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-THE-ECHO-



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SEPTEMBER, 1912.

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❁ **Table of Contents.** ❁

	PAGE
Literary Department	3
The Weather Prophet	3
The Seasons	5
The Lone Star	6
Waiting for Grandmother	9
The Transfiguration of Sarah Conrad	12
Ideals of Success	18
Alaskan Resources	19
The Pilot in the Fog	21
Editorial Department	28
News Department	31
Alumni Department	35
Letters Home	37

T H E E C H O .

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THE ECHO.

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XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

No. 1

Literary Department.

THE WEATHER PROPHECY.

Is yo' askin' 'bout de weathah-signs?
I'm de finest jedge ob dose,
For I've lived in Lazy Holleh
Fifty yeah, so dat I knows
Eberyting about de seasons,
From de yeah's staht to de close.

When de birds 'mences singin',
 An' de flowahs bloom so gay,
 When de trees is emerald colah
 An' de cattails nod all day;
 Dem's de surest signs ob Springtime,
 An' de Spring it's come to stay.

Den when roses come a-bloomin',
 An' dere's poppies in de hay,
 When de noisy Fo'th comes round ag'in,
 An' de veerys hab' dere say;
 Dem's de surest signs ob Summah
 An' de Summah's heah to stay.

Nex' when trees ah flamin' colahs,
 An' de geese hold southahd way,
 An' de squirrels gathah walnuts
 In de sunny woods all day;
 Dem's de signs of Autumn's crispness,
 An' de Fall's come heah to stay.

Las' when snow drif's slowly downahds,
 An' de sky is cold an' gray,
 An' de stream is all ice-cobered,
 So's it whimpehs sad all day;
 Dem's de signs ob gloomy Wintah,
 An' Jack Fros' is heah to stay.

So yo' see I knows de seasons,
 Knows dem thorough, knows dem all,
 From de robin's song in Springtime,
 To de goose's Autumn call;
 But de bestes' is de Maytime,
 An' nex' bestes' is de Fall.

LOUISE H. POWERS, '15.

THE SEASONS.

The varying seasons of the year bring no more vivid contrasts than those at Niagara. I have seen the Falls times without number, yet but four recollections stand out distinctly. My first visit was in November. I trudged along among great somber trees and over dull, sodden leaves. Above the pattering of the cold, gentle rain, and the sighing of the autumn wind, came the insistent boom and roar of Niagara. Beyond, at the brink, the gray-white of the sky found reflection in the moiling rapids. The chill of the spray drove me back from the slippery black rocks from which I watched the river as it leaped one hundred and sixty feet into the chasm below.

Three months later, Niagara was a different place. When I saw the Falls in February, I understood the splendid fascination of the ice and snow in the "Snow Queen." The park was a fairy palace, with a floor of glistening, ice-covered snow. Silhouetted trees sparkled as if hung with diamonds, and the sky was a dome of palest blue. The warmth of the sunlight and the tang of keen air welcomed me. The rapids were as angry as ever in their sinuous, swirling grace, and the Falls as mighty in their transparent rifts; but below, instead of green depths, was a white field, with cracks here and there for furrows,— the ice bridge was formed.

In April came the message of the spring. Violets and trilliums, and spring beauties were hiding among the trees. Foliage was foretold in blurred outlines of feathery softness and exquisite delicacy. Though all other snow had gone, a great block of it at Prospect Point stood sentinel. Foam flecked the sunlit water, and the air was mild.

Yet summer brought something more than peace. In July, warm light threw into relief the cool recesses of the forest. After the lashing and tumult of the rapids, the waters sank into the ominous calm of the lower river. Calm as its surface was, no

light penetrated far. Those waters are much too deep to be pellucid. Then, over the whole scene shone the sinking sun. From green to gold the rapids turned, and then to purplish blue. The sky deepened. In the west, where the rose had melted into azure, appeared the "divine sweet evening star." As I looked, the white-crested waters grew black, and the moonlight made things cold. So I reverently turned from my last sight of Niagara.

MAUD MALCOLM, '14.

LONE EVENING STAR.

It was one perfect night in July: perfect overhead, where "all the twinkling starry host" came out and looked soothingly and lovingly down on the tired, hot, old earth; perfect on earth, too, where all the maples and birches whispered loving poems to each other in the forest shade, and where all living things had gone to sleep in a silence, broken only by a gentle undertone of forest and field, as if Mother Earth were breathing softly and quietly, going to her rest. The air was warm, and poor little Joe crept out to the mossy bank on the knoll for his usual evening dream; the cabin was too close and smothering for dreams that night.

Joe was a strange lad, a strange mountain wildling. Born back in the wilderness, left motherless at four, he depended entirely for love and sympathy upon nature, and what she had to offer him; for his father, a wood-sawer and a wood-splitter, spent most of his time either in the forests over the ridge, working for the lumbermen over there, or at the tavern in the village, six miles away. He was often gone for two or three nights at a time — old Ben Tupper was — so very early Joe learned to shift for himself. Now, at twelve years of age, he had light hair, big dreamy blue eyes, and a sensitive, drawn face, showing more

plainly than words the hungering of a lonely little heart for human sympathy, and the longing to learn a medium of expressing all the wonderfully beautiful ideas which had taken root in his soul and were struggling to get out.

Joe did know wonderful things. He knew just where the robins and the bluebirds built their nests, when the eggs were laid, and when the little birds would finally fly away. He knew where the squirrels could find the best nuts, and where the woodchucks and the beavers wintered. In the spring he could find the most beautiful wild flowers ever seen, but if he were asked to give them away, his heart was broken. He went either to his hollow beach tree and wept out his anguish there, or he sought his mossy bed on the knoll and told his sorrow to a star which always shone on that particular spot.

Long since he had given the name "Lone Evening Star" to the twinkling spot of brightness which always smiled on him. He fancied it knew and understood the ache which he could not explain, because it always seemed to be alone too.

This night of which I write was the last that Joe was to spend in his mountain cabin. Less than a week before, his father had come home one night with the announcement that he was going to leave the mountains to go back to the New England town where his boyhood had been spent. He said he was too old to work so hard; he was going back to the farm where a widowed sister lived, and spend his last days with her. He was not a hard man, but years of misfortune and thoughtlessness had made it difficult for him to understand Joe's grief at leaving all that was dear to him. Each day the boy had gone to say good-bye to some loved tree or rock, and on this last night he was bidding farewell to his Lone Evening Star. He told it that he would leave all his beloved birds, flowers, trees, and creeks to its keeping and its care. Suddenly, all the pent up tears of the week burst forth, and he sobbed piteously.

“ Oh, Lone Evening Star! You’ll see ’em all, an’ this place an’ I won’t be here. I wonder if you’ll miss me like I’ll miss you. Oh, Lone Star! Lone Star! Go with me, go with me! Else don’t let me go.” The Lone Evening Star seemed to smile on him, and finally he wept himself to sleep.

Old Ben’s gruff voice, calling to him that it was time to start, roused him at three o’clock in the morning, and together they trudged down the mountain to the little village. Neither said anything as they walked along, for both were very thoughtful, and even old Ben felt a little sad, for Joe’s mother was sleeping under the maple on yonder knoll.

At length the wonderful journey came to an end. It had been a remarkable journey for the little boy in spite of his dreadful homesickness. The trains, bridges, broad stretches of level country, the cities they had passed through, the rivers they had crossed over, were more wonderful than anything Joe had ever heard or dreamed of. When they finally reached the home they were going to, Joe could not help being pleased with the roomy, old farmhouse and the barns, and the pigs, horses, and cows.

Joe’s aunt, a sweet, motherly lady, came up to his room, blew out his lamp, and after tucking him in, left a good-night kiss on his upturned face. After she had left him, he lay looking through the open window and wondering if all aunts were so nice, when suddenly he saw a star all alone, blinking at him.

“ Oh, my star! My Lone Evening Star! You did come with me, didn’t you? You did! You did!” he cried. The mystery of it all he could not explain, and he fell asleep wondering how it ever had followed him.

* * * * *

Twelve years passed away. One starlight night in old Missouri there stood a noble young man on a mossy knoll near a tumble-down cabin. The man — Joseph Tupper, poet and scholar, — repeated softly:

“Sunset and Evening Star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea;

* * * * *

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.”

MABEL J. THOMSON, '15.

WAITING FOR GRANDMOTHER.

The long hill stretched hot and dusty before me, and only the visions of the cool piazza and the pleasant parlor kept me from turning back. Upon reaching the summit, I looked toward the big white house. It seemed deserted, and as I stepped upon the porch with great misgivings, I heard a voice from the lilac bushes on the other side of the hedge:

“Your grandma ain’t to home, Miss Ginnie; come right over here on my stoop and rest. You must be nigh tuckered out.”

Through the great fragrant bushes of purple bloom peered the round, cheery face of Mrs. Bell, grandma’s neighbor. As I reluctantly turned toward her porch, the shrill voice continued:

“I don’t know where she’s gone a galivantin’ this mornin’. ’Bout an hour ago I saw her and your Aunt Rose go out. My land! things has changed since your granther died. Great sufferin’ cats! what would old Jimmie McIntyre say if he could see the way things is goin’, eh? Come right up here and sit in this easy chair. Take this pa’m leaf fan; no, no, I don’t want it; I can talk better without it. As I was sayin’, your granther never had no such doin’s. He believed in women’s stayin’ to

home, and your grandma worked hard and cooked the dinners, and mended the youngsters' clothes." She sighed, and rocked back and forth violently for a few moments.

"Yes," I ventured, "but, Mrs. Bell, grandma has no children to look after now. They are all grown up, and——"

"Law! child, I know that. Haven't I seen 'em grow up? Don't I remember when your ma married young MacGregor? Old Jimmie was fit to be tied, and he said right then and there that he would cut her out o' his will, and you know he did."

I tried to remonstrate with her, but with no results. Once started on her pet subject, if it could be termed such, with her rambling mind and voluble tongue, it was no small task to stop her.

"Old James MacIntyre didn't believe in lettin' women do as they pleased. No, sir, and now all this talk of women's rights. I wonder what he would say to it, and your aunt tendin' the meetins too, eh? That's where she be right now, is it? Well, I want to know! 'Nuff to make 'im turn over in his grave, so it is."

"Well, auntie thinks it only just for a woman to have equal rights with men. Auntie has this large estate to manage, and many men in her employ are foreigners, hardly able to support themselves. Now, auntie, with her splendid brain and wide scope of knowledge, has no say in affairs and——"

"Fiddlesticks! You've learned that from her. She has wound her coachman and Tony Ciconella about her finger until they are ready to go out into Main street a shoutin' 'Hurrah fer Wimmen's Votes!' at the top o' their lungs. She knows that Jim Barney's got a wife and a mother who can neither read nor write, and if your aunt could cast a vote, both those ignorant women could do the same. How can those men up there in the State house give women suffrage when no one has made up her mind yit whether she wants it or not? Here is a society on one

side a shoutin' fur it, and a society on the other side a shoutin' agin it, and the poor men in their midst like a boy in a hornet's nest, not knowin' where to turn."

Poor Mrs. Bell's face was growing more red and flustered every minute. She was rocking to and fro, and talking faster than she rocked. Now she jerked her chair hurriedly forward.

"Your aunt thinks she ain't nothin' to say in politics in this town. Well, she has more'n most men in it. Look at that piece she writ for the 'Bugle!' After that came out Zeke Wilson had no more show than an icicle would have this mornin'. I know it was there, for I read it myself, and cut it out and pasted it in my scrap book, 'cause it was the only piece I ever knew the writer of. I tell you, Miss Ginnie, the polls ain't no place for women. Do you s'pose for a moment your aunt would have the same respect shown to her as she has now, if she was 'tendin' caucuses and elbowin' round among all the men? I tell you, women is too busy, their work is too important; you know they run things pretty much their own way now, and they better be satisfied with what they got. Better leave some little things for the men to have all to themselves. Why, when I was young, girls and women did everything; carpet-weavin', tailorin', dress-makin', mendin' shoes, spinnin' cloth, and even makin' soap. Then along comes a man who put a machine in a shop, and with a few turns o' the wheel all the work which it had taken women days to do was completed. Now Betsy Spinster and Mrs. Widow can sit with hands folded daintily in their laps, once in a while goin' to make some pretty clothes fur a wealthy woman who won't take machine-made articles. No more worryin' an' frettin' over the soap makin' or the weavin'—but law! women ain't to blame for it. They — there comes your grandma and your aunt up the hill now, she a thinkin' she's done somethin' great addressin' a meetin' and talkin' on a soap box about suffrage. She was more useful and helpful, accordin' to my idea, when she took care of my Oliver when he lay sick after one o'

those awful times o' his. She was a settin' there pointin' out how he was hurtin' hisself and tellin' him the ways and means o' betterin' hisself. He's been a different boy ever since, and——

“How'do, Miss Rose? How be you, Mis' MacIntyre? How'd you make out to the meetin'? Oh, it takes you! We'll all be puttin' on our best bibs and tuckers and be votin' for you, Miss Rose, for mayor. Here's Miss Ginnie awaitin' for you!”

GERALDINE H. MURRAY, '15.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF SARAH CONRAD.

The Rev. Carlos Van Horn walked down the shaded street to the Barrie homestead, a rambling, white house, half shut from view by old, wide-spreading, syringa shrubs. Somehow he never could help going there first when he started out to make parish calls. It was the only house in Pageville where the minister could take the disciple's place. In other homes he was the teacher, counselor, pastor; but behind the syringas he was just a boy again, and Mrs. Barrie dropped all titles and called him Carl. She and his mother had sat together in school five decades back, and the son of an old friend found a large place in the heart of this gentle woman. For six years now, she had not gone farther than the picket fence in front of the house. Most of the summer days she spent in her chair on the porch, and here, as usual, her preacher boy found her. The porch was a sacred place, because it was a home with the unrestrained atmosphere, the absolute informality of a home, and it was a home because Mrs. Barrie sat there.

It took the Rev. Carl about one minute to drop his hat on the porch, kiss his adopted mother, make himself easy in his chair and get well under way with a piece of gingerbread from a plate full of brown squares on the table.

"This is what I call bully good fortune to find you and gingerbread together," said Carl, as he started a second piece.

"I'm so glad it came when it did," laughed the old lady, "for it's better to me when I see you eat it. Sarah Conrad brought it in just before you came."

"Miss Conrad is as good a cook as she is a Sunday school teacher. I wonder what the neighborhood would do without her. Everywhere I call, it seems, some one owes a deal to Miss Conrad's kindness. When I look at her, I think she must be like these women you read about in books, born and brought up in the same place, cultured from childhood in the love of her friends, and——"

Mrs. Barrie's eyes twinkled with fun, but something else than fun shone there. It was like a tear — yes, it must have been — for it ran down her nose and jumped off on her knitting, as she answered:

"That does sound like a book, but it isn't the story of Sarah Conrad. Her's wouldn't read like that."

The old lady's eyes dropped for a moment; then she raised them to the windows of the house across the way. Leaning her head back, she looked, not just at those windows, but as though behind them was a long past, which she was silently reviewing. The minister rocked slowly and said nothing. He had learned the signs, and knew how to wait when his little Pageville mother had something to say.

"Would you like to know that story, son?" Mrs. Barrie asked. "I don't know as I ever told the whole of it to any one, though I have thought on it so often it seems to be a part of me — the saddest, sweetest life I ever knew." Mrs. Barrie was leaning forward in her chair, with one hand on her boy's knee. There was a glory, as if she were seeing a vision, on her face, and she saw in his eyes the signal to go on.

"She was born and brought up in that house over there. She was living alone when William and the boys and I moved here,

and the first day I saw her I dreaded her for a neighbor. She was so stingy and bitter looking, and her voice was so harsh. She never came in to see me, nor anybody else, so far as I ever heard, and nobody wanted her to. I shan't ever forget the scared look on Arthur's face — he was eight then — when he ran in one day and said, 'Ma, that lady across the road hates boys. She chased me out of her lot an' I was only just running 'cross it. I wasn't taking anything, an' she's got a cow that looks like her. Its face is so thin and ugly and its cut-off horns look like her curl paper knots, an' I'm afraid of both of them.' Well, I didn't wonder a bit that the child was scared, and I told him to keep away from her pasture land and not bother her."

The Rev. Carlos was eyeing his friend in a questioning way, and there came a thought that perhaps Mrs. Barrie had gotten the story confused with some other, or was just dreaming aloud something she had dreamed before in silence. He put his head back against the rolling top of the wicker rocker and watched her. Mrs. Barrie saw the movement and the look and read them.

"Carl, boy, it's all just as I tell you. I've lived neighbor to her for thirty years," she said emphatically.

"But, little mother, Miss Conrad, that white-haired saint I know, isn't the same person you're talking about. She *can't* be."

"No, not the same person, not the same at all; a different woman, only the name is the same, and even that sounds different as we say it now-a-days," the old lady continued. "She was like that, cross and bitter for two years after we came, and the other folks said she had been so a long while. I used to be afraid of her almost, she was so sharp with the boys if they got anywhere near her. Only once, I remember, she let go a good chance to scold a body. Our baby, John, was two then, and one day he toddled across the road to get a daisy near her fence. I watched him from upstairs, for I thought maybe she wouldn't

like it. She was digging up some roots behind the lilacs, but she just stopped and watched him with a pitiful look in her eyes until he ran back home. I wondered what could make her look so, but I didn't guess.

"Well, one evening in the summer I was setting bread in the kitchen when she came up on the back porch with her hat on and a satchel in her hand. She looked almost wild and she was out of breath. 'Here's a dollar and the key to the barn,' she said. 'I want your Richard to feed my cow and milk her for a week. I've got to go away.' I hadn't time to say a word before she was gone, but the dollar was in my hand. I went to the gate and saw she was walking fast down the road, and as I came back indoors I picked up a scrap of paper. I took it in under the light and read it. 'Twas a telegram and all it said was, 'Your sister needs you.' Then I remembered hearing that she had quarreled with her sister and would never go to see her. I thought maybe she would never come back, she looked so wild when she left.

"Well, it was just a week that the house was empty and dark, and then at dusk she came. I heard her gate click and looking out I saw her, but, Carl Van Horn, I *never* was so surprised in my life. It gave me a start I can feel yet. She had a toddling boy with her about as big as our little John, and Sarah was guiding him up the walk and carrying a big grip in her other hand. Well, I just flew into the kitchen, and told Will, and, like him, he was quiet for a minute and then he said slowly, 'Well, Anna, we've never neighbored with her, but you'd better go over after supper. Maybe she'll need some help with the little boy and 'll be glad to see you.'

"And so I did. I dreaded to go, for I'd never been in her gate, but I walked along softly on the grass and up on the porch, and 'fore I knocked I looked through the screen door." The speaker paused for a moment, then: "It was like a vision to me, Carl," and Mrs. Barrie was leaning over looking into the young

man's face, her eyes shining with a sacred joy. "I thought I heard the Lord saying: 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' for there sat Sarah Conrad, holding the baby in her arms and trying to sing in her poor cracked voice, and the words that came in jerks were,

'Oh, Love, that will not let me go —'

Then she stopped, bent over the little fellow, and I thought she was crying, and then she went on singing,

'I lay my weary soul on Thee —'

and the rest of it to the end of the verse. She sat there a good while, but I didn't dare knock. She hadn't heard me. After a while she took the baby up stairs. I waited out there in the dark for her to come down and lock up, and when she did come with her lamp in her hand, I knocked. I didn't know how she'd welcome me — really a stranger to her, but when she saw me she put out her hand and said, 'Come in; I'm glad it's you.' Her voice wasn't so harsh as it had been a week before, and the bitterness was gone from her face, but she was very pale, and dark under the eyes.

"I didn't stay long that night. It wasn't like Sarah Conrad to tell you about things. She had lived too long shut up in herself to do that right away. Not a word did she say about her week away from home, or anything else that had happened, but as I was going out she said in a way I knew she meant it, 'Come again, and bring your baby; I have a little boy here with me now.' It was a struggle for her to say that, but there was something like a smile on her face. It would have been one if the poor face had known how to smile."

There were tears in Mrs. Barrie's eyes, and in Carl's, too. She would have waited a while, but he could not wait.

"Go on; I want more," he said, and Mrs. Barrie wiped her spectacles and continued:

"Well, I did go again. I went often and every time I went she was different. Every day she was happier and busier, her

voice was sweeter and the queerness was falling off from her. I found out by littles that the boy was her sister's. His father had died first, and then his mother. She got there too late to do her sister any good, but, as she told me once, the baby was left, and she wanted to take him in order to give him the love she ought to have given his poor mother.

"And, Carl, there never was a mother any better to a son than Sarah was to George, and never a boy that seemed to give back more love. I remember how she used to sew for him, singing as she did it, and how she near lost her reason when she thought he was dying of the fever, and how she sank down in my kitchen rocker and cried the first day she went out after he was well enough to be up. And, as time went by, she came from loving George to love other boys; folks began to neighbor with her and she with them, and it wasn't long before people were sending for her when they were in trouble, till now we all depend on her so she seems to belong to us.

"I'll never forget, when the little fellow was about twelve, Sarah went to the city for a day, and when she came back she was carrying a violin in a leather case. She looked the proudest woman in Pageville. George was always crazy for music; would go anywhere to hear it; and there was a young fellow here at the time giving lessons. Sarah paid him to teach her boy every week, and he did learn surprisingly quick. Often I've heard him, just at evening, playing for her out on the porch, and after that her face would shine like the light through a church window. So it has gone on for years, till now she is what you say, 'the white-haired saint,' and he's one of the Lord's noblest men. All she needed was to love and be loved, and it has made her a new woman and her house a different place."

The young minister rose to go. "That's a great story," he said, "and I have my text now for next Sunday, Mother. I hoped you could give me one. 'Except a grain of wheat fall

into the earth and die it abideth by itself, alone, but if it die it beareth much fruit.' ”

A few moments later the gate clicked behind the minister, and the fair, beautiful, old lady was left alone on the porch.

NOAMI M. HOWELLS, '14.

IDEALS OF SUCCESS.

The term “ success,” in the opinion of the majority of people to-day, carries with it merely the idea of material well-being. The dictionary recognizes this, for it defines the successful man as one who has “ reached a high degree of worldly prosperity.” To succeed, in the eyes of the world, one must be able to display a certain degree of wealth and position, and of the visible, tangible *things* which indicate these; in short, must have “ something to show for it.” He who seems prosperous, though that prosperity be merely superficial, as it so often is, has succeeded, and is regarded with admiration and envy by those who think none too deeply.

They have even ceased to apply the term to those who accomplish great things for their country, or do the finest work in the world of art, of science, or of literature; and never dream of applying it to those who, living in obscurity, are accomplishing things every day to enrich their own lives and the lives of those about them.

But, because the world does not shout it aloud, shall we say that these have not attained success? We are all seeking happiness, and happiness means something different to every one of us, for our ideals are never the same. Is it not, then, those who have attained to the highest and noblest ideals, or rather, who are drawing near to this attainment, who are the most truly successful? He whose ideal is the accumulation of wealth has

not set his standard of happiness very high; and he will find, when he thinks he has it within his grasp, that it has escaped him — has deserted him for the man who is striving for things higher, nobler, better.

True success, then, means, not the gaining of material prosperity, but the attainment of happiness in the effort to grasp a high and noble ideal.

LOIS ATWOOD, '14.

ALASKAN RESOURCES.

Alaska may not seem, on first thought, a very pleasant place in which to spend a summer, but, as most of the summers of my life have been spent there, I feel that I am qualified to testify in its favor. And, though the tales of some of those summers might prove somewhat interesting to you, I think that I should prefer telling you something about Alaska itself.

When Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867, through the efforts of William Seward, the citizens of the United States contemptuously dubbed it "The President's Ice-chest," and "Seward's Folly," little dreaming of the wealth lying dormant beneath her forbidding exterior. Even now there are many who fail to recognize her great importance to her mother-country as a base of supplies for many industries.

In the first place, Alaska has immense coal deposits, which would supply the whole United States for many years. This coal is deposited in places which are easily accessible for mining, and is a good grade of anthracite. During the last few years there has been a considerable amount of discussion as to the advisability of allowing the veins to be worked now, but the government has adopted a conservative policy and is allowing no locations as yet, being aware of their immense value as a reserve supply in case of war.

From coal deposits the mind naturally strays to petroleum, and that also has been discovered in large quantities near Cordova and Katella, in the northwestern part of Alaska. The petroleum is rich in hydrocarbons and is already being shipped in large quantities to Seattle and San Francisco.

But although these new industries are taking a prominent place in the development of Alaska, the old, established industries of mining, hunting and fishing are not being neglected.

There are over one hundred canneries scattered along the coast of Alaska, from the southern to the northernmost part. Indians, and a few white men, mostly Norwegians, catch the fish, while the helpers in the canneries are largely Japanese and Chinese. Some canneries have great traps in which they catch most of their fish, but since the strict regulation of this practice by the government, it has not proved so profitable. This canned salmon ranks with the Columbia River salmon in excellence, and is shipped throughout the United States. This industry is regarded by many as a very minor one, but as a matter of fact, it is just as important, if not more so, than mining.

Every spring and fall fur buyers, representing all the principal firms of the large cities, travel through Alaska to buy the furs caught and tanned by the Indians and trappers during the previous season. The rivalry runs high and sometimes causes trouble among the Indians, as the buyers will even resort to "firewater" to obtain especially fine skins. Many varieties are shipped: mink, seal, otter, bear, white, and blue fox and ermine being the most important. The mink, white, and blue fox and polar bear are trapped in the northern part; otter, red, and brown bear and ermine all through Alaska. A great deal of martin is also shipped, but that ranks among the cheaper grades of fur.

And last of all comes the great mining industry, for which Alaska is so famous. This should really be divided into two parts, placer and quartz mining. In placer mining the free gold

is washed from the gravel or sand by means of sluice-boxes which contain mercury. Then the mercury is treated with acid or "burned" to remove the gold. This is, of course, the simplest method of mining and the one used during the great rush of '98, which has been so famous. Most of the placer diggings are located on the creeks tributary to the Yukon river, in the region about Nome and Fairbanks. New diggings are opened every year, the last rush being to the Iditarod river. Nevertheless, the revenue from this kind of mining is gradually decreasing, owing to the transient nature of the camps, and the more permanent quartz mining is assuming the important place.

This quartz mining is a longer process, as the gold must be extracted from the crushed quartz not only by mercury, but also by smelting. And as it would take far too long to describe this process, we can only say that Alaska has paid her purchase price five times over to the United States treasury, and seems to possess an almost inexhaustible store of the yellow metal sought for in vain by so many people.

So, taking all these conditions into consideration, does it not seem to you that the Indians were possessed of a prophetic spirit when they called Alaska, "Aliaska," the "great white land?"

HELEN T. DENNY, '15.

THE PILOT IN THE FOG.

It is the third morning of unusually heavy December fog, and its blinding masses blow along the Hudson river between the New Jersey and New York city shores like the smoke from some gigantic pile of smoldering green wood. The crowd on the fore deck of a ferry boat in its dock at Jersey City waits impatiently for the delayed signal bell from the pilot house to the engine room, to begin the hazardous trip to lower Manhattan.

At last the sharp clang is heard, and the clumsy craft dares to push its prow beyond the protection of its dock. But now, the passengers scarcely know whether to feel relief that their journey to their places of business has begun, or to regret that the boat has ventured out into the region of peril it is entering.

From the midst of the vapor cloaking the bewildered river, there loom up alarmingly, first on this side and then on that, the forms of other craft — here an ocean steamer trying to find its way through this maze to the comparative safety of the open sea, here a tug snorting angrily at the delays, and now, so close to the ferry boat that its passengers can almost recognize a face on the other's deck, a barge carrying freight cars across the channel, with men stationed on the roofs of the cars for lookouts.

The only living things on the river that can be heedless of the sullen veils that imperil traffic are the sea gulls. They circle and swoop out of the obscurity over the boats, as if mocking from their freedom the mist-imprisoned voyagers below.

The deafening clamor of the whistles is uninterrupted. Their deep tones shake the very water tossing ghostly below. The thick layers of wintry vapor are like a wash of plaster-of-Paris across some orchestra score, leaving the medley of instruments hooting and wailing in a tumult of hopeless discord. In mid-stream the ferry boat comes almost to a halt at the center of the threatening confusion. But for the uproar, the passengers may think themselves alone on a chartless ocean, so closely is everything wrapped in the fog. This whitish darkness is more fraught with danger than the blackest night, for the latter may be at least clear enough to show a signal lamp from afar, which this muffling reek would choke at a rod's distance.

The passengers on the slowly moving ferry boat feel as helpless as if they were sheep huddled on the deck. Their breasts are shaken by the vibrations of the whistles and bells. Some of them fear that the pilot may not be trustworthy; others are pale with anxiety. Think of the pilot! His is the strain of

a general, who must not only banish his own fear, but also encourage his troops when the bullets shriek most menacingly, and the shells burst nearest.

At last, blurred letters on a pier looming out of the fog, show that the pilot has not lost his bearings, but has dexterously guided his ship to the New York side. Some of the passengers doubtless say: "Good luck." Others consider the safe trip to be due to the alertness, ability, and seasoned courage of the skilled hand on the steering-wheel.

CLARENCE A. HIDLEY, '15.

GETTING IN OUT OF THE RAIN.

I opened my pay-envelope and mechanically pulled out the bills. I knew what they were without running through them. Four five-dollar notes. They had been my Saturday portion for over a year.

"John!" came a sudden exclamation, as I was about to stuff the thin roll into my pocket. I turned and faced the shipping clerk. He had on coat, hat and gloves, and seemed in a hurry. In one hand he carried a suit case.

"John," he repeated quickly, "will you give me that five spot you owe me? I'm going out of town over Sunday and I'll need the money badly."

I slipped one of the bills into his hand without looking at it. He crammed it into his pocket and disappeared through the open door, calling back his thanks. Then I suddenly remembered my resolution to keep him off until the next week. But the sudden request had surprised me into paying my just debt at once, in spite of the fact that I had decided not to do so.

You see, it was like this: My rent was due that day. I paid it by the month. It was sixteen dollars for the two rooms my

wife and I occupied in an obscure part of Brooklyn. In paying the shipping clerk I exposed myself to a week of poverty; for, besides the fifteen left of my pay, I had only a dollar bill and some cents.

“Those cents” were the only means left for a livelihood during the coming week. I had a vision of free lunches, and walking to and from work. I knew it would do no good to appeal to the landlady; it was either pay or move. I couldn't beg a loan from any of the office force, for they had already gone. I sat down despairingly on a shipping case and began to figure.

The loose change in my pocket amounted to twenty-seven cents, besides the dollar bill, which would have to go to the landlady, with fifteen of my pay. I smoothed out the bill with my fingers, and began to figure how I could live on four cents a day for a week, or even on twenty-seven cents over Sunday.

Then I took out the thin roll from which I had skinned the note for the shipping clerk, and put the dollar with the fives. As I sat thumbing the bills, I had a sudden shock. Great Heavens! I had only one ten-dollar bill and a single one. Eleven dollars! My rent was sixteen. What had become of the other five? I made a frantic search through the office. It was nowhere to be found. I hunted and hunted; yet I found no money.

The janitor came in to close up and I tried to borrow a quarter from him. He gave me twenty-five excuses; but those could not be converted into cash. I went out into the street in a very miserable condition. Ten cents car fare home would leave me with seventeen cents. I was just dabbling with a delicate decision between a suicide's grave or enlisting in the navy and deserting my wife, when a sudden shower came up. Looking about for shelter, I espied the wide-open door of an auction store. Several people were hurrying in out of the storm, and I trailed in with them.

Not having anything else to do, I gazed absently at the "resplendent" auctioneer.

"Come in out of the wet!" he cried. "Everything for nothing to-day. Something for everybody. Presents given away to-day. Articles of intrinsic value selling for a song!"

Not being much of a singer, and having nothing else with which to purchase articles of intrinsic worth, I was interested in the sale merely as a "haven of refuge" in a time of storm.

Then, suddenly, the auctioneer held up a dazzling array of dishes. "Every piece hand painted by Kiera in Tokyo. Guaranteed genuine! See the print on the bottom!" He held up a tea cup for display; the china looked like eggshell, and on the bottom was the "scraggy" signature of Kiera, of Tokyo. I had never heard of the Japanese gentleman, but it seemed to me that my aunt, who was a great collector of china, had mentioned his name in her holiest and most awful voice.

"Fifty cents," offered some unappreciative person in the audience. The auctioneer fixed a baleful eye on the offender, paused for effect, then delivered a deluge of sarcasm, and finally held up one cup and saucer.

"I will sell them separately," he announced. "They ought to bring fifty dollars apiece. Here, I'll sell two cups and two saucers this time. What do I hear?"

"One dollar." The auctioneer smiled in that expressive way they have, then he fixed a piercing eye on me.

"You'd give two dollars, wouldn't you?" I was as wax in his hands; an auctioneer can always hypnotize me. Suddenly I heard the birds sing, and all was springtime. I thought of my Aunt Elizabeth, who collected china. I would buy the things for a mere song and sell them for a grand opera.

"Yes," I murmured meekly.

"Sold!" cried the auctioneer.

I felt as if I were sold, but wouldn't admit it. I stepped over to the cashier and proffered a ten-dollar bill. She informed me

at first that she feared she couldn't change the bill, but after hearing that the purchase amounted to two dollars she dived into a little drawer at the back of her desk, and handed me three coins, together with a fifty-cent piece. I noticed that the three coins were two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces. I had never seen one before, and was rather suspicious of them, but after a moment's hesitation I pocketed the money. Taking my precious tea cups, painted by Kiera of Tokyo, I left before the auctioneer could fix his eye on me again and sell me a Brazilian diamond.

I mentally summed up my resources. They had dwindled somewhat. Three two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces of doubtful value, a dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece, and twenty-seven cents. Nine dollars and twenty-seven cents. I had done nothing to deserve it. My Aunt Elizabeth would have to buy the dishes. That would set everything straight.

Aunt Elizabeth had evidently been cultivating a "grouch." When I uncovered the gorgeous, genuine articles and offered them to her for ten dollars she denounced me for a fraud, and led me by the ear to the nearest five-and-ten-cent store, where she showed me specimens of the same art, with the same name and design — on the five-cent counter. That took the wind out of my sails. I started back to throw the china at the auctioneer's head, and get put in jail, possibly as a murderer. That would be a good finish.

As I neared the auctioneer's place, and was planning the most sensational way in which to throw my china bomb, a sign in a window attracted my attention. The sign read thus:

"Premium on \$2.50 Gold Pieces.

"The United States has called in the issue of two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces, and we are in the market for them.

"We offer a premium of five dollars apiece. Bring in your gold pieces and get seven dollars and fifty cents in greenbacks for each one. * * *"

I dashed into the coin and stamp store, and in two minutes was standing on the curb, holding in my hand \$22.50, which I had received in exchange for my three gold pieces. I still had \$1.77, making a total of \$24.27.

I felt like a billionaire. I blessed the cashier who had given me the gold pieces. I blessed everybody. My landlady beamed on me that night when I paid the rent. My wife was wreathed in smiles when I presented her with two hand-painted china tea cups, done by Kiera of Tokyo, which I told her were valued at fifty dollars apiece.

Monday morning I went to work with new zest. "John," called a pleasant voice, as I was absorbed in my duties. I looked up and saw the shipping clerk holding out a five-dollar bill in my direction. I took it, forgetting to ask what it was until he explained.

"John," he said, "you gave me a ten-dollar bill instead of a five last Saturday. I never noticed it 'till I was on the train."

Then I understood. The cashier had departed from the *role* of four five-dollar bills, and had slipped two tens in my envelope. I blessed him for the *change*. I was thirteen dollars to the good, to say nothing of a handsome pair of tea cups. We still have them in a conspicuous place on the plate rack.

GRETCHEN BRIDENBECK, '15.

[This month's literary material was gleaned largely from the note books of the Freshman English class of last year, and is representative of the work done by that class in the latter part of the spring semester. Let this year's entering class remember that "what Freshman has done Freshman can do."—LITERARY EDITOR.]

Editorial Department.

To the new members of our faculty — Greeting!

The saddest law of life is that of change, yet it is one which living demands. A wise philosophy guides us to accept composedly the inevitable passing of the old, and to heartily welcome the coming of the new — as we do now. Truly, it is with regret that we part with those of our former instructors who are leaving us; but truly, it is with joy that we receive you who come to take their places. We hope that you will like the *atmosphere* of our college, but it would be rank egotism to suppose that you will not find some unsatisfactory qualities in our “air.” Coming, as you do, from other institutions, you are particularly fitted for criticising us. “Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.” Conform to our ways, if, upon investigation, you find them better than yours; endeavor to make us conform to you when you are sure of the righteousness of your cause, and the result must be mutual benefit.

For the first half of the college year the Freshmen are, to use a musical expression, “the whole band.” However, one objection to being a member of this *organization* arises from the fact that, usually, one does not realize how important he has been until his state has passed. And, “in a larger sense, it is altogether fitting and proper that” it should be this way, for otherwise were one of our new friends to be designated as a “Freshman,” the term might be construed as having quite another meaning from fresh, “not old.”

Now, Freshmen, for the sake of your own happiness and prosperity, try not to remain “unacclimated” longer than neces-

sary. Do not try to exist in your old environment when you are surrounded by a new one. Keep in touch with the old, surely, but *live* in the new. In order to make this change easily, come to the college "affairs." Get interested in the life here — in its work and play, and *don't* try to do without either. Some people enter college with the idea that it is a convenient place to have a good time; others believe that the work is all that amounts to anything. "Be not deceived." Either of these ideas will lead you astray. Try to find a safe middle course, and follow it. Do your work, but have your play. "Be temperate in all things."

Lost — an *active* friend. If the term friend be interpreted widely, friends may be classified as *active* and *passive*. Perhaps most of us have friends who wish us well, and who would "do us a turn" if an opportunity offered; also, we have other friends who, it seems, are continually aiding us in some way or other, who find frequent opportunities for service. Circumstances determine very largely whether a friend shall be of the active or of the passive type, and one who may have been an active friend in the past may necessarily become a passive friend in the future, and *vice versa*. THE ECHO feels that it is losing, not a friend, but an *active* friend, and we desire at this time to express our gratitude to Dr. William B. Aspinwall for the many services he has rendered our paper, and to wish him godspeed.

Lo! they have risen up and have left us. It is hardly to be expected that any building, designed for a collage, could be used as an office building and a college combined without some inconveniences being experienced by the people of each occupation. Some of our instructors have been unable to occupy their

rooms, and have had to hold their classes in other class-rooms, where they were only temporarily "at home." It has been rather difficult for students to find quiet places for study. Various noises, connected with the work of the Education Department, have been quite disconcerting to the classes at times. This is only a part of our familiar "tale of woe," but we should not forget that the Department undoubtedly found our presence as inconvenient as we did theirs. Their new quarters should be much pleasanter, and their absence will certainly make our college life happier, so all is well.

"A penny saved is a penny got." It is our opinion that a good paper ought always to be concerned with furthering the interests of its subscribers. Now, in light of the above maxim, if we can save you, not one, but *twenty-five* pennies, you must admit that we are aiding your financial interests. The case is this. THE ECHO is your college paper, and we are going to make it absolutely impossible for you to do without it. Besides, even if you should be able to struggle along, our subscription managers will make life miserable for you. So it is perfectly clear that you must subscribe, and, as you will notice, our terms are one dollar per annum, payable in advance, or one dollar and twenty-five cents when not paid before October 15th. Now do you not see that we have shown you how to save *twenty-five* pennies? It is so easy. Subscribe for THE ECHO — *now*.

News Department.

[The space of this department is occupied during the college year by items of news pertaining to the several classes, and to the college organizations which are described in the Students' Handbook. Owing to the fact that this issue of our paper is made up before the opening of college, only a limited amount of news can be presented at this time.—NEWS EDITOR.]

FACULTY NOTES.*

Dr. William B. Aspinwall, who has resigned, has been succeeded by Leonard A. Blue, A. M., Ph. D.

Professor Alfred E. Rejall has been succeeded in the Department of Psychology and Philosophy by George S. Painter, A. M., Ph. D.

Three of our faculty members — Miss Dunsford, Miss Steele and Dr. Ward — spent the summer in Europe.

Dr. Ward is teaching French this year.

Miss Peters, of the Domestic Science Department, has been succeeded by Ellen Huntington, B. S. Miss Willett, of the same department, has been succeeded by Eva Wilson, B. S.

John A. Mahar, A. B., Pd. B., is the new instructor in the French Department.

H. M. Douglas, M. E., is teaching mechanical drawing and mathematics.

T. Antoinette Johnson, B. A., is teaching Latin and mathematics.

*Further information in regard to our new faculty members will be printed in the next issue of THE ECHO.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. welcomes the incoming Freshman class to share in its activities this year. It also invites the Freshmen, as well as the upper classmen, to attend its meetings, of which notices will be posted on the bulletin board.

College spirit is increased by songs and yells. These may be found in the association Handbook. Learn them and use them. Pennants, pillows, stationery and seals with the College colors may be ordered from any member of the cabinet, at any time.

Ten of the College girls represented our institution at the annual conference at Silver Bay. They were: Katherine Kinne, Nola Rieffanaugh, Helen Odell, Katrina Van Dyck, Mernette Chapman and Amy Wood, of the Class of 1913; Gertrude Wells, Lora Sexton, of 1914; and Barbara Pratt and Lena Knapp, of 1915. They have come back full of enthusiasm for the place and for the work, as a result of those ten days full of the richest experiences. Attend the regular meetings and hear their reports of the conference.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

The following officers were elected for this term: —

President, Adele Kaemmerlen.

Vice-president, Helen R. Odell.

Corresponding secretary, Florence Gardner.

Recording secretary, Lois Atwood.

Treasurer, Ethel Rose.

Critic, Ethel Secor.

Reporter, Marion A. Wheeler.

Delta Omega extends a hearty welcome to the Class of 1916.

The Deltas will hold their customary "At Home" to the faculty and students of the College on the third Tuesday of each month at the Sorority Flat, No. 2 Delaware avenue, from 4 to 6 p. m. All entering students are especially invited.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Once more the Kappa Delta house is open, and extends a cordial invitation to the incoming Freshman Class and to its former friends to call often during the year.

Kappa Delta held its annual luncheon at the Hampton, Saturday, June 15th. Dr. Hale presided as toastmaster, and the following members responded: "To Auld Lang Syne," Miss Boochever; "The House," Miss Schermerhorn; "Our Ideals," Miss Wells; "The Prophecy," Miss Knapp; "Billy, the Goat," Miss Denny. The tables were decorated with white roses, which formed the favors also. Of our faculty members, Miss Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Kirtland favored us with their presence. The alumnae were represented by the Misses Beulah Brandow, Ione Schubert, Evelyn Austin, Ruth Guernsey, Florence McKinley and Ada Edwards.

At its last meeting the sorority elected the following officers: President, Nola Rieffenaugh, '13; vice-president, Amy Wood, '13; recording secretary, Gertrude Wells, '14; corresponding secretary, Sylvia Rogers, '13; treasurer, Edith Casey, '14; critic, Almira Waring, '15; reporter, Helen Denny, '15.

Helen Schermerhorn, '12, spent several days very pleasantly at the home of Miss Marguerite Alberts in Schenectady, the latter part of June.

Prof. Kirtland and family passed the summer in Michigan.

Miss Mary Denbow, '10, has accepted a position in the Schenectady High School.

Camping parties on Lake Cayuga found two of our members in their number: Abby Franklin, '14, and Laura Bristol, '13.

Rachel Griswold, '14, spent part of July at Lake George.

Dr. and Mrs. Ward have been travelling abroad during the summer.

The Misses Amy Wood, '13; Katharine Kinne, '13; Katrina Van Dyck, '13; Nola Rieffenaugh, '13; Gertrude Wells, '14,

and Barbara Pratt, '15, were members of the delegation sent to the Y. W. C. A. conference at Silver Bay.

Gertrude Wells, '14, visited in Middleburgh, N. Y., the latter part of July.

Helen Denny, '15, spent the summer camping at Hunter Lake, N. Y.

The Misses Florence McKinley, May Foyle and Mary Denbow, of the Class '10, traveled abroad during this vacation.

Henrietta Fitch, '11; Anne Quackenbush, '11; Rachel Griswold, '14, and Edith Casey, '14, were members of a camp at Diamond Point, Lake George.

Kappa Delta wishes for each student a successful year. It especially welcomes the new Freshman Class, and hopes that its members will find college life even more pleasant and beneficial than they had expected.

ETA PHI NOTES.

Eta Phi extends greetings to the student body. May the members of the Class of 1916 find in college life the fulfillment of their best hopes and aspirations.

The sixteenth annual breakfast of the sorority was held on June 15th at the Ten Eyck. About thirty members and alumnae were present. Miss Grace Willcox, '12, presided at toastmistress. The following toasts were responded to: "The Freshmen," Miss Lillian Houbertz, '12; "The Seniors," Miss Geraldine Murray, '15; "Our New Officers," Miss M. Harriet Bishop; "The 'Elect,'" Miss Edith Gilmore, '12. The committee in charge was made up of Miss Esther M. Mitchell, chairman, Miss Molly E. Sullivan, and Miss Martha F. Kinnear.

Eta Phi regrets exceedingly the departure of Miss McCutcheon. Her place in the sorority was one which it will be most difficult to fill.

Alumni Department.

The graduating exercises of the State Normal College Class of 1912 began with the baccalaureate services, which were held in the College auditorium on Sunday evening, June 16th. An inspiring and memorable sermon was delivered by the Reverend Lewis M. Lounsbury, D. D., pastor of the Trinity Methodist church, of Albany.

Class day exercises were held on the morning of June 17th. A comprehensive and humorous history was read by Miss Adele Le Compte. The beautiful and touching class poem was artistically delivered by Miss Ethel Everingham. The prophecy given by Mr. Harley Cook was most humerously prophetic. Miss Lela Farnham presented the class's gift of a beautiful chapel window to the College, and the Husted Fellowship Fund was presented by Mr. Howard Fitzpatrick. The class colors were "handed down" in a charming manner by Miss Helen Schermerhorn. The Ivy Oration, delivered in an artistic manner by Miss Marjorie Bennett, brought the exercises to a close.

In the evening of June 17th, a reception to the class and to alumni was given by President and Mrs. William J. Milne.

The commencement exercises occurred on the morning of June 18th. The address was delivered by President Milne. The diplomas were presented and the honorary degrees conferred by Dr. Milne, assisted by Dr. Aspinwall. After the exercises the Alumni Association gave a reception to the class.

On the evening of June 18th the Senior ball was given in the College gymnasium.

Miss Elizabeth Rogers, S. N. C., '89 or '90, supervisor of the primary grades in the San Diego Normal School, Training Department, has gone on an extended trip to Europe, where, during the summer she will enjoy the delights of travel, following a period of inspection of the schools of England and Italy. In

the latter country it is her plan to investigate the Montessori methods of teaching small children.

Mrs. William W. Copeland, *nee* Ida Mushizer, '92, has taken up her residence in San Diego, Cal.

Mr. Allen H. Wright, '93, is serving his second year as city clerk of San Diego, a city of 55,000 inhabitants, which is planning an interesting exposition in 1915, distinct from that at San Francisco.

Miss Esther Trumbull, '11, is teaching drawing in the Chatham High School.

Some of the members of the graduating Class of 1912 are located as follows:

Miss Lela Agnes Farnham is teaching English I in the Watertown High School.

Miss Marjory Bennett has a position as teacher of history in the Chatham High School.

Miss Florence Chase is teaching German and mathematics in the Lourelle Academy, Lourelle, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude Brasch is teaching German and Latin in the High School at Herkimer, N. Y.

Miss Helen Reynolds is doing departmental work in the 8th grades in Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Ruth Calkins is teaching English in the Jamestown High School, Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Ethel Anderson has accepted a position as teacher of biology and drawing in the Jamesburg High School, Jamesburg, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Fox has charge of the Latin Department of the Wappinger's Falls High School.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn is teaching Latin and history in the Schoharie High School.

Mr. Stanley Rice has the position of principal of the Union School at Castleton, N. Y. Miss Chloe Henderson is teaching German and biology in this school.

Miss Adele Le Compte has charge of the French Department in the Medina High School.

Miss Anna Boochever and Miss Anna Brown are teaching in the Albany High School.

Miss Mildred Lawson has a position in the Ocean Side High School, Ocean Side, N. Y.

That the very best of success may attend all its alumni friends during the new school year is the most sincere wish of THE ECHO.

LETTERS HOME.

Wednesday, 11, 1912.

DEAR BESS :

Here I am, sitting in state on my trunk, looking out of the window and wondering how on earth I shall ever live to unpack — and how I shall live if I don't unpack — and how I shall live when I have unpacked — that is to say, how I shall live anyway. Never did I feel lonelier nor drearier, and what is a body to do when he reaches the bottom notch of loneliness and dreariness? (Bottom notch may not be the usual expression, but if there's a top there must be a bottom, and just at this minute my feelings do not soar.) But really, Bess, I've been doing something I vowed I would not do — crying from homesickness, pure and simple. I can hardly see to write now — I know my eyes are swelled just like a pig's, but I will *not* look in the glass. I've already cried so much that I begin to feel the way Alice did when she found herself in a pool of her own tears. Not even the mouse is lacking, for I heard him in the cupboard a minute ago. But come, Bess, chirk up and be cheerful! The worst hasn't come yet.

And besides, I am not all alone in the world. There are two girls rooming in the room next to this. I hear them now, giggling and gurgling like two innocent babes, unmindful of the

sorrows of those next door. I haven't a roommate yet, though I'm hoping to get one, for I feel a desire to hear her childish prattle at such times as this, when I am somber and morose. You see I only got this room yesterday afternoon, myself. I'm hoping some brilliant and illustrious young lady will make known her desire to share my humble couch, and that soon, for it will cut down on the expense. What a painful thing to have to be thus sordid, when one is trying to feed one's growing brain and to teach one's youthful intellect to fly! (I can just imagine that intellect flying — with a body made out of a Greek lexicon, an ink bottle for a head, binder paper wings, and sermon tack feet.)

Which reminds me. They use binder paper and note books here even more than we did in High School. So the girls tell me. They say that the history teacher, especially, is terribly fussy about note books. If I want to get a good start with him, I must get a large, loose-leaved note book — so they say. I shall get one to-night. The girls (I don't know them, of course, but I hope to before long — I just met them this morning) — well they told me a lot about the college and helped me make out my list of subjects. They were real nice and friendly, and pointed out all the faculty and the important students. You understand, of course, that they are old girls. I know I should have been terribly mixed up if they hadn't helped me and some other Freshmen. They kind of smiled now and then at things we said, as if we were awfully amusing, but I didn't care so long as I found out things. Not all the Freshmen were as fortunate as I was, for there's a big class, and lots of the old students were engaged. I found out that there are several changes in the faculty this year — but they're all new to me, anyway.

I guess they're having a reunion — surprise party — in the next room. I hear at least twenty new laughs. I wish I knew them apart.

Of course, I like it here, even though I am homesick. In my

childish imagination I always pictured a college as a place where stately men and women walked about, all wearing gowns and mortar-boards, and all bending thoughtful eyes on the copies of Plato and Shakespeare in their hands. But, Bess, my sweet, "the case is not thusly." College, my dear, is a big, red and white building with long corridors thronged with blissful, beaming maidens, and beautiful, blushing youths. (Thronged with the maidens mostly, for there aren't enough youths to go 'round.)

And oh, they have Athena here, too! A big, beautiful Athena, who stands in the College hall by the main entrance. She hasn't just the same pose as our High School Athena, but I'd know her, even if she had a bandeau on her head and wore a hobble skirt. But you'll never catch the Goddess of Wisdom in a hobble — and when I saw her to-day I wanted to go and hide my head in her generous skirt and cry — she seemed so like an old friend. They call her Minerva here — but Greece came before Rome.

Bess, if you love me as you used to, write to me, and, if you have time, go over and cheer up my family. They may not miss me as much as I do them, but having Dick and me both away at once will be pretty bad. And when you write to Dick give him a little plain advice about sticking to business this year and passing his work. Of course, I send him quarts of advice in every letter, but boys very often prefer the opinions of someone else's sister to those of their own. Give my love to every single solitary person I know. I could love even my deadliest rival during my first week from home. Don't forget to remind mother about giving Yellow-Wing his bath every morning, and for goodness' sake! don't forget to write to me. (I've got a blue necktie on as symbolic of my feelings.)

Your friend in tears,

TESS.

P. S.—I'm looking forward to Thanksgiving vacation.—T.

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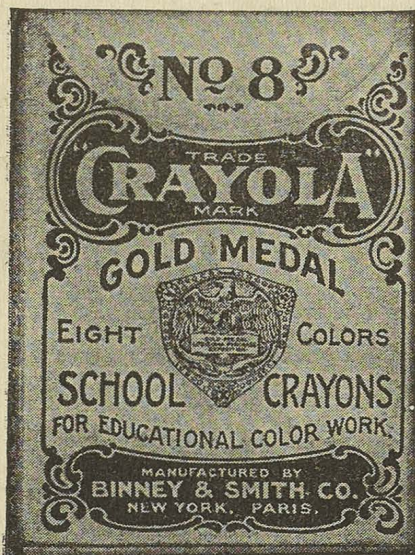
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