

-THE-ECHO-



Dec 1911

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DECEMBER, 1911.

ALBANY, NEW YORK



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THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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XXII.

DECEMBER, 1911.

No. 4

Literary Department.

ARROWS AND HEARTS.

“What think you, daughter, of taking a little recreation tomorrow? By order of the emperor, five Christians are to be given to the lions in the arena. All Rome is to witness this, for it is a long time since this imperial city has seen such a stirring sight. What think you of it, Jule?”

“Oh, mother, that will, indeed, afford more amusement than the games in the amphitheater, and you are so good to allow me to go,” answered the daughter excitedly.

This was nothing more than what all Rome was saying that day. The fires for a long time smouldering in the Romans' hearts had finally burst into flames by the finding of five Christians worshipping in an under-ground chamber.

Devine and her young daughter Jule were Romans of the highest type. No plebeian blood flowed in their veins, all their ancestors had been noble patricians, and indeed, rumor had it that these worthy highnesses traced descent even from Caesar himself. Be that as it may, this strong-minded woman and her only child were loyal subjects and always delighted in furthering the welfare of their state.

The day for the death of the Christians dawned, clear and bright. In the lofty seats, surrounding the arena, sat Rome's elite, noble patricians, senators and those of consular rank; in the middle seats sat the women of Rome, out for a holiday, thirsty for the sight of blood and ready to applaud the horrible deed. In the low seats, sat the common rabble, people gathered from Rome's lowest quarters.

The Christians with hands folded were led into the arena. An awful hush settled over the vast assemblage. These Christian martyrs knew no fear; theirs was a belief which not only carried them through life, but did not forsake them in death. The cages were opened. The beasts sprang forth. There was struggle—and all was over. The people applauded and then departed to their homes, sorry there was no more. In an hour, they had forgotten the hideous event; not all, however, for Devine was stormed with many questions by her young daughter.

“Mother,” she said, as they turned homeward, “what is there in this Christian religion that makes death easy? Those poor unfortunates actually smiled as the lions leaped upon them. Think you there is aught in the Roman religion that makes death calm and peaceful?”

"Hush, child," warned the mother, looking stealthily about her, "what if a guard of the emperor heard those careless words. I shudder even now to think what would become of you. Oh, never mention it again."

The mother hurried her daughter along and only when they were safely within the court of the house did she breathe freely.

"Jule," said the mother, after a servant had brought in wine, "Aurelius comes to-night to ask your hand in marriage. Wish you me to give him a favorable reply? Methinks the union with the bravest soldier and most renowned archer of the Roman Empire would be a happy one. What think you?"

"As you wish," said the maiden, with a sigh which escaped the notice of the mother.

That night Jule had many dreams, not about the lover who had left her, but dreams filled with springing lions and dying Christians. The next night it was the same and so on for a week.

"Oh, I must learn about these Christian doctrines before I can find peace," thought the maiden.

But where could she learn what she desired? Her mother shuddered at her questioning, the servants looked frightened when she stormed them with queries, and Aurelius only laughed and said:

"Our ancestors worshipped their gods and goddesses; why should we turn from their faith? Methinks it's because Rome is so heated over these Christians that you ponder so. In a fortnight we will go to Greece, where you can forget that such a thing as a Christian ever existed.

Days passed; no relief found its way into the heart of Jule. One day while walking through the Forum, two women passed her.

"To-night we shall meet in the good Franzin's home," said the elder of the two. "Don't fail to be there; no fear of the

emperor, for what subject more loyal than Franzin is there in the eyes of the emperor?"

Jule caught just snatches of the conversation between the two, but gained enough to convince her that at last she could obtain that for which her heart yearned.

"I will go to Franzin's house this very night," she said half aloud, without considering either her mother's warning, the way to Franzin's house, or, finally, that which was to be considered most, possible martyrdom.

Oh, no, these were not among Jule's thoughts as she hastened homeward. She found her mother ill—not seriously—but just a little indisposed. As the mother desired to be left alone, Jule bade her good-night and retired.

"Now is my chance," said the maiden, as she entered her room, "mother will soon be asleep; the slaves are too stupified by drink to notice my departure; everything seems to be in my favor."

The maiden fell to her knees and besought her god to guide her safely through the city that night and bring her safely back. She put on the only dark dress she possessed and wound a dark veil around her head. Descending to the gate, she was out onto the deserted street without detection.

Up and down the street she looked. Where was Franzin's home? Now, too late, Jule saw her folly. There were many families of Franzin in Rome. She knew not where one lived.

"Oh, if I could only see the lady of this afternoon, she would take me," thought Jule, with a sob.

As if in answer to her silent wish, she saw a dark figure coming down the street which proved to be the lady of the afternoon.

"You are the Christian I saw this afternoon, are you not?" questioned Jule, grasping the lady's hand.

"Yes, child, I am a Christian, but I don't remember seeing

you this afternoon," said the woman without any fear of being heard, "but are you not a Christian, too?"

"N-o-o-o, but I wish to be one, for death to them seems easy," said the girl.

"Ah, you witnessed the sight in the arena, did you not?" questioned the woman, lowering her voice as they passed some Romans. "Methinks their suffering and agony was not in vain if only one soul is brought to know the saving power of Christ. But, come, you shall learn more about this faith which not only makes death easy, but life worth living."

They hastened along until they came to one of the dwellings which bordered on the Tiber. Jule's companion knocked, and in response there came to the door an old man with flowing white beard.

"Brother Marcus, we have a new follower to our faith," said the woman.

"Praises be," said the old man, but when his glance fell on Jule, he uttered a terrified cry.

"You, Jule, oh, my child, do you not know the danger in coming here," said the old man, whom Jule recognized as her god-father. "Does your mother know the risk you have taken?"

"No, father Marcus, and she need never know. Ever since I saw the Christians bravely face death in the arena, I resolved nothing in heaven or earth would stop me from knowing on what they rely for their strength and endurance."

"My child, it is not a long story. Only believe on Jesus the Christ and you will be saved. We Christians can face death calmly and peacefully because we know we shall have life eternal. You Romans have no such hope of life beyond the grave."

"Oh, my father, cannot you show me the way?" begged the girl. "I would give all I possess to face life and even death

with such peace of mind and strength of conscience as you possess."

"Come, child," said the old man, "into a lower room and you shall learn more of this faith."

Jule followed the old man through a long dark corridor and down a flight of cold, stone steps until they came to a low room where sat a group of men and women. A man who proved to be the master of the house, Franzin, came forward and welcomed Marcus and his god-child. Jule heard that night from the mouth of Franzin, the foundations on which Christianity bases its beliefs and, after she had heard the story of the Death on the Cross, all desire to cling to her old beliefs had left her and she now fervently desired to become a Christian.

The good Marcus did not leave her that night until she was safely within her own gate.

"Child," he advised her, "be careful; your mother is a friend of the emperor, Aurelius is his court favorite; oh, child, be careful. God alone can help you. May He bless you."

With that, he left her and Jule crept through a small window into the house. This was not the last night that Jule went to Franzin's home; many nights found her there, always escorted by the ever faithful Marcus. Jule could now well escape her mother's watchful eyes, for Devine never left her room. She often had these fits of melancholia, so Jule was not at all frightened. The trip to Greece was abandoned.

"No need of taking Jule to Greece," said Aurelius to Devine, "I know not when I have seen her so happy. Methinks she has entirely forgotten the Christians and the lions in the arena."

However, all this time Jule was so happy in her new-found faith that she did not notice the change which had come over the little band of worshippers. They had seen a mounted

guard of the emperor ride up and down past the house as they entered each night, so they felt that the end was not far off.

One night the Christians came as usual. In the midst of their worshipping, the door was battered in and court-guards seized the poor unfortunates. Jule was among them, but when the guard perceived he had a daughter of the best family in Rome within his grasp, he released his hold and whispered: "Flee while there is yet time. The emperor's anger would know no bounds if he knew a daughter of Octavius Augustus were a Christian. Flee, I tell you. These Christians will be given to the lions in a week. You would not share their fate?"

Jule hurried out, unnoticed by the rest of the guards. Down the street she sped, frightened at every sound, for no faithful Marcus accompanied her this night. Jule reached home, panting and out of breath.

Could she sleep that night? No, indeed. She passed a more restless night than that one when her dreams had been filled with Christians and lions. Ah, how long ago that seemed. She had learned much since that night. She had learned to rely on her Savior for the smoothing of every difficulty; but could she die for him? All night Jule pondered and all the next day; she could find no peace. The days sped on and it was the day before the one appointed for the death of the Christians. Early in the morning a slave brought Jule a note which read:

"Dear child: I am risking everything to send you this note. But after all, am I risking anything? I am surely not risking my life, for that will be taken away from me to-morrow; I am not risking the safety of my soul, for that is no longer mine, but God's, but perhaps some will say I am risking loyalty to the state. You know loyalty to Christ means disloyalty to the emperor. Child, you will pray for us as we go to face our God to-morrow. Marcus."

Jule pondered long over the note. She knew not what to do. She tried in vain to turn her mind away from the note, "We go to face our God to-morrow." The men and women with whom she had worshipped were to meet their God to-morrow and she—would she—did she dare—?

"Yes," said Jule calmly to herself, "I, too, will face my God to-morrow. I will go to the dungeon and give myself up."

After making her decision Jule felt no fear; she no longer wondered how Christians bore death so calmly. Ah, no; at last she had found the secret of Christian strength and fortitude.

In the afternoon, Jule went to her mother's room and found her in excellent spirits.

"Jule, more Christians have been found by the emperor, your godfather Marcus amongst them. Never did I think there was a more loyal subject than he. Oh, this Christianity is a taint on our fair empire. And, by the way, Aurelius comes to-night to take part in the great archery contest to be held to-morrow in the arena after the Christians have been given to the lions. The emperor himself will be there, and methinks Aurelius will win the laurel wreath. You will go, Jule?"

"Yes, mother, I will be there," said the maiden.

The next day dawned dark and threatening. It seemed as if God were showing his anger in the blinding lightning and the deafening thunder. But the storm did not keep Rome away from the arena; Ah no!

Jule spent all her morning in prayer and was ready to face the ordeal. Devine spent her morning in the selection of a dress which would become her best. The slave had brought in wine and Devine ordered:

"Go to your young mistress' room and bid her come, for soon we must start."

The slave obeyed, but came back frightened.

"She is not there," said she.

"Fool," thundered Devine, "look in the courtyard."

The slave left the room, but again returned shaking her head dubiously. "She is not there."

"Oh, never did I see such stupid slaves. Methinks I'll go to Africa and buy new ones of some intelligence. Go."

"I will go myself and find the child," said Devine to herself.

She opened the door of Jule's room. It was empty! She searched the courtyard, but no Jule could she find.

"Where can the child be? Ha, ha, I have it. Aurelius has stopped and she has gone with him, forgetting her mother. Well, I must go on alone."

* * * * *

Never before had the arena of Rome been so crowded as on that memorable day. It seemed as if the time had come when nothing short of the shedding of human blood satisfied the eager desires of the people. They came in hordes, not from the city alone, but from outlying districts. Not men and women, alone, but youths and maidens and even little children, eagerly clapping their hands as if in anticipation of the coming event.

The time drew near for the sacrifice of human life. The assemblage grew impatient. The rain beat furiously against the canvas overhead; the wind moaned and sobbed outside as if in human agony; the lightning danced like maddened fire; the thunder rolled as the sound of an oncoming chariot, but above the turmoil of the outside elements, came the awful and terrifying roar of the caged beasts.

A door was opened. The martyrs came out. Silently they stood in the center of the arena. Not a sound, except a faint cry from a woman and a youth with bow and arrows, came from the cruel, hardened crowd. The woman fainted; the youth only the more tightly grasped his bow.

A cage was opened. Out sprang a lion with infuriated rage. Before the beast could reach its victims, an arrow swift and keenly aimed, as if from Heaven itself, shot over the heads of the people and pierced the lion in the heart. The people were speechless. What did it mean? No need to ask. The God whom these Christians worshipped must have sent down the arrow in answer to their prayers.

Another cage was opened. Out sprang a lion as before. Again an arrow, even keener than the first, shot over the assemblage and again another lion, pierced in the heart, was lying in the arena. The people dared not move, for could not the God who had sent down arrows into the hearts of the lions kill them, too?

Then rose the emperor.

“Stay. Let not another lion leave its cage. This is the work of no human hand. Some God, unknown to Romans, the God whom these Christians worship, has given this youth, Aurelius Ennius, power over death. The God who will not turn a deaf ear to prayers is my God and hereafter shall be the God of my people.”

Thus was Christianity made the religion of Rome.

Outside, the wind had ceased its groaning; the lightning no longer cast its fiery darts hither and thither; the thunder rolled only afar off; the clouds overhead had broken, and God in the sun smiled down on the crowded arena. But the splendor and approval of the outside world glowed no brighter than the hearts of the Romans which had been pierced by the arrows of God.

ALICE TOOLE, 1913.

THOUGHTFUL LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

August 18.—To-day I heard the expression “growing worldly wise.” I wondered what it meant. I had heard it before, but it never sounded quite the same. I have looked it up, and it means to grow “wise in the wisdom of the world”—“keen for gain,” maybe—“suspicious of one’s neighbor.” Whatever they mean, the words haunt me, and I intend to think them over. The world is such a beautiful place itself, that it would seem a shame if its wisdom were less beautiful. If we are looking for trouble, we’re pretty sure to find it, I guess; so that is the reason why the trouble-hunting people of the world are very apt to find the wisdom of trouble. But is that the only kind of worldly wisdom?

August 20.—I was looking through my desk to-day and I came upon a little wooden box which I hadn’t opened before in a long while. It had a transfer slip in it; that was all. I sat and looked at the transfer for some time. At first I couldn’t think why I had saved it. Then I remembered. One day, at Christmas time (I must have been about twelve years old), I was getting on a car, my arms full of little packages, when a man slipped this transfer into my hand. He supposed I was alone, I guess, for mother had been separated from me in the crowd, and was already on the car. I was small, and was grasping a miniature purse, and all these tiny bundles—and I suppose the man took pity on me and thought he would save my spending my Christmas money for fare. But I remember how surprised I was. I got on the car clutching this transfer, and as I squeezed into a seat, I looked in bewilderment, first at the transfer, then at the man. The man, judging from his appearance and his lunch basket, was a poor workman, who really needed to use the transfer himself. But he nodded and smiled at me, and told me to use it, and then went and stood on the platform of

the car to make room for a lady inside. Mother paid my fare, so I didn't use the transfer. I don't think I should have used it anyway. And I have saved it all these years. I think I was a child with an average amount of common sense and trust to begin with, but without ever having seen that transfer from that day till this, I have unconsciously had an added faith in working men with lunch baskets. I think I learned something that day which I can never unlearn.

September 1.—There is something which has been troubling me for a long time. I know a boy who has always had a most unpleasant home life, who never succeeds, no matter what he tries, and who is always fighting back. Sometimes he strikes the empty air and does no harm; sometimes he strikes a stone wall and bruises his own hands; sometimes he knocks a stone off the wall and injures someone else. But he keeps right on striking back. I like the boy; he has a good, manly heart, but he thinks he is down and that people will kick him, so he might as well kick them first. He thinks that the Golden Rule has nothing to do with him or his world. He is wise in his own conceit,—but what a failure his wisdom is! It doesn't help him. He thinks he has learned the world's philosophy, and it is bitter knowledge to him. I hate to think that he is right. I wonder if it is all his own fault, or if he would be different if the world had ever given him a transfer ticket.

October 30.—I think I understand now, at least in part. I have been reading in *Les Miserables* where the bishop goes to see the dying conventionalist. The bishop doesn't want to go. The conventionalist has been a Revolutionist — is still a wicked man (so everyone thinks). The bishop goes because it is his duty. He does not hope to convert. Just before the conventionalist dies, he explains his life. "Bishop," he says, "I was sixty years of age when my country called me and commanded me to concern myself with its affairs. I obeyed. Abuses existed, I

combated them; tyrannies existed, I destroyed them; rights and principles existed, I confessed and proclaimed them. Our territory was invaded, I defended it; France was menaced, I offered my breast. I was not rich; I am poor * * * I have succored the oppressed, I have comforted the suffering * * * I have done my duty according to my powers, and all the good that I was able. After which I was hunted down, pursued, persecuted, blackened, jeered at, scorned, cursed, proscribed * * * And I accept this isolation of hatred, without hating anyone myself. Now I am eighty-six years old. I am on the point of death. What is it that you have come to ask of me?" "Your blessing," says the bishop.

That is a wonderful story. A man who, when through with life, is able to say that there is both good and bad in the world — but that he has chosen the good — that man knows his fellow-men and knows himself. "Tempted in all things * * * yet without sin." He is truly "worldly wise."

JESSIE E. LUCK, 1914.

COMPLETION.

How softly and slowly the nocturnal wings had spread over the metropolis. This great seething, bustling, roaring city so cruel, so indifferent, so monotonous; this city of cold stone and hard steel, where but yesterday the March wind played through the trees, that same wind, from that same endless source, which five thousand years ago sang in those same woeful tones. It was that eternal spirit of the wind which bellowed for awhile and then plaintively wailed over this city; this heartless, superficial, machine-like, grinding, tearing, leveling, puffing city which had willingly succumbed to that power beyond. All was peaceful

now. The wonderous pageant of the heavens, which human eyes have beheld since the mysterious spirit of those luminaries created eyes to weep and to gaze, continued this night to arouse in mortals that sense of mystery, superstition, joy, grief, amazement. Millions were now asleep in this city. What had become of all those conscious, living forces? What power had closed their eyelids? What power deadened their senses? Was it necessary for that power which brought the night, with its golden retinue of moon and stars, to revitalize itself by the energy of those sleeping millions?

Such questions were this night thrilling the brain of Paul Morse, cold, careful, scholar, who had spent fifty long years with the wise of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome. This man who had labored unceasingly to write a history of civilization, which would contain all the laws, natural, physical, mental, spiritual, entering into the evolution of human progress. He wanted the book to be all inclusive, scientific, solid, accurate. He wanted to have the best, the rarest, the longest selection of facts to establish his own original principles. He wanted the book to be clear, simple, unbiassed, and above all unemotional. In a word, he cherished the thought of having the greatest book on the "History of Civilization" ever written. Fortunate circumstances had given him freedom from petty cares. He had always had money, time, books, friends, comforts. Everything necessary for the compilation of his great work was easily attained. He had a select and rare library; he had himself delved through the rarest libraries of the oldest countries. He had been in Persia, India, Egypt, Rome, Greece; everywhere his social position, his fame as a scholar, his nobility of character were known, and he had easy access to any place where he could glean and gather material for his life's work.

How dignified he appeared as he sat silently, gazing at the burning log in the hearth. The room was rich, comfortable and

spacious. The scholars' taste for large, richly-bound, heavy volumes, for quaint antiques, was in this room very apparent. His great book which had been published a few years ago, lay open before him on the table. He had spent hours before midnight in turning its pages, reading here and there, underlining a word or a sentence as he pleased, and then in closing the book to meditate for a while and to gaze blankly at the gleaming log. It was long past midnight now, and yet he could not sleep. He felt a mood and spirit unlike that which he had ever experienced before. For the first time since his enthusiastic youth, he had suddenly discovered that he was not analyzing the philosophies of Russia, of India, of Rome, of Greece, nor of Aristotle, of Bacon, or Spinoza, or Kant, but that he was analyzing himself. His eye had rested a little longer than usual on the word soul, on one of the pages of his own book, a word which he had used over a hundred times throughout his work. It was that word which had made him meditate long past midnight, to look for hours upon the burning log. There seemed to be something strange taking place in his mind now. It was a something self-conscious, self-active, some strange glow of feeling, something almost supersensible, which had for the first time, since youth, disturbed his clear, keen, accurate, logical flow of thought. Questions shaped themselves in his mind unconsciously, the word soul stood like a sentinel before his mind's eye, and every question pointed directly at it. What am I? Why have I used it in my book? Why that strange warmth around the heart caused by an attempt to answer those questions? Why did such questions make the heart beat faster? and why that mysterious reaction upon the tear glands?

He started from his reflections like one suddenly waked from a deep sleep. His eyes wandered around the room, but this time they did not rest upon the burning log, but were arrested by a gold-framed portrait which stood upon an onyx mantle.

With his gaze fixed, he got up slowly, walked to the mantle, took down the portrait and then returned to the rocker before the fire. He gazed strangely upon it for a long time, until a tear falling upon the glass startled him.

Eternal silence filled the room. The old man sat very quietly, his quivering hands holding the portrait. Gradually his head drooped down on his chest and his eyes closed. The red streaks sent out by the dying embers gave a beautiful tint to his white locks. His soul had joined the other world for the night.

D. ALLISON, 1913.

AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

To the Junior with her varied experiences, college life *is* life, not a preparation for it. After the "disillusionment" of the freshman year, and the awakening of the sophomore year, the Junior feels as though she has found herself. Even though many of the idols of her early years have been shattered, beautiful, new, living gods have taken their places.

She has decided whether she is going to seek the universal truth by assimilation of the rich inheritance which the ancients have bequeathed to us; or whether the ideal is to be gained from particular study of the inspirations and revelations of great artists; or if the best expression of herself will be found in solving the vital problems of the present, living world. Perhaps she has learned to guide herself in eclectic fashion, choosing a little here and a little there, until the unity of all is recognized. To her has come the command which resounds through the ages, "*Sapere aude.*" She tries to obey and dares to be wise. If her thoughts are somewhat lofty, she no longer hesitates to express them, for fear of being ridiculed by those about her. For she is surrounded by friends who are just as earnest

as herself, she is inspired by teachers who are earnestness itself. Thus, in daring to be wise, she has learned the most valuable lesson of her college life.

But if one part of life is worth living as the whole, college life would not be complete if it were for work alone. The efficient life is one which is lived, as well, for one's fireside as for one's self. That is what college life is lived for. In no other condition does one stand in closer, more intimate relation with many kinds of friends. The Junior has met many types of students, representatives of many classes of people in the world.

Not only has she studied with them, but she has played with them. Mutual interests brought them together, generous friendships united them. There never was more abundant opportunity for learning to "mix well" with people of varied circumstances and tastes. Character study and social relationships are two courses which college students elect whether they know it or not.

Moreover, at college, the student has learned that situations are constantly presenting themselves which call for enthusiastic effort, void of all results for selfish reward. This the Junior has fully realized. Whether she has tried to support her class in athletics, or on committees; whether she has upheld the college through its representative paper, or in service for its organizations; the same untiring energy for a selfless cause was demanded. Life at college is full of opportunities for executive ability, enthusiasm, vitality, and selfless interest to reveal themselves. And it is through such expression that the character of the student grows to a rich development.

So, to the Junior, college life *is* life, where every faculty for high thought and high feeling is stimulated. The mind is alert for the new idea or the new application of the old one. Friends are brought into harmonious relations with each other. The

vividness of one's feelings and emotional experiences finds full development. College life is a happy life,— a rich, full expression of one's better self.

ANNA A. BOOCHEVER, 1912.

Editorial Department.

For the one thousand, nine hundred and twelfth time, according to our present knowledge, Christmas is coming. Each succeeding year Christmas has come to mean something a little different from what it meant the year before. What does it mean this year? Is there a little more of the real Christmas spirit, or has the frantic, materialistic, "give and take" sentiment won a few more recruits?

We can all remember how eagerly we used to wait for Christmas Day, when we were children. Why should we lose that feeling just because we grow up? If we cannot believe in Santa Claus, we can believe in a Christmas spirit as real to us as Santa is to the children. Let us *try for a true Christmas holiday.*

The New Year brings with it thoughts of good resolutions, the first of January, the end of vacation, and the foretaste of exams. Good resolutions we always find where we left them last year. On the first of January we take them out and look them over, perhaps selecting one or two that we will keep this year. Then we turn our backs on home, and come again to our College halls. When we first enter Albany we spy a cloud on the horizon and that cloud grows bigger and bigger from day to day. It is exams. But of course one of our resolutions was that we would not fear exams., so we live on busy and unafraid. Let it be so! And may 1912 be a happy and a fruitful new year for us all.

THE ECHO PLAY.

Friday evening, Nov. 24, THE ECHO presented, as the third annual play for its benefit, "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen. The performance was intensely and vitally convincing, as well as thoroughly artistic.

The powerful bond of sympathy by which Miss Griswold as Nora Helmer, drew and held her audience expresses the highest appreciation of her ability. The characters of Dr. Rank and Mrs. Linden were also presented with the most satisfying reality and appeal.

The entire cast follows:

Torvald Helmer	Earl B. Elmore
Nora Helmer	Rachel Griswold
Dr. Rank	Willis J. Pells
Nils Krogstad	Harold W. Goewey
Mrs. Linden	Marjory Bennett
Anna and Ellen, Servants,	
	Amy Wood and M. Adele Kaemmerlen
Ivar and Emmy, the Helmers' Children,	
	Worthington Hurd and Esther Marshman

THE SENIORS.

They're working!!!

That fact accounts for this empty space.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

Miss Mabel Dunlop visited friends in Schenectady Nov. 11-12.

Miss Dorothy Rogers visited her parents in Granville recently.

Miss Jones and Miss Dufendorf spent a few days at their homes during the first part of November.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What are most of the boys of the Manual Course going to be—*Smith's*.

2. What kind of chocolate do the Economic girls prefer—*Peter's*.

3. It is said there are so many girls in the "Economic course," that one could find protection in their midst; almost as good as a "*Garrison*."

4. The question is, why do so many girls in the Economic course insist on taking Gym. work—to secure muscles like "*Steel*."

5. Where do the girls go for the latest fashions—why to "*Frears*" of course.

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the Men's Athletic Association was held Oct. 11. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Samuel Hayford.

Vice-President, Nathaniel Pepis.

Secretary and Treasurer, Chester Wood.

The officers and active members are planning several events for the winter. Every man should feel it his duty to help toward making this a successful year for the association. All men who are not members and who wish to take part in any athletic event should join the association at once.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

At a regular meeting of the Athletic Association a committee was appointed to investigate the matter of securing suitable pins for the association—another mark of distinction of which some may boast.

Basketball practice is in full swing. The Sophomores and Juniors had an exciting contest. It was only a practice game; what will the real thing be?

Seniors—come all ye faithful. Practice teaching ought not to mean lack of practice playing. This is your last chance to show your basketball skill. You have many years of teaching yet before you. So come out for practice—there can't be any interclass games without the class—the Senior class.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Y. W. C. A. meetings have proved very successful this year. About thirty new members have been added to the enrollment, making in all seventy active members. The number attending the meetings and the interest shown is indeed gratifying to the leaders, and very promising for the future of the organization.

November 1, Miss Corbett, student secretary for New York, New England and New Jersey, delighted the students with a helpful and instructive talk.

November 8, a financial meeting was held, at which a detailed account of expenditures and receipts was given by the leader, Miss Gertrude Brasch. From her liberal estimate, it was evident that the association has a secure financial, as well as spiritual foundation.

The week of prayer, Nov. 12-18, was observed, meetings being held every day at 3.30. On Wednesday the regular meeting was given over to a missionary prayer meeting, led by Miss Amy Wood. The topic of the meeting was Asia. Miss Vibbard discussed the present situation and needs of China and Japan, while Miss Wood dealt with the remaining countries of Asia, and showed briefly how much work there was to be done there.

The girls who attended the prayer meeting on Friday, certainly received a great benefit from it. Miss Bishop was the leader, and each one came away with a feeling of satisfaction that she had been present.

November 22, the recognition of new members took place, Miss Bissell being leader. The association extended to the new members a hearty welcome into its midst, and sincerely hopes that Y. W. C. A. will mean as much to them, as it should mean to every college girl.

The regular Christmas sale will be held Dec. 12, at which a fine display of fancy and useful articles will be on hand, together with stationary, pins, banners, pillows and candy. Now's the chance to buy your Christmas presents at the best prices. Help the cause along. From the previous sale that was held, about \$38 was realized, and it is to be hoped we can double that amount at the coming sale.

At a regular meeting of the cabinet, it was decided to send Miss Amy Wood and Miss Charlotte Wright as delegates to

the student volunteer convention at Auburn, Dec. 8-11. Our best wishes go with them, that they may receive the richest blessings it may afford.

Our one message to all the girls is "to keep it up," for you need Y. W. C. A. as much as Y. W. C. A. needs you.

BORUSSIA NOTES.

Borussia really seems to have awakened. There is an enthusiasm and an interest growing in the "German element" of our College, that is indeed encouraging. Most of our meetings have been well attended and the programs have been instructive and entertaining. The most valuable part of the programs, probably, is the ten minutes' period which is reserved for German conversation. The members, for the most part, have taken this innovation seriously and a real effort has been made to take part in it and to profit by it. We hope that improvements will continue.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At a meeting held November 7, the following papers were read:

"Her First Spending Money"—Short Story.

Naomi Howells.

"The Price of a Jest"—Short Story.

Harold W. Goewey.

(a) Essay. (b) Description.

Gerald S. Pratt.

On November 14, the following papers were contributed:
"Individuality"—Essay.

Harley P. Cook.

"The Little French Mother"—Short Story.

Anna A. Boochever.

(a) "Bish-Bash"—Descriptive Sketch.

(b) "The Legend"—Narrative Sketch.

J. Harry Ward.

"The Lure of the Lights"—Short Story.

Wordsworth D. Williams.

"CURRENT EVENTS" OR HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

Through the impetus and leadership of Prof. Risley interest in Current Events has been awakened among many of the S. N. C. students who may be seen gathered in Room 200 at 3:30, after an announcement has been made per the bulletin board. There have been several meetings and each one proved to be better (if possible) than its predecessor. The talks given by the leader deal, of course, with events of importance that have found notice in our newspapers, which many of us are too busy to read. The aim of the meetings is not, however, to take the place of newspaper reading, but to encourage it. There is no formal organization, no set time for meetings, no work and no dues. What there is may best be described in the words of one of the notices — "A class sans preparation, sans recitation, sans credit. All interested are invited."

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

The Sorority intends to make a study of the finest "world literature." On Thursday, Nov. 23rd, they began the work with Homer's *Iliad*. Miss Secor gave the setting of the epic, Miss Odell read a part of Matthew Arnold's essay on "Reading Homer," and Miss Everingham read sections of the *Iliad* itself.

Miss Florence Gardner was visited recently by her father.

The Sorority is pleased to have Miss Frances Burlingame, a former member, back with them at college.

The girls at the Delta Omega apartment gave Miss Odell a surprise party on her birthday, November 24th.

Miss Florence Gardner spent her Thanksgiving vacation at the home of Miss Helen Odell.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn is going to entertain the Misses Rieffenaugh and Wood during the Thanksgiving vacation.

We are delighted to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Ward and Dr. and Mrs. Hale as honorary members of Kappa Delta.

Miss Florence McKinley entertained the Sorority and a few friends at a thimble party on Saturday evening, November 11.

Miss Katherine Kinne will spend her Thanksgiving vacation with friends in New York.

The Misses Kennedy and Bunce attended the Amherst-Williams game at Williamstown, Saturday, November 18.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

Society meetings were held at the college Nov. 8th and 14th.

Psi Gamma and her friends spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Mrs. Gillespie (nee Ethel Webster, '06), Summit Park, Nov. 9, 1911.

Psi Gamma gave her annual tea and reception to the faculty and students Nov. 11.

Miss Jessie Cleveland spent the week-end of Nov. 17th in the city as a guest of Miss Edna Hall and helped serve at the Psi Gamma tea.

The Intersorority party this year was exceedingly novel and enjoyable.

Alumni Department.

Frances Burlingame, '04, has returned to college for post-graduate work.

G. Emmett Miller, '09, is principal of the High School at Margaretville, N. Y.

Johanna Swartz, '10, is teaching at Jamestown, N. Y.

The editor was very much pleased a short time ago to receive a letter from Mrs. Winslow, Clarkstown, Washington, inclosing her subscription to the ECHO. Mrs. Winslow was Miss Elizabeth Verrinder and was graduated from the college in January, 1856. It encourages and gratifies us that an alumna of 1856 cares to know what we are planning and doing in 1911. Would that all our alumnae showed as much allegiance to S. N. C.!

Mabel Tallmadge, '10, has charge of a private kindergarten at West Point.

Frances Schrack, '10, is teaching in the High School at Congers, N. Y.

Millie Kartluke, '10, is teaching at Luzerne.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

I had a most agreeable shock the other day. Charles dusted me from head to foot. I usually do manage to keep fairly clean at my feet, but further than these a duster seldom travels. They say,—“Heavy hangs the head that wears a crown.” But it might also be added “that wears the dust of ages.” However, since I have been dusted I have been lightheaded in more than one sense of the word.

So in this condition of mind do you wonder that I have had rather superficial thoughts lately? My mind has been more receptive to the gay than to the grave. And many are the jokes that are repeated in my hearing. I heard about “the consecrated cross-eyed bear” and “the wicked flea, whom no man pursueth,” both of Sunday School fame,—and also about the kittens that grew on the pussy-willow trees. I learned that if a goat swallowed a hare the result would be a hair in the butter. Yes, many are the little humorous incidents which come to my attention.

Some stray young men were discussing humor, as they sat on a bench in the hall. One said that the unexpected or the extraordinary was humor because a professor of his had said so. Then he went on to explain in a very lucid way, that everybody was laughing about poor (or rich?) John Pierpont Morgan's mishap in the New York church, simply because that gentleman had done the unexpected, the sudden thing. In fact, it seemed to me that the rare or the unexpected was the joke. So, of course, after thinking this statement over, I decided that in the State Normal College, at least, the men were jokes, because of their rarity, their unexpectedness.

But scarce as they are, the men in the College are making names for themselves. They created quite a sensation in the education class, according to reports, when three of them were

congratulated (or otherwise) on their powers of raising a disturbance. Yes, in quantity "they are little, but oh my!"

Well, the play that was long contemplated, proved a great success. The heroine was sweet, charming and a strong character. Her husband was selfish, but adoring. And the villain—O, here is what I heard of him: As to the verity of it, I cannot say, but from the nature of its source, I cannot help thinking that it must be true. However, it might be well to inquire concerning it. This is the way it goes:

A villain, a villain! I met a villain.

A motley villain: (A miserable world!)

As I do live by food, I met a villain,

Who strode around, and spake to his friend Sam,

And railed on Lady Fortune, in good terms,

In good set terms—and yet a motley villain,

"How are you, villain," quoth Sam, "No, sir," quoth he;

"Call me not villain till I have done great harm."

And then he drew a purse from out his coat,

And looking on it with lack lustre eye,

Said very sadly—" 'Tis now November,

Look now and see," quoth he, "How my gold goes.

'Tis but a month ago since it was full.

And so from day to day, we spend and spend,

And then from hour to hour, we rue and rue.

And thereby hangs a tale. I ne'er shall have to do

With any maiden fair till bleak December

Hath gone, and then mid-years are passed away—

And then some. * * * ." When Sam did hear

The motley villain thus vow with lifted hand,

Sam's lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That villains should be so rash and so senseless.

And Sam did laugh—Sam's intermission,

An hour by his Ingersoll—O noble villain!

A worthy villain.—And did he keep his word?

I want to congratulate the young ladies and gentlemen who are in the Senior Psychology class. For according to reports, they have left last year's "cream of the college" far in the lurch. To carry out the milk-maid simile the present class might well be called the "butter" of the college. Several of these young psychologists have been known to receive a unanimous mark of one hundred in their teaching. Of course, it made no difference to the strict markers whether the youthful teacher pro tem. really said much of anything, or whether she said nothing. She was a perfect teacher all the same! O, that we may always meet with such kindly judges!

I had planned to give thanks for a season of quiet and peace, in the period laid aside for that purpose. But all my plans went to naught. For work seemed to continue with a certain class of individuals. Of course, that the educational department worked on, goes without saying. But there were many strange teachers, who fluttered around busy as bees with their work. When I contrasted them with those who are yet to be graduated, I thought of the advertisement, "Before and After." In the staid teacher, even in her who has just completed her college work, there is little of that bubbling enthusiasm which is seen around here so much. True, there is no lack of the proper spirit of the teacher, but there is not the effervescent kind, to which we are accustomed. The kind which leads girls to snort aloud rather than to laugh, as one of our Sophomores is noted for doing. Verily, experience is the best teacher.

There has been a flutter of excitement and interest amongst a number of girls here lately, and you will not wonder when you learn the cause of it. Two beautiful "sparklers" have appeared on the third fingers of two of our friends. Both contemplate graduating this June, and one has taken a domestic science course. The gentleman in the case is to be congratulated on this, although I believe he has not seen the lady in the

same case for some time. In fact, it is whispered that they became affianced by mail. Even Uncle Sam helps occasionally in romances. Now the other young lady is a rosy-cheeked practice teacher. They say that this case is quite serious. I don't know what their new names will be, but for their own sakes, I hope they won't be as bad as the names that are cramping the tongues of the French and Plautus classes. And here they are: "Hippocampelephantocamelos," and "Thesaurochrissonico-chrysidēs."

My friend of the white carnation and the business like walk, seems unusually happy and contented lately. What is the cause of his joy, I don't know, unless he may be contemplating an approaching departure from our walls to more educational ones. Indeed, we shall miss him when he's gone—and all the rest of our department friends.

My friend the cat is prowling around, I think I must watch her. She is looking for a mouse; ah! Here comes Colonel—"The Lion and the Mouse!" But no place for the poor cat!

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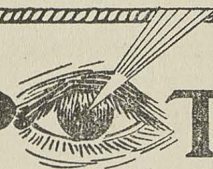
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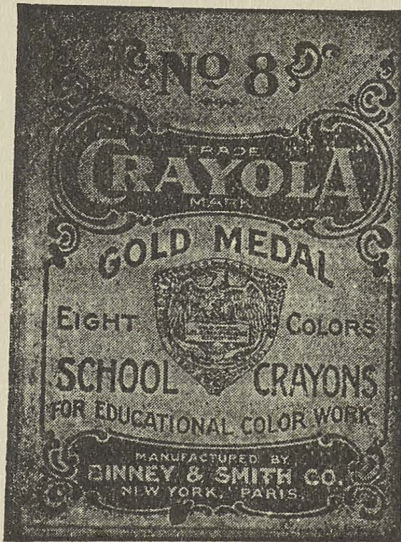
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