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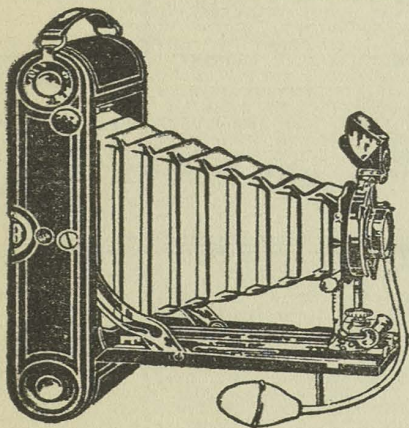
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Literary Department

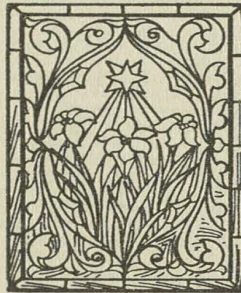
A Dream

I fell asleep when the day was done
And the moon was riding high,
And I dreamed of a journey but just begun
That should last forever and aye —
For I 'rose on wings that might never tire
And knew no limit or bar,
And I sang a song with a soul of fire,
That echoed from star to star.

Away up high in the nebulous night
The pale mists raced in glee
With here and there a gleaming light
From the depths of infinity,
And then before me, a great light shone,
Which clove the clouds in twain,
And there in the midst was a golden throne
And gates with curious chain.

Was it only a light or was God behind?
I bowed me in humble prayer;
Were these colors a thought of the infinite mind?
I wondered while standing there.
Oh, never again can I quite forget
The beauty and joy of the gleam,
While the song of the stars is hovering yet
O'er the memory of that dream.

KOLIN HAGER, '17.



The Return

“ Sure, a leetle beet of Haven fall — ”

“ Ah, datta Anglais, eh? What you say? Toni, Toni — We h̄ava bread to-day.”

The speaker was a slight, agile girl, with dark-brown hair and eyes, in which danced the irrepressible sparkle of youth. She had an easy grace which hinted of the soft Italian skies, the warm winds of the sunny southern shore. Her strong, sweet treble seemed to fill every nook and corner of the room.

A murmur of approval issued from one corner, almost obscured by shadows. When the half-light of the room could be penetrated, it revealed a pale, wan, pain-worn face peering from among a pile of rags and straw, made as neat as it was possible to make rubbish, upon two bottomless chairs. The face was that of a boy, two great brown eyes set in dead white. There was a strong resemblance between the girl and boy, which would mark them anywhere as brother and sister.

Their pitiful little story is like many another, and is soon told. Coming to America, full of hopes and plans, Toni had found work and happiness in his new home. Soon a letter came to Italy and Angela, his mother, and Tessa, the girl, must come to America. It was the greatest country in the world and they would love it as he did.

With sighs and tears old Angela prepared to leave her life-long home. She wanted to be with Toni, but ah, her beloved Italy! Tessa was very happy, for her dearest wish was approaching realization.

And so they came. Toni trundled a vegetable cart through the city streets, and Tessa and Angela sewed. Luxuries they never had known, and could not miss

them now. Their wants were few, and life was apparently pleasant. But Angela mourned for Italy. Her love for the only home she had ever known was strong; it would not be stilled. Tessa and Toni saw her fading before their very eyes, and yet there was no help. The little place was clouded by the shadow which hung impending low about their heads. Six months after they had come Angela had left them.

Youth is ever ready for change and adapts itself readily to new circumstances. But age rebels against the departure from its accustomed scenes, and often, as in the case of Angela, falls under the stress of separation.

As if but waiting for an opportunity, fate closed in about them. The expenses of Angela's death drained Toni's savings, and Tessa was ill and unable to work. Her mother's death had been very hard for her to bear, and it seemed as though she had lost her grip on life. But she was strong and vigorous, and at length she was about trying to cheer Toni, and regaining her own spirit in so doing.

One day Tessa had been busy preparing the inevitable spaghetti for their dinner. Her beautiful voice again filled the bare little room and quite drowned the sound of a knock at the door. Finally it was opened from without, and a man stood there trying to speak. Tessa felt his presence and swung 'round, starting as she saw him.

"What a matter 'Seppe? What for you come here? Where my Toni?" She demanded breathlessly.

"Tessa, Toni he hurta bad. Vegetable wagga da run over — Automobile — See — Wagga all brokeda.

"Toni hurteda. He come — Getta bed."

He was hopelessly blunt, and yet in his snapping black eyes had come a look of tenderness and pity for the girl so alone in the world.

The place—a wretched makeshift of a home—afforded no beds. They had been content to sleep in the heaps of straw on the floor. Now Tessa dashed from one side of the room to the other, frantic in her efforts to make a comfortable bed for Toni.

When they brought him in, he was unconscious. They laid him on the queer bed Tessa had made, and slipped out quietly. For weeks Toni's life was doubtful. The doctor from the nearest dispensary did what he could, but at last Tessa knew that Toni would never walk again. His back had been broken, and there he must lie and wait until the Great Physician should relieve him of his pain.

Tessa had not been able to do much work, for there was Toni to nurse, and it was not long before bread in the little home was a luxury. The neighbors, poor souls, but little better off than they, had helped them as much as they could, but Tessa was proud, and it hurt to be an object of charity. She had gone day after day in search of work, and at length a "Movie" theatre had offered her twenty-five cents for singing some popular songs during the performances.

So it was that she was singing "A Little Bit of Heaven." It sounded ludicrous and yet pitiful to hear the broken English struggling with the Irish brogue of the song. She was preparing to go for the first time, and, as she sang, she tripped blithely to and fro, with a smile in her eyes.

"I mus' spik da Anglais now, Toni, for see, I sing Anglais," she cried gaily. "Donna be sorra for ma go 'way. Come back queek—Si-Si."

"Tessa, I no lonely when you go 'way. Maria come see, she singa da song of Itali. Ah, Tessa, so sweeta she is. If I could be in Itali with Maria,—I walk."

The tears started quickly in Tessa's eyes. He was so pitifully hopeful where there was no hope. Poor Maria — she knew, and yet she still came, still sang of Italy. Tessa, who was little more than a child, had no one to advise or comfort her, but she had determined that no hint of his real condition should come to Toni in his pain. And now she struggled until the tears gave way to a smile.

"Eh, Toni — You lika Maria? Singa more pretty dan me, heh? Alla righta — 'Seppe, he lika hear me singa to heem."

Swift pain shot across Toni's face. "Tessa mia, no — no. I —"

But Tessa was clasping his head in her arms, and as she spoke, the tears were in her voice.

"Only da funnyness — Toni — You see Tessa never leava you till you getta well." And kissing him, she ran out and down to the street to earn their bread.

Maria came singing Santa Lucia in a soft sweet tone, not beautiful like Tessa's voice, but tender and lovely to Toni's ears. She sat long hours beside the quiet Toni whose eyes rested constantly on her face.

"Maria, when I go home to Itali, will you go witha me?" Toni at length broke silence. His sad eyes still held her with their longing.

"Toni, you no go backada Itali?" Maria whispered.

"Ah, Si, Si. I go back home to Itali. I work, Maria Mia, I buya da farm. Will you go home witha me?" He was eager now, and grasped her hand beseechingly.

“ I — I — Si — I go, Toni, I go back home to Itali witha you. I go,” — and she knelt down by the old chairs and buried her face in the rags and wept.

Toni's radiant face clouded as he saw this. “ Donna cry. Maria,— Na, Na, see,” his eyes grew bright again, “ see — we go back. Da sea, she all blue same lika your eyes, Maria, and ut ees warm in da sun, an' da grapes — da grapes, Maria,— purple an' blue an' white — an' da songs — Ah, da songs we sing — L'Itali — L'Itali.”

In that dark corner there had come an unearthly glow as the tones of the sick boy rang out. Maria raised her wet eyes to his face and there she saw something which frightened her. In a trembling voice she cried:

“ Toni, Toni — I go home witha you.”

But still his glad voice went on.

“ No more da bada pain — All well, Maria. Ah, see da blue sky an' da sea Maria, Maria, we coma home.”

His voice had suddenly become faint. It kept going farther and farther away. Now it had almost ceased. She had to listen intently while he pointed with one hand, and whispered:

“ Maria — there — see — L'Itali, Ah, Dieu—L'Itali — Maria — Ma-ri-a.”

* * * *

Triumphantly Tessa skipped up the rickety steps. In one hand was the promised bread, and in the other a mysterious package which she looked at now and then and laughed gaily to herself, as she did so. Into the room she slipped, quietly lest Toni should be asleep. Carefully she removed the paper from the package, and gleefully looked at the little flower it

disclosed. Toni would love it. It would remind him of Italy.

She crept softly over to his bed and leaned down. He must be asleep, he is so still, she thought. She moved quickly to where the candle stood, and still smiling happily, she lit it that Toni might see the flower when he wakened.

As she held the light above her head and looked expectantly over toward Toni's corner, she caught her breath, and with a quick cry darted over to him. He lay back on the rags just as usual, but there was a strange fixed attitude and smile which struck a chill to her heart. One arm was 'round Maria and she knelt motionless at his side, her head upon his breast. Tessa called Maria, tried to lift her to her feet, but as she raised her head, the truth was born in upon her.

Toni and Maria had gone home.

GERALDINE MURRAY, '16.



Too Much Calculus!

Gee! This day tastes like asafetida. We're all miserable, ungrateful mollusks. Man is made of forgetfulness, with a skin stretched around it.

I'm disgusted with the world this morning. It's a nice old mud ball, but it needs to be "kerosened." It has become badly infested with men. I'm one of them, not much worse than the rest—pretty ordinarily decent, in fact—and what did I do yesterday? In rushed Pierce, whom I hadn't seen for years. He was one of my most loyal followers in college,—voted for me for president of the freshman class, got nine hash club votes for me for treasurer of the Athletic Association, and wanted to send me to Congress. He admired me, Pierce did. He was always following me around, wanting to do things for me. And yesterday he rushed in with his hands out and I grabbed them and yelled, "Suffering Cats," and, "Hello, you goggle-eyed pirate," and other pet names, and was as glad to see him as if he had had the cholera; because there was a directors' meeting in seven minutes, and I had a luncheon date with a big customer and four days' work to pack into the afternoon. Why couldn't he have come any other day in the year? But he couldn't. He was going out that evening and was never coming back, as far as he knew; and while I gabbled along feverishly, and tried to tell him what a national calamity it was that everything had stacked up that day, and couldn't he stay over and wouldn't he have five cigars anyway, and smoke them all at once, and, by Jove, and couldn't he drop in again for half an hour—while I was spilling all this, old Pierce kept getting quieter and quieter, and more uneasy and lonely around the eyes. He was perfectly polite and

pleasant, but he didn't come back in the afternoon, and I know what he thinks of me. Thank heaven, he's not so imaginative as I am! He doesn't think half as badly of me as I do of myself! It set me to thinking about the ungratefulness of man in general, for it was Allie Pierce who helped to make my college life pleasant.

It was in our Sophomore year, when twelve of us were preparing to wade nervously through Calculus under Wogg, that Allie invented amusement for me. And goodness knows we needed amusement in Wogg's classes.

We didn't take Calculus because we loved it. We had no more use for it than it had for us. The class was a sort of little back water eddy into which most of us had drifted through conflicts in our class schedules. We had to take Calculus to get our hours in. We would rather have taken quinine, but the faculty wouldn't give us credit for it. And so we took Calculus and resigned ourselves to the fact that with our natural talents we should probably be able to amuse ourselves during the year with fair success.

Professor Wogg had had most of us the year before, and my heart aches for him now, though at times I was selfish and never thought of his sufferings, while trying to alleviate my own. Wogg was about as exciting as two million square miles of sand, but there was no monotony about us.

Well I remember the day when Keg Rearick broke up a few chairs in the back row one morning and made a bonfire, it being cold, and how Professor Wogg raved while he tried to remember Keg's name in order to fire him out beyond the solar system and tell him never to come back.

But the greatest moment and surprise of my life came when Allie suggested the Great Deed, as we fondly called it! We sat around the library until Miss Hawkes, the librarian, became suspicious, never having seen us there before. But we formed the plan; it had dawned at once, like a beautiful sunrise. It was an inspiration — the idea of a lifetime,— we would wreck the chemical laboratory, and in doing so, fill a long-felt want.

We had been yearning to do it ever since Freshman chemistry, but we hadn't dared. It had been a popular diversion in years past, but had been overdone, and that year the faculty had served notice that any person found spilling sulphuric acid around the building and mixing up compounds that smelled to yon high Heaven would not only be expelled, but indicted by the Grand Jury for malicious mischief. So we had suffered all year. Heavens, how we had suffered in that class! Professor Grubb was a fiend incarnate for piling up work and trouble and conditions. Now we would pile up the chemistry room for him. And it took Calculus to give us courage!

The next day Pierce and I disappeared from our accustomed haunts in the afternoon. We had with us tools and a lunch. The old main building stands open until six, and it wasn't hard for us to ramble casually up to the third floor without meeting anyone, and insert ourselves into Professor Wogg's room.

The old main building has little octagonal towers all over it, and these open into some of the classrooms. In the big mock elections, during my Senior year, we locked four Republicans in these tower closets, and by the time we remembered to let them out, there was

some question as to whether they needed fresh air or a coroner the more. Pierce and I wedged ourselves into one of the tower rooms. It was just large enough to serve as a vest for a fat man, and the air in it had spoiled years ago. It seemed seven hours before the janitor came to sweep out, and a week and a half before the light from the little window faded, and we knew that night had come. We were wet with sweat, and the dust had caked all over us, but we hadn't flinched. Red Indians could take fancy lessons in revenge from us.

It was no trick at all to get out of Professor Wogg's room and into the chemistry laboratory. It was just nine o'clock when we finally stood before our prey. The moonlight, filtering through the big narrow paned windows, made it unnecessary to use lights. How we enjoyed ourselves! I had cut laboratory work with all the fervor of my young being when I was a Freshman, but I never found anything more fascinating than the experiments we carried on that night. It only goes to show that if professors allowed students a little latitude, they would make even the driest subject interesting.

We worked mostly with acids. They are so satisfactory. We mixed them all together and poured them wherever they would do the most good. We burned villainous remarks on the wall paper. We used litmus paper by the bale, and test tubes by the barrel. When we got tired of acids, we went in for smells. The smells we discovered were superb. I smelled a lot of them the second day I was on the ocean last year—just at meal time. They were yellowish-brownish green smells that tie your stomach up in a knot and wring it out like a towel.

We put chunks of potassium in all the water pots and stuck the Professor's record book into a huge bowl of hydro-nitro-sulphuric acid to soak. Then we tiptoed out, carrying large beakers of the "smelly" triumphs we had produced, and hurled them over the transoms into other rooms.

We slept late next morning and wandered peacefully down into the pandemonium, instead of chapel, The college was buzzing like a hornet's nest just before the order to fire at random is given. The faculty was unanimously absent. It was meeting in executive session. Allie and I looked into each other's eyes respectfully and reverently, in acknowledgment of the Master Deed, and then, turning aside, discussed this bold stroke with our fellow students. As for the faculty, it never got even — we still live!

EVELYN GARDNER, '16.



A Leap-Year Proxy

When the folding-beds were let down, the space between them was so slight that Joyce could reach out her hand and touch her roommate.

"Katherine!" she said softly.

The other girl sat up in the moonlight.

"Go on!" she said resignedly. "Of course you want to talk."

"Of course I do," Joyce laughed. "Do you think a woman ought to — to propose to a man, Kathie?"

"Certainly *not*. If a man hasn't the courage to tell a girl that he loves her, he is a pretty poor stick —"

"He isn't a poor stick!" Joyce blazed.

"Who isn't?"

"Well, the man I'm talking about."

"I wasn't blaming anyone in particular," Katherine said, "but I know — whom you mean, Joyce."

Joyce caught her breath.

"Isn't he fine?" she asked softly.

Katherine drew back a little into the shadows.

"He is well worth any girl's devotion," she said slowly.

"Yes, he is," Joyce agreed, "but he'll never ask me to marry him, Kathie."

"Why not?"

"He's too proud. He knows that I have a lot of money, and he's poor, and — independent. And he'll try to wait until he has enough to offer me; and in the meantime I — I shall break my heart!"

"Do you think he really cares — the way you do?"

"I know it! If you had heard all he has said to me,— and the violets that come every morning are from him. And after I'm graduated, I shan't see him.

You know my people have plans for me — Europe and society and all the things I don't want to do."

"And which you would enjoy if it wasn't for John."

"My money comes from my grandmother, and I can use it as I please, but I have heard him say that he would not live on his wife's money."

Katherine, gazing through the window into the still June night, murmured,—

"It looks a little desperate, doesn't it?"

"There ought to be some way." She hesitated. "Don't you think — Oh, Katherine, couldn't you ask him for me?"

"What?" Her voice was full of amazement.

"It sounds worse than it is," Joyce pleaded. "I mean, can't you talk to him sometime — to-morrow night at the reception?"

Katherine laughed a little.

"It would be unconventional if I did, wouldn't it?" she asked. "But I couldn't, Joyce, dear. Wait, and let fate work it out for you."

"Fate won't work it out!" Joyce sobbed. "But of course I should not have asked you, Kathie. Oh, I don't know what to do!"

In the darkness, Katherine's hand reached over and took the younger girl's slender fingers in a firm grasp.

"Dear little girl," she said, "You know I would do anything in reason."

"Yes, I do," Joyce whimpered, "and this isn't in reason."

"I know it isn't," Katherine agreed quietly. "And now you'd better go to sleep, Kiddie, and forget your troubles."

And after that there was silence. When the moon dropped below the horizon, Joyce was asleep, but

Katherine lay propped high on her pillows, gazing wide-eyed into the night.

Here, then, was the end of her dream. It was Joyce that he liked best,— the strong, grave man who had for two years taught English literature.

Looking forward into her future, she could see nothing of promise, for, when she left college, she would go to the home of a distant cousin. An orphan from childhood, burdened with a fortune that had made her distrustful even of friendship, she had lived a lonely life until she had met Joyce Hayward. Joyce, too, had money; but there the comparison ended, for Joyce had a loving mother and an indulgent father — and now Joyce had also the love of John Armstrong.

And, if she would, Katherine might make him happy. Impulsively, she laid her hand on Joyce's shoulder.

"What?" murmured Joyce sleepily.

"I'm going to speak to John, dear," Katherine told her, and Joyce, wide awake, flung her arms about her friend, and kissed her.

But speaking to John Armstrong was not so easy. Next evening Katherine, a vision in pale blue and silver, found herself starting whenever she saw his broad shoulders towering above the crowd. Standing in line with the other graduates, she murmured the conventional commonplaces, while in the back of her mind she was telling Professor Armstrong that Joyce Hayward loved him.

As the crowd began to thin, she made her way into the dining-room. The soft light of the red-capped candles threw the rest of the room into shadow, but she made out the man she sought.

"How lovely it is out there!" she said as she came up to him. "Have you seen the rose garden?"

He turned with a start and looked down at her.

"No," he said, "I haven't, but I am going to look at them now if you will go with me."

Together, they sauntered down to the old sun-dial — sauntered in silence, for Katherine was tongue-tied with dread of the ordeal before her, and John was adream with the glory of the moonlight. At the sun-dial they stopped, and Katherine hesitatingly said:

"To-morrow ends our college life — Joyce's and mine."

"Yes," said he looking down at her. "To-morrow you will go out into the world to be petted and admired. I envy you!"

"And you?"

"I shall go to the mountains for the summer, and then I shall come back and teach —"

"You must be lonely," she ventured.

"Very lonely, but I never felt it as I do now."

Katherine laughed tremulously.

"Why don't you marry?"

"I would," he told her, "if the woman were not beyond my reach."

"How is that?" she probed.

He flashed a sudden glance at her.

"She is rich, I have — nothing."

"Oh," she was eager in Joyce's cause, "but if she didn't care for money? If she would rather have —"

"Even then I could not ask her."

"But if she wanted to be asked, if —" Her voice broke. "Oh, you might give her the chance."

Katherine leaned across the dial.

"She does care," she said tensely.

"Katherine!" he whispered. "You wonderful girl to tell me"

"I—I—I wanted Joyce to be happy," she faltered.

"What has Joyce to do with you?"

"Did you think I was asking for myself! It was for Joyce. You have admitted that you loved her by the violets that come every —"

"I never sent Joyce Hayward a violet in my life!" he interrupted.

"What?"

"I happen to know that it is John West who sends her violets," he continued.

"John West!" Then, as the full meaning of her mistake burst upon her, she asked miserably, "What must you think of me?"

"What I have always thought," he said quietly — "that there is no other like you, and never will be."

DOROTHY H. BURTON, '18.



News From the Front

The war bulletins had just been posted, and, as usual, the streets of Berlin were black with people, eager to learn the news of the last and greatest battle of the war. In a room in the palace sat the "War Lord," reading one of the bulletins.

"Victory is ours," it ran. "We have captured the city."

Following this, came a list of casualties, but to these the emperor paid little or no attention. His eyes gleamed; head erect, he gazed straight before him — dreaming. He saw Germany the greatest power in Europe; he saw her territory increased, her wealth doubled, her fame spread throughout the world. Suddenly he roused himself and gazed out at the crowd.

"Ah!" he murmured softly, "they read of our victory and will rejoice. What a wonderful thing is war!"

Read of this victory they did, but they did not all rejoice. An old woman pushed herself to the edge of the crowd and fearfully, yet eagerly, scanned the list of wounded. She turned from it with a little sigh of relief to read the list of dead. Half-way down the long column of names she paused, looked again, and fell back into the crowd with a tiny moan of anguish.

"It can't be," she muttered over and over, "not my boy — it can't be true."

But, alas, it was only too true. So the bent, dim-eyed, broken-hearted old lady passed out of the crowd beneath the window where stood the "War Lord," erect, eyes shining, full of life and hope.

Both turned once more to look at their bulletins; he, like a haughty eagle triumphant over its prey; she, like a tiny animal receiving its death blow. And then both turned away, but the man felt only the triumph and glory, while the woman — tasted war!

MILDRED A. O'MALLEY, '18.



The Haystack and the Fires

“Waal,” asserted Uncle Peter somewhat testily from his chosen seat in the shadowy corner between fireplace and east window, “I don’t believe in ghosts or evil speerits no more’n any o’ you, but things ’s happened, happened, and thet much I do know.

“Why, I recollect, ’twas the second summer after your Aunt Nancy and I cleared our leetle patch up in the valley by the Crow’s Nest that the queerest durn thing happened right before our very eyes. Mebbe ’twas a scienteefik phenomernon, but if ’twas, the scientist what kin explain it hain’t happened around these parts sence, and ’twas a right smart while ago thet it happened. Um, every time I git to thinkin’ about that it sets me a-wonderin’. Sometimes I think Nancy and me was jest two big fools a-dreamin’ with our eyes wide open, and then, agin, I thinks to myself, ‘Peter, you and Nancy was nearer a-knowin’ things then than you ever hev’ been since,’ so I thinks to myself.

“Yes, leetle Pete, I’m a-comin’ to the story. It jist sot me to thinkin’ agin, thet’s all.

“It began the night that Uncle Henry and Aunt Cal’line celerbrated their golden weddin.’ Let me see, that was along about the first of October, ’way back in eighteen hundred twenty or thereabouts. Thet summer we sure had had a whallopin’ big crop of timothy hay. Why, the little log shed I’d builded the summer before wouldn’t hold a tenth of it. It seemed as if thet hay was like the widder’s oil thet the Good Book tells about — the more we cut, the more there was to cut. Young fellers from twenty miles away kum to help Bill and me with thet hay. But along towards the first o’ September thet hay was all cut, and cured,

and drewed up to the head of the valley where we stacked it right beside old Signal Oak. We had the biggest haystack there thet I'd ever seen, or ever did see for many a year afterwards.

"Waal, as I was a-sayin,' this was the night thet Aunt Nancy and I kum home from the golden weddin'. 'Twas a frosty night, and after we'd got to bed, your Aunt Nancy, she decided we'd have to git up and go out and kiver up the cabbage plants, we had a-growin' out in the garden. So I lighted the candle, while Nancy dragged out an old black shawl, a worn red flannel petticoat, and some scraps of rag carpet, and out we went.

"Jest as I bent down to spread the shawl over the first cabbage, I felt Nancy grab my arm, tight, and heard her a-sayin', 'Oh, Peter,' in a sort of a moan. I straightened up mighty sudden, and saw Nancy, her face all white and scared-lookin', and one hand a-pointin' up the valley. A-way up there by the old Signal Oak a great round ball of fire as big as a moon and as bright as the sun hung right over that there haystack. I jest stood and stared, too, for half a minute, and then that big ball dropped right down on the stack, and in a minute there was as big a bonfire as anybody ever see'd.

"Nancy and I, we never said a word 'til it was all over. Then Nancy she looked at me, and she says, 'Lightnin'.' She knowed it wasn't, and she knowed I knowed it, too.

"'Mebbe, mebbe,' says I, and then Nance, she burst out a-cryin'.

"'Come, come, Nancy-girl, 'tain't no use a-cryin' over spilt milk,' says I, altho I knowed right well that 'twasn't what she was a-sobbin' about. After a spell

I got Nancy to go back to bed — we both of us forgot all about them air cabbages — but neither of us got a wink of sleep all night.

“ Come four o'clock, I got up to build the fire. I'd left a bundle o' fine shavin's outside the kitchen door, and when I went out to git 'em, I jest kinder glanced up thet valley. Next I knew I was a-settin' on the door step, a-starin', and a-lookin' whiter and scarer than Nancy had. *That haystack was there*, jest's it had been for more'n a month!

“ All thet day Nancy and I went around in a kind of a daze. There warn't any neighbors nigh enough to tell, and we wouldn't have dared to tell 'em if there had been. Geminy crickets, we didn't dare talk about it to each other! But thet night, 'long about eight o'clock, when I says to Nancy, 'Waal, girl, ain't it about bed-time?' she turns to me, and, with all the twinkle gone clean out o' her saucy brown eyes, she says, 'Peter, I'm a-goin' to set right here by this window 'til it's mornin',' and I knowed she meant it, so I jest pulled my chair up by that window, and I set there, too.

“ There warn't any moon thet night. Jest half a dozen pale stars a-twinklin' and a-glimmerin' over in the east. Along towards midnight, it was, I got kinda sleepy, what with bein' broke o' my rest so the night before, and all. I guess I must a-kinder dozed off, when I felt Nancy's little short fingers tighten around my big fist. I looked out o' thet window in a jiffy, and there was thet big ball o' fire a-droppin' on that haystack, same's it had the night before.

“ After even the least leetle speck o' flame had died out, Nancy and I sot there, both of us a-thinkin'. After a spell, it began to git light again, and away up thar

at the end o' the valley, a big gray shadow grew plainer and plainer, 'til along about second cock-crow, we could see thet thet haystack was there again — or mebbe, yet.

“‘Nancy,’ says I, ‘this mornin’ I’m a-goin’ over to Injun Run to git Elder MacDonald to kum over and stay the night with us. Mebbe that there was a sign from the heavens to us.’

“But while I was a-leadin’ the leetle black colt down to the waterin’ trough I’d rigged up by the creek, I seen a big cloud a-comin’ over the hill, and purty soon I see we was a-goin’ to hev a storm. So I couldn’t go to fetch the elder. Waal, it rained all thet day.

“When it kum night, I says to Nancy, ‘Waal, girl,’ I says, ‘that stack is too wet to burn this night. I guess ’tain’t no need to watch no more,’ and so we didn’t.

“I was thet tired from bein’ up fur two nights stiddy fire thet I nivver opened my eyes ’til most seven o’clock, and there was Nancy a-sleepin’ as peaceful as a baby, with the sun a-shinin’ right on her purty face. Think’s I, I’ll slip out, and do the chores afore she wakes up,’ and so I goes out careful like. Some-way, I’d been a-thinkin’ haystack and a-dreamin’ haystack so much and so stiddy for two days and two nights that my two eyes jest turned up thet valley all o’ themselves.”

Uncle Peter’s voice grew low, and broke. “And, little Peter” he said, “that there haystack, it was *gone*.

“There wasn’t hide nor hair of it anywheres. Thet afternoon Nance and I drove old Jerry up thar, and all we found was a big round spot where the stack had been, a spot burned all bare and black.”

ETHEL M. HOUCK, '17.

Fragments

Resignation

A dead, burned-out world—a wilderness of crumpled, red-brown peaks thrown against long saw-toothed lines of ragged cliff. Over all was the living, intense blue of the sky. No life upon the scarred and twisted waste of rock.

The girl leaned against a jagged spur—a dust-colored mote among the dead browns and reds. To her the cliffs and cañons and peaks seemed waiting—waiting. In past ages they had lived, in future ages they would live again. Now they were waiting. The sun poured down with a life-giving heat—but the time was not yet at hand, and the rocky waste showed no quickening. As the girl slowly closed her eyes to the primeval desolateness, she seemed to feel rather than hear the words, “Go thou, and write upon the guide map, ‘Resignation leads over all trails, even unto the last.’”

J. F. D., '16.

My Prayers

I wonder—does it matter,
When I get into my bed,
And pull the blankets up so soft
Before my prayers are said?
It seems so cold to kneel there
In the big dark room at night—
But when I whisper them in bed
I never finish—quite.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '14.

Pisgah

The sculptor gazed at his last creation. The graceful figure of the sleeping girl lay before him. The attitude was one of complete relaxation. The body rested on a bed of moss, one round arm thrown carelessly over the head. The tangled curls framed a face of exquisite beauty. The curve of the slender neck was lost in the soft white of the shoulders. The figure was faintly outlined beneath the drapery. The artist gazed as if fascinated. He had watched her grow beneath his hands; he had put her to sleep; and now he wanted to wake her. He touched the round arm. It seemed to yield. He leaned eagerly forward, and peered into the face. A faint quickening of life seemed to pervade the whole figure. The man clasped his hands over his eyes, and rushed madly from the room. Had he reached the Real, the True? He returned the following morning, but saw only the beautiful, rounded figure with its wonderful appeal of life. He had climbed far up the mountain of Truth, but on the last lone height he had to say, "'Tis cold, and clouds shut out the sight."

EMMA WILBER, '17.

Marshes

Once there arose a great struggle between the Spirit of the Earth and the Spirit of the Sea, for each coveted possessions most prized by the other. The Spirit of Time saw and was angry. That the strife might end, he cursed those portions — and a melancholy wind wailed over the dismal waste of the marshes.

Earth wakened to seed-time and brought forth harvest in season. Boats plied the waters and they yielded their treasures. But the marshes, unheeded alike by the things of the earth and the deep, were lonely and desolate, and longed for a part in the cycle of striving and dying.

The Spirit of Time was troubled; for this, his malediction in anger and haste, had caused for the blameless an irrevocable sorrow.

When next the wind crossed the marshes, it sighed through reeds and rushes. It roused the slumbering will-o'-the-wisp, and sought it from pool to pool. Wings of tireless insects flashed in the glowing sun and cobwebs waved with the grasses. In shadowy places creepy things waited — eager, and patient, and watchful. The passing of light from the marshes silenced a myriad of creatures; and in darkness others, unseen and unnumbered, succeeded in the round of ceaseless activity.

Then the marshes grew weary, for despite the endless endeavor, they still were despised and neglected. So the sounds died out on the breezes, wings ceased to glance in the sun, the dancing pools no longer quivered, and only the wind swept over the icy waste of the marshes, and moaned through brown reeds and sere rushes; for the Spirit of Time with remorse, and patience, and grief sought to comfort the sorrowing marshes.

ELLA N. HOPPE, '16.



The Echo

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"THE ECHO" is published monthly (except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State College for Teachers.

Editorial Department

Look down the hall, will you. What do you see? Benches crowded, students in bunches by Minerva or the bulletin board. Listen — isn't this a typical bit of their conversation?

"I've got to do Latin — but there's not an empty spot in this building. The class-rooms are all taken,

the gym's closed, and the rest room's filled."

"How about the auditorium?"

"Class!"

"Library?"

"Why they're sitting everywhere but on the book shelves in there."

"O — come on, let's eat."

"Can't! Some kind-hearted individual relieved me of my lunch! I haven't a locker. Those luxuries were all gone when I went after one."

Of course we're glad that we're growing in numbers; of course we're proud of our nine hundred strong. But I've been wondering what they'll be doing with us next year. Will we have grown in room and seating capacity by that time or will we be taking to the hall floors Jap-fashion?

Conceit or Self Confidence?

Have you ever noticed how easily and extensively the epithet "Conceited" is won and bestowed? I dare say each and every one of us has at some time had this donation of gossips haloing his respective brow — and in nine cases out of ten without reason.

A man or woman who honestly thinks he has produced a piece of work worth while — and *says so* — is immediately branded, initiated into the full rights of "conceitdom." Is it fair? Why must one cloak honest, praiseworthy feeling with the world-approved,—

"Oh, it wasn't very good, you see my throat, finger, foot, tooth, or eye-lash ached," or

"Thank you, did you really like it? Why that's awfully good of you!"

Why can't a man of firmly established confidence honestly and simply show it without being the target for conceit-balls? Why shouldn't a student in this institution who writes well, sings, acts or plays well, have and give the satisfaction of saying so, and remain without the infinite fold? He has been guilty of nothing worse than self-confidence, and would that more of us had that.

Conceit is insincere, unestablished, boasting confidence that tells all the reasons "why I haven't become president of the United States," that dwells upon the sad circumstances of the "cheat that kept me from the prize."

When we see or hear something that sounds suspicious, when our tongues are loosening for the coming tid-bit, before we consecrate another victim to "Conceit," let's look again.

News Department

College Club

College Club held its first meeting Friday, October first. It is the good fortune of the club to have Prof. Risley as speaker each year at this first meeting. This time his subject was "Neutrality." The theme of the talk was "International Law, is it?" and the conclusion was, "It is." Mr. Risley suggested that the advocates of a more arrogant foreign policy would do well to contrast the condition of those countries now at war with the present peace existing in the United States.

It was gratifying to find so many Freshmen interested. College Club hopes there will be even more

at the next meeting which is scheduled for Friday, October 15. Watch the bulletin board for notices of the speaker!

Promethean

The first Promethean meeting of the season was held in the Auditorium on Thursday evening, October 7. The early part of the evening was devoted to business. The president, Miss Dunseith, appointed two committees to provide programs for the different meetings, the chairmen of which are Josephine Keating and Anna Nelson. William Nussbaum was made chairman of the Committee for the Revision of the Constitution and By-laws, and Ella Hoppe was appointed chairman of the Membership Committee.

After the necessary business was finished, there was a short program. Eloise Lansing read a delightful little magazine story entitled, "Enemy, Wanted," and Harry Russel gave a piano solo which was very much enjoyed.

Y. W. C. A.

The devotional meetings held by Y. W. C. A. every Tuesday afternoon at 4:35 have this year been remarkably well attended, and each meeting has been full of helps by the wayside for the college girl.

The first meeting of the year was held on the 21st of September. It was the regular Freshman meeting and was one of general information. Each member of the Cabinet gave a short résumé of her duties and her relations with the entire work, and Miss Smith summed up the whole thing in a few well put words.

The second meeting, held September 28th, was that at which Miss Pierce gave her annual talk, which contains so much of use and aid to every girl in college.

Next came the Silver Bay meeting. In this all of the girls who were at Silver Bay last June took part. Descriptions of the place and its activities were given. The meeting was closed by the Silver Bay choral benediction, sung by the Silver Bay girls.

The annual Y. W. C. A. reception took place in the college gymnasium on the evening of September 24th. A large number of the college people were present, and we hope that they all enjoyed it. A very entertaining program was arranged, and then the college "sing" that ended the affair made an effective closing.

Commercial Club

A large increase in the number of students in the commercial department bids fair to make this year a right jolly one for the Club.

At the first business meeting of the year we made our nominations for the officers and started our plans for a social meeting which is to take place before long.

Omicron Nu

At the annual meeting of Omicron Nu the following officers were elected:

Margaret L. Hays.....*President*
 Mrs. Florence D. Frear.....*Vice-President*
 Amy Rextrew*Secretary*
 Genevieve A. Hageman.....*Treasurer*

On Monday afternoon, October 4th, Omicron Nu gave its annual tea for all Freshmen in the Home

Economics Department. At this time we were given the opportunity of welcoming our entering class and becoming better acquainted with them. We are glad to have so many new girls with us this year, and we hope that they will enjoy their life here.

Senior Class

The following officers were elected by the Senior class before the beginning of the summer vacation:

John McNeil*President*
 Marjorie Bachellor*Vice-President*
 Margaret Carrolan*Treasurer*
 Bernard Marron*Secretary*
 Agnes Gillespie*Echo Reporter*
 Mary Edwards ..*Editor-in-Chief Year Book*

On Friday evening, October 8th, the Senior class tendered a reception to the faculty and students of the college. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated in the class colors, yellow and white. The officers of the class and some of the members of the faculty were in the reception line. This was the first reception at which there was dancing, and the "gym" looked very gay with its decorations, and the many colored dresses of the girls. It was a very pleasant evening for every one who attended.

Junior Class

The Junior class is very proud of its new sister — the largest class yet, and, we are sure, the best. We are glad to welcome you, 1919, and we congratulate you upon your early organization as a class.

We do even more. We invite you to a party! The

Junior-Freshman frolic will be held in the gymnasium, Friday evening, October 29th. We hope every one of you will be there. The success of the affair was insured by the appointment of the following efficient committee: Edith Rose, Marguerite Stewart, Bessie Post, Kolin Hager, James Walker.

The progressive spirit of 1917 did not die out during the summer. Proof — the Junior Prom committee has already been appointed. The chairman is Marion Payne, and the members are Josephine Keating, Carolyn Bennett, Lucile Hale and William Nussbaum.

Last, but not least! Juniors, please pay your dues. All back dues *must* be paid by October 20th. The treasurer, Jesse Jones, will be glad to receive this year's dues at the same time. Show your class spirit by paying promptly!

Sophomore Class

A meeting of the Sophomore class was held on September 29th. In the absence of the President, Alfred Dedicke, the Vice-president, Verna McCann, presided. To all Freshmen boys who have unwisely broken the rule about wearing their Freshmen caps, we give this warning, "Wait till Dedicke comes!"

Freshman Class

The Freshman class met for the purpose of organization September 30th, and elected and installed the following officers:

President.....Fred McNaughton
Vice-President.....Mary Ella Blue
Secretary.....Catherine Fitzgerald
Treasurer.....Raymond Walz
Echo Reporter.....E. T. Loveday

The meeting was an enthusiastic one, and contests in the balloting for all offices brought out some friendly rivalry. The Freshman class basketball team, which promises to be a strong five, named James L. Conners manager at its first meeting. Conners plans a schedule calling for matches with some strong teams.

Delta Omega

The first literary meeting of the year was held at the Delta House October 6th. Poe was our subject — his poems and prosé writings. We feel that we really know our greatest American poet a little more intimately now.

We are mighty glad to have a Delta alumnus back with us, Miss Bertha Jordan. She is taking advanced work at the college.

Kappa Delta

The sorority welcomes into its membership Jane Spaulding, '16. The initiation ceremonies took place on October 6th.

On the evening of the 29th of September the house girls entertained as their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Hale, and Dr. and Mrs. Powers.

Barbara Pratt, '15, made an all-to-brief visit in Albany for the week-end of October 2d.

Sigma Nu Kappa

We are pleased to announce that Brother Sproule is doing nicely under the care of Dr. Lipes. He was taken ill with appendicitis on September 23rd.

On the evening of October 4th, the fraternity celebrated a "Harvest Home Festival" at the "Frat"

house. Beside the members there were present: Messrs. Jones, Goewey, Sauerbrei, Carr, Harrigan, McNaughton, J. Conners, Winkler, Cassavant, DeVoe, Pelham, Christiansen, Black and Archer. The fraternity rooms were decorated with cornstalks, pumpkins and New England asters. The boys sang college songs, played games, and had a good time in general. Brother Fitzgerald and his committee served luncheon, while Brother Long entertained with the Victrola.

Kappa Nu

The following officers were elected in June for the year 1915-16:

President.....Anna F. Moran
Corresponding Secretary.Margaret O'Connell
Vice-President.....Celia Casey
Recording Secretary.....Eleanor White
Treasurer.....Julia Erdle
Echo Reporter.....Helen Brennan
House Stewardess.....Louise Carmody

Kappa Nu welcomed the following to membership in May: Mary Kinsella, '18; Clare Lally, '18; Florence Quinlaven, '18; Mae Cronin, '18; Marie Schnitzler, '17, and Katherine Breen, '16.

Kappa Nu House is at 127 Lancaster Street — and the house girls are Louise Carmody, '15; Celia Casey, '16; Helen Clohosy, '17; Mae Cronin, '18; Julia Erdle, '17; Margaret O'Connell, '17, and Marian Weir, '18.

We are sorry to lose one of our members from college this year. Marie Carmody is attending the College of New Rochelle. Miss Carmody spent last year in college as a member of the class of 1918.

Kappa Delta Rho

Kappa Delta Rho has moved into its new home at 874 Lancaster Street, in the heart of the Pine Hills section. Although a little late in getting started, nevertheless the members feel that they have been liberally rewarded for the slight inconvenience experienced in seeking a suitable house for the chapter. Great credit is due to the untiring efforts of the men who are responsible for our present situation. We must not forget to acknowledge the help tendered by the members of the other chapters of Kappa Delta Rho in giving the Gamma a good start in life.

We believe that a fraternity should be something more than a social organization. There should be closer ties than social ones. We believe that if the members are held together by some underlying principles — the living up to which may cause some sacrifice — a strong bond of true companionship will be established. Kappa Delta Rho is such a fraternity and we feel justly proud of what might be called our “uniqueness.” We also sincerely hope to make this fraternity an institution in State College of which any man will be proud to be a member.

We are looking forward with no little pleasure to the initiation of our new members, which is to occur in the near future.

Kappa Delta Rho takes this opportunity to extend a most hearty welcome to the Freshmen class and to the upper classmen and faculty.

Faculty Notes

The ECHO extends a cordial welcome to all the new members of the faculty, and wishes them success in their work in our college.

Dr. Harold Wm. Thompson, instructor in English, received his Ph.B. degree from Hamilton College in 1912. In 1913 Dr. Thompson received the degree A.M. from Harvard, and in June, 1915, he obtained the degree Ph.D. from the same college.

Miss Jeanne Maclean Gray, the Physical Director for the girls, is a graduate of the Pennsylvania College for Women in the class of 1913 and of the Sargent School of Physical Education in the class of 1915.

Prof. George M. Conwell, instructor in mathematics, is a graduate of Princeton.

Dr. Carleton E. Power, instructor of physics, is a graduate of the University of Rochester in the class of 1908 and received the degree of Ph.D. from Cornell University in 1915.

Prof. Clarence A. Hidley, instructor of history, is a graduate of the State College for Teachers in the class of 1915. Mr. Hidley has been doing summer work leading to the degree of M.A. at Columbia University.

Miss Florence Burt is private Secretary to Dr. Brubacher, and also an assistant in the Commercial Department. Miss Burt is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke.

Miss Helen Mahlon Spear, instructor in English, is a graduate of Smith College.

Faculty Members in the Making

A little daughter, Olive McNair Douglas, was born to Prof. and Mrs. Douglas on July 13, 1915.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Swain on Sept. 18, 1915.

On June 30, 1915 Miss Fanny A. Dunsford, formerly Physical Director for the girls, was married to Mr. Raymond A. Pearson, at one time State Commissioner of Agriculture, and now President of the Iowa State College of Agriculture.

Prof. Smith attended the District Superintendents' Institute for Rockland County, which was held at Spring Valley on October 1st.

Mrs. Margaret Mooney has just published a book entitled "A Rosary of Mystery Plays." These plays are translations into modern English of fifteen of the York Cycle of Mystery Plays which were performed by the Guilds in England during the 13th and 14th centuries.

On Aug. 14, 1915, Dr. William Vincent Jones, a former member of the faculty of the New York State College for Teachers and one of Albany's best known educators, died at his home in this city. Dr. Jones was an alumnus of the college in the class of 1868.

College Notes

The Industrial Department has placed all its practice teachers in the city schools, with the exception of six, who are practising in our own high school. Those practising in the city schools are teaching manual training, cooking and sewing. Their work follows the courses laid down by the city, but is under the direction of special supervisors sent out by the college.

In June of this year the Regents Department sanctioned changing the name of the Normal High School to the William J. Milne High School. After the change in the name of the college it seemed advisable to give the high school a new name. This new name is a

memorial to our late President, Dr. William J. Milne, who has done so much for the college and the high school.

A Junior High School has also been organized. This covers the school work now included in the seventh and eighth grades of the grammar school and a few of the subjects usually taught in the first year of the high school course.

Dr. Brubacher has made provision for the extension of the educational facilities of the college so that those who are teaching in neighboring cities may take courses at the college after their teaching hours are over. If twenty or more teachers in a neighboring city elect a subject, a member of the college faculty will be sent to those cities to give the regular college course. Already there have been three classes with a total enrollment of ninety organized in Troy, and four classes with a total enrollment of over one hundred organized in Schenectady.

On the afternoon of September 17th, from 4 until 6, the faculty gave a delightful informal reception to the students. This was the first opportunity for the Freshmen to meet the faculty and older students and each other.

Alumni Department

1915

D. Harry Daley, '15, has a position in St. John's School, at Ossining-on-Hudson.

Edna Hardie, '15, is teaching Latin in the Liberty High School, at Liberty, N. Y.

Dorothy H. Hailes, '15, has returned to N. Y. S. C. T. for post-graduate work.

Martin Reynolds, '15, is principal of the Downsville High School, at Downsville, N. Y.

Ruth Eggleston, '15, is teaching in the Cooperstown High School, at Cooperstown, N. Y.

Helen Denny, '15, has a position in the State Hygienic Laboratory, in Albany, N. Y.

Frederic Singer, '15, has a position in the Mechanicville High School, at Mechanicville, N. Y.

Irene Sheehan, '15, has secured a position as private teacher of English for a Spanish girl, and will be heard from in New York City, Cuba, and probably Europe during the course of the winter.

Isabella Devine, '15, has returned to College for an M.A. degree.

Henrietta Haley, '15, is teaching in Rensselaer.

Mary Haran, '15, has been appointed teacher of science in the Glen Cove High School, at Glen Cove, L. I.

Lillian Tario, '15, is teaching French and German in the Peekskill High School at Peekskill, N. Y.

Marion Chapman, '15, has a position in the Baldwin High School, at Baldwin, N. Y.

Ethel Reynolds, '15, is teaching in Elizabethtown, N. Y., this year.

Esther Eveleigh, '15, has a position as teacher of Domestic Science in the Wolcott High School at Wolcott, N. Y.

Rachel Harrison, '15, is teaching domestic science in the Hackensack High School, at Hackensack, N. Y.

Ruth Oliver, '15, is taking graduate work at Pratt Institute, in New York City, this year.

Loretta Blanchfield, '15, has returned to N. Y. S. C. T. for graduate work this year.

Maud Hinckel, '15, and Edith Bryant, '15, are teaching in Mechanicville High School, at Mechanicville, N. Y.

Ruth Seigle, '15, has a position as teacher of stenography in the Kingston High School, at Kingston, N. Y.

Marion McCarthy, '15, is teaching History and mathematics in Ballston.

1914

Hazel Bennet, '14, is teaching domestic science in Greene, N. Y. Miss Bennet has written and had published a cook book which she is using in her classes. The ECHO congratulates her, and wishes her further success in her work.

Edwarda Collins, '14, has a position in the Maternity Hospital, in Albany, N. Y.

Gertrude Wells, '14, is teaching in the Ogdensburg High School, at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Jessie Luck, '14, has returned to N. Y. S. C. T. for graduate work.

Marjorie Davidson, '14, has a position in the Westhampton High School, at Westhampton, L. I.

Frances Wood, '14, is teaching in the Catskill High School at Catskill, N. Y.

Jeanette Campbell, '14, and Louis B. Ward, '14, have returned to N. Y. S. C. T. for graduate work. Mr. Ward is working for the degree of Master of Pedagogy.

1913

Margaret A. Tymeson, '13, has a position as teacher of science in the Hudson High School, at Hudson, N. Y.

Helen Odell, '13, and Anton Schneider, '13, have positions in the State Hygienic Laboratory, in Albany, N. Y.

Amy Wood, '13, is teaching French and German in the Niagara Falls High School, at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Catherine Kinne, '13, is visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco, California.

Beatrice Wright, '13, is teaching ancient history and biology, and Charlotte Wright, '13, is teaching Latin in the Patchogue High School, at Patchogue, L. I.

Henrietta Frazee, '13, and Anna Rickon, '13, are taking graduate work at N. Y. S. C. T. this year.

Dorothy Osborne, '13, is teaching in Grandview, Tenn.

1911

Henrietta Fitch, '11, is teaching in Medina, N. Y.

Married

Edith Potter, '13, married to Mr. Mansen Templeton Stone, and living in Albany, N. Y.

Ethel Ziegler, '13, married to Mr. Harold McClenan, and living in Albany, N. Y.

Ester Mitchell, '13, married to Mr. John Shilling, and living in Albany, N. Y.

Rebecca Roberts, '13, married to Mr. John Bogardus, and living in Montclair, N. J.

Sarah Trembley, '11, married to Mr. Harrison Weaver, and living in Utica, N. Y.

Edith Gilmore, '11, married to Mr. J. H. Sprague.

Gratia Madden, '11, married to Dr. Thos. Banta.

Olive Ely, '11, married to Mr. Clarence Fischle, and living in Albany.

Beulah Brandow, '11, married to Mr. Antonio Lemos on Aug. 28, 1915, at Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y.

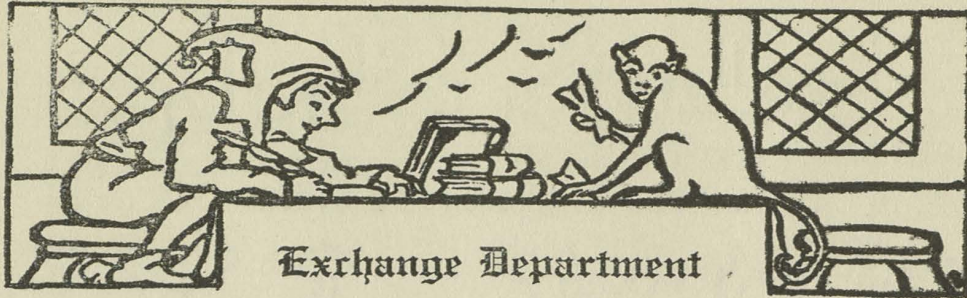
Jessie Louise Cleveland, '11, married to Mr. Ross Miller, on Aug. 24, 1915, at Broadalbin, N. Y.

Weltha Eleanora Bacon, '12, married to Mr. Ernest Lee Woodward, on June 26, 1915, at Waterloo, N. Y.

John Griffith Atwood, '08, married to Mildred Grace Lee, on June 24, 1915, at Altamont, N. Y.

Clara Palmer, '98, married to Dr. Lowell Chester Frost, on July 1, 1915, at Hollywood, Cal.





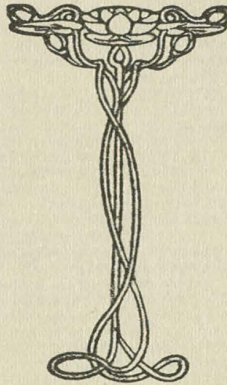
Since the last issue of *THE ECHO* we have received the following exchanges: *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross College; *The Mount Holyoke*, Mount Holyoke College; *The Ridge*, William Smith College, and *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar College.

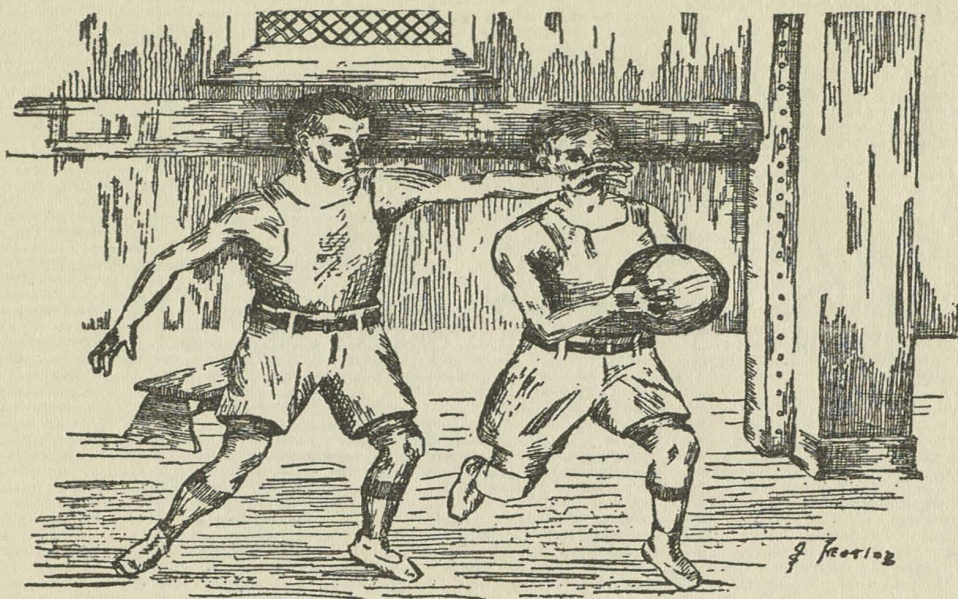
The commencement number of *The Holy Cross Purple* was read with enthusiasm. It is splendid from the charming cover design to the advertisement on the back. The stories are different — and a relief. "The Facts About Cock Robin" is delightfully naïve and very interesting.

As usual *The Mount Holyoke* was excellent. The editorial, "A Craven Attitude," is more than creditable even to *The Mount Holyoke*. It shows a great deal of sense and would apply to many other colleges.

The Ridge, of William Smith College, has very few stories and those show exceedingly poor plot development. Perhaps the numerous essays are meant to balance the other defect, but the essays themselves are not good. "A Plea for the Teaching of Latin in High School" is a rather clever collection of quotations, but the original reasoning is extremely unsound. For example, the author says: "If only one language can be studied, there are two reasons for giving Latin a decided preference to French or German. First — the concepts and ideas of Latin are much more remote from those of English than are those of modern

languages." Granted — if a language whose concepts and ideas are remote is the best language to study. But is it? The article neglects to make this point clear. It is too dull to interest the average reader and too superficial to hold the attention of a real educator. Some of the essays, however, are interesting, and the section given to college news is very complete.





Athletic Department

The athletic interests of the men have again turned toward basketball and active plans for the coming season are being made. With one of the best schedules in the history of the sport nearing completion, the season is expected to surpass those of recent years. Manager Maguire has secured a number of championship games with well-known colleges which assures the students of several big contests on the home court. Among the teams to be played are Union College, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Pratt Institute, St. John's College, Niagara University and New Hampshire State College. Negotiations are also being conducted with several other colleges.

With four of last season's regulars as a nucleus, Coach Swaim is confident of whipping a team into

shape that will prove superior to last year's championship five. With the start of practice during the past week a large number of candidates have reported. Curtis, Jones, Goewey and Fitzgerald of last year's team are expected to retain their old positions, while there will be a lively fight between O'Connell, Harwick, Anderson, second string men of last year, and several newcomers for the open positions.

Remember These Dates

Date	Opponent	Place
Nov. 19	Faculty	Home
Nov. 26	Albany Law School	Home
Dec. 3	Rens. Polytechnic Inst.	Troy
Dec. 11	Union Varsity	Schenectady
Dec. 18	Albany Med. College	Home
Jan. 7	Oswego Normal	Home
Jan. 14	Niagara University	Home
Jan. 29	St. John's College	Home
Feb. 2	N. H. State College	Home
Feb. 11	Albany Law School	Home
Feb. 18	Pratt Institute	Brooklyn
Feb. 19	St. John's College	Brooklyn
Feb. 25	Pratt Institute	Home
Mar. 3	Albany Med. College	Home
Mar. 10	Fitchburg Normal Col.	Fitchburg, Mass.
Mar. 17	Open	Home

Girls' Athletic Association

At a recent meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association the following officers were chosen for 1915-16:

President.....Emma H. Gray, '17
Vice-President.....Grace Braem, '17
Secretary.....Eula Hicks, '18
Treasurer.....Dorothy Austin, '18

The best wishes and loyal support of every Association member are given to the new officers, and we feel sure that under such capable leadership the athletic side of our college life will be most successful this year.

The treasurer is ready to receive all membership dues, and if you can't find her, pay them to any of the officers or to Miss Gray. It's almost time for "gym frolics," so pay your dues promptly and enjoy all the Association has to offer you.

The captains and managers of the class basketball teams have been chosen and are at work getting their squads in shape for the games. Every girl who plays should show her class loyalty by doing her part to make her class team the best in the college. Girls, come out and enjoy this sport! We need you!



As the Freshmen See Their Alma Mater

“At the entrance is *Venus*, ever ready to welcome you.”

“In the main hall other forms can be seen, as *Apollo*.”

“The entrance is on the east side. It has two floors and a basement.”

“Except for weeping over ‘*Billy dues*,’ all the students are happy.”

“For a boy there are altogether too many girls to make it pleasant for him.”

“The college is composed of a main building and two wings.”

The admiration which Bob felt for his Aunt Margaret included all her attributes, and even possessions which the aunt herself was not wont to consider desirable.

“I don’t care much for plain teeth like mine, Aunt Margaret,” said Bob one day, after a long silence during which he had watched her in laughing conversation with his mother. “I wish I had some copper-toed ones, like yours.”

“What is your husband’s income?”

“Ah, I hardly know,” was the response. “Usually about 3 a. m.”

A Misunderstanding

A young lady who wished to purchase a bicycle entered a shop and began looking at different wheels and asking questions about their price and quality.

Young Lady — What's the name of this wheel?

Clerk — That's a Belvidere.

Young Lady — (After a stony glare at the clerk)
Can you recommend the Belva?

A Dramatic Critic

A Massachusetts farmer and his chum came into Boston one evening to an all-star cast production of "Othello." When the play was over neither of the men made any comment of consequence until they reached the station. While waiting for the train to come in, one of the countrymen turned to his companion and remarked, "Well, Nathan, that nigger held his end up about as well as any of them."

Would You Be Surprised If:

- F——s C——s turned pale?
- W——m N——m talked about anyone but W——
N——?
- R——h T——n, '17, gave a speech in chapel?
- Dr. R——n should whistle in the halls?
- Prof. D——s should open his class by saying,
"Most worthy and ambitious seekers for cognizance
of the lore of mathematical science," etc.?
- Minerva should say, "Good morning"?

— A——s F——r became speechless with stage-fright?

— The committee for the Saratoga Battlefield Trip continued to hold its meetings under the chaperonage of Minerva?

— Everyone in German passed?

— THE ECHO gave the college a swimming pool from its surplus of cash at the end of this year?

— The Spanish club challenged Borussia to a debate on the issues of the present war, each society holding up its side of the debate in its native language?

— Prof. W——d should teach gym?

M—rg—r—t M—j—r (verdant freshman at dinner at Mrs. J—h—s—n's boarding house September 18th) — "Who *is* that professor over at College who's been wearing white trousers the last few days? You know whom I mean — he wears a blue coat. He's *awfully* nice, and uses a *lot* of slang."

Senior — "Why, Professor D——gl——s, of course!"

Subscription Manager of ECHO, writing down name of newly paid-up subscriber — "'19?"

E—d— T——mp——n — "No, twenty. You see, I remember because my birthday was yesterday."

Ask E—l— H——ks how R——nh——d H—h——s gives up his chair in the library to a lady?

TO OUR ADVERTISERS!

IN recognition of the fact that this paper is made possible by your kind assistance, the November issue of THE ECHO will be known as the "Advertisers' Number." THE ECHO Board invites you to contribute short articles telling what advertising means to you, as business people—why you advertise, what results you expect, etc. Your "copy" for this issue should "push" your Christmas lines, as it will appear just before December first.—*Adv. Mgrs.*

Index to Advertisers

BANKS:

The Union Trust Co. of Albany, 47 State Street.

BOOKS:

Skinner's Book Store, 44 North Pearl Street.

CLOTHING:

Steefel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

CONFECTIONERY:

The Sign of the Golden Robin, 31 Steuben Street.

DRUGS:

Schneible's Pharmacy, Western and Lake Avenues.
J. B. Harvith, 251 Central Avenue, 70 and 845 Madison Avenue.

FLOWERS:

Hazeltine, 32 Central Avenue.
Whittle and Riggs, 93 Hudson Avenue.

FURNISHINGS—MEN'S:

Dawson's, 259 Central Avenue.

GIFTS:

The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

JEWELRY :

H. W. Antemann, 23 James Street.
Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.
Bastian Bros., Rochester, New York.

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William C. Gomph, 222 Washington Avenue.

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The Albany Art Union, 48 N. Pearl Street.

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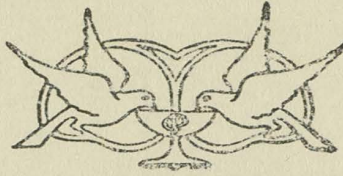
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