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An Oriental Adventure.

Awarded First Prize.

Being extracts from the memoirs of M. Marbleau, secret agent, concerning his discovery of the kidnapped Prince Tournis, heir apparent to the Turkish throne on the death of Sultan Akris Amer.

At dusk on a certain day in the spring of 1840, a man wearing the uniform of a palace official might have been seen, walking rapidly along one of the many narrow and crooked streets of the native quarter of Constantinople. Stopping abruptly before a wretched hovel which appeared in even worse condition than its fellows, he seemed for a moment to hesitate and then stepping forward resolutely, stooped and rapped near the bottom of the door, with his knuckles twice and twice with the palm of his hand.

After a slight delay the door opened grudgingly and the wizened face of an old hag peered out suspiciously. A few whispered words followed and the crack widened enough to permit the entrance of the officer who slipped quickly in after a hurried glance about, but not before I had recognized in him, the Grand Vizier of the empire and the man most influen-

tial at court, in the opposition to the introduction of new or western ideas in the affairs of the nation.

That there could be any connection between his presence in that lonely spot after sundown, and my long yet fruitless search seemed fanciful in the extreme. Yet an irresistible something, an intangible power seemed drawing me on and the same impelling force remained with me all through the dangers of the eventful night which followed.

Immediately upon hearing the click of the latch, as the door closed behind him, I glided forward stealthily beneath the overhanging eaves and, partially concealed by the gathering shadows, tried the door. Luck was with me and it yielded easily, without a sound as though carefully oiled for the purpose. Within was impenetrable darkness—not a sight or sound anywhere. But gradually as my straining senses became more acute, I detected a low murmur of voices from overhead and could perceive a little patch of blacker darkness to the right.

Feeling my way cautiously in that direction, I found, as I had expected, a steep and extremely narrow flight of stairs, such as are seen in most of the dwellings of that quarter of the city. As-
cending these slowly and pausing at every cessation of the voices, I finally reached the upper hallway and at the left of the stairs located the sounds as coming from a room beneath whose door were streaming a few faint rays from the light within, which slightly dispelled the darkness of the hall. By means of the faint light thus afforded, I made my way carefully along until reaching a slight angle in the wall just beyond and opposite the entrance of the room. Here I again stopped and listened. The occupants evidently were taking no chances and all spoke in low modulated voices which were barely perceptible without.

Suddenly, however, a man evidently overcome with great excitement raised his voice and uttered four terrible words which, coming as they did with the suddenness of a blow in the dark, fairly staggered me. As I clutched wildly for some support behind, the whole wall seemed to give way and I fell heavily backward, dimly conscious of sounds from across the hall giving evidence of a speedy breaking up of the company.

On first recovering consciousness my feeling was one of bewilderment. Gradually, however, as the memory of the last few hours returned, it changed to one of amazement. Seemingly but a moment before, I had stood in the bare hallway of a native Turkish shack and listened to words of desperate conspirators which had sent a chill of dread shuddering through every limb. Yet now as my eyes moved about, they encountered everywhere, evidences of the most profuse magnificence. I was lying upon a luxurious Turkish divan, surrounded upon all sides by such splendors as might well have shone even amidst the wonders of the Blacherne itself.

And as if part of the dream and the final touch to it, there bent over me a maiden such as even the bright beams of an oriental sun might well be proud of bringing to the light. But when I would have spoken to ask were she an houri fresh from paradise, with a swift bird-like movement, she stretched out a slender arm and pressed a dainty finger upon my lips.

"Not a sound, effendi,—follow me," she said in a low hurried whisper.

Looking up inquiringly, I saw that her eyes were wide and anxious, while the fevered blood came and went with troubled dashes in the clear transparency of her skin. Without a word I bowed assent and rising from the couch, followed her. By this time, I was fully recovered and realized only too well the danger, if discovered, not only to myself but also to the cause which I represented. Nevertheless I could hardly be any worse off than in this room from which as yet, I had been unable to perceive an exit.

My companion led me noiselessly yet swiftly to a distant corner and, stopping near a beautiful tapestry, pressed a projecting knot in the carvings about it upon the wall. Immediately it dropped, revealing a concealed door which in turn swung back. My fair guide motioned me to follow, and, stepping through, closed it softly behind us. Then turning to me hurriedly, she said, "We have only a few moments left to ourselves, effendi, so don't ask questions now. I didn't dare talk out there, someone might hear. You are the Pasha Marbleau. Never mind how I know. You must have been leaning against the hall wall and in some way pressed the spring to a secret panel so that, when it opened, you fell through into my room. I dragged you inside just as someone was entering the hall from another room. And now, that you
may trust me entirely, look!" She stepped nearer and flashed before my eyes a ring which is probably the peer of any on earth. I recognized it instantly and decided that this must be Mlle. Zophiel who had been captured and carried away, together with the prince.

"Made moiselle Zophiel," I replied, "may rest assured that her orders shall be faithfully carried out."

She smiled faintly on hearing herself in turn addressed by name and then, at a slight sound from somewhere in the building, gave a sudden start and again began speaking hurriedly.

"There will be plenty to do. All the doors in the room out there, are concealed and open only from the outside so that I have seen or heard nothing of what has gone on, since being brought here and I do not know what they have done with the rest. I was shown how to open this door that I might use the apartment here as a sleeping room. However I have left the door open that you fell through, so that we can get out that way. And now what did you hear out there, before your mishap?"

"Ah! mademoiselle, we have indeed but little time to lose, if we be not already too late to save him. Just before I fell, someone in the room across the hall shouted, 'Prince Tournis must die.' Come, we shall win or lose in the next half hour. The prince must be in the house somewhere."

Filled with hope for a speedy end to my long search, yet half fearful that we might even now be too late, I led her quickly back, across the outer room to the panel, through which I had fallen. Here we listened anxiously but as all was perfectly quiet, I opened the door a little and peered out. As I did so, a man coming from the stairs, suddenly turned the corner and I had barely time to escape discovery by hastily drawing back. The sounds of his footsteps steadily approached until it seemed certain that they were coming to our room.

Crouching low near the door, I waited, revolver in hand. A moment, then another, went by and still the steps came on. Then they ceased abruptly and we could hear nothing. Unable to endure the suspense longer I again peered out, just in time to see a man's figure disappearing into the room across the hall. Forgetful of danger and heedless of all consequences I sprang across and caught the door just as it was closing. The fellow wheeled at the sound and catching sight of me as I burst in, drew an evil looking knife; but before he could even raise it to strike, the butt of my revolver descended on his head and he sank to the floor without a sound. Pausing only long enough to be sure of his remaining quiet for some time to come, I eagerly surveyed the large room into which I had entered and then sprang forward with a cry of joy.

In a further corner, Prince Tournis lay upon a couch, bound hand and foot, but apparently unharmed. Mlle. Zophiel however was before me and already engaged in untying his bonds, when I reached him. As soon as he was freed, he grasped my hands warmly and with voice trembling with the joy of freedom and the hope of escape said simply, "M. Marbleau, you have surely accomplished the impossible and we will not soon forget it."

"I shall indeed be glad of returning your majesty in safety to the palace but we are by no means out yet. Are you able to walk, sire?"

He struggled painfully to his feet and after being supported around the room
a few times was able to get along fairly well and declared himself ready for a final dash to escape.

"Judging from what was said by the traitors when they condemned me a while ago," he said, "there are only two or three guards left down stairs. They trusted more to the measures adopted for concealment, to protect them. Still we had better be careful. Come! I am ready."

So leading the way, I again stepped into that empty hall, followed by the others. We crept cautiously along and slowly descended the stairs. How long ago it seemed since I had climbed those same stairs earlier in the evening! On reaching the lower floor, we found the outer door securely locked and the key gone. For the first time since I had seen her, mademoiselle seemed discouraged and to add to our anxiety, we could hear footsteps approaching from an inner room.

It was no time to hesitate and hastily drawing my revolver and placing the muzzle close against the lock, I pulled the trigger. The recoil wrenched my arm terribly but the iron cracked and a hard kick sent the door swinging open. Cries of alarm now broke out all over the house and just as I was hustling the prince and mademoiselle out the door, two ugly looking Turks sprang into the hall. At sight of me, they uttered a shout and leaped forward. One I dropped in his tracks by a quick shot but the other was upon me before I had a chance to shoot again. Realizing that in another moment the whole pack would be down upon me, I dashed him, with my whole strength, back against the wall, and sprang after my companions. It was now pitch dark outside and I was despairing of ever finding them that night, when a soft whistle attracted my attention to a low shed beneath which they were crouching. I joined them at once and we made our way slowly across the city to the Blacherne, reaching there just before day break. At sight of the prince, all the palace troops declared for him immediately and kept guard the rest of the night.

The Turkish officers spent a busy morning assembling the loyal forces and issuing the orders of their master but of course my work was done. At noon Prince Tournis was declared Sultan and the usurper deposed. The prince, for I always call him by that title, wanted me to accept a position in Constantinople, but I refused. However I did accept his signet ring as a remembrance of that night. But my real reward was long in coming.

I finally received it not from the prince but from Mlle. Zophiel herself.

HOWARD B. DABNEY.

Honor.

Honor, as an abstract quality, is difficult to define. As Falstaff says: "It is a word." We can comprehend honor only in concrete examples. Yet even in concrete examples, we find there are different ideas of honor. The honor of King Henry is not the honor of Hotspur. Nor do Prince Harry and Falstaff regard this knightly quality, alike. We shall try to discover, how the idea of honor differs in the four principal characters of "King Henry, Fourth," Part One—King Henry, Hotspur, Prince Harry, and Falstaff.

To the King, honor means dignity. Among all his aspiring ambitions, his
The greatest ambition was for the honor that exalts. The honors in which he delighted were his title, throne, and power. He tells his son how his honor—a sort of dignified humility—won for him the throne; how Richard's dishonor, in suffering his dignity to fall, made him common in the eyes of men and lost him his crown. He points out that there is this same contrast between Hotspur (whom he calls the "theme of honor's tongue") and Prince Harry. He charges Harry with having "lost his princely privileges with vile participation," while Hotspur has been winning "never-dying honor." Such is the King's idea of honor.

In contrast to the King's code of honors is that of Hotspur. It is doubtful if this impetuous Percy ever thought of honor as dignity. He rather regarded it as a halo of renown. He sought the world's respect, esteem, and praise. "Yet time serves, wherein you may redeem your banished honors, and restore yourselves into the good thoughts of the world again," expresses his idea of honor and shows how he cherishes his own good name with the true spirit of chivalry. Considering his career, is it any wonder he is called the "king of honor?" Yet this long page of honors seems to make him rash and overconfident, when his friends and allies desert him. Before his fatal combat with the Prince, he boasted: "Would to God thy name in arms were now as great as mine!" How much he prized that honor, is shown when the Prince wrested from him both life and honor. In his dying words he said: "I better brook the loss of brittle life, than those proud titles thou hast won from me."

What shall we say of the honor of the Prince? It was certainly no "outward show," to him. To him it meant no dignity or renown. In the first part of the play, he seems to care nothing for honor. At least he was charged, throughout the land, of having no honor. But I think he did have honor, even then—an honor that was self-respect. We remember in the second scene of the play, how his self-respect causes his resolution to reform his evil ways. His father understood him and awoke the slumbering honor by taunting him with his shameful life and with being an enemy to his own father. From then on, we admire his honor. His modest challenge to Hotspur, his praise of him, and treatment of the prisoner Douglas, seem well to reflect his honor. And no one could say he lacked honor when he knew he must defend his honor against "the child of honor and renown, this gallant Hotspur," and when he said to Hotspur: "And all the budding honors on thy crest I'll crop, to make a garland for my head."

Falstaff rises above honor and exemplifies its nothingness. Nevertheless he is always trying to counterfeit honor. He is going to give up thieving since "there is no honor among thieves." When caught in his lies regarding his combat with the men in buckram suits, his quick wit comes to the rescue and he defends his honor by claiming to have known the Prince in disguise, and to have spared his life. Before the battle, he catechises himself and comes to these conclusions: Honor can not set a leg or an arm and has no skill in surgery. Honor is but a word which belongs to the dead. Therefore since honor is a mere scutcheon, he will have none of it. In conflict with Douglas, he practices his precepts and counterfeits death to save his life. O rising from the ground, he sees Hotspur's dead body and gives him a fresh wound to counterfeit honor, for
which he looks to be either Duke or Earl, when he bears the body to the King. In contrast to the honor of the King—which meant dignity, the honor of Hotspur—which meant renown, and the honor of Prince Harry—self-respect, honor was lacking in Falstaff. And I do not know that we miss it, since to add this quality to his character, would be like taking away a part of the real Falstaff.

ESTHER RAFERTY.

Dicky.

Awarded Second Prize.

Dicky was in trouble, in the very worst kind of trouble, for he was in love with two persons and did not know how to choose between them. A week ago, Dicky had been heart-free, with nothing to disturb the peace and quiet of his mind. Now all was changed, he no longer cared for chocolate-drops, which was a very bad sign indeed, but spent his days pondering, pondering over the dreadful problem in his life.

It began like this. Dicky had always lived too far from the school to attend and so had been taught at home. Now, however, he was growing to be such a big boy, almost nine years old, that it was decided that he could make the journey every day, in the care of his big brother Teddy. So one dreadful Monday morning, he was started off.

The trip to the city proved very interesting and lessened his fears somewhat but, when he came to the big brick building, they all returned. He was taken up a long, long flight of stairs and then Teddy said, “Here youngster, here’s your room; wait for me at noon,” and was gone.

Dicky, left alone, was debating whether to cry or run away, when some one said, “Well, little man, are you one of my new pupils? Come in and tell me your name.” He looked up quickly and saw a sweet-faced lady, smiling down at him. This beautiful creature led him into a big sunny room, where he saw many other little boys and girls of about his own age sitting around at desks. But before he could see more, the same kind voice said, “Now, what is your name?” “Richard Archibald Maurice Newton,” he replied, but added instantly, “They don’t call me all that though, just Dicky.” He thought the lady whispered under her breath, “Thank goodness,” but he could not be sure, and anyway, what should she be thankful about?

However, she seated Dicky at one of the little desks and he saw at once that on each side of him, was a girl. Now, Dicky did not mind girls as a whole, but to be put between two of them, with no one near to protect him, was alarming. He sat very, very quiet for nearly two minutes and then, finding that nothing happened, he wiggled a little. The girl on his right wiggled a little also; Dicky managed to muster courage enough to look up and then there his heart was lost. He saw a mass of long golden curls and a pair of merry blue eyes under them. The rest of the little face seemed to be all smiles. Dicky smiled too and instantly felt a great love for this dimpled little creature.

How long he would have sat admiring this young charmer is not known, had not a move on his left attracted his attention. Feeling now more at ease in his new surroundings, he turned quickly and saw two dark eyes looking at him. As he watched them he felt his love for smiles and dimples fading away and he
could do nothing but gaze on this new beauty.

The eyes, he had seen from the first. Then he saw that belonging to the eyes was a dark, serious little face and a thick mass of curly black hair, tied up on top with a big white butterfly bow. These eyes did not smile, however, but looked him over so calmly that Dicky began to feel uncomfortable. Then they turned coldly away and Dicky felt that he would give anything to see them turned on him again, even if they did make him feel queer.

Now began the great struggle in Dicky's life. Every day, on entering school, he would see one or the other of his beloved ones and would then and there decide that she was the only girl worth loving in the world. But always before he got just accustomed to this decision, in would come the other and our poor young hero would be back in the midst of the puzzle.

He had long since found out that the little girl that always laughed was called Dorothy, or Dotty, or Dolly according to the wishes of the speaker, while the other was always called by her full name, Virginia. Thus things might have gone on indefinitely had not an accident hastened the climax.

Dicky had had dancing-school added to his list of miseries. When he came in on the first day, there were Miss Dorothy and Miss Virginia seated together in the care of their respective nurses. They instantly beckoned him to come over beside them, which he started to do.

No one could say how it happened, though it probably was the waxed floor, but poor Dicky fell flat on his face. When he was picked up uninjured, save in dignity, he looked at his two loved ones.

Dorothy was screaming with laughter and actually seemed delighted over the accident. Virginia, on the other hand, looked as cool and unruffled as ever, though slightly anxious, and when he came near enough, asked, "Are you hurt, Dicky?" in such a solicitous way that that young gentleman was able to say with perfect truth, "Not a bit."

From that day on, Dorothy was out of it, for no young man is going to waste his best marbles and tops and biggest pieces of candy on a girl who laughs at his misfortunes.

Dicky has explained all this to his mother adding, "And just you wait, I'm going to marry Virginia when I grow up and I don't care if Dorothy dies an old maid; I won't be her husband and I won't help her get one either."

GENEVIEVE BROOKE.

The Greatness of Milton.

Excluding biography,—which in the case of John Milton must mean a study of the great religious, social, and governmental movements of England—and criticism, let us consider some of the characteristics that give to the great poet his unique position in the literary world.

Two of these characteristics seem, at first, to be contradictory: his idealism, and his fixed purpose to use his "gifts of God's imparting," as he himself calls them, for the practical good and development of his fellowmen. The former roughly divides his work into two great classes. His ideal of the relation of man to his God,—including his sense of sin, his fear of disloyalty to God and a consequent Hell—gave inspiration to such poetical expressions of his inner life and
thought as "Comus" and "Paradise Lost," while his ideal of liberty prompted and pervaded such prose expressions of his public life and thought as "Of Reformation in England," "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," and, the "Areopagitica." The latter made his pamphlets occasional in their nature, written with a particular object in view. Through these, he advocates as practical and much-needed reforms, the establishment of a perpetual republic on oligarchical lines, the abolition of religious ceremonies and liturgies, and educational innovations, all of which assume abilities for all men, considerably above the average. From this, we can see that the two qualities are not opposed, but that one is the outgrowth of the other.

The occasional nature of his work, already mentioned, brings to our attention two other characteristics of Milton: his lack of spontaneity and his egotism. These also seem to be correlative and to be, too, inheritances of the age in which he lived. The drama had greatly declined, and romanticism had given way to deep philosophical and scientific thought. This thought, too, was based upon individual investigation. Hence every man knew why he was what he was politically, socially, and religiously. Naturally, Milton was drawn into discussion of these vital questions. Because the average man could not appreciate the genius of the poet who could enter the practical life of the world, Milton was called a theorist and a dreamer. Yet his plan of government was quite similar to that adopted by the United States after the Revolution. But to return, this outside determination of his subject-matter and the constant attention that he gave to his purpose, marked his labor with consciousness of effort.

His manner of treating his subject and his assurance of the result of his work, permit us to call him the most egotistical of poets, though, because of the fulfillment of his own prophecies, not even the dullest critic has dared to call him vain. When the establishment of the Commonwealth made him abandon his intentions of writing a great epic founded on the tales of King Arthur, and instead he redeemed his pledge with "Paradise Lost," he challenged the supremacy of the ancients by his

"adventurous song
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose and rhyme."

Dryden is reported to have said of Milton: "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." To this Walter Raleigh, in his criticism, says: "But this man intended to do no less and formally announced his intention. It is impossible to outface Milton or to abash him with praise. His most enthusiastic eulogists are compelled to echo the remarks of his earliest and greatest critic, himself."

Another peculiarity of Milton, was his constant reductions of real persons to representatives of abstract ideals and his raising of all that was natural into the realm of the spiritual. It was this that made his epic poetry seem to many like lyric poetry. Other writers, Shakespeare in particular, revealed their ideals in their characters, made real by study of individual humanity. Milton on the other hand studied human nature in the gross and to him the ideals were real and the characters merely representative and secondary. Thus Comus presents
vice, riot, intemperance and luxury; the Lady, unprotected virtue and innocence; the "First" and "Second" Brothers, chivalry. Like Zoroaster, he reduced all nature to two mighty conflicting forces, good and evil, but unlike Zoroaster he further believed in the final victory of good. This idea permeated his whole life's work.

We wish to speak of but two more peculiarities of John Milton,—his dignity of style and his choice of subject and metre in his great epic. The "uniqueness" of his style lay in its unvarying loftiness and majesty, even when dealing with the meanest subjects. Matthew Arnold calls it the "grand style" and says through it alone can the student of literature know what can be done with the English language. His lack of humor and his sarcasm—which many believe could have been advantageously used in satirical writings—made this dignity possible on the one hand, but gained him many enemies on the other.

Great courage is displayed in his choice of subject while his metre emphasizes his originality. Religious indignation was the natural reaction from the existing frivolity of both court and gentry. Yet all other writers of all other tongues, had signally failed in handling this theme. Again, until this time, blank verse had been used only in the drama. As a result of a dispute then in progress as to the relative merits of the rhymed couplet and blank verse for various kinds of writing, Samuel Simons, his bookseller requested Milton to preface "Paradise Lost" with an explanation of the measure. For this purpose the three sentences of the "Verse" were prefixed to the poem.

In speaking, then, of Milton's idealism, his practicability, his lack of spon-
taneity, his egotism, his abstraction, his dignity of style, his courage and his originality, we have selected only those characteristics that are especially peculiar to him, and, although as much space might be devoted to each as we have given to all, we think that we have clearly shown why Milton remains alone in his greatness, entirely distinct and separated from all other English writers.

Ella R. Watson.

Hope.

1.
Strive onward, struggling soul, strive on,
The goal is worth the toil.
And Hope's bright standards borne before
Shall, first, strike heaven's soil.

2.
The path is weary; jutting rocks
Form barriers, strong and great.
O'ercome these trials of worldly flesh
And glories thee await.

3.
Be brave; determined e'er to win,
Shun those who scorn to trust
In things beyond the earthly pale.
Thy motto be "I must."

4.
Strive onward, struggling soul, strive on,
The goal is reached and passed;
Hope, nourished in thy noble heart,
Is faithful to the last.

Helen Mageough, '12.

The financial report of the business manager will appear in the March number of The Echo.
The Children's New Year.

The sun had set for the last time in the old year. Paul and Esther had been playing untiringly with their Christmas toys all day long. The last doll was tucked in her little crib in one corner of the nursery and the little mother had bidden them all a fond good-night. Paul had stabled his horse and run his engine into the roundhouse. Mother Wordsworth was looking after affairs in another part of the house and the children stretched themselves on the fur rug before the open grate to await their turn to be tucked in bed.

"Mamma says Uncle Jack will be with us to dinner to-morrow because it'll be New Year's Day," exclaimed Esther, her chin resting on her dimpled hands while her golden ringlets hung in bewitching confusion over her head.

"He promised to bring me a new knife to take the place of the one I broke and he'll tell us lots of stories."

"When does the New Year begin?" queried Esther.

"Mother said it begins at twelve o'clock to-night," said Paul confidently.

"Where does the Old Year go to, Paul?"

"Do you remember that picture of the funny old man carrying a scythe, in my green-covered picture book?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Father Time and he cuts the year right off with his scythe just as we saw the farmer cutting grass when we were in the country last summer."

"O, Paul," the little girl exclaimed as she looked with admiration into his shining brown eyes, "how much you do know! Shall I know as much when I get to be as old as you?"

"Perhaps not,—but wouldn't I like to see Father Time when he comes!"

"Do you s'pose he's as big as Papa?"

"Yes, he's bigger—he's bigger than that Mr. Smead that brought us the apples the other day."

"Does Old Father Time go all around everywhere just as Santa Claus does?" asked Esther.

"Yes, everywhere."

"Right by our house?"

"Of course—oh, Esther, we'll see Father Time to-night."

"But can we wake up?"

"I can and I'll wake you," said her brother reassuringly, "for I almost woke up when Santa Claus came."

"If you'll wake me, Paul I—I'll get up too."

"All right, I will."

"I'll ask Mother to leave me a light."

"Oh, no, don't say anything about it to her Esther, she's tired and she'll be fast asleep and we won't want to wake her."

Just then Mother Wordsworth came into the nursery. "Come my little people, it's bed-time now." With alacrity the children followed their Mother and soon they were snug in their little beds.

Paul felt quite a responsibility resting on his shoulders because he was afraid he wouldn't wake up when Father Time came along and so decided not to go to sleep at all.

After a little, his brown head rested very quietly on the snowy pillow as he pictured how Father Time would look as he cut off the old year. He began to think it was about time to hear the old man coming but all was quiet without. The eye-lashes drooped over the brown eyes and in a few minutes covered them tightly.

It seemed to Esther but a very short
time before she thought she heard Paul’s voice—“Esther! Esther! get up! and come see Father Time! I'll find your warm coat!—we can see him better if we go on the steps!—hurry! fast! I think I hear him coming now!”

They tiptoed down the broad stairs and out the door. It was cold outside and all was very still—the city lights seemed more dim than usual because of the many stars and the bright shining of the moon.

“It's cold and I don't see him,” shivered Esther.

“Put on your mittens; he’ll come pretty soon.”

“Paul, will Father Time have on his big fur coat to-night just as Santa Claus does?”

“I guess he’ll need it—Hark! I think he’s coming!”

They watched eagerly but all was quiet again and no Father Time came.

“There, I hear somebody coming!” cried Esther.

“It's Father Time—he’s this way—come down to the corner.”

“Mr. Whitney’s dog is in that yard and I’m afraid to go by there in the daytime.”

“He's chained at night and he'll be sound asleep.”

So she took hold of her brother’s hand and they started toward the corner.

“Just hear him coming!”

“Yes, he'll be here soon!—come Esther! hurry!”

As they reached the corner Paul exclaimed, “There he is—isn't he big?”

“Isn't his scythe big?”

“He’s getting it ready to cut the old year off,” cried Paul excitedly.

Suddenly Caesar from his kennel gave a loud bark and Esther clung to her brother in terror. Then she heard her mother’s soothing voice: “My little daughter has had a dream I think.”

“I went out with brother to see Father Time cut the old year off—just down to the corner—and Caesar barked.”

“That was only a dream my child, you are right here in your own little crib; hark!—and she heard the joyous pealing of the bells for the glad New Year had come.

All was joy and happiness in the Wordworth home on that New Year’s Day for Old Father Time did come in the person of Uncle Jack and Old Father Time's scythe proved to be a fine jack-knife for Paul and Uncle Jack did tell many stories to Paul and Esther while they sat upon his knee before the open grate.

M. G. P. '11.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked what incident in his life caused him the most amusement. “Well,” he said, “I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule that was kicking rather freely. The mule finally got his foot caught in the stirrup, when in the excitement, Pat remarked: ‘Well, if you're goin' to git on, I'll be gittin' off!’”

“Say, mister, don't youse want er boy?” said the urchin, entering the office the other day.

“What for?”

“Fer t’ pay t’ree dollars er week t’.”

“For doing what?”

“Why fer hangin’ round, waitin’ fer the t’ree dollars. See?”

—Spectator.
The Story Contest.

In this issue is published the two stories winning the first and the second prize in The Echo Story Contest which was opened last November. "An Oriental Adventure," is the title of the story winning the first prize and was written by Howard B. Dabney, Class of 1912. The second prize was awarded to Miss Genevieve Brooke, Class of 1910. Her story entitled "Dicky" is written in a pleasing manner and is on an entirely different line of thought from that of Mr. Dabney's.

We congratulate both writers on their success and hope some day to see their names among the foremost writers of the land. Meanwhile we hope they will enjoy reading the books which their stories have won.

The New Board of Editors.

This is the last issue of The Echo, under the present Board of Editors. Next month the new Board will take up its work. We, the retiring Board, wish the new editors the best of success and we feel that the good wishes of the student-body can be added to ours. All must appreciate the fact that the management of a college paper is not an easy task. A word of encouragement now and then, and actual support from the students lightens the load and responsibility which the Board must carry. Let us all strive to help our new editors, and make their work a success in every way.

Many of the students are bashful about handing in contributions for the paper. If they only knew how pleased the editors are to receive them, perhaps more articles would be presented. The larger the amount of material from which the editors can choose, the better will be the paper. Of course the right to accept or to reject any contribution belongs to the editors and is used by them with all fairness and discretion.

The members of the retiring Board feel that they owe much to the students and the faculty for the support rendered. The different organizations have put in headings for their notes at their own expense and thus have aided much in brightening the pages of The Echo. Now let the good work go on. The new Board will bring new ideas and new enthusiasm so students be prepared to meet every call its members make upon you.

The Ben Greet Play.

"How did you come out with the play?" has been the question addressed to members of The Echo Board many times since the evening of January 20th. Well, we call it a success and are well satisfied with our attempt. Of course thirty-eight dollars is not such a wonderful sum of money but it helps out our treasury nicely and we feel well repaid for all our work, considering the fact that, in our opinion, such an event is worth while having in a college without thought of any financial gain. That we
are not alone in our opinion, the following article by Mrs. Mooney indicates.

* * * * * * *

The reappearance of the Ben Greet players in Albany on the evening of January 20th was an event of especial interest to the students of the State Normal College. It was through the efforts of the Board of Editors and the manager of The Echo that this rare pleasure was made possible; and the audience that witnessed the presentation of the Merchant of Venice by this distinguished company gave evidence that the student-body as well as the faculty fully appreciated the privilege.

Many of those present had seen this best known Shakspearean comedy acted by Henry Irving as Shylock and Ellen Terry as Portia, with all the accessories of scenery, dress, and stage furnishings of the most elegant kind that modern theatrical managers have devised for such performances. But even they agree that the Ben Greet players with the simplest stage settings, no scenery, almost no change of dress, following closely the manner of Shakspear's time, gave a performance of the play more satisfactory to the imagination than that given by Irving and Terry.

The Ben Greet players have proved that the essentials of good acting are to be found in the matter, the manner, the speaking voice, rather than in external, elaborate decoration. The imagination has been called "the eye of the mind." For this reason the mental pictures that each one makes for himself as he witnesses the performance of the Merchant of Venice by these players are more satisfying to the imagination than the delight of the physical eye in the color and glitter of stage-frippery. Was there one present at the performance of the play at Odd Fellows Hall, with its small stage, meagerly equipped with two chairs, a curtain, a table for the casket scenes, who did not feel that he saw the very persons of the noble story, who did not realize the contrast between the thrifty merchant and his spendthrift friend? between the mercenary suitors and the true lover? between the appeal for justice on the part of Shylock and the appeal for mercy made by Portia in her disguise? Was there one present who did not sympathize with Antonio in his misfortunes and rejoice with him and his friends in his escape from Shylock and in the recovery of his merchandise? But had we no sympathy for Shylock? We trust there was not one present who did not realize that he too loved his daughter better than his gold, and suffered agonies on account of her disloyalty, deceit, and shameless theft of his gold and jewels? We may even sympathize with him in his hatred of Antonio. He gives good and sufficient reasons why he hated him, not merely because he was a Christian, more because he injured him in his business, but most because of the personal insults he had suffered at Antonio's hands.

I am sure we did not "mislike" the Prince of Morocco for his complexion. He spoke his lines with dignity, manliness, and in a voice of persuasive eloquence, and he took his defeat admirably.

The choice of the caskets by the Prince of Arragon is usually omitted from the stage performance, but it was given with charming effect by the Ben Greet players. The contrast between these two scenes was a pleasing one, since the Prince of Arragon as a suitor for "fair Portia" cut a ridiculous figure.
Gratiano and Nerissa make a well-matched pair of lovers, a sort of echo to Bassanio and Portia. They serve to enhance the comedy of the last scene; but they also play a pleasing part independently. The warmth of friendship between Bassanio and Gratiano and between Portia and Nerissa is part of the subtle atmosphere of the play that softens the harsher scenes. We almost wonder that Lorenzo and Jessica are so warmly welcomed and entertained by Portia. They hardly deserve so much consideration. Neither has done anything admirable so they neither appeal to our sense of humor, nor of justice, nor of hospitality. Shylock is a pitiable object in his defeat and under sentence of the strict law of Venice, but no one in the play expresses the least feeling of pity for him. The quarrel between the husbands and wives over the rings and the denouement, proving the part that Portia and Nerissa had taken in the trial scene are fine examples of high comedy.

The fact that the Ben Greet players give adequate portrayal of each of the characters in this drama furnishes a standard by which those who witnessed it will hereafter be able to judge of the essentials and non-essentials of the art of acting.

The educational value of the Shakespearean plays, so presented to students, is realized only after seeing the Ben Greet players.

A traveling salesman finding himself in a strange territory, sought the only tavern in the small settlement to put up for the night. Much to his surprise and chagrin, the proprietor demanded $5.

"What!" ejaculated the salesman. "Why I can sleep at the largest hotels in Chicago for that sum. That’s downright robbery."

"But you ain’t in Shee-cago now, stranger," drawled the proprietor, "and besides, we have some of the biggest people in this state as our guests. Take Isaac M. Bung, the great lumber man, he was here last week and there is his name on the register—I. M. Bung."

The salesman looked from the register to the coming darkness. Then he took the pen and wrote: "I. M. Stung," and forking over the $5 in advance, ascended the creaking stairs to his room.

A gypsy upon release from jail, met a friend.

"What were you in for?" asked the friend.

"I found a horse."

"Nonsense, they wouldn’t jug you for finding a horse."

"Well, you see, I found him before the owner lost him."

—Spectator.

Mrs. Wayback (doing some city shopping):

"I want a pound of tea."

Grocer: "Certainly, what kind?"

Mrs. Wayback: "Well, I guess I’ll take a pound of that ice tea, we heard so much about."

—Spectator.
Senior Notes.

Miss Springsteed is still absent from college, being detained at home by a serious illness.

Committees have been appointed to see about the class pin. So many fine samples have been received from the different companies, that it has been difficult to decide on one.

The Seniors were much pleased with efforts of The Echo Board in bringing to our college such talent as the Ben Greet players to stimulate our daily work.

During the Christmas vacation a Junior was closely questioned by the home folk, as to time it would take to finish the degree to be gained. The Junior explained and finished by saying the degree would be, B. S., Bachelor of Science. The little niece standing by her side spoke up abruptly and said, "O, aunty! You mean 'old maid' of science."

The members of the Class of '10 have decided to hold "Junior Week" right after the mid-year examinations when the burden of work is off the minds of the students and they will be in a mood for the enjoyment of festivities. The events of this week will be those which characterize such a period in other colleges. On Tuesday evening, February 2d, a reception will be given to the members of the faculty and students of the college. On Wednesday evening the Juniors will form a theater party to see "The Witching Hour." The class dinner will be held on Thursday evening at the Kenmore Hotel. The festivities of the week will close on Friday evening with a class dance.

The various committees are busily at work, and undoubtedly the undertaking will prove a great success.

Sophomore Notes

A regular meeting of the Sophomore class was held Monday, January 11, 1909. It was the first meeting of the year and showed a great increase in class spirit. After the usual business a pleasing program was enjoyed—the Misses Hotaling, Cleveland and Bennett took part.

We are still waiting to hear a Freshman spell the word that Miss Kartluke went down on.

Miss Cleveland spent the week's end at home in Broadalbin.
The Spelling Match.

What we think of it:

In the beginning we received a challenge, and after rather a laughing discussion, for, you know, it was so childish and Freshman-like, we accepted it. This was necessary since not to accept such a challenge would make us an object of ridicule.

A Sophomore is beyond the point where spelling is a vital question. For the most part a word is either right or wrong, and it is not necessary for the matter to be argued between a Freshman and himself when Webster is so easily accessible. But to please the babes of our State Normal College, we entered with eagerness into the necessary arrangements.

The kindness of Miss Clement made the match possible, for she it was who nobly undertook the task of pronouncing the words which were to test the quickness and coolness of the spellers, and how well they succeeded both Freshmen and Sophomores know. We thank Miss Clement, and extend our sympathy to her because of the exhausted condition in which she found herself after the half-hour’s labor.

It was with surprise and deep appreciation of their value to this institution that we discovered the Freshmen had not been over-rated, and that the reports, not Miss Clement’s, of their proficiency in the art of spelling had not been misleading.

Yes, the Freshmen can spell. No whit the less like Freshmen! It is too bad that in our infancy we did not have such an opportunity as was theirs. When we were Freshmen, we also could spell, and we still retain a certain ability along those lines although we have dropped the formalism of crutches and aids, the evils of which the Freshmen have yet to learn.

But the art of spelling is a lost one, and we will never have the wonderful ability of our mothers and grandmothers. The younger age does not consider it an offense against our mother-tongue to misuse her agents. It is seldom we find a really good speller. The victors of any such match, therefore are worthy of the deepest praise.

It is, then, with pride and real pleasure that we congratulate the Freshmen on their ability to spell, and on their victory. We wish to add our cheers to theirs, and say with them, “Hurrah for the Freshmen.”

Freshman Class Notes.

On Friday evening, January eighth, in the primary chapel, occurred the Freshman-Sophomore spelling match. At eight o’clock the chapel was noisy with confident (?) Sophomores and modest (?) Freshmen. At promptly half-past eight, Miss Clement, who was mistress-of-ceremonies, gave out the first word. Words, hard and easy, long and short, were spelled (and misspelled) until, of the fifty brave contestants, but
three remained, Miss Kartluke on the Sophomore side, and Miss Wallace and Miss Le Compte on the Freshman side. After a hard struggle, Miss Kartluke missed, and the victory belonged to the Freshmen. Of course we expected it all the time, but we understand that it came as a surprise to the Sophomores. Therefore we wish to say to them—"Pride goes before a fall."

A regular meeting of the Freshman class was held on Friday, January fifteenth, in the grammar chapel.

**Heard After Geometry Class.**
Miss MacD. "Will you tell me my mark for the last test? And say it low, please."
Mr. B. "I'd be afraid to say it much lower than it is."

**Heard in History Class.**
Prof. S. "Miss F. what was Venice noted for in the agricultural line?"
Miss F. "Fish."

**Freshman Song.**
*Tune: Yale Boola.*
We are the happy, verdant, Freshman, Who've come to Normal College
Oh, we are the happy, verdant Freshman Who've come to Normal College;
And we will show you all,
That we have lots of knowledge
We happy Freshman, verdant Freshman
In dear old Normal College;
Away from homes, far divided,
We have come here, we have come here,
And true, we e'er shall be
To Alma Mater S. N. C.
Normal College, Normal College 1912.
We'll raise our colors to the sky,

And they'll be blessed by God on high,
The yellow and the white
Will e'er be our shining light.
And when we pass our colors down,
They still will bear great renown,
For prospect will e'er be bright, will e'er
be bright,
To those, who loyally sail under the yellow and white.
Oh, we are the happy, verdant Freshman, Who've come to Normal College.
Oh, we are the happy, verdant Freshman, Who've come to Normal College;
And we will show you all
That we have lots of knowledge,
We happy Freshman, verdant Freshman
In dear old Normal College;
Away from homes, far divided,
We have come here, we have come here,
And true, we e'er shall be
To Alma Mater, S. N. C.

Hortense Barnett.

**Freshman Song.**
"THE YELLOW AND WHITE."
*Tune: Orange and Black.*
'Tho the Junior Class will never
Be false to white and blue,
And the Seniors will forever
To the red and white be true
'Tho the Sophomores in their colors,
The white and green, delight;
We Freshmen will be loyal
To the yellow and the white.

When we're far from Alma Mater, When we're far from classmates all,
When we see this glorious color What memories 'twill recall.
Days when we were young and eager Full of expectations bright,
When we marched beneath the banner Of the yellow and the white.

A. L. '12.
Miss Emma Conant led the meeting held on Wednesday, January sixth. The topic: “True Missionary Spirit,” was well developed by the leader, who used Paul’s life as an example.

On January twelfth, a meeting was held with Bessie Ovitt as leader. The subject under discussion was “Individual Responsibilities.”

“The Silver-lining of Dark Clouds” served as the topic of an interesting meeting held January eighteenth, led by Anna Fraser.

Cabinet meetings have been held as usual every Monday at five, at which the plans of the Association have been made.

Miss Mabel Northrup entertained her friend, Miss Gertrude Bullard, for a few days.

We are pleased to report that Miss Alice Merrill, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis, is improving.

Miss Lizzie Bunyan spent a few days in the city on her return to Hartford, at the end of the holidays.

Miss Alice McElroy is spending a short vacation with her parents in this city. Miss McElroy is teaching in a school for the blind in Pennsylvania.

Miss Leona Eaton entertained her father for a few hours.

Miss Florence Keller entertained Friday evening, January fifteenth.

Miss Agnes Stephens has found it necessary to discontinue her college work and will not return this year.

Miss Helen Broadbent and Miss Mabel Hughes of Utica, N. Y., were the guests of Sarah A. Trembley for a few days.

Miss Trembley entertained at an “informal” in honor of her guest, Miss Helen Broadbent, Saturday evening, January ninth.

Miss Adaline Raynsford was the hostess at an Eta Phi tea, Saturday afternoon, January sixteenth, given by the girls in honor of our faculty members.
The president, Miss Harriet B. Osborn presided at the tea table. We initiated our beautiful new tea-pot presented to the sorority by the faculty. Music was enjoyed.

A regular meeting of the Eta Phi was held at the home of Miss Florence Jones, 69 N. Pine avenue, Saturday evening, January twenty-third. After the regular meeting, a social time was enjoyed.

The regular meeting of Kappa Delta was held at the K. A. House, Friday evening, January fifteenth. After the business had been transacted, a pleasing and entertaining program followed.

Miss Mary Doremus, of Kingston, is again one of our number at the house. Miss Doremus is now teaching at the Albany High School.

Miss Maude Burt, who is teaching in Gloversville, spent the week end January fifteenth to seventeenth, with us.

The Kappa Delta girls regret the absence of their sister, Bertha Wenger from college. We hope that she will soon recover from her illness and be back with us again.

Mrs. Edward Moorby of Coxsackie, visited Miss Austin, Thursday, January twenty-first.

The Kappa Delta Sorority extends her thanks to the members of The Echo Board for their efforts in the presentation of “The Merchant of Venice,” which was so thoroughly enjoyed by the entire college.

A regular meeting was held at the rooms of the president, Miss Laura Stuckmann, January fifth.

Miss Viola Carnrite visited the girls over Sunday.

Miss Stuckmann royally entertained at a spread, with “goodies” brought from home. “Stuckie” certainly can cook. (?)

Election of officers took place at the regular meeting January eleventh, at the home of Miss Mabel Tallmadge: President, Alice Hill, vice-president, Florence Brown; recording secretary, Jessie Cleveland; corresponding secretary, Gertrude Heap; treasurer, Fannie Pawel; critic, Laura Stuckmann; Echo reporter, Mabel Tallmadge; marshals, Florence Chase and Marian Craig; chaplain, Mary Hotaling. After this exciting contest our spirits were calmed by a summons to partake of most delicious refreshments.

Miss Laura Meigs was a guest at the last meeting of the sorority.
Psi Gamma turned out in a body to enjoy the "Merchant of Venice." Everyone was well pleased. How about the chaperon!

Miss Fannie Pawel took a "flying" trip to Ravena.

Miss Fannie Pawel entertained her friend, Miss Mable Pender from Sandy Hill over Sunday.

Most of the girls saw "The Servant in the House," at the Hall last week.

Would that we all might board at 214 Jay.

On the evening of January fifteenth, the members of Phi Delta were entertained by Mr. Miller at his home, 250 Yates street. Matters of importance were discussed and the election of officers for the next half-year was held with the following results: President, Mr. Roy C. Van Denberg; vice-president, Mr. Floyd H. Case; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Howard Fitzpatrick; Echo reporter, Mr. Howard Dabney. Games and refreshments completed the evening, which was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is slowly recovering.

The work of the club is progressing nicely and both interest and pleasure is displayed by the members. The increased attendance at meetings is a source of great encouragement.

The members of the club enjoyed a delightful "evening with Robert Burns," as the guests of Mrs. Mooney on January seventh. The lecture was a source of interest and the songs were rendered in a very pleasing manner. We thank Mrs. Mooney for the opportunity of hearing them.

Miss Hannagan's mother is ill at her home in Schenectady.

Miss Wilkinson has been called home on account of the death of her father.

Miss Deegan entertained the Newman Club on January eleventh.

Notes from a Diary.


A jolly vacation!

Jan. 4. Smiling S. N. C.'s throng to Union Station.

5. Instructors eagerly take the roll.

Find each in his accustomed seat.

8. Undergraduates try to digest a dictionary.  
   Freshmen win by a few large mouthfuls.
9. Library again besieged by diligent seekers of knowledge.
11. Sophs console one another by displaying their talent in other lines.
14. Fine sleighing. How about it girls?
16. "Servant in the House" comes up to our highest expectations.
17. Severe snow storm.
18. Chapel at last. Mrs. Mooney's talk fell on fertile ground.
20. All went back to Elizabethan age and are the happier and wiser therefore.
22. With fear and trembling we await the morrow. (Exams.).
23. (Five o'clock p. m.). From somewhere out of the dim remembrances of the past comes again that oft repeated verse:
   "Of all sad words of tongue or pen
   The saddest are these, 'I've flunked again.'"

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ALUMNI NOTES.

'08—Miss Louisa Isabella Fairbanks, who is the assistant in the grades of the Schaghticoke School, spent a week-end in Albany recently.

'05—At Schuylerville, on December twenty-ninth, occurred the marriage of Miss Mary Bleecker Lansing, of the Class of 1905, to Dr. Walter Ennis Hays, of New York.

'02—Announcement is made of the marriage on December the twenty-fourth, of Mr. John Berthold Dorman, '02, and Miss Helen Van Allen Knight, of New York City.

'54—Mrs. Meriba Ada Babcock Kelly, of the Class of 1854, died in Gloversville, on December twenty-ninth, at the age of seventy-five years. Previous to Mrs. Kelly's marriage in 1861 she taught in schools in the south, but soon after the outbreak of the war, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly moved to Gloversville, N. Y., where they lived until the death of the former in 1870. Mrs. Kelly then taught in the Gloversville schools for several years, until in 1878, she was made the principal of the model department of the State Normal College, where she remained for fifteen years. She was the author of several text-books for primary grades, and of many poems which have been collected and published in one volume.

'77—The editors are pleased to publish the following letter and poem and are grateful to Miss Best for her kindness in sending them to The Echo.

NEW DORP, S. I. 
December 21, 1908.

Editor of The Echo, S. N. C., Albany, N. Y.:

Dear Sir.—Members of the Class of '77, 66th Term of the old S. N. C. have of late years, been having little reunions of their own in this part of the world in the month of June. Several such have been held and have been times of great
pleasure. The four faithful to these occasions have been Fannie E. Best, Franklin Day, Irving P. Towne, and G. H. Mallory. Letters and greetings, however, have been received from every surviving member of the class, and also letters from the families of some who have gone. The interest at these times is shown by these facts.

Last June the reunion was held at Long Beach, S. I., where before the changeless ocean, Times changes were reviewed. We had a banquet—(there were wives and children present as well as the real members)—and read the letters—talked over the long-ago,—sang songs—Auld Lang Syne, last—and had read the poem of the occasion by Mr. Mallory,—a copy of which I enclose.

All the absent members of the class requested in their letters that an account of the meeting be sent to them. It would be a pleasure for me to comply, but I thought that the best way would be to have such an account as I have written here, together with the poem, published in The Echo, and for me to send a copy of the paper to each of the class. Can it be done? I am hoping very much that it can be.

In addition to the pleasure this will give me, and I am very sure many others, the really greater purpose is to secure larger attendance of our own class, and to suggest the idea of such class reunions to others. This I am sure the published account in The Echo would help to accomplish.

The "mystical poem" needs but little examination to clear the mystery, and to really reveal much beauty under that veiling. The title itself, and as arranged,—two sixes and two sevens—refers to the number in our class—39.  "To-day 'tis four—to-morrow what? Shall it be odd or even?" refers to the four then present at "our reunion." And the inquiry is the human one as to whether we will all remain upon earth to thus meet again. If one should be called our number will become three instead of four—odd instead of even. But, says our poet, whatever betide, "Forever through all sweet friendship's refrain shall sound."

I hope you will not find this request burdensome. I have intended to write this ever since the opening of the schools but many things have delayed it. I am perhaps spurred now by the notice of the approaching annual reunion and dinner in New York, and it is a good time to stimulate interest in such meetings.

With the season's greetings,

I am truly yours,

FANNIE E. BEST.

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A Mystical Poem

Written 62008—16—7.

I.

In Life and Time the mystic seven
Its round completes.
To come and go and come again
Pours out the tide from Heaven.
II.
Blest Memory! Thy light serene
Shines through the years,
And to the grateful soul brings back
Again what once has been.

III.
A hallowed stillness in the air
Where loved forms are
Entrances all the consciousness
And holds in rapture there.

IV.
Dear friends! Come back across the
stream,
Mine eyes to glad.
I look! I see! Behold them all,
And never the years between.

V.
Thirty and nine! Fair are they all,—
And strong and true.
They stand, their eyes to duty turned,
And waiting for the call.

VI.
I see,—his hands in blessing raised,
Beloved guide!
The gray-haired Steward of the Gifts,—
That so should God be praised.

VII.
I see that goodly company,
His helpers there;
All wise in counsel, strong in deed,
Their lives a symphony.

VIII.
I see the two-score,—lacking one.
How well I see!
I hear the hum of farewells said,—
The parting time has come.

IX.
They pass through doors that outward
turn,
There lies the world.
There must they do the deeds that live,
And speak the words that burn.

X.
Sixty and six, and seventy-seven;
These are their years!
Think ye the time is long since then?
Well! Some have wrought,—some
striven.

XI.
The mystic six—the mystic seven
In flow and out.
To-day 'tis four,—to-morrow what?
Shall it be odd or even?

XII.
But whether of joy, or whether of pain,
Or whether of sun, or whether of rain,
Forever through all sweet friendship's
refrain,—
Love's fugitive note,—Aeolian strain!
Shall sound until we all shall meet again.

G. H. M.

Present:—Fannie E. Best.
Franklin Day.
Irving P. Town.
George H. Mallory.

Reunion at New Dorp,
June 20, 1908.
*S. *N. *S.

Class June 28, 1877.
66th Term.
We are glad to welcome the Oneonta among our exchanges and hope to see it every month. Some of the students at S. N. C. formerly attended Oneonta Normal and are, therefore, interested in its doings.

The material in the Spectator is very well arranged. Its exchange department is exceptionally good.

The work of the organizations of the Northern Illinois State Normal School as told in the Northern Illinois furnishes very interesting reading. The literary societies of the school are indeed what their name indicates.

A large part of the December Normal Magazine (Potsdam) is given over to letters of Christmas and New Year greetings from the Alumni to the present students of the school.

Basket-ball is now in season at Iowa State Normal. The Normal Eyte is helping the teams by its interesting articles.

The Christmas number of The Holy Cross Purple is admirable. The white cover was a pleasing change from the purple one generally used and was emblematic of the season. This number also contains the pictures of the football team of 1908.

Some things sensible people don’t talk about:
1. Their faults.
2. Their virtues.
3. Their religion.
4. Their debts.
5. Their love affairs.
6. The things they have tried to do.
   —Northern Illinois.

Found—An umbrella. Owner may have same by giving a satisfactory description to Emily Hoag.

“This umbrella is really a material thing, but all umbrellas belong to the realm of phantoms. A phantom flits—so does an umbrella. One has no proprietary rights in a phantom. This also applies to an umbrella. A phantom eventually resolves itself into thin air and disappears forever. This is also a characteristic of every properly constructed and self-respecting umbrella.”

Freshman—“Pick that splinter out from under my nail.”
Senior—“What have you been doing? Scratching your head?”—Central Collegian.

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