THE ECHO

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"They've all gone away,
The house is shut and still,—
There's nothing more to say."

It was certainly clear that the two families were divided in their opinions as to the "why" of the matter; however, every individual member heartily agreed with every other individual member that it ought not to happen, but of course it did happen. That was four years ago. Suzan and I had made up our minds to it and nothing short of another great flood or some like catastrophe could stop us. In fact, the adverse criticism so plentifully bestowed by anxious and advice-giving relatives caused us to make but few minor deviations from the original plan, and Suzan and I were eventually married.

I will not go into detail concerning the families' opinions, as only two have anything whatsoever to do with this story. The first of these two has to deal with size, the second with sighs.

You see, Suzan is not exactly what you would call large, while I couldn't be considered small unless associating with Atlas or Colossus. On the "gym."
floor at College, I measured just six feet four. Suzan has to almost stand on her tiptoes to reach five feet one. Little did I dream that it would prove true when a worthy, though frivolous, member of my family said that we would be a laughing stock. And little did said worthy member dream just now this was to come to pass.

Moreover, we had not been married one month when I learned to my sorrow that Suzan’s bump of caution had grown to an amazing size, all out of proportion to her height. I still sigh heavily whenever I think of it. Her brother advised building a house, fire proof, burglar proof, and sound proof. It had been kindly meant as a sort of warning, for Suzan could count up and down, backwards and forwards, all the terrors of the night. She almost seemed to live by naming them over one by one, and at each counting the number increased quite appreciably until the series threatened to become infinite; but, well, that is my story.

We had been married just a month when the family overhead packed up and set off for the seashore. We had been so extravagant on our honeymoon of two weeks that we would have to economize for two years; we could not go to the seashore. Knowing this the Chestertons had left their flat in Suzan’s charge for the summer, feeling reasonably sure it would be quite safe. Moreover, Mrs. Chesterton had deluded Suzan into thinking the imposition a rare compliment, and poor Suzan was so flattered that she looked upon the matter far too seriously. Thereafter we could not even spend an evening in the park—robbers might break into the Chesterton flat during
our absence. "And you know," as Suzan would say impressively, "all of Mr. Chesterton's valuable papers are in the safe." So we would remain at home to listen for opening windows, stealthy foot-falls, and the possible explosion of a charge of dynamite.

One especially sultry night, when breathing was almost impossible, we had gone to bed very early, hoping for sleep to put an end to our suffering. As I finally dozed off I heard Suzan muttering, "Something's sure to happen." It must have been about three o'clock when I awoke with a sharp pain in my side. Half rising up, I heard Suzan's excited whisper, "John, listen!" Then I realized that Suzan's good thumb nail was digging the skin off my side just above the fourth rib. I pushed her hand away, growled like an animal, and turned over somewhat noisily, preparing to sleep again. I was too angry to realize that Suzan was terror stricken.

"Sh-h-h!" came from Suzan. I knew the signal.

"Whose cat has fallen into the coal-bin now?" I demanded playfully.

But Suzan was in no mood for joking. She was sitting up and in the half light of the room — it was moonlight — I could see that her eyes were twice their usual size and her face was white and drawn.

"Listen," she gasped, "Someone's in Chesterton's."

I listened indulgently. Suddenly I sprang up alertly. Suzan was right. From overhead there came faint sounds, as though someone were walking carefully in stockinged feet. The foot-falls would advance across the floor, stop, retreat, die away in another part of the house, and then return to repeat
the same performance. Evidently a burglar was packing up all the household treasures.

"Yes, Suzan," said I, "There's someone up there."

"Oh, dear," she quavered pitifully.

"Never mind, dear. Just lie still. I'll get my revolver and go up." This very bravely.

"Oh, no, no! You'll get shot!" wailed Suzan, clinging to my arm.

"There, there, dear." Then, with successfully concealed relief, "If you'll feel better about it, I'll call the police station and we'll wait for an officer to come." The impression I made on Suzan was evidently that my foregoing of this bit of sport was a great sacrifice for her sake.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I just can't let you get hurt."

"I understand fully," said I with the voice of a martyr and made for the telephone.

While we were waiting at the front door for the officer to come Suzan and I talked in whispers.

Suddenly Suzan grasped my arm, "There's the night watchman across the street. Go out and get him." She opened the door and was about to push me through.

"It might be well for me to put something else on, my dear," I gently reminded her.

"Oh!" said Suzan somewhat blankly. And then, "Wait, I'll get something."

In a few moments she returned.

"Here, put this on. I thought I wasn't going to find it. Now hurry! The steps are growing louder. I heard them in the dining-room near the safe."

I pulled the garment about my shoulders as I went
down the steps. It was warm and heavy and clung
to my damp form unmercifully. Seizing it in both
hands I held it away from my body. It was Suzan’s
scarlet bath robe! Scarcely reaching my knees, it
exposed to view two lavendar “pajamaed” legs. Out
behind trailed a scarlet tassel on a silken cord that
started somewhere just below my shoulder bone.

But there was no time to think of clothing. I
stepped to the edge of the curbing and called in a
half whisper, “Hello! hello!” No answer. The
policeman was deaf to such sounds. But he was by
no means blind to such sights. As I started to cross
the street he turned and beheld me! The next
moment I was firmly held by the collars of my
jacket and Suzan’s bath robe.

“I bin on a lookout fer you,” he said, and in spite
of my rapid expostulations hurried me along to the
police station.

After four hours of untold (I think they are safer
untold, as otherwise you might doubt my veracity)
sufferings, I was brought out for judgment. Shouts
of laughter and a profane exclamation greeted my
entrance to the courtroom.

“Well, I’ll be d——!” The voice was familiar
enough, but who was the owner? A man with dis­
heveled hair and wearing a dirty shirt was standing
before me open mouthed. A shabby felt hat had
fallen from his hands and lay on the floor at his feet.
Chesterton! Ye gods and little fishes!

“Did they make a raid on your place, too,” he
demanded.

Make a raid on my place? Suddenly I sat down,
I doubled up, I almost rolled on the floor. Chest­
teron was our burglar!
"Laugh, you d---- idiot! I fail to see the joke. First I get called home for some confounded lawsuit! Then I spend three hours on my back underneath my car. Then these confounded rascals, that term themselves ministers of justice, arrest me while I'm unlocking my own safe."

At that moment the telephone rang. One of the grinning officers answered it. The message completely changed the expression on his face.

"Doc. Brady says he doesn't know who we've got down here in a red bath robe, but they've just found their lunatic in his red bath robe and have him back in the sanitarium."

All eyes were turned on me. No grins were visible. Before anyone could speak the door opened and Suzan, red-eyed and half-crazed in appearance, rushed in.

"I can't find my husband," she wailed. Then she saw me. The situation was suddenly explained to the wondering officers. The place rang with their laughter. Suzan's sobs were unheard by all except myself.

Since that time Suzan has never been frightened by nightly sounds, at least she has never awakened me to tell me of them.

Rachel A. Griswold, '14.
The Forget-me-not

All the Lords and Ladies of Meadowdale Court were in the deepest of sorrow for on the morrow their King, the old, gnarled Oak Tree, was to be hewn down and lost to them forever. These Lords and Ladies were also in a state of great excitement because the old King had sent forth an edict that on this day, his last among them, he was going to choose from their number a King or Queen to be his successor.

As the appointed hour for the choice drew near the meadow folk became hushed, and each in his turn approached the King to make his plea. First of all came tall and stately Dorothy Daisy, bowing her beautiful, yellow and white head before her King, and speaking thus:

"O King, if thou would'st but choose me for thy successor, regally and proudly would I rule over this kingdom. Beautiful am I, and stately, and methinks would make a charming Queen." But the old Oak Tree saw the pride and conceit in her heart and shook his head.

Next came Billy Breezes to the throne with a careless, shiftless gait, saying, "Ah! such a jolly, carefree life as this land shall lead if only I am made its ruler! Naught but joy and gaiety shall be admitted here."

The sorrowful old King only sighed and said: "Nay. Thou art only a lad and would bring my people to ruin through excess and merriment."

In the same way came the beautiful Wild Rose, the bold Dandelion, the gracious Buttercup, the fragrant Clover to the King, each begging for the longed
for honor by emphasizing his respective merits. But
the bent old Oak Tree only moaned to himself, know­
ing that he could leave to none of these his beloved
Kingdom. Suddenly, from behind him, he heard the
quiet, respectful voice of the Brook. "Ugly am I,
my long loved King, and dirty, and desirable for
naught except to rid the village of its waste, no grace
nor beauty was given me, yet patiently and carefully
have I performed my duty all the years of thy reign,
by the same manner would I rule in thy place, if
thou should'st see fit."

The face of the aged Tree brightened, and he
smiled. Bending his branches lovingly over the
Brook he said: "Thy faithfulness shall be rewarded.
Thou shalt be King of Meadowdale. I shall also
make thee beautiful, rid thee of thy sluggish waters,
and give thee the color of the beautiful skies and the
music of the forests. For thy wife I shall create a
beautiful flower, and she shall be by thy side forever.
And lest the memory of my reign be lost to these
courtiers she shall be named Forget-Me-not, meaning
fidelity. Her beauty shall be unsurpassed by any of
these proud Ladies of the court, and together you
shall reign in peace.

Hazel Bennett, '14.
The Last War

The God of War stretched himself and sniffed the air disgustedly, but not even his acute perception could detect any incense rising in his worship—neither the stench of blood nor the smell of roasting flesh and burning towns. Angrily calling the spirits of Greed, of Hate, and of Revenge unto him, he demanded why his customary offerings had been omitted.

"Sire," they replied, "men no longer bow down to might. They worship a new god, money, who now sells for gold what once was obtained by force and arms. Kings and emperors, republics and principalities, honors and immunities, are bought and sold in his marts of trade. We can do nothing for you."

Thereupon the God of War dismissed them and sat in deep thought for many days. At length, recalling them, he spake unto them thus:

"Since the times change, so must our methods change. Greed, go forth unto the world as Commerce. Tell each nation that thou dwellest with it and art menaced by foreign powers. Hate, go forth as Patriotism. Preach the doctrine of 'my country, right or wrong.' Follow swiftly in the footsteps of Commerce. Revenge, as Religious Zeal go amongst the border nations of different faiths. Scatter distrust, recall ancient and forgotten persecutions, and whenever possible, work hand-in-hand with Patriotism."

Soon again the incense of slaughter and rapine was wafted to the waiting War God. Nation rose up against nation at the behest of the false Patriotism and in defense of the false Commerce. Long neg-
lected religious feuds were remembered through the insistence of the false Religious Zeal. Creed waged bitter warfare against creed.

But the God of Things as they are quickly saw through the deceptions and, much wroth, resolved to lay bare the masquerade to the world. As he approached the earth, he beheld all the nations drawn up for battle. Here, over one host, flew the Stars and Stripes, surrounded by the flags of the lesser American States; there floated the British battle flag amid the vast cohorts of her colonies. Yonder, Germany and France faced each other for a last life and death struggle. The swarthy followers of the Prophet and the eastern Christians glared hatred at each other over gleaming gun barrels. In the distance waved the burning sun of Japan and the emblem of the new Chinese republic. Above all hovered the forms of the false Commerce, Patriotism, and Religious Zeal, urging the hosts on to combat.

"Be gone, impostors!" thundered the God of Things as they are. "Nations, you behold not Commerce, Patriotism, and Religious Zeal; but Greed, Hate, and Revenge in disguise. The true spirit of Commerce needs not war to protect it. War but destroys. True Patriotism urges not to fight other nations, but to serve your own honestly and well. True Religious Zeal does not lead to combat, but to brotherly love. Go to your homes! Forsake these false spirits."

The wondering nations, beholding for the first time things as they are, gazed stupidly at each other, and obeyed, leaving their weapons on the deserted field.

Francis W. Smith, '14.
The Wind Is Passing By

Look! far down the street there comes
The swirling dust, a whirling cloud!
A rider suddenly draws near
Without the sound of hoof-steps loud.
See! the dust comes nearer still!
Brown leaves hurry through the sky —
'Tis the advance guard of the King —
Lo! the Wind is passing by!

With bowed heads we stand and wait,
Daring not to watch him pass:
Flowers in the gardens near
Bow their faces to the grass.
Bushes rustle shiveringly,
And the trees with branches high
Bend them in obeisance low,
For the Wind is passing by!

Jessie E. Luck, '14.

A Flower Fable

There once lived three sisters of the Plant family, Rose, Violet, and Thistle. They were all firm believers in the benefits derived from life in the out-of-doors; in fact, their every moment was spent with the sky as their only shelter, the breast of Mother Earth their only source of nourishment, and the soft warm rains, that had most recently fallen from the heavens, their only beverage. These sisters were of widely different natures. Wild Rose bloomed profusely, recklessly, casting forth her sweetness on every breeze that would lend itself to bear it, thrusting out her thorns to test the sincerity of every one who
ventured near her blooms. Modest, blue-eyed, golden-hearted Violet nodded away to herself, whispered to every tiny breeze which was discerning enough to discover her hiding among the mosses, and timidly ventured to offer her bit of sweetness, if it would do any good anywhere. Prickly, thorny Thistle stood straight up to the very limit of her haughty height (which wasn’t half as great as she considered it) in bold independence of support or protection, in as conspicuous a position as possible. It was her boast that no one would overstep the bounds of prudence while she was on the other side of them; no one would ever impose on her — at least, not a second time. She often chaffed her sisters because of their prudence in keeping nearer the protecting wall.

"Whom do you suppose will ever see you, Rose, if you hide away in that corner? What good does it do you to have a lot of red posies, if you have so many leaves as to hide them? Now, my blossom is always on top, where it ought to be; why can’t you profit by a sensible example?" Wild Rose’s restless spirit often objected to this continual banter, but she gradually learned to control herself; her blossoms became sweeter and her thorns less obtrusive.

The next time, Thistle might turn to Violet. "You poor, insignificant, little flower, it must be great fun to stay down there beneath every thing all the time, where nothing interesting ever happens. To be sure, I’ve heard people call you ‘modest, unassuming,’ and other pretty sounding names; but what good does it all do for self-protection, and the maintenance of a proper amount of dignity and self-possession. Why, you’re in danger of your life every
time any one approaches us; but people keep their distance from me, you'd better believe. No impositions allowed here."

Thus it went on from day to day all through the spring-time. Violet had begun to droop beneath the hot summer sun; Rose's petals were falling slowly away; but Thistle was stronger, sturdier, bolder, and more overbearing than ever. "I am so sorry for these poor, sickly sisters of mine, who can't stand a little heat," she would say sarcastically.

The very next morning, before the dew was off, and when all green things were feeling their best, two gentlemen, one a renowned naturalist, were walking along the road and they saw Rose.

"I do believe that is the rose I am looking for. Ouch! Pretty thorny now, but very fragrant, and with cultivation it will make a beauty."

Shortly after, a little girl with her nurse came by. "'Ook! 'ook! Pity f'ower!" exclaimed the child, as her bright eyes spied Violet. Then her chubby face, serious now with the weight of definite purpose in her mind, bent close over the flower; her dimpled hands, guided by the nurse's more experienced ones, carefully, laboriously grasped the stem, and Violet was hers. "Me take f'ower to gra'ma," said the child happily.

"There, they've both gone, and here I am as safe and as sound as ever. See what a rugged personality does!" No sooner had she spoken than she heard a heavy footfall, felt a sharp pain in her side, and heard the "swish, swish," of the mower's scythe, as it laid low the brush and the weeds by the pathway.

DORIS H. SMITH, '16.
Dear Mother,

I do believe I haven’t written to you but once since Easter — to you, yourself, I mean. Of course, I’ve written to Dad and all the rest, so you’ve heard from me. But it seemed when I got up this morning that I must have a talk with Mother. Nothing to say! I just want to talk — like we do when we sit at the table after the rest have all finished and gone, and just talk for an hour or so. That is the one thing I miss most I guess, our table talks. Mrs. Brown is very nice to me, but she just can’t sit and fool away an hour a day on every one of her boarders. She does joke with me now and then, gives me motherly advice about rubbers, umbrellas, and such things (it sounds very familiar to hear her call to me just before school time, “Better take your rubbers! The paper says rain!”), and I feel that I can go to her if I need immediate advice or assistance. That’s the way boarding-house mothers ought to be, and I think they would be most of the time, if the girls would let them. But I know some of the girls who don’t even let their landladies know when they’re going out, or when they’re going to have gentlemen callers. I guess those girls must all be orphans!

She fooled me yesterday morning — Mrs. Brown, I mean. When I came down to breakfast she was standing by the window, and she called me, “Come here and see what’s in the street!” I went, of course. That joke was never known to fail with me. And I saw nothing in either direction, except the street. Then I realized what day it was, and that once more
I had been fooled by that simplest of April Fools, which you practice on me every year, and which I always "fall" for.

It looks as though it were going to rain this minute! We've become used to the rain lately. The floods are down though in Albany, for the present at least. The old river has decided that he is too old to make trips inland, and ought to stay at home by the coast. However, he put us to a lot of inconvenience, and in some danger as well, while he was making up his mind. The danger is not entirely past yet — the water isn't good, and we're drinking some kind of fancy spring water at our house.

*I wish I were a poet!* Yes, I know. I can see you say, "You can't be everything, Theresa. If you do the best you can as you are, that is all that is necessary." But this is really necessary. Somebody has got to turn poet and write some College songs. We need them! *We've simply got to have them!* There's nothing on earth like school songs to make school spirit. I don't know that we lack school spirit. I don't think we do. But we'd have more of it, if we had some songs — that I do know. And somebody has got to write them! You see how desperate I feel about it, when I even begin to contemplate writing them myself. I have figured out that most of us are pretty bashful to do anything for the College in public, *alone*, but that every one of us would be mighty glad to work off some of our superfluous energy and enthusiasm in two or three good songs that we could all sing together. Dr. Blue has mentioned this in chapel two or three times, that is, he's asked for songs, but nobody steps forward with any. I've tried
my best to get Editha to write one (you know she’s so good at verses); but she always says, “I couldn’t. Just because I can write little verses about spring and flowers and things it doesn’t follow that I can write a big rousing song that is worth handing down from year to year, like ‘Fair Harvard’ and other college songs are.” Maybe she’s right.

I do believe I’m losing my memory. I forgot to go to History class. I did really forget. I’ve noticed some of the girls forget whenever they want to, but this was pure absent-mindedness on my part. The bells weren’t ringing (that’s a habit they’ve had lately since the electricity has been taking occasional vacations) and I sat in the library working away and never looking at the time (I didn’t have my watch anyway), and not hearing the bell, I never noticed that the period had begun. There were five minutes left of the class time when I finally recollected that there was such a thing as class. I don’t want the Professor to think I cut, but I know he’ll laugh if I go and tell him about it. I wonder if he’d excuse me if he knew I was studying history all the while I was forgetting that class!

And, oh, I forgot to tell you about the new singing books! You see I try not to leave out anything. There hasn’t been anything but just work since Easter, so even new singing books are a break in the cloud of monotony. I thought the old books were nice, but these new books have a lot more songs — the kind that we all know, or can learn. I’d like to bring one home — Oh! I almost let the kitty out! Well, anyway, I’d like to buy a copy for myself. I suppose I could afford one if I hadn’t gone to see
Mr. Mantell in three plays just before Easter. I only spent seventy-five cents on all three — but seventy-five cents is seventy-five cents. I’ve seen more plays this winter than I’ve ever seen in my life before. They don’t even come to town out home, do they? All the élite go in the gallery — even to a stray faculty, or minister, or something like that. What would grandfather say, I wonder, if he were asked to attend a theatre? And yet he likes Shakespeare. What difference does it make whether you form your pictures of the story for yourself, or watch somebody else do it for you? It just saves your imagination a little wear and tear. And, land knows, we need that, after all the descriptions we’ve imagined and written out in English I. My imagination always was good till lately, but now it’s getting kind of “frizzled” at its edges.

And now I’m going to tell you the secret I stopped myself from telling back there. I’m coming home Saturday! I wrote that we didn’t have any vacation at Easter — but I didn’t say that it was coming later! Wasn’t that clever of me! How did I ever manage to “keep it dark?” But I’m coming — to tell you all about everything that I can’t settle for myself, now. I’m coming to take a vacation! Not a book will I bring!

Good-bye for now. Meet me at the station Saturday. Love to all,

Theresa.

P. S.— Editha sends her love. I’m going to bring her home with me. That “Boy from Home,” who was here once, has been here again. Came for Easter Sunday and took Us to church. Nice of him, wasn’t
it? (That's sarcasm). He's all right, but I just won't have him around! I want Editha to room with me for three more years, and I'm afraid she's going to stay home next year on his account. Oh dear! What is this world coming to?

T.

P. S.—I'm glad I'm not jealous of Dick and Bess.

T.
Editorial Department

On the Choice of Courses

Introduction

A. It will soon be necessary for most of the students of this institution to select their courses for next year.

Discussion

A. How students choose courses may be indicated as follows:

1. From the point of view of selecting courses students may be separated into three classes.
   a. Some try to arrange for a broad college course.
   b. Others emphasize strongly one subject.
c. Still others aim to *get through* as easily as possible.

B. Objections to the ways in which students select courses may be stated thus:

I. The dangers in the method of class *a* are:
   a. That one may acquire a smattering of many subjects and an understanding of none.
      1. As a preparation for teaching this condition is particularly undesirable.
   b. That the student may lack interest in any one field.
      1. This will cause him to be indifferent about specializing later.
   c. That the student may fail to do *good* work in any subject, for
      1. A broad course is usually a hard one.

II. The weaknesses in the method of class *b* are:
   a. It tends to give one a narrow point of view.
   b. The student may be mistaken as to the subject he really wishes to investigate, because
      1. He may not know much of other subjects.
      2. He may have become prejudiced in high school because of (1) his own immaturity, and (2) the light in which subjects were presented there.
      3. He may unconsciously like a subject because it is easy for him.
   c. One is apt not to perceive the relation of one branch of knowledge to others.

III. The faults in the method of class *c* are of two sorts;
a. The first is closely connected with the method of class b.
   1. One may pursue some one subject and fail to appreciate others because he likes that subject and it is therefore easy for him.
   2. This procedure has all the dangers characteristic of the method of class b and may deprive one of the pleasure of earnest work.

b. The second kind of fault in the method of class c is found in the selecting of a "snap" course for its own sake.
   1. One adopting such a plan of action is likely to ramble from one field to another and at the end be prepared for nothing.
   2. The general principle that we get out of a thing what we put in it applies well here.

B. How students should choose courses may be stated thus:
   I. The methods used by the three classes of students should be harmonized to form one model method; for
      a. A fairly broad course helps to avoid the weaknesses found in the method in which one subject is strongly emphasized.
      b. A course with one subject of major interest and one, or perhaps two, of auxiliary interest avoids the dangers of a broad course.
      c. A course with about three "snap courses" is expedient, for
1. Then one has plenty of time to devote to the important subjects.
2. It insures against the danger of overwork.
3. The easy subjects often have a decided value in themselves.

II. There are conditions peculiar to this institution which affect the choice of courses here.
   a. The required professional work — method courses, the teaching course, etc., must be considered.
   1. One should plan to arrange this work in a proper manner.
      (a) The advice of instructors and upper classmen is very useful here.

CONCLUSION
A. The best course is a fairly broad one, which has one subject of great interest to the student and one or two others of minor interest, and in which there are some "snaps," but not too many.
B. One should consider the professional work when planning a course.
C. Don't try to carry too many subjects; for
   I. It is against the advice of your instructors.
   II. The experiences of those who have done so argue against it.
   III. Your own better judgment tells you not to.
   IV. It is really foolish after all to work one's self to death for three years and then be all out of condition to play the fourth.
The Echo borrows from The Syracuse Daily Orange the following article which was written by a professor of that institution, upon the occasion of a vote being taken by the students to decide whether or not the University should adopt the honor system:

"During the last two years I have been making some careful investigations along this line and have reached pretty definite conclusions. In the first place, no one who has really looked into the matter can deny that the present system is far from satisfactory. Let me cite just a few instances of which I know: Not many years ago a man graduated from the University taking a Phi Beta Kappa key. Students who were in classes with him all during his course have told me that this man never went through a single examination honestly, he was what might be termed a "professional cribber." Yet not once was he found out by his instructors and so far as I have learned, not even suspected by them. In another instance, two men went into an examination together, one having prepared on the first half of the text book, the other on the last half, and they afterward boasted of how successfully they made the "co-operative system" work. One of the best known seniors of last year explained to me with considerable pride, how he managed to "crib" with a professor standing only a few feet away, and he evidently felt that he had mastered quite an accomplishment. Even in our recent mid-year examinations, in a certain class where four faculty members patrolled the room while the students were writing, I am told that there was a
great deal of copying. To quote one of the members of that class: 'When a fellow knows that he is being watched, it just somehow stirs up every mean thing in him and if he can outwit the professor and ' crib' without getting caught, he feels that he is clever, that's all; he doesn't look upon it as being dishonest.'

"If things were even approximately satisfactory now, we might with reason hesitate to change, but with such conditions as some of us know exist here, I feel like imploring that both faculty and students decide to give the honor system a trial. And may I be personal enough to tell of my own experience?

"In every examination and quiz that I have given for the two full years, I have used this honor system. First of all, in each one of my classes I talked about it, told how the system works in other places where it is used, and said that I wanted them to demonstrate that the students in Syracuse University could be trusted as fully as those in Princeton, Williams, and Union. I put the matter to a vote and every class voted to try it. When it comes to examination, after writing the questions on the board, I ask the students to read them over, so that if any explanations are needed they may be made then and after a few minutes I leave the room, putting the students upon their honor. No one is asked to tell on any one else, but each student is expected to make the statement at the close of his paper, 'I declare on my honor as a gentleman (or as a lady) that I have neither given nor received aid during this examination,' and sign his name to it. The students are free to leave the room if they desire, and last spring I even told them that if any of them wanted to go out doors to write,
they were at liberty to do so, adding, however, re­member wherever you go that I am trusting you and that you are on your honor.

"I would be glad to have any one quiz any of my students as to how the system has worked during these two years. I do not claim that there hasn’t been a case of cheating during that time. In a popu­lation of four thousand people there are bound to be a few villains and any student who would copy when so fully trusted surely belongs to that class. Of one thing, however, we may be tolerably certain, namely, the man who would cheat under the honor system is cheating under the present plan. But what I’m thinking of is the vast body of students who, I fully believe, if thrown on their honor, would respond to the confidence placed in them. One of the best known girls on the hill said to me: ‘I frankly admit that I’ve cribbed repeatedly since I’ve been in Col­lege, but when you put me on my honor, I couldn’t think of doing such a thing.’ And I could quote many instances which convince me that the system does work.

“The main reason why the plan failed to go through two years ago was, I believe, because each student was expected to promise to report to the Senior Council anyone whom he saw cheating. A professor said to me the other day: ‘I am decidedly opposed to the honor system, because I don’t believe it would work in fraternities. No man would report a fraternity brother.’ Well, personally I should never ask any student to promise to report another, nor do I think it necessary to the success of the plan. As far as the fraternities are concerned, I have consider-
able confidence in the vigorous treatment a man would get at the hands of his own officers if found cheating under the honor system. But surely if fraternity men will go to the Administration and ask to have a member dismissed from College after they have found him incorrigible, they wouldn't hesitate to report to the Senior Council a repeated offender.

"This isn't all theory. I was brought up under the honor system and watched its successful operations for years. From the time I was seven years old until I entered College, I attended the Genesee Normal School, the Principal of which during all that time was Dr. William J. Milne, now President of the Albany Normal College, and one of the greatest educators I have ever known. Six hundred students were repeatedly left in a chapel alone when on examination and we simply signed our papers with the statement indicated above. There were occasional cases of cheating but such a high sense of honor existed in the institution that any culprit felt himself under a ban, despised by his fellow students, and that very sentiment proved a powerful factor in keeping matters straight.

"Finally, my great reason for wanting the honor system is that we have here nearly four thousand students, young men and women in the formative period of life and upon whom we are exerting an influence either for good or evil. I come into pretty close contact with a number of them and feel certain that if we trust them, we can help develop in them the highest ideals of the truest manhood and womanhood. Surely if John Howard could follow that principle in reforming the prison system of England,
we are not running any great risk in trusting the students of Syracuse University."

Minnie Mason Beebe.

College Club Notes

Dr. Henry Warren, Principal of the Boys' Academy, addressed the Club on current events on March 14. Dr. Warren spoke of political affairs in England, of the relations between France and Germany, of the Balkan peninsula, and discussed other topics of current interest.

On March 25, Prof. H. B. Smith of this institution, spoke on current events. Following are some of the topics which he discussed: Conditions in Albany, tariff revision, minimum wage for women, Latin-America, Europe and the Far East.

Chemical Club

The regular meeting of the Chemical Club was held Tuesday, March the fourth, at 3:45 p. m., in the chemistry lecture room. After reports from the various committees, Miss Wheeler read a paper on "The Manufacture of Artificial Gems." Prof. Kennedy also read a very instructive paper on "The Manufacture of Paper." The semi-monthly meeting of the Chemical Club was held Tuesday, March 18, at 3:45 p. m. Mr. Ellner read a paper, after which Prof. Bronson talked on "Immunity."

Delta Omega Notes

Literary evening at the Flat this month was especially interesting. The program contained a debate on, "Should the Women of this State Vote?"
Miss Adele Le Compte was entertained at supper by the girls on her return to Albany.

The Deltas have been pleasantly surprised several times this month by the visits of alumnae. Miss Wood, who is now teaching in Springfield, Miss Ethel Everingham, Miss Florence Woodworth, and Miss Marjorie Bennet, all paid their respects to the College on their recent trips to the City.

Miss Agnes Futterer entertained the sorority at her home Saturday afternoon, March 29th.

The Delta Omega "Week-end" will begin May 9th.

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Psi Gamma Notes

Mrs. Frear and Miss Morton entertained the sorority and faculty members at cards Saturday evening, March twenty-second.

The annual sorority dance was held in the College gymnasium Friday evening, March twenty-eighth. Our faculty members and many of our alumnae were with us.

After May first Psi Gamma will be "at home" at 431 Clinton avenue.

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Omicron Nu Notes

Professor Smith, Director of Industrial Education, and Mrs. Van Horne, formerly a teacher in the Household Economics department, have succeeded in securing the Beta Chapter of the new honorary society, Omicron Nu, for our College.
The need for an organization of this nature has been felt among workers in the cause of Home Economics for some time, with the result that last year the Alpha Chapter was organized at the Michigan Agricultural College.

We are indeed proud that S. N. C. has been granted the Beta Chapter of a society whose standards are character and high scholarship.

Omicron Nu is open to juniors and seniors pursuing work in Home Economics. Its aim is to further the cause of and awaken interest in Home Economics, the value of which is coming to be recognized more and more throughout the country.

The social life of the members is satisfied by various other organizations. This society will place emphasis upon the attainment of real scholarly results. Through it we wish to broaden our appreciation of the importance of science in the management of the home.

Miss Hunt, who came from the Alpha chapter to install Beta here, was tendered a reception by the faculty of the Domestic Science department Friday afternoon. She read a very able paper on the work of the Department. Both Dr. Milne and Dr. Blue were present to welcome her.

The students and faculty who have been awarded the privilege of wearing Omicron Nu keys are the following: Jessie Cole, Ethel Ziegler, Marjory James, Katherine Kinne, Laura Bristol, Ora King, Miss Van Liew, and Mrs. Frear.
Alumni Department

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association was held at the College on Tuesday afternoon, April first. Dr. Milne, Miss Mary A. McClelland, Miss Kate Stoneman, Prin. James J. Welch, Prof. Woodard, Prof. Sayles, and Miss Pierce were present. The President of the Association, Supt. Wilbur B. Sprague, of Utica, was unable to meet with the committee, and a letter of regret was also received from Dr. David Austin of New York. Mr. Arthur Z. Boothby, 1900, Miss Anne Louise Cushing, ’99, Mr. James J. Welch, ’05, and Mrs. Ida Babcock Cameron, ’84, were elected as new members of the committee. Prof. Harry Birch- enough, ’06, was elected to fill the position of secretary, which office was left vacant by the resignation of Dr. Aspinwall. Plans were made for meetings of the Alumni Association in June. Memorial services will be held for Dr. Husted on Monday afternoon, June 16th. On the evening of this same day, Dr. and Mrs. Milne will give a reception to the graduates and alumni. There will be a business meeting of the Association and also a luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, June 17th.

We were glad to welcome the following alumni who visited College during their Easter vacations:

Mr. Howard Dabney, ’12, and wife of Otego; Miss Florence Wittermier, ’11, of Millbrook; Miss Florence Woolworth, ’12, of Schenectady; Miss Adele Le Compte, ’12, of Medina; Miss Florence Chase, ’12, of Louvillie; Miss Lilian Houbert, H. E., ’12, of Bristol, Conn.; Miss Fannie Goldsmith, H. E., ’12,
of Middletown; Miss Anna Lanahan, H. E., '12, of Albany; Miss Nina Robie, H. E., '12, of Eaton.

Miss Emily Hoag, '10, spent her Easter vacation with Prof. and Mrs. Kirtland.

Miss May Chant, '11, is teaching in the Ilion High School. Miss Chant visited College on April 4th.

Miss Agnes Stuart, a former student, writes from Mountmorres, Westgate, California: "This is a little Eden; a lovely bungalow in the midst of a garden, overlooking miles of hill and canyon and mesa, with the great blue Pacific in the distance and range after range of mountains behind and about. My favorite spot is a cleared space up the first trail, where one is in a high basin surrounded by purple hills, with a view of Los Angeles, eighteen miles away, and of the misty Sierra Madre, with Old Baldy of the Cuyamungas raising his snowy head high above them. We can see Catalina Island, forty miles off, and on very clear days San Clements, eighty miles away, appears as a haze against the horizon.

"We have cold days and hot days, cool days and warm days, but most of the time the weather is delightfully balmy. I sit out and bask, lazily watching the lizards, which are very tame, and enjoying the mad ecstasy of the birds. Linnets take the place of eastern sparrows and flickers or our robins. There are many mocking birds and innumerable larks. The sea gulls sometimes come into the canyon below and great turkey buzzards fly about these hills all day. We are in the Santa Monica foot hills. A shadow fell over me on the mountain one day and I looked up to see a buzzard hovering above me. It was about
four feet from tip to tip of its wings and I felt rather uneasy. They eat the rabbits and the gophers that abound here.

"I have just come in from watching a three-set game of tennis, during which I cuddled in my hand a cunning little horned toad that I picked up near the courts. The coyotes serenade us sometimes and there are many wild cats and deer in the hills."

The readers of The Echo are requested to help correct the records of the Alumni Association by sending the assistant secretary, Miss Anna E. Pierce, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y., information concerning the present whereabouts of the following graduates whose letters were returned last fall:

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