" is everywhere extended. Bribery, once hated word, now runs smoothly off the tongue, with which it is made familiar by common usage. Yet, does not the very publicity of hitherto concealed evils show a tendency to purify them by bringing them to light?

Next the fledgling inveighs against the attitude of the doctors. They who are intrusted with the noblest mission of relieving fellow-sufferers from the "gloomy realms of pain," they who should inspire confidence by their heartfelt devotion to a sacred cause. Even they totter from their lofty pedestal when they catch the gleam of gold. Few contribute any original share to the mighty science. For they are in too much haste to turn the facts they have into practical value. But stay, my friend. Many are the nerve-shattering experiences a doctor must go through, for which there cannot be remuneration in gold.

Now we are asked why there are so few worthy teachers. The evident reason is that they are attracted where more lucrative

employment is to be found. But is it not a comfort to know that there is a "survival of the fittest?"

Many other tunes are chirped by the fledgling, in which the main theme is that all Americans are commercialized in their mad pursuit of gold. But the many positive directions toward which the evolution of the race is tending are left unsung.

ANNA A. BOOCHEVER, 1912.

Editorial Department.

The standing of a college rests largely with the people, specifically the students, who attend it. It is a "dead" college, a "live" college, a social college, an athletic college, a college of high scholastic standing, or of low scholarship; depending largely on the attitude of the student.

Now there are few of us here who do not entertain an affection, some very strong, some not so strong, for S. N. C. How often, though, do we stop to remember that we really are in college, not in High School or Normal *School*? Now that you think of it, do you consider that you, as a student of S. N. C., conduct yourself in a manner becoming a *college* student? Just think about it for a minute, and say, honestly, if in your opinion talking and laughing in the hall, cutting classes, slamming your teachers, and doing various other things that you know of, are dignified? That puts the case very mildly, but it is one point of view.

And another thing. If we do not behave as if we were in a college, how can we complain if strangers, who should know better, speak of S. N. C. as a Normal *School*? A great many people in New York State look politely incredulous when our college is spoken of as the State Normal *College*. They mentally, and sometimes not mentally, remark that the statement is due to ig-

norance or foolish pride. Our pride in the institution should prompt us always to speak respectfully of S. N. C. and everything or person connected with S. N. C.; to act, as far as lies in our power, in a dignified, proper manner, to do our part towards placing S. N. C. among the "live," active colleges of high scholarship.

There is just one more thing to bear in mind. S. N. C. is different from most other colleges, in that we who are here are accepting a great deal from the State which we cannot fully return. We are not favoring the College with our presence, the State is favoring us with an opportunity to acquire an education free of charge. This condition involves a slightly different attitude on the part of the student body. It is little short of impertinence to ridicule or criticise a thing which is so received. Respect is the smallest return we can make.

Complaint has been made by a few of our subscribers that they do not always get their ECHOS. It seems hardly necessary to point out that it is impossible for the circulating manager to seek out each individual subscriber every month. This would be a difficult and time-consuming task if one could give his whole attention to it, but it must be remembered that every member of the ECHO Board is a busy college student — presumably as busy as the average subscriber. It is likewise impossible, under the present congested conditions in the college buildings for the ECHO to have a distributing room, as it did have prior to the Capitol fire.

When the ECHO is out, a notice is posted on the bulletin board stating the time and place of distribution. For the greater part of three consecutive days, and for several periods two additional days, the ECHO may be obtained at the designated place. It

seems as if this arrangement would give every one an opportunity to obtain a copy. If there is any student in college so busy that she can't find time to read the bulletin board or walk up stairs once a month for her copy of the ECHO, if she will hand her name and address to *any* member of the board — she needn't take the time to seek out the circulating manager — we will cheerfully enter her name on our mailing list.

The ECHO is *our* magazine, but did you ever realize how many more people it interests than just the student body of S. N. C.? Wherever anything exists, it is not alone, but connected by myriads of ties with the external elements surrounding it. Sometimes these ties are invisible, frequently indefinable, but more often merely indistinct. As soon as someone clears the glasses through which our minds' eyes see, the hitherto unrecognized threads which fasten human relationships together are revealed, intricately woven into a beautiful web,— the smallest fiber of which is a unity in itself, yet the whole is not complete without it.

We are wont to think of the ECHO as representative of our college interests and nothing more. Of course, without the comings and goings of each of us, there would be no material for the news department; without the masterpieces contributed by our poets and authors there would be no literary matter. Still, with these the ECHO would not be complete. A strong element underlying them all is necessary for the unity of the paper and for a larger unity,— the community in which we live.

Do you ever read our advertisements? If you do you will notice how many different business people are there represented. Why, do you suppose, do they advertise in this particular paper? It is not because we have an attractive magazine from a business

man's point of view; it is not because we have such an extensive circulation; it is not because the business people of the city are philanthropic enough to advertise simply to help us pay the cost of issuing the ECHO. Their advertising is done on a business basis. They expect returns for the money they invest. They cannot be expected to advertise in our magazine if we don't advertise their business by using the goods they sell. And it is not enough that they should make only enough profit to pay for the cost of their advertisements. If they do not make more, their money will not be profitably invested. That is what the "just price" in the English guild system meant,—the original cost plus the labor plus a *reasonable* profit. If perchance, on account of an overflow of enthusiasm in patronizing our advertisers, some particular business man makes an *unreasonable* profit,—well,—the advertising managers will see that he puts a bigger "ad" in next time.

Therefore, patronize our advertisers. On every contract which an advertiser signs, are printed the words: "they guarantee to use their utmost endeavor to secure patronage for me and to further the interest of my business," "They" directly signifies three people, the business manager and the two advertising managers. Can "they" make this "ad" profitable? No, "they" means you. Each of you and all of you taken together must use your utmost endeavor to further the interests of our advertisers. They are reliable. They are interested in you. They help support our college magazine.

A. A. B.

News Department.

FACULTY NOTES.

We feel sure it is with the unanimous support of the student body that we extend our heartiest welcome to the new members of our faculty and assure them of our earnest, enthusiastic cooperation.

As head of the department of physical science comes C. F. Hale, B. S., Wesleyan University, 1903; M. S., 1907; Ph.D., Cornell University, 1909. Dr. Hale is a member of Phi Eta Theta, Kappa Sigma, Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Chi, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (Physics Section), American Chemical Society, American Electrochemical Society. He has previously held the positions of Instructor in Physical Science at Peddie Institute, 1903-1905; Assistant and Instructor, Wesleyan University 1905-8; Graduate Scholar, Cornell University, 1908-9; Research Associate, Research Laboratory, General Electric Co., Schenectady, 1909-11.

His publications are: Effect of Mechanical Vibration upon Carbon Dioxide Near the Critical Temperature I and II (with W. P. Bradley and A. W. Browne); Liquid Above the Critical Temperature (with W. P. Bradley and A. W. Browne); Distribution of Temperature in an Air Liquefier (with W. P. Bradley); Nozzle Expansion of Air at High Pressure (with W. P. Bradley); in the *Physical Review*. Pure Carbon Dioxide (with W. P. Bradley), The Oxidation of Hydrogen V (with H. W. Redfield), Anhydrous Hydrogen (with F. F. Shetterly), and Oxidation of Hydrogen VI (with V. E. Nuney), in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*. Relation between the Temperature of Kerosene and the Explosion Pressure of the Supernatant mixture of Air and Vapor (with W. P. Bradley) in *The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*. The Measurement of Very Small Gas Pressures, in *Transactions of the American Electrochemical Society*.

The head of the Department of German is A. G. Ward, A. B., Yale, 1898; A. M., 1904; Ph.D., 1907. Dr. Ward was for ten years Instructor of German at Yale University. He has carried on advanced study abroad, at Munich, at Berlin and at the Sorbonne, Paris.

The new assistant in Chemistry is William G. Kennedy, Ph.B., Cornell, 1911.

THE FACULTY RECEPTION.

In accordance with time-honored custom our faculty entertained the students, new and old, on Friday evening of the opening week of college. As the reception rooms are not available at present we were received in the gymnasium, after first being placarded with our names by a committee of students in the corridor. Another committee of students presented us to Dr. Milne, Mrs. Mooney, and Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall, and to other groups of the faculty distributed about the gymnasium. We were all glad to renew old acquaintanceships or begin new ones with our faculty and with our fellow-students under such pleasant circumstances. Some beautiful violin solos by Miss Helen Jeffrey, and the very palatable refreshments added much in their several ways to the enjoyment of the evening. It is hoped that we may soon have the pleasure of meeting *all* our faculty again at the class receptions which will take place a little later.

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

Y. W. C. A. gave its annual reception to the college Friday evening, September twenty-second, in the gymnasium. The decorations consisted of pennants and crepe-paper butterflies, with the Freshman colors, green and white, everywhere in evidence.

A large banner of the class of 1915 also adorned the center of the room.

When the company had commingled and intermingled into a homogeneous mass of enjoyment and good-feeling an attractive program was given as follows:

Piano Solo.....Miss Bessie Schlieper
 Reading.....Mr. David Allison
 Violin Solo.....Miss Florence Gardner
 Selection.....Musique Symphony Orchestra

Miss Amy Wood, the new director, has placed the orchestra on its usual high plane of artistic production.

Refreshments and a social time occupied the rest of the evening.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The club is now in the process of organizing for the year's work with much enthusiasm and eagerness. To tell the truth, we are, at the beginning, at least, expecting great things of ourselves. Last year our hopes were more than realized; no wonder we are all impatient now.

The following persons have been admitted to membership this year: The Misses Button, Griswold and Howells; Messrs. Cook, Pratt, Goewey, and H. Ward.

The charter members still in college and in active membership are: The Misses Young, E. Scott, Boochever, Luck and Van Dyck; Messrs. Allison and Dabney, and Professor Kirtland, faculty member.

PROMETHEAN SOCIETY.

Promethean entered actively upon its second year on the afternoon of Friday, September 29th. After a somewhat protracted

business meeting the following program was rendered before a small, but appreciative audience:

Piano Solo.....Miss Wells
 Vocal Duet.....Misses M. Bennett and Cunningham
 RecitationMiss Barnet
 Mandolin Duet.....Misses Boochever and Bradt

SENIOR NOTES.

The class-meetings which have been held thus far have been poorly attended, in spite of the fact that important business was scheduled. Our class is not a large one and in order to accomplish best results the interest of every member is necessary. Remember that there is much to do Senior year, class-meetings are not social functions, attendance is a duty not a privilege. Come all ye!

We are glad to welcome into our ranks Miss Madden from Vassar, and Miss Gilmore from Mt. Holyoke.

The absence of Miss Millie Lakin and Miss May Strouse, who are teaching, is regretted by us all.

Half of us are teaching! "Nuff sed!"

JUNIOR NOTES.

Miss Anna Denning is studying Domestic Science at a college in Pennsylvania.

Miss Jessie Haskins is completing her course at Middlebury College, Vermont.

We are sorry that Miss Dorothy Higgins is unable to continue her college work.

Miss Marguerite Leland has entered Barnard.

Miss Mary McCormick and Mr. Henry Steer are enrolled as Juniors at Cornell University.

Miss Josie Shippers is attending Cortland Normal School.

Miss Grace Beaver, a former classmate, is a student at Syracuse University.

Miss Myra Young is teaching the seventh and eighth grades at Chestertown, N. Y.

We are pleased to welcome the following members into our class: Miss Elizabeth Scott, ex-1914; Miss Jessie Jones, of Goucher's College, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Sylvia Rogers, of Geneseo Normal School; Miss Dolan and Miss Brenzel, graduates of the State Normal College; Mr. Jules Kantor and Mr. S. H. Ellner, of the College of the City of New York.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Florence Gardner after her long illness.

Miss Bessie Clark entertained Miss Florence MacNamara during the week-end, Sept. 15-18.

Miss Charlotte Wright entertained a few of the Juniors on Saturday, Sept. 23.

Miss Jessie Cleveland has been visiting Miss Edna Hall.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

We are glad to welcome into our midst the following new students:

Mr. Earl B. Elmore, of Sheds, N. Y., formerly principal of the West Eaton Union School, West Eaton, N. Y.; Mr. Alvah F. Wright, of Salem, N. Y., a recent student of Westminster College; Miss Grace A. Hodges, of Troy, N. Y., formerly of Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS — SENIOR CLASS.

The members of the senior class of Household Economics extend a cordial welcome to the new faculty members and freshmen of our course.

The new faculty members are Miss Ethel Willet and Miss Lola Morton. The dressmaking teacher has not arrived at time of writing.

Mr. Kenneth Neal has charge of the foundry work in the Industrial Department.

In the Freshman class 108 students are enrolled in this course. The number last year was slightly more than this. For various reasons from time to time students withdrew until this year the enrolment of senior students is 77, a goodly number.

Professor Smith spent most of the summer at Cornell.

Miss Peters and Miss Garrison made a tour of the west. Their trip took them through Rio Grande, California, and the Canadian Rockies. They report a most enjoyable summer.

Miss Steele spent her vacation at Coon Rapids, Iowa.

The first class meeting was held Thursday, September 21.

The officers elected the latter part of last year have been retained for this year. They are as follows: President, Elizabeth Schlieper; Vice-President, Florence Cunningham; Treasurer, Emilie Hendrie; Secretary, Madge Robie; Reporter, Harriet Worms.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. extends a hearty welcome to all new comers.

The first meeting of the new year was held Wednesday afternoon, September twentieth. Topic: What Y. W. C. A. Stands For. Leader, Charlotte G. Wright. The meeting was largely attended, and it is hoped that many of the Freshmen will join the association.

Saturday morning, September twenty-third, the Y. W. C. A. conducted a tramp to Forbes-Manor. About twenty-five students took advantage of this opportunity to see one of the oldest historic spots about Albany.

BORUSSIA.

A meeting of Borussia was held on Tuesday, September twenty-sixth, at three-thirty. The meeting was called to order by the vice-president. Miss Anna Boochever was elected president in place of Miss Strouse, who was elected last spring, but who is no longer in College. It was decided to hold meetings on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Ten minutes of every meeting are to be devoted to conversation in German, and a program in German will be presented at each gathering. It was voted that arrangements as to refreshments and program be in charge of standing committees. Dues are fifty cents a year if paid before December first, and seventy-five cents if paid after that date.

The membership of Borussia is smaller this year, so that something really worth while may be accomplished in the study of German. The requirements for admission are: - First, and most important, an interest in German; second, the applicant must be elected by the society by a two-thirds vote; third, a three-minute speech or recitation in German must be delivered by the applicant before the society.

A club such as Borussia might be is very much worth while in a college, and there is no good reason why we should not have an active, interested, interesting German society.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Athletic Association has been divided this year, the girls under one organization and the men under another. At a regular meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association the following officers were elected: President, Hope Duncan; Vice-President, Gertrude Wells; Secretary, Florence Jackson; Treasurer, Marguerite Davidson; Reporter, Anna A. Boochever.

Girls! Arise to your opportunities in the athletic world. The time has come for action. Join the Girls' Athletic Association. It is now on a firm basis and, given loyal support, bids fair to be an influential factor in our college life. Hereafter, under its auspices, will be held the girls' tennis tournaments, basket-ball games and many other events of interesting character. The Association wants you. Regular meetings will be held at intervals throughout the year.

Our fall tennis tournament is now in progress.

An interesting feature of our fall activities is the forming of a tennis club among the girls. If you would like to learn how to play tennis, join it. Expert and novice alike are welcome.

With the beginning of gymnasium work will begin our regular basket-ball practice. It is hoped that a goodly number will turn out for the formation of the Freshman team.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

The officers for this year are: President, Adele Le Compte; Vice-President, Marjory Bennett; Corresponding Secretary, Florence Woolworth; Recording Secretary, Bessie Schlieper; Treasurer, Helen Odell; Critic, Ethel Everingham.

The Delta Flat at number 2 Delaware Avenue is, this year, occupied by Dele Kaemmerlen, Helen Odell, Hazel Bennett, Ruth Bissell and Marion Wheeler.

Elizabeth Everett, 1911, has been spending the past two weeks in Albany.

Mrs. Seaman (nee Florence Haviland) visited the College recently.

The Delta girls are pleased to welcome Hazel Bennett and Florence Gardner in College once more.

The annual tea of the Delta Omega Sorority to the students and faculty of the College was held September thirtieth.

Miss Le Compte visited at the cottage of Misses Fraser and Everett on Lake Champlain during the summer.

The Misses Kaemmerlen and Odell visited Miss Florence Gardner at her home in Centre Moriches, L. I.

Miss Woolworth spent two weeks with Miss Le Compte at her cottage on Lake George.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

The sorority welcomes the new members of the College, and wishes them all the success and happiness possible while sojourning within its walls.

The Misses Wood and Rieffenaugh spent the summer at their homes in Niagara Falls, where they were visited by Professor and Mrs. Kirtland.

Miss May Foyle, '10, has accepted a position as teacher in the Jamesburg High School, where Miss Mary Denbow is also teaching.

Miss Ada Edwards, '07, of Schenectady, has been appointed principal of the Grammar School at Scotia.

The Misses Isabelle Bigleman and May Chant, both of '11, are teaching at the "George Junior Republic."

LOST.—A "Round Robin" which escaped from a certain cage in Poland, N. Y., and was last seen about South Pine Avenue, Albany. A munificent reward is offered for the safe return of

this valuable bird whose loss has been grievously mourned by the Sorority.

Kappa Delta gave an informal chafing dish party soon after College opened. It was discovered that one of the members possesses a wonderful voice, especially well adapted to the singing of Irish songs.

The Sorority girls, with a few friends, spent Saturday, the twenty-third, among the pines where they all learned some fine points of the culinary art.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

The first regular fall meeting of the sorority was held at the home of Miss Florence Chase on the evening of September sixteenth.

Miss Edith Blades recently became the bride of Mr. Ernst Ackerman.

Recent engagements of Psi Gamma girls are: Miss Fannie Pawell to Mr. Max Englander, of Panama; Miss Edith Hequarburg to Mr. Henry J. Mather.

The present officers of Psi Gamma are: President, Edna Hall; Vice-President, Hope Duncan; Critic, Florence Chase; Treasurer, Madge Robie; Corresponding Secretary, Carlotta Jordan; Recording Secretary, Beatrice Wright; Chaplain, Frances Wood; Literary Editor, Mary Robbins; Marshals, Clara Wallace and Hazel Stam.

NEWMAN CLUB NOTES.

On the evening of September twenty-first the club members were delightfully entertained at a kimono party at the home of Miss Loretta Austin, on Dana Avenue.

Plans are being discussed for the club picnic which may take place after the date has been postponed several more times..

Alumni Department.

Anna Fraser is teaching French and mathematics at her home in Champlain, New York.

Mary Thomas is making preparations for foreign mission work, at the Hazeltine House, in Boston, Mass. Miss Thomas will work in either China or India.

Sarah Trembley, '11, is teaching in the High School at Roxbury, Mass.

Edith Scott, '11, is assistant principal at the East Marlborough High School.

Beulah Brandow, '11, has charge of the drawing in the High School at Amsterdam, N. Y.

Some of our alumni have proved themselves true normalites and have paid us a visit this fall. Of course, the rest would do likewise if they had an opportunity. Among the faithful are: Effa Vanderzee, '11; Beth Everett, '11; Emily Hoag, '10; Leah Hollands, '09; Helen Alcott, '11.

Ione Schubert, '11, is preceptress in the Athens High School.

Mary Boyle, '11, is teaching in the Westport High School.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Goddess of Wisdom, our august friend, and the guardian of our halls, continues her talk to the students. She begs the indulgence of all in the things which she will say, and asks the editor to remind the readers that all of us have our views on every

subject. The beliefs she expresses are not conclusive, but are simply the facts as she sees them and hears them. The following is, therefore, from her point of view:

(Translated from the Greek.)

At last I've found it out! And I've wondered and puzzled over it very long. They call me "Min" and "Minnie." A splendid way to treat one's friend and superior! But never so much as by the movement of an eyelash have I shown my resentment to such disrespect. I often used to hear people around me talking of someone called "Min," and of course, I wondered who the prominent person could be. Later on, however, I decided that there must be several persons of that name, because it was used in different groups.

But only yesterday I was enlightened, and that by a Freshman. She was becoming enthusiastic in showing some country cousins through the buildings, and, I suppose, she desired to show also the extent of her newly acquired knowledge. At any rate, she paused before me, and said: "This is Min, our old guardian angel."

If I had had the say, then and there, I assure you that her chances of becoming any kind of an angel would have been small.

The visitors, however, showed their common sense by not even smiling; but one of them asked curiously, "What is its real name?"

Of course, I was surprised to know that she did not recognize me, but I doubt whether or not the Freshman herself would have known me, had she not taken a course in History of Art.

Should any one ask my preference, I should say that I prefer most of all, to be called Athene. One would scarce be able to corrupt that title; but still, such very quick-witted students as some I have seen, would perhaps be talking of me as "Athie." So why not let well enough alone, and be content with Minerva for a name.

And speaking of names, I must tell a little incident. It occurred on the Monday morning after the first reception of the term. A girl was seated on a settee at my right, reading a paper, "*et totus in illis.*" She was smiling broadly when someone else joined her. "What's the joke?" asked the newcomer.

"O the names of some of these Freshman here are worse than the Guggenslockers of Graustark. There are Smyths, Schmidts, Schmitts, and just plain Smiths. And worse and more of it. Miss Jane Tillenspeigel and Matilda Mikewalter, of Poland, Russia!" The reader was laughing.

"What are you reading, for goodness sake tell me!" inquired the other, in excited tones.

"O it's an account of the Faculty reception in the *Times-Union*, and it gives a list of those present."

"Ha! Ha! Did you ever! That funny reporter! Do let me see it." Then as she went away, laughing heartily, she called back: "Puzzle, find the Misses Jane Tillenspeigel and Matilda Mikewalter."

Now who do you suppose they are? I am still wondering.

Laughter has been quite contagious through these halls lately. Several times I have heard an interesting, if not elegant aid to mirth. It goes something like this. "Laughter is nature's rest cure for tired nerves, let'er go, Bill, Har! Har! Har!" It has worked too, for I've seen many a homesick Freshman or weary practice teacher brighten up and even smile after that. Personally, as Queen of Wisdom, I do not approve of so-called slang, but one cannot resist a smile at some of these sayings.

Another odd piece of Philosophy, quite different in purport, has been quoted once or twice in my presence. It is the following:

This life's a hollow bubble, don't you know?

Just a painted piece of trouble, don't you know?

We come to earth to cry,

We grow older, and we sigh,

Older still, and then we die, don't you know?
 You've got one consciousness, that's all, don't you know?
 And one stomach, and it's small, don't you know?
 You can only wear one tie,
 One eyeglass in youah eye,
 And one coffin when you die, don't you know?

Of him who wrote this, I can say but little. He must have been a poor unappreciative creature, a real pessimist, or else a joker. But to those who quote it with more or less sincerity, I will say more. Just look around you these beautiful fall days! Watch the sun sink down behind a bank of clouds, varying from the brightest golden to soft lavender and pink shades. At night study the "canopy studded with stars." Or better yet, take a walk into the country, where you can breathe the clear, healthful air, and see the yearly phenomena of nature,—the turning of the leaves, the ripening of the grain. All this is for you! And you will tell us that "life's a hollow bubble."

Better, were you to say:—

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on
 In silence round me * *
 * * * Be it ours to meditate
 In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives."

* * *

I love to see people busy around me, and I certainly have many opportunities to enjoy the sight. It must be a lesson to the students to see the educational people hurrying by, always on business, or seemingly so. One man has always interested me, and I believe that others, as well, have noticed him. He has two infallible

peculiarities,— a business-like walk, and a white carnation, always in the very same place, always the very same kind of flower. He certainly is a most baffling individual.

I have interest in other directions too, and mainly in a very austere and very dignified dog which occasionally deigns to walk along through the halls. I take it that he is, or has been, an army dog, for he has a military name,— Major, or Lieutenant,— or is it Colonel? He is a favorite here, however, and few are the mortals who dare pass him without some kind of salute.

There is a cat, too, that I've seen occasionally, but it is only at night that this animal seems at ease. Then she creeps out from her hiding place in the lower regions, and together we spend long hours of quiet and peace. She tells me many tales of happenings below, and I listen eagerly. Her favorite theme is the-discussion of the practice teachers, and I will give you a few details about them as Tabby gave them to me:

First. They are, I understand, an advanced species of the genus senior in our institution.

Second. Their particular mark of identification is usually a stiff collar and a necktie.

Third. They have troubles of their own, that are most all "little ones."

Fourth. Their favorite haunt is the rear of the senior locker-room.

Fifth. The principal words of their vocabularies are, in order of their vehemence and recurrence —

NERVES — CRITIC — CLASS — DIGNITY—PLAN—TEACHING.

Now from this description, do you think you have ever seen them, or heard them? If not, do so,— "You have a great pleasure in store."

Every one should have the deepest respect for the budding teacher, the practice teacher. For it is the goal of her ambition, to stand up before a class and be master (or mistress) of the sit-

uation in more ways than one. It means that she has worked indefatigably for three years, and that, at last, her final year of college has come. The period of her practice teaching is a transitional one. She is bringing into play all the knowledge of years back, and is groping ahead for more.

So, I say, she is to be respected, and looked up to. Heed and extol her virtues,—overlook her faults. Just remember this: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them!”

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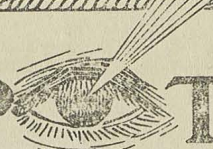
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