

-THE-ECHO-



May 1912

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MAY, 1912.

ALBANY, NEW YORK



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THE ECHO:

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THE ECHO.

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XXII.

MAY, 1912.

No. 9

Literary Department.

DREAMS.

Beneath the kindly shade of the newly adorned maple, a wee tired figure lay curled upon a soft grassy bank. The fresh green leaves above him rustled in time to the pulses of a gentle spring breeze, and a jolly little brook babbled compliments to the vain cowslips, admiring themselves in its pools. All around was enchantment, while Bobby lay and dreamed. When he was a man, a great soldier he would be, and dressed in a lovely blue uniform with big, shiny, brass buttons, he

would ride before a big, big army upon a snow-white horse. Fighting hard with the "sand-man," Bobby gazed across the meadow, where each cowslip became a soldier, and the scattering buttercups were generals.

* * * * *

With his feet upon the fender of the open fire-place the student lounged in a large morris chair. In his lap lay a bunch of roses. The gas burned low, and the soft light faintly illumined the pictures and banners on the walls. Through the open windows a warm June wind and patches of moonlight intruded. The future lawyer sat dreaming. Success and fame seemed quite within his grasp that night, and through the thin, soft haze of his cigarette smoke he gazed at a girl's picture on the mantle.

* * * * *

In a modern office the middle-aged business man sat before his desk. A green-shaded lamp protected his features and left in dim outline long rows of books, rising one above the other from floor to ceiling. At brief intervals gusts of November wind, like unseen messengers of winter, shook the window and howled about the building. The evening paper had dropped from the lawyer's hand and lay beside the chair, while leaning far back with his feet on the desk, the tired man surrendered to dreams. The years had left their token, and he no longer thought of himself as a genius with the world at his feet. Before him flitted the crowded court room, in which he must play his part on the morrow.

* * * * *

The logs crackled briskly in the old-fashioned fire place, and their flames lighted up lovingly the face of the old man. Now dying down, now bursting up afresh, the fire light caressed the long silvery hair and the shadows played gently over the strong, tender face. Snowflakes were beating fast and hard against the window-panes, and the wind whistled a loud monotonous

chorus in the chimney. Memories flooded the mind of the old gentleman seated comfortably in the big rocking chair, and, looking intently into the fire, he lost himself in reverie.

The smoke from a long, crooked-stemmed pipe curled lightly toward the ceiling and the bright old eyes turned to gaze through it at the portrait of a bride. Suddenly he turned his head and glanced at the sweet face and silver hair of his companion. "What's the matter Robert?" she asked. "Oh! nothing, mother," was the tender reply," it's only those dreams.

J. HARRY WARD, 1914.

A REMINISCENCE.

The sinking of the Titanic and all the conflicting reports I've heard make the night of November 12, 1894, as vivid as if it had been last night. That was before the days of the wireless. In those times a trip to the "operating room" was not a remedy for ennui. We did not cluster round to see the blue spark, hear the click-click, and the latest baseball bulletins in the little cabin astern on the hurricane deck.

Gray, monotonous days were those, as the Atlanta slipped through a dull, glistening sea. Fog was everywhere. London mists, left two weeks ago, were smoky and murky and warm from the human creatures groping there. But this was the fog of the sea — gray and cold, with the chill of emptiness. Mile after mile we glided through the silent sea. To me, as a relief, comes only the memory of the throb of the ship, the dimmed, glimmering lightheads burning day and night, the slippery decks, and the warm smokestacks on the hurricane deck against which we snuggled. In the evening we used to go forward to watch the helmsman, and the great compass in its brass case, or climb to the deck, where in the very prow stood the lookouts. Silent

men they were, who never unbent to chat with curious passengers. With visor caps pulled forward, collars turned up and hands thrust deep in their pockets, immovable they stood, with ever-watchful eyes ranging the darkness ahead. Occasionally one man would turn and call, "Light, sir — south by sou,' sou' west, sir." "Aye, aye, sir," would come the hoarse reply from above.

One night toward the close of our voyage we were rather put to it for something to while away the time, so we clambered into the life-boats. Soon the fog grew dense and a light rain began to fall, when an officer, running aft in oilskins and sou' wester, told us in curt surprise to "get out of that boat, quick."

Regretfully we descended to the grand saloon, where a girl was playing Wagner in a sketchy fashion. Speedily we withdrew to the library, a comparatively small cabin 'tween decks. Seated on wide leather sofas heaped with many pillows, we soon became absorbed in last month's magazines. After about five minutes a bell boy popped his head in the doorway, looked around with not too eager eyes inquiringly responsive, and disappeared. The door banged again — all doors bang aboardship. After another mild roll of the Atlantic, which had had more motion since the rain, as was quite to be expected, for we were nearing shallower waters, the bell boy's red head put in another appearance. Just as, from the opposite side of the cabin I noticed this, the Atlantic heaved with surprising force, the boy released his hand, lightly grasping the door handle, and made a full bow, that was more of a sprawl into the room. At the same moment I sank back on my pillows with a thud, plunged forward and knelt on the floor with the pillows above me.

"Hi, yi," yelled the bell boy, "you done it." As he staggered up, and helped me to regain my equilibrium I followed his extended finger. On the wall where I had been supporting

the pillows was an electric push bell. This accounted for the bell boy's repeated presence.

Five hours later I awoke in the night. Did you ever suddenly wake to hear the pulse of the ship's engines, the swirl and moan and splash of the waves beating against the boatside, to feel the constant quiver of the whole craft and the cradling rise and dip of the billows? Instinctively I had come to know these feelings, so when I suddenly found myself staring round the dimly lighted state room I wondered why — and then I knew that I heard no throb, felt no quiver, heard no pulse — but instead I was deafened by a great, continuous roar. I was shivering so that I could hardly lean over the edge of the berth to call my mother. At the first whisper she started up. As I was turning on the light I heard voices and footsteps on the deck above. I opened the door into the corridor. Dimly lighted, with every white door closed, all was still there but for the banging door that opened on the deck.

As five minutes later, we ran along the hall, several heads appeared in doorways, with mumbling lips and staring eyes, awakened from sleep. On deck all was black and cold, and the fog was whiter than ever. The boom was very loud and someone cried "Surf!" We stumbled down to the next deck. A crowd of passengers was running to the ship's side and back to the cabins. I went down the slippery slope, and then it was that I noticed that the Atlanta listed toward the right. I looked down upon water perilously close, white, churning, eddying, angry, greedy water, washing over jagged rocks, as if it were foam on black fangs. We were aground.

Women were crying, men shouting hoarsely, children wailing, seamen ordering. I moved toward the other side of the ship. A life boat nearly filled was being lowered. An officer seized me to thrust me in. "My mother," I cried and he pulled me back. Ten minutes later another life boat, partly filled with passen-

gers and with men from the crew, and with mother and myself crowded in the bow, sank down, down into the black waters.

Among dark crags we drifted, with fifteen in our little boat. I remember, to keep from thinking, I began to count, and always the number was different, for the faint light of a single lantern was often rendered useless by the waves of salt water that dashed over us all. I remember wondering whether the girl seated on my lap was shivering as much as I was. Then an old woman — I could tell by her voice — began to sing a hymn, a regular dirge, which I have disliked ever since. The life boat perceptibly lowered in the water. Suddenly a man with a voice inclined to go off the key struck up "Dixie," and how we joined in!

The fog seemed suddenly to grow much thinner, and we saw a faint light brandished and heard far-off haloos. In reply we were yelling with all our might — when we redoubled, if such a thing were possible, the force of our cries. Scunch went the boat and tore with a rasping, hideous sound. The next moment we were all in icy water up to our shoulders. I remember feeling chokingly glad that there were no children in our boat. In a moment despair became hope, for five yards away one of the crew had stumbled on a rocky ledge only a couple of feet beneath water. Towering above us there, that man became our leader. Over the treacherous rocks, among eddies, sullen pools and crevices, we picked our way. Shall I ever forget it? But through our fears and terror, groping and stumbling and renewed effort, surged up thankfulness, for always the water grew shallower, until finally, when the dawn gave light to guide us, we were crossing a plateau of partly dry ledges. Then we women did a very foolish thing — we all burst out crying. Many of us knelt, too, but I can't vouch for the coherence of our prayers.

"Oh, come, come," cried the man who had struck up "Dixie" and who was wringing out his coat, "you're glad we're here, aren't you? We're alive, remember that." Whereupon

we wept afresh, but soon dried our tears, when hot water flavored with chopped peppermints — carried by the old lady of the dirge, who had her advantages — was doled out in the two whiskey flasks.

When the other boatloads, arriving by a roundabout way, appeared, we were able to sing, and when, after trudging all morning, we saw smoke in the distance, we all whistled — we were too hoarse to sing!

MAUD MALCOMB, 1915.

THE OLD BUGLER.

It was Memorial Day. It was evident that the people had risen to the occasion and were celebrating it well, for early we were awakened by the boom of cannons and the crack of guns. Perhaps it was because the village was situated on memorial ground, not far from the very spot of Pickett's assault, and the place where Warren had taken his stand; perhaps it was the sight of the old veterans, tottering along in their blue uniforms, which fired the people with enthusiasm, but whatever it was, the songs of Old Liberty rose clear upon the air, and flag after flag was unfurled to the breeze.

Late in the afternoon we followed the crowd to the foot of Warren's statue, on Little Round Top, and mingling with the other sightseers, tried to follow the events of those long-vanished July days. As we stood there on the crest of the hill, an old man in the blue uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic toiled slowly up the hill-side and stationed himself near us. He was muttering to himself, and so intent upon his own thoughts that he did not perceive that we were near. The veteran's lean figure was erect; he thrust his stick under his arm and looked down upon the battlefield, the wind playing softly in his gray

hair. Suddenly a wild look came into his bleared eyes, and he grasped my companion's arm, whispering:

"It's in the bugle! It's in the bugle!"

"You were a soldier in this battle?" asked Joe, not understanding.

"I was in many battles, young man. It's the bugle that does the mischief; pluck the heart out of the bugle and drum, and men won't kill each other any more. Many a man I've bugled down to death."

He dropped his head upon his breast. A bird sang in the thicket below. On the heights beyond a bugle sounded, faint, as though from a far-off time. Silently the old man stood staring into space; then again he began to speak, in the hoarse, broken voice of age, but coherently, as though reciting an oft-told tale:

"We had a boy captain, with beautiful brown eyes, who had left college to enter the army. That boy, with his handful of cavalry, felt bigger than old Napoleon, and we were as proud of him as he was of us. Early in the war we were sent out on a scout along the Chickahominy, and were going back to our brigade when we ran plump into some of the enemy's cavalry that had been out feeling our line. It was a great surprise on both sides, but our captain only laughed and said,

"'The charge, trumpeter!'"

"I let go with the bugle, and we slappel into them right and left. There was a bad mess for a few minutes, then back we went with the gray boys at our heels. We fought up and down the road, as though we were only playing a game; sometimes we drove them and then they drove us. On our second dash I felt my horse's hoof plunk soft onto a dead man, and I remember how queer it made me feel. Well, it was nearly dark when we begun, and a good many of the boys had dropped out of their saddles. I remember how the little moon hung over the trees and the stars came out, but still our captain kept up the fight. I thought the game would last forever, as we charged and

wheeled and flung ourselves at the gray boys; and every time we swung at them again there were more soft things where my horse struck dead men. I have dreamed about that a thousand times—the scared little moon, and the rattle of swords, and the pounding hoofs, and the yells and the crack of pistols.* * * Well, we got the fort alright, but when we splashed through to the other side there was only half of us left, and I felt sick and giddy when I looked down and saw the little captain was gone, and the lieutenant was riding by me where that brown-eyed boy had been.

“That was only the beginning. I got hardened fast enough but when the war was over, I used to wake up at night and try to count up the men I had bugled out to die. Then I married and had a home for a while, but my wife died and the good times faded away, and now I never look back to anything but just those days of the camp; and the bugle sings in my ears all the time as though it was calling to the men I had sent into battles where they died.”

“War’s an ugly business, but then, somebody has to be killed,” said Joe kindly, moved to pity by the veteran’s emotion.

“I dream every night that I’m on a high place,” he went on, “and look down and see long lines of them marching. I know it’s my turn to sound the trumpet but something sticks in my throat when I try to blow and I can’t make a sound, and, as I keep trying and trying, I wake up.”

He ceased as abruptly as he had begun, stared fixedly at Joe and me for an instant, then slowly descended the hill. We stood silently gazing after him, long after he was out of sight.

E. LOUISE CARMODY, 1915.

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?

Indeed, I know of naught rarer than a day in June, and among all those rare days, I remember none as more rare than the twentieth of June, nineteen hundred nine. At just ten o'clock of that morning, we embarked on a little launch and gayly stowed away our various possessions. The engine chugged regularly; we swung away from the dock and headed our boat down the channel and away. The water sparkled in the sun and the little waves were like ruffles with white frills to edge them. The brisk wind was in our faces and all of us were exhilarated with the thought of the pleasant day before us. On we sped for three swiftly passing hours, and then we shaped our course for a narrow, mountain-enclosed inlet about forty miles from home.

Thus far on the trip I had been steering, but now I relinquished the wheel to a more experienced navigator, and clambered upon the top of the boat. Did you ever steer a launch, I wonder? A real boat that goes by an engine? It gives you such an important feeling when it obeys your slightest turning of the wheel. I remember when I was a youngster, an old captain on a big coast steamer let me help turn the huge wheel, and I believe I grew an inch in those few minutes. But that did not happen on a June day, so it hardly belongs in our story, does it?

After some careful maneuvering to avoid numerous rocks, we anchored near the rocky shore and disembarked by means of a little rowboat which we had towed down. We scrambled along the rough, wood strewn beach until we found a patch of soft clean sand, and there we built our camp fire for lunch. It was almost two o'clock, and we were ravenously hungry from the keen salt air, so the bacon and beans, bread and butter and jam, hurriedly fried potatoes and hot coffee, tasting deliciously of sweet wood-smoke, were more than palatable, while the beautiful scen-

ery detracted nothing from the enjoyment of our lunch. In front of us lay the water, blue from the clear sky, except where the dull green of the pine-wooded mountains was distinctly reflected. The shore line was rough and broken; black rocks ran boldly out into the water, while here and there darker splotches on the face of the cliffs showed where the waves had cut fascinating little grottoes in the rock, fit to be the dwelling place of mermaids fair.

We stretched lazily out upon the sand and looked to our hearts' content; then we found a little trail leading back into the woods, and, curious as children, we followed it into the shades. Through a pine forest it led, barred here and there by a fallen tree trunk, fringed with the lacy, gray-green tree-moss, or crossing little marshy plains, where our rubber boots sank into the soft, black mire. The ground and the old stumps were padded with soft moss six inches deep, making a fluffy, cushiony covering, and here and there bright yellow "snapper-jacks" lifted their brave little heads. Soon a merry stream followed beside our trail as if to keep it company, and more than once we caught a silvery gleam, betraying the presence of a shy little brook trout. By and by we came to an old deserted cabin, its log walls falling in decay and its roof almost entirely carried away by the storms. We sat on its fallen logs to rest for a time and wondered what prospector had lived there in olden days, and what had become of him. Had he panned out gold in the rusty pan one of us picked up, gold washed down by the little brook, or had he, too, failed, as many before him, and departed to a more profitable scene? At last we started back in the cool woods, and all too soon we reached the shore, where a little, wavering column of smoke told us our camp fire was still burning.

The tide was coming in, and the rays of the late afternoon sun fell slantingly, penetrating every crack and crevice of the rock-bound shore. Two of us decided to try our luck as fishermen in

the mouth of the brook, and we were rewarded with four large salmon trout. Overjoyed with our success, we coated them with flour and salt, wrapped them in many thicknesses of newspaper, and buried them in the hot sand under our fire. In about an hour they were baked to perfection, and our supper was ready. When this was over, we climbed aboard our ship once more and set out for a bay about fifteen miles farther on.

The trip was perfect, for, in the light Alaskan summer, the sun does not set until nine o'clock, and at about eight o'clock we reached our final destination. Here we engaged in the seemingly prosaic occupation of angling for crabs. It is really a very amusing sport. You take a long, strong fish line with a large hook attached, place a huge chunk of bait upon it, and then, going into shallow water, hunt up a crab. Dangle the bait enticingly in front of his nose until he begins to sit up and take notice — figuratively speaking — let him get a good start and swallow the bait, hook and all. He will invariably close his claws about the line and then, with great caution, you can pull him up and detach him. I suppose that sounds like rather a tame procedure, but a crab is a very artful and deceiving creature, and you can never feel sure of him until he is safely stowed away. So it is quite exciting, after all.

When we had enjoyed this for some time, it grew dark, and as none of us were sleepy, we built a monstrous bonfire of driftwood, and, sitting in the weird semi-darkness, lightened only by the climbing flames, we told stories, some sad, some humorous, until at last we knew we must start home. We entered the boat rather wearily, I think, but wholly satisfied with our day.

Never shall I forget that night's trip. It was after eleven when we rounded the curve of the shore and lost sight of our blinking camp fire, and the steady "chug chug" of our engine was the only sound which broke the stillness. We slipped swiftly through the smooth, oily water, and the full moon rose, making a golden path for us to follow, broken only by the gentle

swells from our boat. The stars showed bright at first, then more wan as the moonlight grew more clear. The snow-capped mountains threw huge, grotesque shadows across the way, and their white peaks gleamed weirdly in the pale light. But as we drew near the lights which stood for home, the dawn appeared, its soft colors banding the eastern sky, and gradually the moon vanished, driven away by the approach of day, until, as we passed close along the shore, a sleepy bird greeted us with a throaty song.

At last we climbed the hill to our little house, weary, yet somehow rested by the perfect day, and, looking at our watches, we saw that it was three o'clock, and all was well.

HELEN T. DENNY, 1915.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

It was five minutes past four in the afternoon of the last day of May. The last session of school was over. The little school room was almost deserted. Only the old master, and a few children who were bidding each other good-bye, while they gathered together their books, remained. In the school yard others were getting last touch on one another, or exchanging plans for the summer's sport. To those children what a happy moment that was! There would be no more study, no more problems in mental arithmetic to solve, nor proofs in geometry to learn. Vacation had just begun. Summer with all its idle pleasures and pastimes was before them. Outside, the green fields, the bright sunshine, and the songs of the birds added to those happy anticipations. In a few weeks the events of school life, both pleasant and unpleasant, would be forgotten. How much love for the old school master went away in the hearts of

those boys and girls on this, the last day of school, no one can tell.

Within, the hands of the clock were already pointing to thirty minutes past four. All had gone except the old teacher, who had closed his four and twentieth year in the little school. To him the last day of school always had its touch of pathos. To him it marked the close of one year, and yet did not announce the advent of another. Buried in deep meditation, he still sat in his accustomed place before the old desk, which bore the scars of many hard raps from his stout ruler. This day he was more reluctant than ever to break the tie with a season that held for him memories most pleasant. With regret he collected his few books and prepared to leave. But he could not go. He let his eyes wander about the deserted room, until they fell upon a few mathematical figures that had been placed on the blackboard during the day. These symbols had a deep meaning to him. In them he read a history — a true record of all those twenty-four years spent in helping scores of boys and girls to become better citizens. This was not all. In those same characters he saw the future. Tears came into his eyes. How he longed for one more life. A strange feeling came over him. He walked back to his desk and sat down. Through his dimmed eyes he scarcely saw the blackboard. And yet the figures on it stood out bold and distinct. A vision was passing before him. In this vision the interpretation was quite clear. He felt himself standing on the great divide between time and eternity. Hardly realizing that he was sinking down into his chair, he attempted to rise and to step forth into the future that he saw before him. His physical effort was in vain. The great divide was crossed. The old school master was dead.

CLARENCE A. HIDLEY, 1915.

THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

It was a clear, beautiful, moonlight night in winter. For weeks past the mercury had failed to mount above the zero mark. There had not been a great deal of snow, and consequently the small arm of the Saskatchewan, which wound its way through the forest past our house, had been transformed into a glittering ribbon of ice. This particular night, which I have great cause never to forget, the little river looked alluringly beautiful. It sparkled as the brightest silver in the moonlight, and a strong desire seized me to speed away on my skates over its surface in the quiet night. I had done but little skating that winter, for the work in the forest had been hard, and after a long day's work in felling, I was satisfied to rest comfortably by our little fireside and talk over with mother and father the fine plans we were making for the coming summer, when we would leave our humble forest home and go back to the States to live on a little farm, which our work here in the forest had enabled us to buy.

But on this night a feeling of restlessness possessed me, and I longed to be in solitary communion with the river and forest, which I loved. They had been my companions of many years, and I was at home with them anywhere. I was very fond of skating, and usually took that exercise at night and alone, so when I appeared at the door of our living room, my skates over my shoulder, and told the folks I was about to take a few hours' spin up the river father only smiled and mother cautioned me to dress warmly, as the night was bitter cold.

I fastened on my skates, and with a whistle to let the folks know I was off, I darted away into the night, up the river. I sped on and on, scarcely realizing the lapse of country I was leaving behind me. I loved to hear the ring of my skates on the ice, and to take long breaths in the brisk, fresh air, which sent the warm blood tingling through my veins. I was passing

through a very dense strip of forest. The great trees stood black and still, up to the very brink of the river. In their midst it was dark night, but above me looked down the beautiful December moon, making my way light as day. The great bare branches of the trees cast weird shadows over my path. No breeze was stirring. All was still. Suddenly a low, blood-curdling howl, coming from the depths of the forest on my right, broke into the quiet night. This was followed by several similar howls, then again all was still. I had heard old settlers tell of the fierce Canadian wolves, which at times had been known to find their way down into this part of the forest, but during all the years I had lived there I had not seen one. They had been so rigidly hunted that they had kept off, up in the mountain country. However, this winter had been so long and cold that wild animals had been forced from their usual districts in their search for food. I had heard of wolves being reported in our district, but had paid little heed to the fact. But immediately, as I heard those awful sounds in the forest, I knew what they meant. I was not alone in the night, as I had thought, but close in my neighborhood was a pack of deadly enemies, thirsting, starving for food such as my body would furnish. Once they were on my trail there would begin a race for my life.

I turned swiftly on my skates and was about to swing out down the river, when, not fifty rods above me, I saw three dark, gaunt forms dart out onto the river from the forest and start in my direction. The wolves were on my trail. I breathed a prayer for strength and speed to escape my deadly pursuers. I reckoned that I was at least five miles from home. Five miles! Could I make it ahead of those three angry foes tearing down the ice after me? Years of practice had made me a good skater, and as I heard the howls of the wolves behind me I seemed to be rushing on with superhuman strength. My one thought, as I sped down the river, was of my skates. Were they going to

prove true? Upon them depended my safety, my very life. One slip and I should be lost. I kept well ahead of the pack for two, perhaps three, miles. Then I began to feel them gaining upon me. I could hear their cries coming nearer and nearer. My first great strength was beginning to wane, but on, on, I must go. I was within a mile of home when the beasts seemed to be at my very heels. In my terror I could feel their hot breath against my cheek. I could hear their feet slipping on the ice as they ran. Suddenly they all seemed to have fallen, for I heard a thud and a scramble, then on again they came. This retarded them somewhat and gave me another start ahead. I was now almost home and could see the light mother always left for me. Presently there came to my ear the welcome sound of the baying of our two great dogs. They had heard the howls of the wolves and were sending back their challenge. If father would only release them! Scarcely had the thought entered my mind when I heard the dogs give two loud yelps, and by that I knew they had been set free. Father had heard the wolves and the dogs, and divining my peril had sent the latter to my rescue. As I neared the shore and clambered up the bank toward the house our two noble dogs dashed by me and fell into deadly combat with the wolves. My race was ended and I was saved. Father followed after the dogs with his rifle, and in the morning, when I saw stretched on the river bank the three lifeless forms of the wolves, their savage jaws, even in death, distended as if in readiness for the prey they had so nearly won, I bared my head and gave thanks to God.

ELIZABETH DITZELL, 1914.

FROM A SOPHOMORE'S DIARY.

"Oct. 11, 1912. Gee, this being a sophomore is great. I've had more fun to-day than at all the circuses I went to all the time I was a kid. I'm only keeping this book to win a bet from the paterfamilias; but I guess for the sake of my posterity I'll tell just a little of what we did to-day.

"First victim — Mr. Roger Anthony Graham, alias Ruth. Ruth's one of these goody-goody men, who use perfume, hair tonic, and silk socks for every day diet. Maybe he wasn't some scared boy the night Dickson dressed up the skeleton and put it in his bed. Fussy, pernickety old lady. He has 'positively refused' to wear one of those 'conspicuous' freshman caps. We warned him all right and he's got himself to blame for any trouble. That mucilage did stick like sixty. I bet he'll wear that cap of his until he's soaked his head in warm water for more than one hour. The next time he won't be so quick to tell who is boss around this establishment.

"Ha, ha, ha,— Max Johnson is a funny fellow. Never you mind. He's O K. Would make a fine center. He's one of those bashful, retiring people that we read about. And when he is in the company of women! He wouldn't even admit that she was 'one of nature's agreeable blunders.' This morning we found him running around loose. We captured him and started down street with him. Then we met a girl, one of the kind who does not mind things like that. Max did create an impression when he was on his knees pledging fidelity and love to her through time eternal. If that infernal cop hadn't sent us along, land only knows what would have happened. I think Max would have fainted and had to have been carried off the field.

"Just then Beany Rogers came around the corner. Chaucer must have had him in mind when he said 'So long were his legges as a rake,' or hoe, or something like that. Six feet three, about as fat as a match, and very gentle and dignified. Darn it,

but I bet he'll jump like a streak when he gets going. Well, we bought two pounds of marshmallows, put him in the doorway of the Ten Cent store, and had him give a marshmallow to every woman and girl who entered. I almost died. Some women thought he was crazy. 'Poor fellow, and he's so young and handsome. But you can never tell,' one kind old lady said. Several thought that he had flats to let, and weren't very tactful in their attitude toward him. And that pretty Miss Smith actually thought he was drunk. Oh dear, poor Beany, who'd ever have thought it! After the candy was given out we all went down to lunch and then left for Vinedale to see the general's new yacht.

"Poor Mackensy. He's the last fellow I'd ever expected would get homesick. Great big six foot, two hundred pounder. He's been apparently having the finest time this month. Gets his work, does field practice, and is all around fine. This afternoon we were going past a field of cabbage and if Mac didn't stop right in the middle of a joke and put his head on the seat ahead of him with a 'boo-hoo, I haven't seen a cabbage field since I left home.' Gee, it made your glasses get kind of misty. It's like stealing candy from a sick baby to make a fellow study away from home when it affects him like that. Never mind, cheer up, Mac, old fellow; the worst is yet to come.

"Well, four pages. That's pretty good; but then I don't suppose I'll write again for a week or two. Freshman banquet to-morrow night. I'll bet my boots they won't have it. At least not while Gordon Brown is alive. Last year I got one black eye and two loose teeth trying to defend our rights. This year I'm willing to sacrifice my other eye and my remaining teeth if necessary. Dad told me to be careful for the sake of economy. It seems he can't afford a funeral just now. Don't worry, Dad, I'm getting my work up so you won't regret putting me here. I'd be ashamed to sponge on you for the course and then not make good. Aufwieder-schreiben."

ETHEL M. ROSE, 1915.

THE PLAIN STORY OF A PLAIN GIRL.

People generally have a decided dislike of these ordinary stories. They remind one too much of the every-day life that we all live. That is, most people dislike them; they want excitement in a book. But to me the simple tales are the best, for they are natural and true. And this one, which I am going to tell you now about Abigail, is true.

When Abbie was extremely young, two days old, in fact, she was brought to the Crandall Male and Female Orphan Asylum, and left in charge of the tall, angular matron, Mrs. Jones. Many and many a time afterward Abbie thought bitter thoughts of the day that brought her within those gloomy walls of "charity." About five minutes after the baby was left within her domain Mrs. Jones got out her alphabetical list of Christian and family names and proceeded to choose. Ever after it was Abbie's never-failing sorrow that she arrived in time to start a new list of girl's names beginning with "Abigail." Her companions and friends softened it a trifle by calling her "Abbie," but Mrs. Jones used her full name and added the "beautiful" family name of "Tripp." "Abigail Tripp!" Poor child.

Abbie's first memory of life was confused, but when she considered the conduct of the children whom she herself took care of later, it became more distinct. She sat with the other little children on one of the few patches of grass within the asylum's gray stone walls and tried to play. No doubt she had often played within the building too. Then, when she reached her fifth year the never-ending work began; light at first, but increasing unbearably as the years passed on. At eleven years of age she was a slim, quiet girl, with straight brown hair drawn tightly back from a snub-nosed, freckled face. Her two beauties were her big, gray eyes, heavily fringed with black lashes, and her white, even teeth. Mrs. Jones declared that Abigail Tripp certainly was "mortal homely," but her eyes had "a look."

When Abbie was twelve something happened! At first Abbie sang like a lark until — but that comes later. First, I must tell you of the great happening. A lady came and offered to adopt Abbie. She was in need of a “likely girl to help her,” she said. It was evident from her choice which one she considered the likeliest. Abbie’s happiness was unbounded at the thought of leaving the hated asylum. In her new home her lot fell in pleasanter lines. She still had to work hard, it is true, but she was free, free to wear her hair with ribbon bows and to discard checked gingham. She met other girls, she read interesting books, and for two blissful years she was happy, supremely happy. And then, misfortune with black wings overtook her again! Her father by adoption died and left his wife but a pittance to live on. Abbie helped as best she could. She kept the house, gave up good times outside with her girl friends, and devoted herself heart and soul to the woman who had saved her from life in the hated “home.” They took up dressmaking to help with the small income, and worked day in and day out to live. It was hard, never-ceasing labor, with very little pleasure, but they tried to keep a smiling face to greet one another, and I think they succeeded.

Then again, after six hard years another great happiness overtook Abbie. She was engaged to be married! Her mother was to live with the young couple, and for a time everything looked bright. But Abbie’s life seemed to be too much of a temptation for the black angel, and again he visited her with misfortune. Abbie’s frail little mother had a stroke of paralysis which left her a fretful invalid, fretful and unhappy because of her own suffering, and because of her daughter’s ruined life, for Abbie refused to marry. Perhaps you think she did not do right to deny herself happiness, but I think she was a heroine. She could not rightly burden a struggling young man with a crippled mother. I am nearing the end of my

story, and I warn you it turns out naturally, not like story books.

Abbie and her mother are alive to-day. They live in my own village. Abbie works from morning until night to support herself and her invalid mother. The crippled woman is now entirely helpless. Part of the time she is insane, and her weary mind wanders back to the days of her youth. Abbie says she may live and suffer for years to come, however much she longs for death. But the little orphan girl is uncomplaining. To me her plain face is beautiful. She has been through a life of sorrow and misfortune, but it has only purified and strengthened her faithful soul. And her face is transfigured by a light of love and service.

No, this is not intended to be a tragedy. It is just "the plain story of a plain girl."

LOUISE H. POWERS, 1915.

THE VALLEY OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

In the valley of beautiful dreams,
Swept by the wind of sleep,
The drowsy moon scarce seems
Its hourly watch to keep.
The hopes and the fears of men,
Love and passion and hate,
Rest in the dark world's den,
Shut out from the dream world's gate.
A haunting melodious air
Stirs the whispering trees,
Flows in cadences rare
Till it dies upon the breeze.

And those that finally pass,
Lulled by this strange sweet sound,
Tread softly the moist warm grass,
Or rest on the cool soft ground.
In the valley of beautiful dreams
A happy wandering few
Walk by its murmuring streams,
And one of them, dear, is you!

EDITH F. CASEY, 1914.

DONALD'S BARGAIN.

Donald McQueen did just love hand-organs. When he was only a little tad first learning to walk, he always ran to the window as fast as his wobbly little legs would carry him, if he heard a hand-organ in the neighborhood; and even candy could not tempt him away from the window until the hand-organ went on down the street.

When Donald was a little older he liked to get a broad flat piece of wood which he could drag around the house, and play it was a hand-organ. He went from one room to another, pulling his hand-organ after him, and stopping at certain places, to turn an imaginary crank and to pour out the most wonderful songs. Of course the music really came from Donald's own throat, but it was easy enough to imagine it came from the hand-organ. Then he passed around a little tin cup, into which everyone in the house had to put some money, not real money, but just make-believe. Sometimes father put in a real penny, and then Donald jumped up and down, and yelled like a wild Indian, after which he played another tune for father, just as the real hand-organ men do.

If anyone asked Donald what he was going to be when he grew up he always said:

"I'm goin' to have a hand-organ an' go 'round the streets an' play for money, when I get big. An' I'm goin' to have a monkey, too. I'll come an' play for you. D'you want me to?"

Then everyone laughed, and so Donald laughed too, though he never could see just what there was to laugh at.

When Donald was six years old, "going on seven," as he would have said very proudly, he went over to Toady Cramm's house one day to play. Toady was sitting on the lowest step of the porch, all bent over in a forlorn little heap. His sister, two years older than Toady and Donald, sat on the top step, rubbing her eyes mournfully, and nursing a battered doll.

"Hello," said Donald, "what's the matter?"

Toady, whose real name was Martin, answered, without looking up:

"Ma's cleaning house."

His sister, Mary Rose, said never a word, but lugging the doll closer, wiped her eyes on its faded dress.

"Come on an' play, Toady," said Donald.

"No," answered Toady shortly.

"Why not?" asked Donald.

"Don't want to," said Toady.

"What *are* you goin' to do?" said Donald.

"You can sit down here, Don," said Mary Rose, who had finally stopped washing the doll's face with tears. "Ma's goin' to give all our old playthings to the ashman," she added, by way of explanation of their dolefulness.

"Let's wait for a hand-organ," said Donald, sitting down, and looking as bright as he could on such a sad doorstep.

"Huh! I got a hand-organ of my own," said Toady.

"You ain't," said Don.

"I have too," answered Toady, brightening up at the prospect of something to quarrel about.

"You ain't. I never saw it," said Don.

"It's been up in the store room a long time. Ain't I got a hand-organ, Mary Rose?" he said, appealing to his sister.

"It's half mine," she answered. "Uncle Frank gave it to us both together."

"You gave me your half when I was sick last winter," retorted Toady.

"I don't care. It's mine anyhow. You gave it back, and anyhow now the ashman is goin' to get it, an' it won't be nobody's."

"Where is it?" asked Don.

"Out in the back yard," said Mary Rose. "Want to see it? Come on out an' I'll show it to you."

The three children came down from the steps and ran through the alley into the yard. In one corner was a pile of rubbish, old carpet and matting, broken chairs, headless barrels, with the staves half knocked in, and broken playthings. It was from this rubbish heap that the sad doll had been rescued by Mary Rose. It was because the doll had to come back to the rubbish heap and be carried away by the ashman that Mary Rose had been crying. Among the discarded playthings was the hand-organ, with a roll of records something like those on Donald's Uncle William's player-piano.

Donald looked at the hand-organ curiously. It was a flat wooden box, with a roll at each end, not much like the street pianos, and smaller than the hand-organs on one leg that the men with monkeys had. It looked a little bit like a hand-organ he had once seen played by a woman sitting on the curb when he was down town with his mother.

"How does it work?" he asked.

Toady and Mary Rose showed him. One of the long strips of paper full of little holes was unrolled and rolled up again on the wooden spool at one end of the organ. One end was put in the box and the crank was turned. Loud, wheezy notes broke

the quiet of the back yard. It sounded just like the gutter woman's hand-organ.

"I guess it's in backwards," said Toady. So the record was taken out and turned around. After this, several others were played. They were all pretty badly torn and sometimes got stuck and had to be started over again. When Toady got tired Donald began to play. He played the whole seven all over, backwards and forwards, except one that wouldn't go forwards without tearing. That one he played twice backwards. When he had finished Donald looked up, wistfully.

"Gee, I wish I had a hand-organ like this. *I'd* take it out on the street an' play it."

Toady became a man of business at once.

"I'll sell it to you for ten cents."

"You've got to give me half," said Mary Rose, looking up from the sad doll she was hugging again.

"I ain't got ten cents, unless I break my bank, an' Mamma wouldn't let me do that," sighed Donald.

"Don't tell her, Don," suggested Toady.

"Oh! I wouldn't dast not tell her," answered Don.

"I'll give it to you for five," said Toady, like a good business man.

"I ain't got five cents, neither," said Don, gloomily. Then he looked up hopefully. "I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll take it out and play it, and get some money, and then I'll pay you."

Toady agreed to this, so the two boys picked up the hand-organ between them and started out through the alley. Mary Rose followed with the rolls of paper.

When they reached the street Toady turned to his sister.

"You can't go, Mary Rose. Give me the records."

"I can too go. There's always a woman with a hand-organ."

"Not when there's two men," retorted Toady.

“Aw, let her come, Toady,” said Donald, generously. “She can carry the records.”

“Then she’s got to leave her doll. The women don’t carry babies.”

So Mary Rose left her doll and the three children went down the street and over a cross street, and around another corner. There was a poorer street here, and the children were not likely to meet anyone they knew. At last they set down the hand-organ. Mary Rose put on the records, Donald turned the crank, Toady passed his cap to everyone who went by. Some people brushed him aside and went on; some stopped and laughed, and put their hands in their pockets, or bags, to pull out a few pennies for the cap.

“I’ve got five cents,” said Toady.

“Let’s keep on and get some more,” said Don.

So the children continued playing the hand-organ until they had several times five cents. The records were played both forwards and backwards to make them sound like more different pieces. How funny they did sound, when they were played backwards! At last the children grew tired. Besides, it was growing dark. It didn’t get dark until after suppertime at this time of year, and the children began to fear scoldings for being late. So the boys gathered up the hand-organ and Mary Rose took the records again and they started for home. They walked to the corner and turned onto another street, and then to another, and still another, but they did not get home.

“Do you know the way home?” said Donald, who did not know it himself, and had trusted to the leading of Mary Rose, who was older.

Mary Rose looked about her doubtfully.

“I don’t know,” she said. “I thought it was this way, but I don’t see the church, and I guess — I’m afraid we’re lost.”

Toady began to whimper; a tear rolled slowly down over

Mary Rose's chubby cheek. Donald looked about wide-eyed and frightened. Suddenly he shouted:

"I see a p'liceman; let's run."

The children ran down the street toward the corner where the policeman stood, the hand-organ bumping along between them. As they came up to him Donald cried breathlessly:

"We're lost."

"Well, you don't look very lost," said the policeman, surprised. "What street do you belong on? Where do you live?"

"I live on Myrtle street," answered Donald.

"And we live on Brooks street," added Mary Rose.

"Oh, well!" said the policeman. "That isn't so far away. Come on and I'll take you home."

He started up the street in the direction from which they had come. The children followed, still carrying the hand-organ, which had grown very, very heavy. The policeman looked around to see why they lagged behind and noticed their heavy load:

"What you got there?" he asked, kindly enough. "Is it heavy? Better let me carry it for you."

Donald and Toady were only too glad to let someone else carry it for them, and they explained with the help of Mary Rose all about the ashman, and Donald's purchase, and the pennies that had been given them on the street.

"How much money did you get?" asked the big man.

"We didn't count it," replied Toady, beginning to pull the pennies out of his pocket and counting them. There were twenty-two cents, counting the nickel that one man had given them. The policeman smiled as he watched the counting.

"How are you going to divide it?" he asked.

Donald was quick to reply.

"It's all mine 'cept the five cents I got to pay Toady for the hand-organ."

"It's part mine," said Mary Rose, "'cause the hand-organ was half mine."

"I helped passing the cap all afternoon, so I get more'n five cents," said Toady, beginning to get angry.

"I helped too," said Mary Rose. "I carried the records."

"You both just helped because you wanted to," said Donald, getting angry too, "and I didn't promise only five cents, so there."

The policeman began to laugh.

"Come, come, you kids got to stop your quarreling or I'll lock you up. You better divide up the money even. How much did you say you had?"

"Twenty-two cents," answered Toady putting his hand in his pocket again and pulling out the money, one piece at a time.

"You give your sister and the other boy each seven cents, and I'll give them each one and then you'll each have eight."

Toady did as the policeman told him to, but while he was dividing the money he dropped one cent, so the policeman gave him an extra one, too.

"I'm goin' to take my hand-organ out again to-morrow, an' get some more money," said Donald. Suddenly the policeman stopped short, as though he had just thought of something.

"Got a license?" he asked.

"No. What's that?" Toady and Donald asked together.

"What's a license?" added Mary Rose.

"Oh, you can't play a hand-organ unless you have a license. You have to buy it at the city department and nail it on your hand-organ. If you don't have one, you'll get took up."

"Do they cost much?" asked Donald anxiously. His dream of being a hand-organ man began to fade.

"More'n you've got," said the policeman, "and anyway they wouldn't give one to you. You aren't old enough."

Donald's heart sank.

"Can't we play no more, then?" he asked.

“ Oh, sure you can play, but you can't ask for money,” was the answer.

Just then they came in sight of Donald's house.

“ There's my house,” cried Donald “ and there's mamma,” and he ran ahead to where his mother stood on the doorstep looking anxiously up and down the street for her little boy.

“ What is all this ? ” she asked, a bit alarmed to see the policeman with the children.

Then Donald began to tell the whole story, with the help of Toady, Mary Rose and the policeman. When they had finished, she said,

“ Well, you children had better run home, for your mamma will be worrying, too, and Donald must come in and have his supper. It is almost bedtime.”

So the other children and the policeman went around the corner together and Donald went in to have something to eat. He was very tired and hungry. After supper he played his hand-organ for mother, and she laughed a great deal, especially when he played the records backwards. Finally she put her arms around Donald and hugged him up close.

“ It is long past my little boy's bedtime,” she said, “ and the hand-organ will keep till to-morrow.”

So Donald ran to kiss father, too, before he went to bed.

GRACE M. YOUNG, 1913.

Editorial Department.

The following board has been elected to conduct the affairs of the ECHO for the coming year:

Editor-in-Chief	J. Harry Ward.
Assistant Editor	Gertrude Wells.
Literary Editor	Grace M. Young.
News Editor	Edith Carr.
Alumni Editor	Katharine Kinne.
Business Manager	Amy Wood.
Advertising Agents	Katrina Van Dyck, Louis B. Ward.
Subscription Agents	Florence Gardner, Chester J. Wood.
Circulation Manager	Orris Emery.

To this new board of editors, the old board wishes all success in the work before them. The "rusty nails" give place in the time honored Echo board, to bright, new, shining nails. We pray that they may keep their lustre, and let not their strength be weakened nor their temper lost. Our year has passed, and now we deliver our charge to them. Let them see to it that it lose nothing in their care, but rather that it gain all that they can give it.

"The Echo" is our college paper, and it should be the aim of each succeeding board of editors to make our paper a little more nearly perfect than it was the year before. Sometimes, indeed, this seems impossible, but it is not always a bad plan to aim at the unattainable.

Now, we are not saying that it is impossible in this case, so let the new board of editors strive to excel us, and we shall be the first and the loudest in their praise. May they raise the standard of our paper higher and more high; may they make it more and more an echo of our college spirit; may they mold it into the strongest instrument for college enthusiasm and college unity, and make it more and more an *institution* of the State Normal College, an influence for good, standing for the

highest and best in scholarship, ideals and general attainment.

That is a pretty big program, truly. Each year we must go a little further toward our final goal of perfection. But if we ever reach it, what a sad state will ours be. There will be nothing left to write editorials about. However, let not this thought hinder the new board from pushing forward. We have done our little. They must do their much. Good luck to them.

News Department.

MOVING-UP DAY.

Moving-up Day was a success. It seems to be a custom which is now permanently established. After the under-classmen had assembled, the Seniors of both departments entered the auditorium while Miss Gertrude Wells presided at the piano. The caps and gowns of the Seniors in the four year course formed a pleasing contrast with the dainty white gowns worn by the Seniors of the Household Economics department. The latter also wore armbands of the class colors. Miss Lela Farnham was in charge. She said that Moving-up Day marked one more step toward commencement time. Miss Elizabeth Schlieper, president of the Household Economics Seniors, and Miss Lois Atwood added much to the pleasure of the occasion by an instrumental duet. Following this came the ceremony of "Moving-up" when the dignified Seniors relinquished their accustomed seats to the studious Juniors and the lower classmen took the seats and assumed the duties of the classes above them. Dr. Milne's address was full of inspiration. He referred to the large body of noble men and women who have gone forth from our institution and expressed his confidence that the Seniors of both departments, who are about to leave

us, are carrying with them high ideals that in their attainment will make the world better. At the conclusion of his remarks the student body rose and waited for the Seniors to pass out. The occasion was one that will long be remembered with pleasure.

SENIOR NOTES.

Miss Jessie Wallace, who was one of us, visited us recently and we were all glad to see her again.

Some of us thought that we were not getting enough experience in our practice teaching so we have instituted a new custom, we are teaching ourselves. If you wish to see some excellent model-teaching, you must come to Senior Psych. Class and watch us teach.

The Senior program is fast nearing completion and class-meetings are frequent and important.

Moving-up Day, when we donned our caps and gowns, proved a great success and we thank the rest of the college for their co-operation.

Miss Le Compte and Miss Klebes have been absent from college on account of illness.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The Sophomore-Freshman reception was held Friday evening, April twenty-sixth. There was a short program rendered by some of the shining lights of S. N. C. After this, refreshments were offered to appease the audience. The rest of the evening was spent dancing, Zita's orchestra furnishing the

music. At eleven "Charles" turned out the lights — and, we all went home.

A debate between Mr. Bowen, Miss Button and Mr. Goewey, representing English II., and Mr. L. Ward, Miss Sharer and Mr. Rosenblum, representing English IX. took place in the auditorium on May 6, at 4:30 p. m. The subject under discussion was "Resolved: That public billboards should be abolished." The decision was given to the English IX. team.

SENIOR HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

Miss Garrison spent the Easter vacation at the Bermuda Islands.

Plans are being made for a luncheon to be given Saturday, May 25th. Miss Ann Henzel is to read the class prophecy, Miss Frances Wood the class history and Miss Schlieper will act as toast mistress.

The class flowers chosen are the jack and tea rose.

Miss Ethel Willet, instructor in cooking, sanitation and bacteriology has left the State Normal College to introduce a course of Household Economics in the new Jersey City High School. Her absence is much regretted and we wish her all the success possible in her new position.

A very interesting study of home, factory, and slum conditions and settlement work has been taken up by means of papers written by the students in Professor Smith's Pedagogy class.

FRESHMAN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS NOTES.

Miss Hannah E. Bray spent the week end April 19-22 with Miss Clara Simms of Troy.

Miss Dorothy Rogers entertained Mrs. Rheta Snyder, and son, of Scotia, on Saturday, April 19.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

Although Current Events were discussed in chapel on the twenty-second of April, a meeting was held on the twenty-fifth, the first in several weeks. Many phases of international law were brought to our attention. The recently developed doctrine of insurgency as being illustrated in Mexico was clearly explained. A most interesting phase of modern diplomacy is the use of newspapers as substitutes for diplomats, which phase has been illustrated many times recently in the Ospina Affair and the Magdalena Incident especially. Comment was made upon the varying interest of the narrations of Scott and Amundsen.

The commission plan of government in Des Moines has had a set-back as the old "gang" is back in power once more. Socialism has been defeated in Milwaukee. We shall have our next meeting when something important occurs.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

During the Easter vacation two meetings were omitted. The regular meeting of April 24th was postponed until April 26th. Miss Corbett, who is a territorial secretary of the National Board of Y. W. C. A., visited the association on that day. At the meeting she gave a most interesting and vivid bird's-eye view of the work of Y. W. C. A. Tea was served after the meeting in the high school corridor; the members of the advisory board were present. Mrs. Aspinwall and Miss Templeton presided at the tea tables.

May 1st. A large attendance at this meeting greeted Rachel Griswold who spoke on various matters relative to a college-girl's work and life.

PROMETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the society was held May 3rd in the high school chapel with the following program:

1. Violin DuetMisses McKelligett and Reynolds.
2. Reading Mr. Allison.
3. Origin and Story of Chanticleer.....Miss Buckley.
4. Piano SoloMiss Schmidt.
5. Reading from Chanticleer.....Miss Everingham.
6. Vocal SoloProfessor Kirtland.

Plans were discussed for a "spread" to conclude the work of the society for the year.

BORUSSIA.

The members of Borussia are making active preparations for the second annual German play to be presented to the college, Thursday evening, May 23, 1912, under the guidance and supervision of Dr. Ward and Miss Springstead. Rehearsals are now in full swing. Much enthusiasm is being manifested to make the play a success, both by the committee in charge and the "dramatis personæ."

The play is a comedy in four acts, by Gustav von Moser, called "Der Bibliothekar." Those taking part are: Mr. Pratt, Miss Austin, Miss Maxwell, Miss Brasch, Miss Sharer, Mr. Goewey, Mr. Pepis, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Schneider, Mr. Hayford, Mr. Elmore, Mr. Quackenbush, Mr. Snyder.

You are all invited to be present. Tickets may be secured upon the payment of twenty-five cents, from any member of the committee, Miss Coghlan, Miss McGovern, Miss Ablett, Mr. Rosenblum, Mr. Wood.

Do not miss the opportunity to witness a real German play, by near-real German actors.

BASEBALL.

The season opened Saturday, April 27, when the first team ever organized to represent the college played the fast R. P. I. '15 team at Beverwyck Park. Although the visitors are credited with a 14-10 victory, the home team held the lead until two of the Trojans were out in the last inning, after which the game was given away by one of those traditional blow-ups which occur so frequently, even among professionals. The showing made by the Normal team was, on the whole, not at all discouraging, and a successful season is to be expected. The pitching of Barringer was of an especially high order, and, with better support, he should prove a winner for the purple and gold. The trial line-up was as follows: Barringer, p.; Elmore, c.; Dolan, 1b.; Fitzpatrick, 2b.; J. H. Ward, 3b.; Pepis, s.s.; Pells, l.f.; Rice, c.f.; Carson, Emery, r. f.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

“ We'll cheer S. N. C.
We'll cheer S. N. C.
We'll cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer S. N. C.
And although we're rival classes
We ever friends will be,
We'll cheer, cheer, cheer S. N. C.”

College spirit. That's what prompted the singing of this, and if you had been one of the privileged number who enjoyed the basketball luncheon, you would have seen and heard such an outburst of enthusiasm as seldom breaks forth within our college walls. It's the kind that athletics only can instill—the kind that makes you play for the other fellow and it's wholly worth while. The basketball girls have it, and it's “catching.” So catch it, if you can.

"The best yet" was the verdict passed on the basketball luncheon. It was held on Saturday, April 20, at 1:30 in the "mezzanine" gallery of the gymnasium, the long table extending nearly the whole length of that space. Not only was it very delicious, but the table was exceedingly pretty with its decorations of jonquils combined with a lavish display of purple and gold. In fact, apply any superlatives fitting to describe an altogether delightful repast and you'll have suitable words to describe an affair, unique on account of its newness to us, and a highly successful ending of a splendid basketball season. Of course, the most distinguished guests were the champion Juniors.

"1913! 1913!

We are singing, praises ringing,
May you never find your equal.
1913! Here's to you!"

A repast such as was recorded on the basketball menu cards would surely be incomplete without the accompaniment of after dinner speeches. With Miss Laura Bristol as an able toast-mistress, the following subjects received their due credit. S. N. C., Miss Anna Rickon; Our Spirit, Miss Marjorie Davidson; Future Laurels, Miss Alice Toole; Our Captains, Miss Marguerite McKelligett; Our Referee, Miss Jennette Campbell.

Suffice it to say, that cleverness combined with college spirit and love for one's team resounded in responses of unusual worth. Basketball simply can't be beaten. O ye foolish virgins who might have played but didn't! The things you have missed have gone down in the annals of athletics as star events. The next season must find you also eager for the fray.

With a thrill of delight, we welcome back the tennis season. Do you play tennis, even a little bit? If so, have you joined the tennis club? If not, why not? It is hoped that enthusiastic support will be given not only to the tennis club but also to the tennis tournament.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

The girls at the Sorority apartment were at home to their friends Tuesday, April 23.

The last regular meeting was held Wednesday evening, April 24.

Misses Olive Ely and Leslie Wheeler, who have been ill, have returned to college.

Miss Le Compte has been ill for the past week.

Miss Elizabeth Williamson spent the week-end of April 27 at her home in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Miss Berna Hunt, '10, visited at college recently.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

1. The last meeting of the Sorority was held April 23.

2. Miss Hilda Clements has been entertaining her sister, Miss Helen Clements, during the week of April 15.

3. The Sorority girls are planning to spend the last of June in camp at Lake George, as the guests of Miss Marjory Vedder.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Miss Barbara Pratt was given a spread on Friday evening, April 19, to welcome her to the Sorority house.

The house girls entertained Miss Corbett, territorial secretary of Y. W. C. A., while she was in the city.

The Alumnae of Kappa Delta gave a tea for the Sorority in the college halls on Saturday afternoon, April 27th. Many of our "old girls" were with us and we all had a most enjoyable time.

Kappa Delta wishes to congratulate the Freshmen and Sophomores on their very successful reception.

At the last meeting of K. D. plans were made for several affairs to take place this spring, the first of which was a trip to Ballston Lake on May 11.

ETA PHI NOTES.

Several Eta Phi Alumnae spent Easter in Albany. Florence Burchard, of the class of 1911, was the guest of Adeline Raynsford. Myra Young returned to her home for the vacation. Sarah Trembly was a visitor at the college on April 10.

Molly Sullivan spent Easter in Rochester. She was later the guest of Helen Smith at her home in Camillus.

Elsie Danaher, Jessie Cole and Martha Kinnear were in New York during the week of April 7.

Edna Burdick returned to her home from Asbury Park on Saturday, April 27.

On the afternoon of March 29, tea was served by Miss Jean Holmes in honor of Mrs. Birchenough, and Eta Phi's smallest member, Dorothy Fairhurst Birchenough. Miss Houbertz presided.

NEWMAN CLUB NOTES.

Regular meetings of the Sorority have been held at the homes of Miss Isabelle Devine and Miss Rose McGovern.

Miss Mary Crummey spent a few days during the Easter vacation in New York City.

Miss Marie Phillips was the guest of Miss Rose McGovern at her home in Peekskill.

Newman Club gave a theatre party on Monday, April 15.

Miss Geniveve Lonergan and Miss Lourdes Lynch took a short trip through western New York.

Alumni Department.

Any Alumnus of S. N. C. desiring to attend the Senior Ball which will occur in the college gymnasium on the evening of June eighteenth, may obtain a ticket of admission by making written application to Mr. H. B. Dabney, State Normal College, and enclosing an assessment fee of two dollars. Tickets will be saved for Alumni applicants until June first.

In a recent number of the "Sandusky Registrar" is an article which tells of the successful manual training work done by the seventh and eighth grades of the city. Each boy has a work bench of his own and many useful articles are constructed. The articles prescribed for the course are a hat-rack, a bill-hook, a broom-holder and a wall-bracket during the first term. The teacher of the classes is Mr. Babcock, S. N. C. 1910, who has also taken special work in Alfred University, N. Y. Professor Babcock is thoroughly in love with his work and he has achieved splendid success in the department since he took charge and it is his love for the work that gives him the patience to assist the little fellows at their tasks and answer each query about the work.

On Saturday, April 6, 1912, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Robinson at Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Robinson was Louise Isabelle Fairbanks, a graduate of S. N. C. in the class of 1908.

Miss Katherine Salisbury Hickok, 1908, was married to Mr. Thomas Currie Bason on Wednesday, April 10th, at Crown Point, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Bason will make their home at Sayville, L. I., after May 5th.

Miss Mary Denbow, 1910, of Jamesburg, N. J., visited Albany on Sunday, April 21st.

Miss Henrietta Fitch, 1911, and Miss Junia Morse, 1911, stopped over to see us a few days on their way home for the Easter vacation. Miss Fitch and Miss Morse are teaching in the high school at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

"Hence vain deluding joys!" This has been the cry of my friends of late. You ask why? Exams are drawing nearer and nearer, striking the hearts of the students in different ways, some with fear, others with resignation, and a few with indifference. Those supps. came too, those eleventh hour bargain exams, and made recluses of the select try, and if you don't succeed, try, try, again people. Among the latter, grim ghosts from shadowy regions partook of a dollar's worth of Latin methods. Others there were, historical non-enthusiasts who would fain have names graven on that select roll of honor, the passees in the faith of the History Methodists. When they came forth from the Hour of Trial, all were Reformed.

What little tragedies this life bears! We can never tell by looking at a bright and happy countenance what hidden sorrows lie deeply rooted within. "Nor can you tell by the looks of a toad how far it can hop."

In spite of their troubles, we have a jolly crowd around here. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and all our Jacks are quite lively, *n'est ce pas?*" It has been advocated by a famous student in this institution (or shall I say a student famous in this institution?) that we "study less and trust more to genius." I imagine the person quoted meant that particular genius to be bluffing. However, in the expression, when the words "in bluffing" are added, there is a certain cadence that I like—a rise and fall—particularly the fall which is usually inevitable.

I have some delicious quotations from classes in the institution. These from the science department.

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

"Eggs may be frozen and kept for some time without having their good qualities impaired. Then the shells may be peeled off and they are used in pies and bread, etc." "Owing to the

total depravity of inanimate things" something or other would happen, I've forgotten what, but you will all agree that something must, after that.

"The higgledy-piggledy work of this class must be stopped!" echoed from the Shakspeare class.

"He was a great man," speaking of some historian, "yes, a very great man—he weighed four hundred and fifty pounds!" Such men as these are those of whom it is said:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Yea, verily, if the feet were as great as the man's size would lead us to expect.

Some are just learning that Shakspeare invented some of our modern colloquial expressions — *c'est a dire* — *slang*. Our friends of the Hamlet class have proudly vindicated themselves for the use of a number of expressions by referring to Shakspeare's — "I have you" — which is the ancestor of "I get you," and "Here's my drift."

They had quite a fine sale of eatables one noon. There were sandwiches, fruit, hot dogs (I don't know whether or not Colonel was in it, or the new bulldog in the Domestic Science department). It occurred to me that they might start some kind of hot cats too, since that "dear, juicy, sweet, little kitty" has returned.

A splendid talk on Alaska was given the other day by one of the professors. The thing that impressed people most of all was the description of some of the food of the Alaskans. It is fish spawn preserved for some time, until it has acquired a wonderful odor. I quote from quotations of this lecture. "It has the particular characteristics of a well-known German

cheese developed to such an extent as to make a lusty limburger turn green with envy." Can you imagine it?

Of quite another sort is the odor which is popular around here lately. I thought it came from the spring buds, but not so. It may be extracted from the same, but this odor seems to be delicately distributed throughout a little box of soap, perfume, cold cream and that far-famed substance that "comes out like a ribbon, lies flat on the brush." Now all of this is given to Freshmen and Faculty members. It was whispered that other boxes containing in addition to the powder and cold cream a stick of shaving soap, were bequeathed to the fresh young men, as many as were old enough to use the aforesaid shaving soap. Of course there was little call for these boxes.

I wonder if there is anyone who enjoys the singing that we hear in chapel, as much as I do. I've heard about *De Golden Weddin'*, and *I've Counted One*, two, three, et cetera, all the way up to seven, I can't tell you how many times I've heard Pepita serenaded too, and I've enjoyed it.

One day the basket ball girls were having a celebration, and they went through the halls, singing gayly. It made me feel real happy, and just as though there should be more.

I have wondered, too, why more do not attend chapel exercises. It seems strange that nearly every student does not appear at these meetings. Chapel exercises are held not for the faculty, but for the students, for their profit and pleasure. I know that they are appreciated by nearly everyone, but why does not the whole student body turn out to lend support to them? This innovation is, after all, one of the greatest promoters of college unity and college spirit. Why not support it, then?

What a day the first of May was! It was moving day, all over town, but particularly in S. N. C. In the streets the particular sign was the big moving van, with the table legs and bed posts sticking out of it. But here was an assemblage

of girls in black caps and gowns, and girls in white dresses. Over me, then, came the consciousness of pride in these young people, in their careers, and in their triumphs. I thought of those who have gone away from here before, just as these young people in caps and gowns are about to go. I thought of the failures and successes of the past year, for the failures were part of the strength of those people, as much a part as were the successes. To most of the seniors this coming June will mark the beginning of careers, of independence. Thus far they have taken from the world, but now will begin the time that they are to give to the world, to their own small worlds. And as I looked at these young, eager faces, I knew that it would be the best for others, and next best for self.

Then there were the juniors, who fluttered around in their white gowns; they, too, were advancing a step toward the ultimate goal. And so on down through the stages of college life. For

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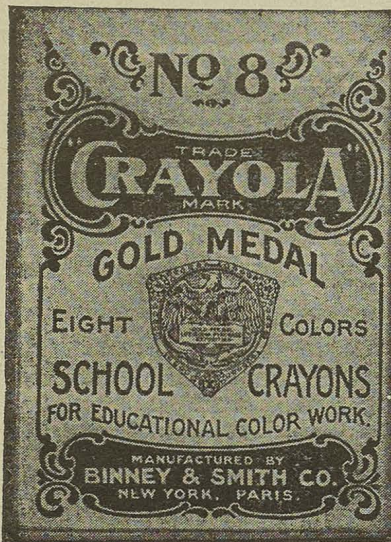
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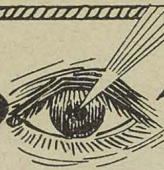
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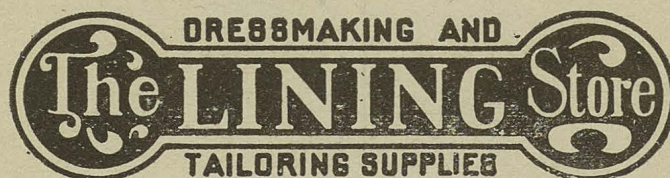
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