-THE-ECHO-

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Table of Contents.

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XX JUNE, 1911 No. 8

IN MEMORIAM.

EDWARD WILLARD WETMORE.

The death of Dr. Wetmore is a loss to education and a grief as well to the authorities, graduates and students of the New York State Normal College. For nearly twenty years he had been a member of the Faculty, zealous in the performance of duty and faithful to what he always deemed the high mission of his profession. He was well fitted by nature to instruct and guide his pupils, for he had an active and luminous intel-

ligence and a spirit at once tender and strong. By temperament and acquired habits he was a scholar, with the scholar's instinctive reverence for truth. In the classroom and in conversation the wide range of his knowledge and its accuracy always appeared, and he carried his learning so easily and so modestly that it was a pleasure to talk with him or to listen to his lectures. He was also a student of the great movements of history and was deeply interested in all the problems of the present age. Nothing that concerned mankind was alien to him and he was eager to help the unfortunate and to improve their conditions of life. The desire to make the world better and therefore happier was characteristic of him.

Yet his temperament had other marks than these. His artistic, æsthetic nature was unusually rich. He loved and appreciated different forms of Art. Many types of Literature appealed to him and he had a fine sense of values in Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. But it was in the realm of Music that his spirit was really set free and that the vision of Beauty touched his soul. All the varied and varying moods of this Art he felt and knew. Its harmonies, whether quiet or subtle, its changing rhythm and tempo, its pathos and its majesty—all its infinite gradations of tone and color were revealed to him. His love for music thus gave his life a certain quality of grace and to this there was added also another element of grace in his love for whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. His nature was very religious; and in Religion he found and rested in something more satisfying than Art and deeper than Philosophy or Science. The poise of his character, its harmonious blending of sweetness and strength, was the spontaneous expression of trust in God. In an Age of hurrying transitions when so many cherished modes of belief seem to have lost their influ-

ence and when received traditions have been so fiercely questioned and assailed, he kept a faith simple and yet firm, for through experience and self-discipline he had found in God a refuge for his soul.

Because of these qualities his friends and pupils loved and honored him; and because of them they cherish his memory as a precious and abiding possession.

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace,
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase
And the great ages onward roll."

LEONARD W. RICHARDSON.

WILLIS GOSS MACDONALD.

An address given by Miss Mary A. McClelland at the annual dinner of the Metropolitan Alumni of the State Normal College at Hotel Majestic, New York city, February 18, 1911.

Have you not noticed, my friends, that in many of the novels we have read of late years there has been among the chief characters a good doctor, a Scotch doctor, usually? You can recall him—from Maclure of the *Bonny Briar Bush* to MacKenzie of the *Rosary*. Well, it has occurred to me that some one of you may be contemplating the writing of a story—may even now be writing one, for which you require a grand doctor—a great surgeon, it may be. Let me tell you of one.

New York State, eastern half, chiefly, together with western New England, formed, in the main, the scene of his activities. He dwelt in Albany. As a youth he had come from his village home to attend the State Normal School. That was a few years before our honored President had planned and formed the Normal College. Leaving the Normal class-rooms, this young man entered upon his studies at the old Medical College on Eagle

street. After graduation there, he served for some time as resident surgeon at the Albany Hospital. Then going abroad, he pursued his studies at the University of Berlin. Returning home, he began to practice in Albany. After a few years he established himself at the corner of State and Eagle streets. And for twenty years he was my good neighbor.

He introduced himself to me one morning in the drug store; for strange to say, so greatly was he changed in appearance, so stout had he become, that I failed to recognize him. Well, from that morning till the night of his departure, I felt always that I had a powerful friend—just up there at the corner.

Now, you were looking for a Scotch doctor. This physician was American born, and for aught I know, so were his father and his grandfather; but his name was Macdonald, and he possessed the characteristics you are seeking in a hero for your story. He was big and strong and skillful and gentlemanly and generous.

You remember how he looked in his great auto on a winter day, all wrapped up in furs. But you can recall him, also, in his office or in the sick-room. You can see the portly gentleman, faultlessly attired, immaculately neat—with the roses in his cheeks and a dainty bright flower in his button-hole.

On Christmas eve Dr. Macdonald entertained at the Fort Orange Club a party of friends, the staff of the Medical College. That night, the banquet being over, he took leave of his friends "with a smile on his face and a wave of the hand." In a few days he was gone—"just gone away."

On Sunday, the first day of the New Year, those same men met again, with hundreds of people from Albany and from out-of-town; met in the First Presbyterian Church, amid flowers and music, and the tender thoughts of the vast multitude; met to pay him their tribute of love and respect.

Yet it was not the last tribute. The very next day his friends, in the profession and out of it, began to consider what could be done to preserve the memory of their brother. There were meetings, addresses, resolutions. But in addition, "there must be a memorial," they said, "something tangible and enduring." So in their wisdom these men decided, not upon a statue, or a window or a tablet, but upon a building that would aid in the carrying on of Dr. Macdonald's work, and would thus in the best way perpetuate his memory.

This building is to be a Physiological Laboratory in connection with the new Medical College soon to be erected on a hill in the western suburbs of the city. Committees are at work—an executive committee, charged with the matter of submitting plans and taking charge of the erection and equipment of the memorial, and a committee of ways and means to provide funds to meet the expenses.

This ways-and-means committee is headed by Governor Dix, and consists of bishops, judges, physicians, editors, business men, and educators, among whom is Dr. Andrew S. Draper, State Commissioner of Education. And while dollars are being subscribed by hundreds, dimes are coming in by fives and tens.

What was your Normal friend in himself and what had he done to merit such honor, such devotion? He was a gentleman, an appreciative reader of the best in literature, a great surgeon, a delicate and kindly physician, and a philanthropic human being—a giver, a planner, an organizer. All this he was, and more, to those who knew him well. To his aged father and mother he was a devoted son.

I have said he was a gentleman. My own impression in this respect was deepened by what a nurse told me a year or two ago, a lady who, by the way, was formerly one of our Normal students. "In all the fifteen years," she said, "in which I

have frequently worked under Dr. Macdonald's direction, never have I heard him, even under the greatest provocation, utter one word that would be unbecoming to a gentleman." A moment later she qualified this statement by laughingly remarking, "Well, yes, there was just one occasion on which he did say something."

In the matter of generosity, Dr. Macdonald was loyal to the Normal College. In the earlier years of his practice, he attended a good many of the students, but I never heard of his charging one of them even a dollar. And if he chanced to care for one of the teachers, why, the bills were just large enough to keep up the self-respect of the patient.

But this doctor's philanthropy was not limited to any school nor to any creed. The poor he had with him always, and whenever it was possible he did them good. President Richmond says of him in his throbbing, pulsating tribute, that in more than one instance the doctor not only performed the operation without charge, but paid the patient's way back to his home in the country.

And yet, my friends, loyal as he was to our institution, Dr. Macdonald could not have formed one of this company to-night, except by a special act of courtesy on your part, for he was not an alumnus. So greatly absorbed was he, even in those days, with his studies in medicine that he did not remain to complete the Normal College course. Now, if this great man, as an undergraduate, gave freely of his best to us, we should at least love one another as much as we do.

One evening in his office, when the doctor was making some inquiries relative to the College and those of the faculty whom he had known, he spoke of some who had passed away, expressing his appreciation of Professor St. John. In closing, it may not be inappropriate for me to borrow a few lines from a trib-

ute that was written for Professor St. John, and apply them to Dr. Willis Goss Macdonald.

"But ever we think, as our eyes grow dim,
Of a man whose watchword seemed 'Help each other;'
Of a large, a free-hearted, generous man,
Who held every man as his brother."

Literary Department.

WHEN IS A GENIUS?

A genius is an abnormal person. So is a lunatic. The difference between the two is merely that of degree. A lunatic, as a rule, has an "idie fixe," as the French put it. So also has the genius. In this respect both of them are monomaniacs. John Keats had one all absorbing idea, namely, poetry. He lived, moved, ate, drank, slept and dreamed with his poetic hobby always with him. Was he a lunatic or a genius? Shakespeare has made the following delightful, comprehensive, classification:

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

This remark, when pondered on for any length of time, seems peculiarly apt. Especially for the lunatic and poet. The lover usually recovers from his monomania, which is therefore, temporary and not serious, except, of course, while it lasts. But the lunatic and poet are usually hopelessly infected, each with his own particular microbe. It depends upon the nature of this microbe whether the disease is named insanity or genius. In the case of Keats, we call it genius and name the microbe "poetry." Quite right, of course. It would be folly to call

him a lunatic and it would show gross ignorance to deny him the title of poet.

Keats may have been born with his poetic microbe talent within him, or he may have been inoculated while at school. At any rate, he certainly possessed the germ for awhile and the last few years of his life wrote in a manner that would perhaps lead one to believe that the germ possessed him. And perhaps it did. The poet was unique and had a queer habit of peopling his surroundings with creatures of his fancy or with the souls of departed bards. He could, by his imagination, create a back-ground or atmosphere, suitable to the subject he wished to elaborate, and then write verse upon verse, his expansive imagination being about the only inspiration he needed. His singleness of purpose, being genius, not insanity, led him in the right direction. He wanted to be a famous, worthy poet, and he was; and is. His case seems to uphold the saying that, "we become what we contemplate." Keats contemplated poetry and became a poet. Sounds easy. But once there was a man who had a strong imagination. He thought that instead of seven tones in a scale there were eight. Then his imagination acted as an inspiration and he thought he was the one to find the lost tone. So every now and then, no matter where he was, he tentatively scratched his nose, then hummed softly to see if he could locate the missing tone. Just why he scratched his nose is not known. It may be he thought, since the nose is an organ, it would give him the right tone. Anyway, he assiduously contemplated that mislaid note, but he never found it. And more than that, he was laughed at by everyone and spoken of as a lunatic. Yet he was just as serious in pursuing his pet notion as was Keats in his quest after "poesy." Why and what, what and why, the difference between them?

Abraham Lincoln was killed during the height of his renown. He had led his nation through a trying situation and was still safely guiding government over troubled waters when he was shot. Awful! What was to be done without Lincoln? It seemed as if Lincoln was the one man for the position, yet if he had not been killed he might have disappointed the entire populace by not living up to their expectation of him. Keats, when he died, seemed to be almost within that exclusive circle of immortal, poetic giants. We grieve because he could not live to reach his apogee, yet how do we know he was not already there and that a few years more would have seen him decline in poetic power? Well, we do not know for sure, but we have an idea that Lincoln's popularity and Keats' genius would have increased, not decreased.

As time goes on, a lunatic frequently becomes worse and worse and more hopeless, while a genius becomes better and better and more perfectly developed. The difference lies in the minus or plus distance a person is from that as yet unlocated mortal, the normal man. Keats had lots of plus.

ANNA M. BUTTON, 1914.

THE STORY OF THE PASSION PLAY.

The performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau has been described as "the most impressive spectacle ever set upon a stage by the ingenuity of man." Whether witnessed by Christian or atheist, tourist or student of the drama, the result is the same. But to get an appreciative notion of it is for the general public a difficult thing when one reads the various conflicting published reports that have appeared during the past six months. It is one thing to approach an experience of this character with a mind trained to gauge all things in their relations

to material profit and loss, and to judge it in the light of such standards without having any comprehension of the character and environment and history of the people to be judged. But it is a very different thing, if in the light of a sympathetic knowledge of these facts, one comes to see the natural influences and development of the life and temperament of these people. Then and then only, does he enter into the experience competent to feel the spirit and to discern the ideals, the aspirations and the motives that have given life to the play, and still permeate the entire village.

Almost immediately upon alighting from the train, at the little Bavarian town, the traveller seems transported to another world presenting in vivid actuality a life and people of a remote age, just such as one might imagine to have been found in Judea or Gallilee two thousand years ago. The narrow, irregular streets, the frequent crucifixes, the quaint artistically decorated houses, everywhere men with flowing locks and frocks, walking with quiet dignity, almost solemnity of manner, seem to reproduce before the eyes the Biblical scenes so familiar in literature and art. The very atmosphere and spirit of the place contribute to make the illusion more real.

To one who has not had the experience the idea of a performance lasting from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., with but two hours intermission at noon, seems more than one could stand. But after a day and a night spent in this unique village, coming into close touch with the people as they are actitvely engaged in their work, one is so impressed by the gentleness of their ways and the peacefulness and simplicity of their lives, that as the hour of the beginning of the Play approaches, he feels more and more the perfect harmony of the situation, and the Play itself becomes truly but another phase of the life of Oberammergau. It is a tremendous experience, a veritable

strain both upon the physical strength and upon the emotions, but throughout the long day, nothing seems superfluous, nothing needless, everything follows naturally and contributes its necessary part to the whole production. He must be truly hardened by soulless material living, who could witness it without deep stirring of spiritual feeling and real quickening of faith.

The idea of representing the Lord's Passion did not originate at Oberammergau. It was a practice of very early times being an expression of the desire of the faithful to know and to follow the sufferings of the Redeemer. Pilgrims had long gone to the Holy Land to strengthen their love by visiting the actual scenes of the life of Jesus. But not all could go to the Holy Land; hence, the making of representations at home. The first of these was the devotional service of the Via Crucis, followed by the production of dramas by the clergy. These were represented in all parts of Europe, from the East to the West and were acted in the Church or the church-yard, at first in the spirit of deepest reverence and devotion, but later corruption so entered in that they were forbidden.

The practice began at Oberammergau about the time of the coming to America of the Pilgrim Fathers; just after the thirty years' was, the first performance being given in 1633. In that year a fearful pestilence raged up and down the Ammer valley and village after village was ravaged and left in desolation. Oberammergau alone had escaped, thanks to a vigorous quarantine. But one day a carpenter of Oberammergau, Caspar Shusler by name, working in a plague-stricken village near-by, desired to return to see his wife and children in Oberammergau. Perhaps he himself was stricken, perhaps he was eager to provide for his family; at all events he broke through the quarantine and smuggled himself into the village.

A terrible retribution followed; two days later he died and the plague spread till eighty-four had died. A public assembly was then called to consider the matter; as far as was known all sanitary precautions had failed and apparently all curative measures were useless. So they cried aloud to God; if He would spare them, they would register a vow to perform as a memorial of gratitude every ten years the tragedy of the Passion of our Lord. From that hour the plague was stayed; those who were stricken recovered and no others became victims. Thus a fixed institution began at Oberammergau which with very few variations, due to wars, has been maintained ever since. In 1870 the Christus himself was summoned to take up arms and the play was interrupted but it was resumed in 1871.

One might well ask why did these people make a vow of this character? The answer is to be found in the conditions of life under which they had lived for generations. Removed from the bustle and strenuous life of the city, these peasants were born, lived and died in their own Bavarian Alps where while nations were passing through all the vicissitudes of history and civilization they maintained unchanged from generation to generation their simplicity and quiet peacefulness. They dwelt close to Nature, were not over-civilized and were in no sense materialized. For the play of poetic fancy, there was absolutely free course, free from the restraints of cold reasoning, with the result that a child-like imagination became a more important factor in life than the realties of material existence. Is it any wonder that in the midst of conditions so calm and undisturbed, religion and religious worship should come to play a large and engrossing part in life? Idealism permeated their whole life and pervaded their very thoughts. Artistic and religious fancies were the substance of their

dreams. For them there were no mysteries, there were no impossibilities. All material phenomena had religious significance; they were expressions of Divine presence. The material and the spiritual merged in one; the unknown and the known were not separated.

Hence it was that by virtue of both temperament and environment, they developed most naturally the histrionic instinct and the religious drama became not an incident but an integral part of the peasant life. Long before the date of the first Passion Play, Bible Plays had been a common form of worship. Scripture stories and legends of the saints were represented by *Mystery* and *Miracle* plays and as time revealed the possibilities of the material of Biblical history, the story of the Passion of our Lord became the most popular form of religious drama. So it was the most natural thing in the world that they should have made this vow in this way.

For many years at Oberammergau, the play was rude and fantastic, even farcical. But the play in its present form, which dates from 1850, is the work of the village priest, Alois Daisenberger, who transformed it into dignified drama. Student and lover of the classics, who had already translated Sophocles' "Antigone" into German for his people to present, he wrought into the Passion Play much that is classic in form and style. It is written according to Scripture, for the edification of the Christian world, and contains not the Gospel story only, but connected with it are types, figures and prophecies of the Old Testament, used as illustrations and a basis of the story of the Passion. These parts are presented in tableaux and explained by a chorus.

These tableaux are most remarkable, surpassing, according to competent critics, anything ever represented in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. The costumes present peculiarly

beautiful and appropriate mingling of colors. And when one considers the massiveness of proportions, the great distance of the scene from the spectators, the mingling of these cleverly adapted color schemes, the suitability of the scenery to the color of the costumes and the immobility of the performers, it is possible to realize the wonderful pictorial and artistic effect.

The players are all natives of Oberammergau and are not, as many suppose, ignorant peasants. They evince a surprising refinement, are universally well-mannered, even educated, not a few of them speaking the English language with facility. They have had some relations with the world for their village is situated on the road of travel from Italy to Nuremburg, over which in the past have journeyed the merchant caravans. Their rigid rule was that no Sunday travel should be permitted, so that all caravans arriving at Oberammergau on Saturday, remained until Monday before continuing their journey. The villagers consequently profited greatly by the contact with others and from it gained the spirit of tolerance so much appreciated by the American people, and acquired an ease of manner and expression that was unusual.

In trade they are mostly wood-carvers, tho' the Christus of the past season was a potter, and in their work they exhibit great skill. Instead of the crude products that we might expect from peasants we find beautiful, artistic work. For they are an art-loving people; their faces indicate it, being delicate and sensitive, and their hands show it, being well-formed and well-kept. Since 1800 they have maintained a drawing-school, now combined with a wood-carving school, accommodating one hundred pupils.

Artistic therefore as well as religious, and dramatic in their instincts, they are peculiarly adapted to religious acting, the

form most liked. And so innate are these qualities, extending even to the children, that it is not quite accurate to speak of their acting, for their representations are more natural than that. It is a very high order of impersonating in which the impersonator not only loses his own individuality in the character which he represents but seems to live his part more truly than ever seen elsewhere on the stage. This peculiarly vital element is the great characteristic of the Play and as one looks out the open end of the theatre, over and beyond the heads of the performers and the scenery, to the background of Bavarian mountains and sees the grazing cattle or an occasional flock of birds or the changing aspect of the clouds in the heavens, it is easy to fancy oneself actually at Jerusalem or Bethany and truly witnessing a bit of life taken from New Testament times. The environment and temperament and traditions of the people combine to make such a performance but a natural expression of life as it has been lived for generations in the Ammer valley; and to suppose that a true representation of the Play could be given in Paris, London or New York, apart from these conditions is not only a shock to one's feelings, but as unthinkable as it is impossible to enter into a sympathetic appreciation of it, without knowledge of these influences which have expressed themselves in this way. Let any one stand just outside this mountain village by the side of the little limpid river Ammer and view the lofty peaks about him rising as eternal monuments to the greatness of Him whom the play honors and which act as natural barriers to the distracting and enervating intrusions of a materialistic and nerve-racking civilization, and then turn to see in the near-by meadows several villagers, themselves characters in the play, as they are engaged in making hay, in their quiet, peaceful and wholesome way, and he will know that of all places in the world, none could be chosen better adapted to commemorate in its purity and simplicity the Passion of our Lord.

WILLIAM B. ASPINWALL.

THE GIRL I MET.

One evening, as I come from work,
From work, you hear, from work,
I chance to see a charming maid,
A coy young maid, a charming maid,
Far underneath a three-foot hat,
A lovely hat, a three-foot hat,
I catch a glimpse of a face so fair,
So fair, so fair, so fair.
My heart at once is in my throat.
Not on my sleeve, but in my throat.
Yet suddenly comes a ray of hope!
A ray of hope! A ray of hope!
For lo, behold, her skirt is scant,
Too scant! too scant! too scant!
For beyond all doubt, or quibble, or cant,
She cannot step from car to street.
She can't! she can't! she can't!
So when she starts to leave the car,
I leave it first, and stand prepared
To help her in her dire distress,
Brought on by that too modish dress.
Upon the step she hesitates,
And looks appealing round.
She must in some way reach the ground.
My proffered help is not declined,
Is not declined, is not declined.
Oh! how I bless that hobble skirt!
That hobble skirt! that hobble skirt!
As with a blush like early morn,

A blush like dawn, like early morn,
She steps into my outstretched arms,
My lucky arms, my outstretched arms!

GERALD S. PRATT, 1914.

SOCIALISM.

In these days of terrific hurry and bustle, when so many new and startling things occur, in whirlwind succession, when so many alluring fads and isms are darting their straw arrows into the hearts of the credulous, the superstitious, the sentimental, it is difficult to have much *faith* in any one panacea for the betterment of society. Most of us are too busy, we have no time for a deep breath. The seeds of our interests are scattered from Dan to Beersheba; we are occupied all day, in preparing ourselves to get ahead of the next fellow, while all night we fear that to-morrow this next fellow will in some mysterious way wear the badge or the uniform which we desired. This nervousness, this unrest, is not very conducive to meditation upon large and general schemes, upon philosophic systems or upon any large question which makes us get "out of ourselves" for a moment; makes ur forget our own immediate personal interests, wants, and desires, in order to consider in a large, general way, the interests, wants, and desires of society as a whole.

Nowadays we hear so much about Socialism; we read lots of things in the papers and magazines about socialists and socialistic ideas; we listen once in a while to a pulpit sermon or to a stump speech, or to a lecture, either wholly or partly on Socialism. The flower of Socialism seems to send out some indefinable odor to the atmosphere. The dreamers of Utopias

find health and vigor in this new odor, while the cool, clear-headed scientists find in it something new for their analytical laboratories. But the large mass of wage-earners, the ordinary daily working millions, who are supposed to be neither poetic dreamers nor cool, clear-headed scientists, also have noses and can also smell this new odor. Of those millions, some find the odor pleasant, and endeavor to learn how to get the flower; others are as indifferent to this as to any other odor in nature's garden, and therefore care naught about this new flower; still others have weak olfactory organs and cannot distinguish this odor from any other in the air. Most of us, also have a hazy and vague idea that this new odor is actually in the atmosphere, but we are not certain whether it is the fragrance of the flower of hope, or the pungent, irritating odor of the flower of discontent. That this flower of Socialism is one of great beauty, of divine hope, and of ultimate concern to all mankind, is what this immature and meagre paper will try to show.

What is Socialism? What do the Socialists want? How do they propose to get it? The answers to these questions have filled so many thousands of books and pamphlets on literature, and the subject is so vast that only an exceptionally few specialists can be expected to know and understand them thoroughly.

It is necessary for one to be a deep student of philosophy, of economics, of history, of science, to understand the essence of Socialism. Yet, although we cannot all be specialists, most of us, as ordinary intelligent beings interested in the vital questions of our own day, ought to get some clear notion or some common-sense view of what those vital problems are, whether they be Socialism, Spiritualism, or any other ism.

It is necessary to bear in mind at the outset that Socialism is a progressive world movement to raise the standard of our

social and intellectual life, a reconstruction in our present economic conditions. Although love and altruism are the fountain-springs that underlie the socialist movement, yet modern scientific socialism occupies itself mainly with the economic condition of society. It aims to show that the modern profit and competitive system of production and distribution of commodities necessary to life, is detrimental to the stability and wholesome welfare of society. Many scientists and sociologists say that Socialism is the next inevitable step in social evolution. Savage competition for food, shelter and clothing must be abolished, the profit system must be dethroned, and in their stead is to be substituted the co-operative ownership of all the social necessaries of life, and the production of commodities for use, instead of for profit. Great philosophers and scientists have written volumes on "The materialistic conception of history," or on "Economic determinism," to prove conclusively that throughout history the state and form of society has always been directly dependent upon the prevalent economic condition of that society. As A. M. Simmons in his "Philosophy of Socialism," says:

"Let this not be misunderstood. If society is but a means to the satisfaction of human desires through conquest of an external world, the lowness of a society does not depend upon this fact, but only upon the lowness of the desires that govern. If all the social energies are expended in the production of the means to satisfy the merely animal desires to the neglect of all that is good and true and beautiful, and if even then these necessities are not secured to the majority of the members of society, then that society is indeed bestial."

Besides showing that the economic organization of a society determines all its other forms and structures, Socialism points out that there is a shameful class struggle existing which must

be eradicated. The following is from the Socialist party platform:

"A bitter struggle over the division of the products of labor is waged between the exploiting propertied classes on the one hand and the exploited, propertyless class on the other. In this struggle the wage working class cannot expect adequate relief from any reform of the present order at the hands of the dominant class."

Pages of accurate statistics could be compiled showing the truth of the above, but it is not necessary in a general discussion of this sort. It is enough to find in the statistical abstracts of the United States that one-eighth of the families in the United States get seven-eighths of the wealth and that fifty-one persons out of a population of 90,000,000, own approximately one thirty-fifth of the entire wealth of the United States. Robert Hunter's book *On Poverty,* is enough to harrow one's soul with its detailed accounts of the life of ignorance and squalor, led by the victims of our modern social and conomic conditions. He shows that 1,000,000 families in the United States are in absolute poverty.

Now Socialism is merely a political and economic movement, that is, its aim is to reorganize peacefully, if possible, our present system of production and distribution, through the formation of a unified political party. To quote again from the Socialist party platform, Socialism is not concerned with matters of religious belief:

"In the struggle for freedom the interests of all modern workers are identical. The struggle is not only national, but international. It embraces the world and will be carried to ultimate victory by the united workers of the world.

"To unite the workers of the nation and their allies and sympathizers of all other classes to this end, is the mission of

the Socialist party. In this battle for freedom, the Socialist party does not strive to substitute working class rule for capitalist class rule, but by working class victory, to free all humanity from class rule and to realize the international brotherhood of man."

It is necessary to realize that, whatever may be the underlying forces of this movement, that it is in modern times organized upon a practical political platform, with practical common-sense measures for the reform of existing evils, vices, and crimes. Volumes have been filled in discussion of such measures, but I need only quote from the Socialist party platform to convey some idea of their character:

"*Industrial Demands.*

The improvement of the industrial condition of the workers.

"By shortening the workday.

"By securing to every worker a rest period of not less than a day and a half in each week.

"By securing a more effective inspection of factories.

"By forbidding the employment of children under sixteen years of age.

"By forbidding the interstate transportation of the products of child labor, of convict labor and of all uninspected factories.

"By abolishing official charity and substituting in its place compulsory insurance.

"*Political Demands.*

"The extension of graduated inheritance taxes.

"A graduated income tax.

"Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women.

"The initiative and referendum, proportional representation and the right of recall.

"That the Constitution be made amenable by majority vote."

These are, perhaps, sufficient to show the general tendency

of modern Socialism, but we need only examine any authoritative treatise on the subject to discover the numerous other measures and the means of obtaining them. The important thing to bear in mind is that there is a socialist party organized on a firm, clear, common-sense basis, which carries on political and educational work. Again, Socialism busies itself mainly with the uplift of the working masses. It shows that there is little poetry, beauty, joy or glory in the life of the working man, even when taken at its best, and to instil these higher attributes among the masses, is the chief mission of the movement. As John Spargo says: "The Socialist movement of to-day is not interested in carrying on a great design, but in seeing society get rid of its drones, and making it impossible for one class to exploit another class."

To quote again from the national platform of the Socialist party:

"Socialism means that all those things upon which the people in common depend shall by the people in common be owned and administered. It means that the tools of employment shall belong to the creators and users; that all production shall be for the direct use of the producers; that the making of goods for profit shall come to an end; that we shall all be workers together; and that all opportunities shall be open and equal to all men."

How do we propose to get Socialism? I shall let Wilhelm Liebknecht, the great German thinker upon Socialism, answer for me:

"But we are not going to attain Socialism at one bound. The transition is going on all the time, and the important thing for us, in this explanation, is not to paint a picture of the future—which in any case would be useless labor—but to forecast a practical program for the intermediate period, to for-

mulate and justify measures that shall be applicable at once, and that will serve as aids to the new Socialist birth."

Many people confuse Socialism with Anarchism. A thorough discussion of these terms would fill a large volume, but let me say that one is just the opposite of the other. The true difference between Socialism and anarchism is that the Socialist sets the social interest, the good of society, above all other interests, while the Anarchist sets the interest of the individual above everything else.

These are only broad, general, perhaps vague, notions of what Socialism is, but one must himself study and observe the tendencies of this modern movement to get more adequate and more specific ideas.

I had heard it said that there is no danger in thinking upon all phases and aspects of life, as long as one is able to keep sweet. A study of Socialism may reveal some sordid, heart-rending, horrible conditions; it may absorb the mind in a bitter contemplation of the cruel reality of things; it may disturb our peaceful faith and momentarily shatter our high ideals; it may awaken us from our heartfelt and pure dreams and force us to gaze upon the hard, stern face of selfishness, but if one's soul is indomitably steeped and dyed in hope and love, and is unflinching in its courage, it will find a way out both for itself and for the soul of humanity. With such a soul there can be no danger of our becoming materialized and embittered. Our material and spiritual life is closely knit, one is the warp, the other the woof; improve either, and you improve the whole.

"The problem is not how to root out the present materialistic conception, but how to utilize our material forces to aid humanity in its progress." It is true that Socialism deals mainly with food, shelter and clothing. It is not to be denied

that Socialism tends to lay exaggerated emphasis on the labor problem, capitalist class, laboring class, "private ownership of the necessaries of life," "wage slavery," "unemployed problem." We cannot deny the fact that a constant clamoring and insistent repetition by propogandists of Socialism of the unequal division and distribution of the necessaries of life, the cruelties, the injustice, the crimes, the miseries of modern society, all tend in a degree, to concentrate the masses upon the purely material side of life, to arouse, as it were, an ignoble discontent, a discontent, not with the condition of one's heart, mind, and soul, but with one's pocket. But is it right to infer that because the Socialistic propaganda tends to have such an influence upon the average man, that it is a hopeless and demoralizing movement? Do the eternal, deep, sublime principles of Christianity always exert the influence which the unfathomable soul of their great founder desired that they should exert? Yet we do not blame, or throw slurs upon the spirit of Christianity. No, Socialism is the hope of the world, God is behind it, it is one great, glorious movement up; up toward altruism, toward supreme love, toward mutual help, not mental antagonism; toward cleaner, more artistic homes, toward the uplift of the mere drudge, toward the dream indefinable, inexpressible, yet imaginable sweet dream; the dream of a world where children will enjoy childhood's fanciful fairyland, instead of suffering in diseased, sordid, gloomy hovels, begging for bread and receiving a stone.

The same dream it was which the sublime One of Gallilee dreamt 2,000 years ago, so remote then, yet so possible now; the dream where science and art shall be bound hand in hand, science aiding man's effort to harness completely the forces of nature for more beautiful and more abundant material production, art elevating man's life and implanting there the spiritual seed, so that we may drink deep of its mysteries, so that we

may have broader visions, more sensitive and delicate souls, more reverence for the power hidden in the constant roll and roar of the ocean. A better and higher economic life must and will lead to a better and higher intellectual and spiritual life. Socialism, like all great movements towards progress, is tinged with ideal visions and dreams; but to make those dreams a reality, Socialism applies itself to the most vital, most essential needs of mankind: better food, better clothing, better shelter for the masses. This condition is to be accomplished by a destruction of the "profit system" and the substitution of the "co-operative system."

Whatever hard-headed, cold criticism the advocates of modern scientific Socialism may arouse, we must not forget that Socialism is an international movement. You might as well try to push back the tide as to attempt to quell the spirit of universal brotherhood and universal peace of which we hear and read so much to-day. Socialism is not only scientific, but it is part of that beautiful Christian movement toward making this world a paradise where brotherly love is the supreme law.

DAVID ALLISON, 1913.

A LESSON IN CONTENTMENT.

Never was sky bluer, nor clouds more lovely, nor trees and fields greener, nor the songs of the birds sweeter, nor the humming of the bees and the murmuring of the brooklets more filled with the spirit of contentment, than on that May morning when I followed the trail over the woodlands of the Lenni-Lennape. How long I wandered on, I cannot tell, for I took no heed of time. Time and all other cares were lost in the first field after leaving the main highway. Each flower that

I passed stole one little care, each rustling of the trees another, and each playful gust of wind another, till, robbed of them all, I wandered on and on in the mere joy of living.

This trail, like so many others, dwindled and dwindled, until, nothing more than a squirrel track, it ran up a tree and was lost. But over yonder, a little at one side, was a spring, and a tiny brook threaded its way thru the underbrush, and trickled down a little valley all its own.

A brook is very generous. You are welcome to all it possesses, and to its very essence. It offers no objections, but goes on in the same contented, peaceful, joyous fashion, and ever murmurs forth its melodies. Poet never lived who was not in debt to some brook,—a debt which each and every one has striven to repay by laudations, but which increases with every such attempt. But the brook wishes no pay, is just as happy if entirely forgotten, is satisfied if the foliage on its banks, the birds who drink and bathe in its shallows, and the fishes that swim in its pools, enjoy its presence.

It was, then, with the spirit of one who takes what is freely offered with gladness and gratitude, that I wended my way down the little valley till it ended abruptly at the Schuylerkill.

The Schuylerkill at that point is very narrow, and passes thru a dense grove. Slowly meandering along its grassy banks, I came, in time, to the ruins of an old grist mill. Ivy covered the remnants of walls, and the crumbling old mill wheel was green with moss and grasses. Half of the dam was washed away, and the mill-race was overgrown with rank weeds. The creek flowed beneath what remained of the dam, skirting wide the mill-race and the wheel at its end.

Climbing upon the dam, I found a high dry spot close to the dilapidated old building. There I sat down to meditate.

"The aversion for playing-cards," thought I, as I pulled a pack from my pocket, "is in the same category as the belief in the red devil and his pitchfork. Few people pay much attention to either." So I laid out the cards for a game of solitaire. Playing as carefully as I could, I succeeded in getting out just seven cards. But there was a six of clubs under the five of diamonds, and if I used it, I could get out at least five more cards. People who possess a strong imagination may be content to do such things, but as for me—well—I cannot cheat myself.

Imagination is a great faculty. It is of paramount service to mankind, especially to the insane. The old gentleman who sits astride a chair with a cord thru its back and gleefully shouts "Giddap," uses his imagination. The ostrich, which hides its head in the sand, and thinks its entire body is well hidden, uses its imagination. Imagination may be all right for imaginary people, but for real people, ought there not to be something else?

Realism is the real thing. For every result in this world there is a perfect cause. Ask your merchant prince if there is any magic about money making. Prompt will be his negative answer. For every investment there is a certain return. The amount of that return may be large or small, yet it is only varied because of certain unforeseen causes. There is no such thing as an accident. Especially does realism apply to cards. Mr. Canfield will hand you a pack. You may cut it once, twice, thrice. He will wager how many cards you will place on the table in your game of solitaire. Thru stupidity you may lay out less, but never more. He had it reckoned out as soon as the cards were cut. This is not gambling; it is certainty, reality.

"Hence, vain imagination. I will have none of you."

I was aroused from my reverie by the clatter of horses' hoofs. Looking up, I saw strange things before me. The dam was intact, and down thru the mill-race the water was rushing. The monstrous wheel turned slowly but steadily. A miller, white with flour, stood in the doorway and received visitors who came with their grain. Well-beaten roads lead up to the mill from many directions; some from over the hills, some from up stream, and some from down. The miller talked little to his customers, nor asked by what route they had come. Each sack was received with care, and with but one question of its bringer: "Is your wheat good?"

"Is your wheat good?" I repeated to myself and my vision vanished. My scene of prosperity gave place to one of crumbling ruins. Nothing remained but the stream, and that was the same as of yore, because even then it was ever changing. A sigh was welling in my heart yet I suppressed it, for at that moment there came to me the lilt of the poet's song, and I again was strong.

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks thru death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

WORDSWORTH WILLIAMS, 1913.

THE DREAM HOUSE.

It is a bare, shabby room, with a few tradesmen's calendars on the walls, for adornment. In the fireplace there smoulder the remains of a wooden packing case. A gaunt, gray man sits, with his head and arms resting on the table. An old woman sits near the hearth, her faded old shawl drawn closely about her. She drops the newspaper she has been reading, bows her head until her chin touches the shawl and gazes into the flames.

She watches one glaring spot grow brighter and brighter. A welcome glow lights up her face and warms—and warms—why what has happened to the fire-place? It has taken a form for which she had always hoped; about which she and he had always dreamed. And the clock! the heavy furniture! Yes, it is a Dutch dining-room, at last! What a terrible dream it had been!

She is young again! She has just been engaged and is holding up her hand while he kisses the ring. How quickly pass the happy hours they are spending together. They are planning the house—"the nest," he calls it. "The library will have a large stained glass window on the right, book-cases on all sides and in addition to the deep-cushioned chairs a cozy bench under the window." In like manner they plan room after room. But are no nearer the real house on the wedding-day than they were the first day they met. He is spending his money for theatres, balls, and frivolities; she is investing the rest in fashions that change quickly enough to make her a weekly visitor to the dressmaker.

They are married, and rent a "flat" until they shall save enough to buy the Dream-House. A year passes—quickly to be sure—and they are in debt—but the future is promising! They will save next year. That year passes and the Dream-

House becomes dimmer and dimmer. Its turrets and gables become indistinct in the haze of present-day fashions. She wants jewels now and stands for hours before her glass and admires their effect in various combinations.

Then comes the crash! The flames in the fire-place are roaring with new vigor, she moves uneasily in her chair, as if to cast off the terrible dream! She is at the jeweller's again; she takes the gems (wishing she were able to buy them all). She can only afford a limited amount. She takes them home, and with his aid and suggestion selects a few jewels. The rest she will return on the morrow. But the blow falls during the night. They are robbed; all the trinkets are taken. He runs frantically to the police; she goes to the jeweller's; she wrings her hands like a helpless child; she weeps; cries aloud hysterically. Under the circumstances they will be allowed a reduction on the jewels but are required to make weekly payments on them.

They rent a cheaper flat; they dismiss the servant. She goes to the stores and bargains about every cent she spends. He works late into the night. They cease to live, they merely exist. He has grown prematurely gray, his cheeks are sallow and pale. She has become stout and shabby; her hands are large and red; her voice is harsh and loud. She often sits alone at the window to rest after a hard day's work, and her thoughts wander back to that fatal night; she thinks of her friends—"Have they forgotten me? Would they stop to talk to me? No, they would never recognize me!" She thinks of the Dream-House and she moans solicitously, "What might have been! What might have been!"

A cold draught from the shaky window causes her to shiver and draw nearer the grate.

"I will put more wood on the fire," he says.

"What might have been! What—" she suddenly starts from her reverie.

"This is the thirty-first day of December. Hark, the bells, the bells! Happy New Year! Hap—Hap—don't weep. I have made the last payment on the terrible debt to-day."

"What might have been!"

"We are too old for the Dream-House now. Let us try to build one for our daughter. Resolved that we will save—" His voice is drowned by the pealing of the bells.

"If we had resolved and built twelve years ago, if we had not been robbed, if—what might have been!"

J. C. ROSENBLUM, 1913.

THE PEACE OF EVENING.

The sun had set behind the hill that sheltered the little Judean village, and the after-glow lingered, shedding a rosy softness over the low huddling houses, smoothing out the hard lines, hiding the poverty and the dirt, glorifying the crooked streets and the mud walls with a tender, toil-forgetting, sin-forgiving light. The sounds of the market place were hushed; the traders had long since gone their way; the noisy little children had stopped their play, and were gathering in sleepy groups in the doorways of the huts. From the hill pastures came the faint tinkle of the sheep-bells; from the convent on the mountain sounded the sweet, low call to evening prayer; from the twisted olive trees was heard the last drowsy twitter of the birds. On the steps of a little mud cottage, sat a swarthy Syrian mother. A light as soft as the western glow shone in her large, tender eyes, and her body swayed to and fro, as gently as the evening breeze, while she crooned a low song to

the baby in her arms, and wrapped her loose dress about him more closely, and bending, pressed soft kisses on his silky head. The light faded; the slender moon and one bright star looked down on the stillness. Through the shadow of the valley came a horse and his rider, and a low, sweet whistle of welcome rose to the cottage, and the heart of the Syrian woman was full of peace.

NAOMI M. HOWELLS, 1914.

LOVE VS. MONEY.

The old man stopped, and stood in a drooping posture, as he reached the end of the row of the gently waving corn, his wide-brimmed straw hat pushed back from his forehead so as to disclose a scanty growth of iron gray hair. Slowly he took his hand from his hoe and wiped his flushed, sweaty face on a huge red bandana; his dull shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows exposing his red woolen undershirt; his shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, displayed another portion of that same garment. His faded blue overalls, fastened on one side by a piece of binder twine, showed marks of his morning's work by the clayey appearance of their hems. His coarse heavy plow shoes were also loaded with the freshly stirred soil. He raised his slim, hairy arm and beckoned to his son, who was industriously hoeing a few hills from him.

Immediately his son, a stalwart young fellow, came toward him. His pleasant eyes told at a glance of the large, tender heart that rested in his manly bosom. His soberly set lips displayed resolute persistence. His dark brown hair played lightly about his brow. His very attitude bespoke the dutiful son.

Together they climbed across the stone wall into the dusty

road. As they turned to the right the old man spoke, "Son, before you lies the city. Somewhere in that city is your brother. He must be purty busy for we haint heard from him in a long time, nigh onto six months. He used to write quite often, but he don't no more. I give him five hundred dollars to get a start with, the day he was twenty-one." The old man wiped his eyes on the back of his hand, then he continued. "I'm ready to do the same for you to-morrow, for then you'll be twenty-one. They say a young man has a fine chance in the city. We haint got much to offer you, here on the farm —just the old place, your ma and me."

The boy turned his back to the city and looked down at the homely story-and-a-half farmhouse, the only home he had ever known. He looked down beyond the house to the pasture where the cattle were contentedly grazing along the creek, where he had fished in his boyhood. His eye glanced along over the potato patch, the rye and wheat fields, rested a moment on the cool, stately wood, which had so often supplied him with fish poles, whips, and whistles. Again he glanced back at the old farmhouse; thin wisps of blue smoke lazily curled from the old chimney toward the azure sky. "Dad," he turned to his father as he spoke, "dinner is ready, let's go down and tell mother I am going to stay with you on the old place. I'll get another team and a new binder with that five hundred."

Tears of joy welled up in the old man's eyes and rolled down his weather beaten cheeks, as, side by side, they silently walked toward the old home.

HAROLD W. GOEWEY, 1914.

Editorial Department.

Commencement—what does it mean? As Freshmen, packing our trunks for departure, we gave it but momentary thought; there would be commencement exercises at the high school back home and there would be jolly good fun. As Sophomores we missed many of the former Seniors, and we decided to stay over for the next commencement. How grand the class looked marching in, all in their caps and gowns, and again when they marched up to receive their diplomas! And as tears and kisses and congratulations were being showered promiscuously, we thought, "Oh, if we could only be Seniors!" As Juniors we have come to consider commencement more seriously; we realize to some extent its true significance, that it means to the Seniors the loss of helpful, guiding hands upon which they have so long depended, and the assumption of a shaky self-reliance; the loss of that most delightful but most inaccurately named quality, the 'dignity' of the Senior, and the assumption of the true dignity of the school-marm. So we continue to attempt the point of view of the Senior towards commencement—but how futile it is. None can learn what commencement means to the Senior by the observational method—to be known it must be experienced. But one thing we do know—farewells are in order. So we forget and forgive all their haughtiness and superiority, and, as each one passes out we cry (trusting that none will know its original application), "*Atque in perpetuum, Senior, ave atque vale.*"

The difficulty of finding a person to do things, even at S. N. C., is ever apparent. Some would if they could, others could if they would, but rare indeed is the one who not only can but will. A couple of years ago the ECHO Board needed

someone to do things for the first ECHO play. The one selected gave clear evidence of her willingness and proved, by deed, her ability. The play was a success, congratulations were heaped upon the members of the cast, the newspapers were kind; but none of the glory went to the one who had done things. Last year the ECHO gave another play. Again things were done in the same willing and able manner. Again the play was successful, the 'stars' were accorded their well-merited praise, but still the moving spirit was unmentioned. The ECHO Board maintained silence, enforced by the fact that she was doing things in an editorial way. Now, however, her connection with the ECHO is at an end, and, while greatly regretting her loss from the Board, we are pleased to have the opportunity of expressing, at this late day, the gratitude which we have always felt to Miss Ella R. Watson, the greatest student friend the ECHO has ever had.

The new regulations for the limiting of work and for the prompt making up of conditions seem, at first glance, severe and unnecessary. A little reflection, however, leads us to the conclusion that, instead of being a cause for greivance, they are really a blessing. There is small need to discuss the wisdom of limiting the work to twenty-one points per year. The only valid excuse for wishing to carry more is to work off conditions,—and if conditions have resulted with eighteen or twenty points, can one reasonably expect permission to carry twenty-four? As for making up conditions promptly, we all know the tendency that there is to put off a supplementary examination or the repetition of a course. Not infrequently Sophomores, Juniors, and sometimes even Seniors, are seeking tutors to 'cram them up' for entrance examinations in subjects which they have not looked at since high school days! If we now have

regulations to eliminate the piling up of conditions and the indefinite postponement of satisfying them, we must all see they are for our good. A particularly good feature of them is that those to whom they seem most severe, are, with but few exceptions, the ones most responsible for the conditions which have made the regulations necessary.

Did you ever see a cat when it discovered its image in a mirror? Did you ever see a baby under the same conditions? This has no direct application to the case in hand; but the new ECHO Board *is* wondering if it sees now, if it will see all next year, the reflection of its own enthusiasm in the actions of the student body. We are ready and anxious to make our College stand high, very high. Are you? We are prepared and eager to make our College paper better than it has ever been before, the best that it can be now. Does this echo your sentiments? If not, then our paper is misnamed. We assume that you are with us and believe that you are. When the end is pleasant; when the object is worthy; when the achievement is easy for you; why should you not desire and aid in its attainment? Enthusiasm, action, life, never yet have injured anyone. They will not injure you. In fact, they will do you good, mentally, morally, physically, and they will do more for your College than anything else can do.

Please notice that we have not mentioned College spirit. It is not because we do not consider these two words the very best ones for the pages of a College paper; for we do. But—well, if any one of you has ever lain and heard an alarm clock persistently ringing, ringing, you know the stubborn irritation that it often awakens, and you will then understand what we mean when we say that the continuous striking of one note,

be that note never so good, often arouses only the resentment which prompts one to say, "Well, let the old thing ring if it wants to!"

To the ultra-progressive, ultra-daring Class of 1911 we are indebted for many things, but perhaps the greatest of them all is their Year Book. In their preface the editors inform us that they are showing future classes how such a book should look. While most of us in S. N. C. hail from the Empire State, still we are glad to be shown, when the spectacle is good. We, therefore, thank and congratulate the editors and the Class which they represent, and assure them that we shall make good use of their showing in "Our Book of 1912, 1913, etc. To the book, also, we owe some slight addition to our feeling of pride in our Alma Mater. We cannot examine the book, even casually, without reflecting that we are real students in a real college—a thought which comes to many of us all too seldom.

Failure to issue the ECHO in April and May was due to lack of funds. While the ECHO Board deplores the condition, it feels that the responsibility for it rests wholly upon the student body, and therefore it makes no apology.

News Department.

FACULTY NOTES.

Edward W. Wetmore, A.M., Pd.D., a member of our faculty since 1891, died suddenly of heart failure, March 22, 1911. Dr. Wetmore was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1867, after which he studied at the Auburn Theological Seminary. He returned to Ann Arbor and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1870. He also took special courses in Metallurgy and Assaying at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. For a few years Dr. Wetmore was an instructor in Robert College, Constantinople, but returned to this country and became prominent as an educator in New York State. At the time of his death the following expressions of the sorrow and sympathy of the faculty and student body were drawn up:

"In the death of Edward W. Wetmore, New York has lost one of its most prominent educators, and the New York State Normal College one of its most devoted and beloved teachers. He became professor of physical science in 1891 and during these years he impressed the students with his ability, enthusiasm and kindness, while to his colleagues on the faculty, he always seemed the embodiment of loyalty and unselfishness. He had the temperament of the scholar and the ideals of the christian gentleman. His colleagues remember also the courage which he showed in the struggle to regain his health and the resignation with which he submitted to the will of God.

To show their affection for him and their appreciation of his great worth, the members of the faculty have therefore

directed this minute to be prepared and to be sent to his widow and children.

LEONARD W. RICHARDSON,
ALBERT N. HUSTED,
MARGARET S. MOONEY,
Committee."

Acting on behalf of the students of the New York State Normal College, we, the presidents of the four classes, do hereby record our deep sorrow for the death of Professor Edward W. Wetmore, for twenty years head of the department of physical science. His christian character, genial disposition, and superior ability as a teacher have combined to win from all our number our highest esteem and our sincere love.

We mourn the loss of a true friend and we shall ever hold his memory as an inspiring influence to nobler living.

It is our further desire to extend by this means our deep sympathy to his widow and sons in their bereavement.

ELLA R. WATSON, Class of 1911.
ETHEL G. EVERINGHAM, Class of 1912.
GRACE M. YOUNG, Class of 1913.
LOUIS B. WARD, Class of 1914.

Hubert J. Schmitz, Ph.D., has been appointed temporary instructor in the department of physical science. Dr. Schmitz received his early education in Germany, having attended the Universities of Berlin and Strassburg. It was from the latter institution that he received his Ph.D. degree. For many years Dr. Schmitz was connected with the Geneseo Normal School, at one time holding the position of vice-principal, and acting as principal for one year. When he received his present

appointment, Dr. Schmitz was taking courses at the University of Michigan—"just having a good time," as he expressed it.

On March 22nd was born to Professor and Mrs. Walker a daughter, Ruth Christine.

PROF. KIRTLAND'S READING.

Prof. R. H. Kirtland, head of the English Department, gave a public reading from the poetical works of Alfred Noyes. The program included narrative selections from the great epic "Drake" and many short lyrics, both from this long poem and from the collected verse of the poet. A delightful feature of the afternoon was the singing of several charming song lyrics which had been set to music for the first time. The original airs were beautiful in themselves and most artistically adapted to the spirit of the poems.

The description of the defeat of the Armada was read with great power and vividness, but it was in the interpretation of the more intense lyrics that the reader showed his full mastery of this difficult art of really presenting great poetry so that it may be appreciated by all.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

Saturday, May 6th:

Delta Omega Luncheon, The Wareham, 1:00 p. m.

Delta Omega Dance, College Gym., 7:00 p. m.

Tuesday, May 30th:

Kappa Delta Excursion to the Helderbergs.

Saturday, June 3d:

Eta Phi Breakfast, Hotel Ten Eyck, 12:00 m.

Tuesday, June 6th:

Final Examinations begin.

Saturday, June 10th:

Organ Recital by Professor Belding, First Reformed Church, 4:00 p. m.

Thursday, June 15th:

Final Examinations end.

Friday, June 16th:

Psi Gamma Banquet, Hotel Ten Eyck, 7:00 p. m.

Saturday, June 17th:

Kappa Delta Luncheon, Hotel Hampton, 1:00 p. m.

Sunday, June 18th:

Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. Henry O. Hiscox, D. D., College Auditorium, 7:30 p. m.

Monday, June 19th:

Class Day Exercises, Class of 1911, College Auditorium, 10:30 a. m.

Reception to Class of 1911 and to Alumni by President and Mrs. William J. Milne, No. 5 Elk St., 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, June 20th:

Commencement Exercises, College Auditorium, 10:30 a. m.

Class Reunions of Alumni, 12:00 m.

Alumni Luncheon, College Gymnasium, 1:00 p. m.

Annual Business Meeting of Alumni, 2:30 p. m.

Alumni Addresses, 3:00 p. m.

Senior Ball, Class of 1911, College Gymnasium, 8:30 p. m.

LECTURES.

Prof. H. B. Smith, head of the Industrial Department, delivered to the student body and their friends an interesting

and instructive lecture on India, illustrated with views of the country as it appears to-day. Dividing his discussion into two general parts, the speaker dealt first with India of the past, covering its traditional and historical periods with a brief general characterization. Then bringing the subject to modern times, he presented India of to-day, with special reference to its religion, art, physical characteristics of its people, and their social organization. Prof. Smith left as a final impression that India is to-day more prosperous than when under the misrule of her old nations.

Mr. Johnson, Superintendent of the Albany Orphan Asylum, gave a lecture on The Conservation of Children, which brougt home forcibly to every listener the great need of more serious effort for the protection of children. The speaker introduced his subject with a sweeping statement of American waste and extravagance in all phases of present-day life, together with the popular indifference to existing evils.

Applying this specifically, Mr. Johnson discussed the mental, moral and physical injury to the individual child with its accompanying economic, social and political evil to the nation as a whole, resulting from the existing practices toward children.

Having thus shown the weakening of our citizenship, the speaker concluded with the statement that it is the duty of every generation to conserve the nation's youth.

Dr. Bryan delivered a lecture on "The Gospel of Play," as the complement to his lecture earlier in the year, on "The Gospel of Work." While treating the subject in a most interesting and humorous manner, the speaker forcibly brot

home the conception of play as an essential, natural activity of life which must be seriously and carefully reckoned with in educational work.

After describing the characteristics of play and outlining the more important theories which have been advanced to account for its existence, he gave the most valuable benefits of play in his opinion. From individual play, the child attains physical development, maintains its health and gains power of personal initiative. Besides these, organized play develops self-control with the co-ordination of the physical and mental life and at the same time is probably the greatest socializing force in the world.

THE ECHO BOARD PARTY.

On Saturday, May 13th, Miss Ella Watson entertained the members of the old and the new ECHO Boards at "The Farm" in Castleton. Tramps through fields and orchard, outdoor games, a bountiful repast, vocal selections by our hostess, all tended to convince us that *Tempus* does *fugit*. The presence of Professor and Mrs. Kirtland added to the enjoyment of a perfect day.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The closing meeting of the Contributors' Club was held at the home of Miss Jessie Luck. A most interesting philosophical discussion followed the reading of Mr. Dabney's paper on "The Freedom of the Will," and the other half of human need was furnished by the reading and production of Miss Luck's original farce, "Robinson Crusoe's Island." Refreshments and music made the last social meeting of the year a delightful conclusion to our year's work. Some time was spent in

preparing a composite epistle to one of our most successful members, Miss Edith Scott, who is now absent from College, teaching.

Those of us who will be here next year are looking forward to our work in the Contributors' Club with eager expectations, and those who are to be graduated this year are doubly appreciative of what the Club has meant to us all.

PROMETHEAN NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Society was held at the College, Wednesday evening, May the third. The program on "Current Events" was presented as previously arranged. All Prometheans are hereafter expected to be well versed in international, national, municipal, and College affairs!

On May nineteenth, the last regular meeting of the year was held in the Auditorium of the College. "An Evening with Tennyson" was arranged by Miss Kelly and her committee. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo .....Miss Jessie Haskins
Reading—"Crossing the Bar".....Miss Grace Young
Vocal Solo .....Miss Rose McGovern
Reading from "Maud" .....Miss Helen Odell
Pantomime from "A Dream of Fair Women"—
Reader .....Miss Anna Brown
Helen of Troy.....Miss Beatrice Wright
Iphigenia .....Miss Edna Hummer
Cleopatra .....Miss Rachel Griswold
Jephthah's Daughter .....Miss Anna Boochever
Margaret More .....Miss Helen Flaherty
Joan of Arc .....Miss Esther Trumbull
Queen Eleanor .....Miss Isabella Knapp

Original paper—History of Promethean, written in 1931.
Miss Amy L. Wood

The business session was devoted to making arrangements for a picnic to be held in a grove beyond the Country Club on Saturday, June third.

Election of officers also took place:

President .....Miss Florence Kelly
Vice-president .....Miss Alice Toole
Secretary .....Miss Theresa Kerley
Treasurer .....Miss Laura Bristol
Critic .....Miss Ethel Everingham
Parliamentary Censor .....Miss Anna Boochever

Promethean now has more than a hundred members. Its meetings have been well attended and full of pleasure and profit for all. Its future looks very bright and it is hoped that another year will find many new names among the members. Here's to Promethean's continued prosperity!

JUNIOR NOTES.

On May 19th, 1911, after a spirited meeting of the Junior Class, the following officers were elected to assume their duties for the Senior Year:

President ..... Lela Farnham
Vice-president .....Howard B. Dabney
Treasurer .....Florence Chase
Secretary ..... Neva Tillapaugh
Reporter .....Ruth Jacobs

Miss Gladys Dempsey of New York, spent Tuesday and Wednesday, May 15th and 16th, in Albany with Margaret Jones. We were glad to have her visit the College.

Miss Hortense Barnet spent a couple of weeks this spring in Brookline, a suburb of Boston.

Miss Margaret Jones spent Easter vacation visiting Mrs. Charles A. Howland, Lenox, Mass.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

During the vacation several of the Sophomore girls enjoyed a tramp to Troy and from there went by car to Cohoes, where they were royally entertained by Miss Minnie Scotland. All reported an excellent time. The party included: Misses Allen, Boochever, Bristol, Chapman, Higgins, Wood and Toole.

Miss Laura Bristol gave a "Chafing-Dish Party" recently in honor of her sister Miss Anna Bristol of Ovid, N. Y. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Misses Marion Ploss, Florence Jackson and Joyce Sharer delightfully entertained some of the Sophomore girls during vacation.

The Sophomore Class won the least number of points at the Athletic meet, but does not that prove that the Sophomore Class is *Tip Top* as far as unselfishness goes?

Would anyone like to know how to shake hands *correctly?* Ask Mr. Williams of English II.

Mrs. W. B. Clark of Binghamton and Mrs. H. T. Dunbar of Canada have been visiting Miss Marguerite Dunbar.

A class meeting was held on May 23, at which the following officers were elected for Junior Year:

President ..... Grace M. Young
Vice-president ..... Alice Toole
Secretary ..... M. Adele Kaemmerlen
Treasurer ..... Charlotte Tracy
Reporter ..... Minnie B. Scotland

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

During the month of May the first year class of Household Economics was organized by Miss Helen Bennett with the assistance of Miss Peters and Professor Smith.

The officers elected for this and the coming year are:

President ..... Elizabeth Schlieper
Vice-president ..... Florence Cunningham
Treasurer ..... Emilie Hendrie
Secretary ..... Madge Robie
Reporter ..... Harriet Worms

It was decided to hold regular class meetings every Tuesday morning from 11:30 to 12:15.

On Saturday, May 20th, members of the class enjoyed an excursion on the day boat to Kingston Point.

Several of the chemistry students on the same day went on the trip to Howe's Cave with Professor Bronson's class.

The large attendance and enthusiasm at the meetings seem to point toward some very enjoyable times for next year.

ATHLETIC MEET.

At the Second Annual Girls' Inter-Class Athletic Meet the Seniors and Juniors tied for first place, the Freshman coming second. The results by points were as follows:

	Seniors.	Juniors.	Sophomores.	Freshman.
Relay Race	5	3	2	1
Dodge Ball	4	4	4	3
30 Yard Dash	3	2	0	5
High Jumps	2	5	1	3
Totals	14	14	7	12

In the High Jump Miss Dee, '12, and Miss Holleran, '14,

were tied for first place; Miss Ella Watson, '11, second. Miss Worms, '14, won the dash; Miss Ella Watson, '11, second; Miss Boochever, '12, third.

BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final game to decide the College championship between the Freshman and Sohpomore Girls' Basket Ball Teams was played off May 26. The game was the most hotly contested of the season and resulted in the score 6-5 in favor of the Sophomores. At the close of the game the victorious girls were awarded the College monogram. The players were the Misses Bristol (Capt.), Duncan, Jackson, Scotland, Toole, and M. Wood.

Y. W. C. A.

The following reports have been given by our delegates, Miss Beatrice Wright and Miss Grace Becker, who attended the Y. W. C. A. Student Conference, held at Syracuse University, April 8th and 9th. During the conference much interest and enthusiasm was manifested by the one hundred girls representing the different preparatory schools and colleges of New York State, who had assembled to discuss the problems of the work and methods of improvement. A few of the many good speakers were Miss Belle Morrill of Rochester, who gave an address on " The Reasonableness of Bible Study," and Miss Joy Smith of Syracuse, who spoke in her bright and charming way on " The Association, a Force in Student Life." Miss Mary J. Corbett, our Territorial Secretary, gave several interesting and instructive addresses, one of which was " The Challenge to Service at Home and Abroad." On Saturday after-

noon a reception was given to the delegates at Haven Hall. The Convention Sermon was preached by the Rev. George B. Stewart of Auburn Theological Seminary. His subject was "The Importance of Living." He spoke of the many opportunities of life and urged all to make it the masterful purpose of their lives to discharge the personal mission which God had given them. The delegates disbanded with the feeling that The Young Woman's Christian Association stands ready, not only to promote the best interests of the College girl, but also to meet the needs of young women all over the world.

At the regular meeting held on April 26th, Miss Ruth Bissell spoke on "The King James Version of the Bible." This was a most helpful meeting.

The girls who have attended the Mission Study Class conducted by Mrs. Aspinwall have found it both entertaining and instructive.

On May 2nd the regular meeting was devoted to "Talks on Silver Bay." That "Silver Bay is the place to go" was shown by the descriptions given by the speakers.

Miss Mary Thomas was the leader of the meetting held on May 10th. Her subject was "Pandita Rambai." The following officers for the coming year were installed at this meeting:

President ..... Ruth Bissell
Vice-president ..... Florence Chase
Secretary ..... Charlotte Wright
Treasurer ..... Gertrude Brasch

Miss Mary J. Corbett, the territorial secretary for New York, New England, and New Jersey, visited our Association on May 17th and 18th. At the regular Wednesday meeting she gave a most helpful talk on "The Relation of the Student to Christian Life."

The meeting of May 25th was led by Miss Amy Wood. Her topic was "Faith."

The Silver Bay Committee held a sale of home-made candies, college stationery, and pennants in the gymnasium May 12th. The sale was well patronized, the proceeds being over fifteen dollars. We wish to thank the faculty and student body for their co-operation.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

On the week end of May 5th Delta Omega held her reunion. The functions for the week end were,—the attendance of the harp recital given under the auspices of the *Crimson and White,* a luncheon Saturday noon at the Wareham, and a dance Saturday evening in the College gymnasium. The dining-room at the Wareham was artistically decorated with palms and marguerites. Between the courses many society songs were sung. Miss Anna Fraser was toast-mistress and the toasts were as follows: To the Delta Wives and their Husbands, Edith Everett; to the Delta Fathers and Mothers, Marion Wheeler; to the Delta Alumnae, Helen Odell; to our Delta Friends, Marjory Bennett; to "Us," Pauline Rockwell. For the dance, the gymnasium was attractive with many pennants, palms, and crepe paper in the Society colors. Twenty-five alumnae members attended these functions, among whom were Mrs. Aspinwall, Miss Aspinwall, Mrs. Ives, Miss Perry, Miss Sharer, Miss Cushing, Miss Phillips, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Dockstader, Miss Hall, Miss Perine, Miss Schultz, Miss Markham, Miss Rockwell, Miss Everett, Miss Vroman, Miss Markel, Miss Northrup, Mrs. Hamblen, Mrs. Johnson (nee Veghte), Miss McElroy and Mrs. Dunlop.

Miss Markel of Wilson, N. Y., spent three weeks preceding the Delta week end as a guest at the Delta Omega flat.

Miss Hazel Bennett has accepted the position of substitute teacher in one of the public schools of Waterville.

The installation of the new officers of Delta Omega took place on May 27th, at the home of Miss Hall at Watervliet. After the installation, a delightful luncheon was served and a jolly time indulged in.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell and daughter recently spent a few days with their daughter Helen Odell.

Miss Helen Bennett attended the Sigma Alpha Epsilon dance at Saint Stephen's College May 5th.

Misses Fraser, Everett, Bennett and Nortthrup spent the week end of May 20th at thte home of Miss Van der Zee at Troy.

The Delta Omega girls were very much pleased and benefited by the delightful talk which Dr. Richardson gave them on the afternoon of May 16th.

ETA PHI.

Eta Phi was entertained May 9th at the home of Miss Sullivan.

The Eta Phi girls spent May 30th in taking a trip to Kingston Point on the day boat.

The Eta Phi Breakfast was held June 3rd at the Ten Eyck.

Miss Lois Clark of Utica has been the guest of Miss Sarah Trembley.

Miss Helen Smith has been visiting friends at Vassar.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

We wish the faculty and all of our fellow students a most enjoyable vacation. To those who complete their work this June we extend our congratulations, and our best wishes for their future.

Though we regret to lose our eleven members of the graduating class, still they have our best wishes for true success as they go out on their life work.

Kappa Delta attended the performance of "A Man's World," by Mary Mannering and her company recently.

Miss Florence Morse was the guest of her sister, Miss Junia Morse on Decoration Day.

The Kappa Deltas, with Professor Kirtland, enjoyed an excursion to the Helderbergs on Decoration Day.

The Society attended a theatre party on the evening of May 17—The Woman's Way. After the performance the Misses Tracey, Van Dyck, and Smyth entertained with a luncheon at their rooms on Jay street.

The Kappa Delta luncheon will occur Saturday, June 17, at the Hotel Hampton. Many of the "old girls" are expected to attend.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

A literary meeting was held at the home of Miss Florence Chase, April 22.

Psi Gamma enjoyed a pleasant outing May 30th.

Miss Jessie Cleveland spent the week end of May 5th at her home in Broadalbin.

The Misses Esseltyn and Robbins spent the week end of May 19th at their respective homes.

The Misses Irene Flint and Clara Wallace entertained the Sorority May 6th at their home on Madison avenue.

The girls enjoyed the evening of May 26th as the guests of Miss Hope Duncan and Miss Beatrice Wright.

Miss May McHarg spent the week-end of May 26th in New York city.

NEWMAN CLUB NOTES.

Newman Club was delightfully entertained by Madeline Roach and Florence Kelly at their home on Macpherson Terrace, April 19th.

The Misses Mary Crummey and Mary Wallace spent Sunday, May 20th, in Poughkeepsie.

Mrs. J. Roach spent Sunday, May 20th, with her daughter, Miss Madeline Roach.

Miss Loretta Austin enjoyed the week end, May 11th, at her home in Fort Plain.

A party of Newman girls witnessed the play "Billy" at Harmanus Bleecker Hall.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Edward S. Deevey, '01, President of the Alumni Association, has sent out the announcement of the Alumni Reunion to be held during Commencement week. On Monday evening, June 19, Dr. and Mrs. Milne will give a reception at their home, No. 5 Elk street. At 10:30 a. m., on Tuesday are to be held the Commencement exercises in the College Auditorium, followed by the Decennial Class Reunions in charge of Class Secretaries.

The Alumni Luncheon will be held in tthe College Gymnasium, followed by the annual business meeting and the Alumni Addresses at 3:30 p. m. Among the speakers will be: Dr. Sherman Williams, '71, connected for a number of years with the N. Y. State Education Department as Institute Conductor; Levi Seeley, Ph.D., '71, Professor of Pedagogy in the New Jersey State Normal School, and author of pedagogical text-books, among them being a "History of Education," "Method in Education," and "School Management," and Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney, '61, of the Department of English of the State Normal College.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Frances Williams, '08, to Rev. Oscar Guleck, Colgate, '07.

Miss Clara Russell, a former member of the Faculty, visited College rectnly.

On April 29th, 1911, at Martin's Creek, N. J., occurred the wreck of a train carrying hundreds of Utica teachers on an excursion to Washington. Miss Florence Roberts, '07, and Miss Lois Riedel, '06, were among the injured. Mr. Vincent Brown, '08, principal of one of the Utica schools, was one of the men to distinguish themselves in the work of rescue, and it is to his bravery that many of the teachers owe their lives.

Mrs. Mary E. Crum, '51, died at her home in Selkirk on April 28th, 1911.

James D. Warner, '46, died in March, 1911.

Mrs. George H. Price (nee Andrews), '68, died in March at her home in Albany.

In April, 1911, occurred the deaths of Mrs. Elizabeth Vandercook (Elizabeth Spaulding), '80, and Mrs. Augustus H. Hall (Mary J. Wells), '58.

Mr. Marcus A. Weed, '63, died at his home in Brooklyn in January, 1911.

Mrs. Joseph M. Crimmer of Utica, N. Y., died in March, 1911. Mrs. Crimmer was Leontine M. Kakesh, '06, and had been married but five weeks before her death.

In Dover, N. J., on February 11, 1911, occurred the death of Robert H. Gilchrist, '03.

In response to the appeal made by the Alumni Association for information concerning our graduates, the following Alumni have been reported deceased. Mrs. W. C. Kortthals (Emily R. Adams), 1861; Mrs. Theodore H. Curren (Ophelia A. Burroughs), 1866; Mrs. Monroe G. Parker (Lona E. Burton), 1863; Mrs. J. C. Shermerhorn (Frances H. Clark), 1851; Gilbert B. Hendrickson, 1857; Mrs. Elias D. Burton (Sophia E. Loomis), 1863; Mrs. J. W. Stoakes (Harriet S. Milliner), 1852; Mrs. A. J. Gates (Alexa J. Mosely), 1857; Mrs. Margaret Ray Foster (Margaret M. R. Ray), 1869; Mrs.

M. R. Armstrong (Mary Rudd), 1871; S. Niles Saxon, 1869; Calvin W. Smith, 1851; Elizabeth Tallmadge, 1846; George Washington Taylor, 1849; Mrs. James D. Fisher (Sarah A. Tompkins), 1869; Eugene Weller, 1848; Mrs. J. T. Bramhall (Hattie S. Wetsell), 1869; John F. Youngs, 1848.

They are dead! the sons and daughters who once loved our Alma Mater. We can feel no sorrow, for they came and went before us. We can only feel more love and respect for the College that has trained so many useful men and women.

THE SENIOR THOT BOOK.

I knew it. I was sure of it all the time. I was certain that man would never want me to teach for him. You see, it was just this way. While I was imparting some of the knowledge to my cherubs wherewith they are to obtain their future "food, clothing, and shelter," who should come into my class but a man whom I later discovered was a school superintendent prowling about, seeking whom he might hire. Now I had a premonition who he was, so I naturally called upon my brightest pupils and then reproved them for not being up to concert pitch. But in vain were all these dissimulations. He remained but a few minutes and then made his exit, just as if he were in a play and made his entrance at the wrong time. Since then I think I have learned the reason for his hasty exit. After class, while I was wandering idly thru the corridor a Junior (mind you!) looked at me in a supercilious way, and said: "Merciful Powers! your hair looks like a full grown burdock plant." To me who had not even dreamed of such a possibility, these words came like a cold Siberian blast. Well, I didn't get the position, and I suppose that's the reason, and now I live in vain regret. However, George Eliot says "it is never too late to be what we might have been," and I'm determined that the next time a superintendent comes, I'll be in better trim. I don't want to say anything, but really the rest of us

can't help noticing how "schulmeisterish" those girls act who already have positions. They are "alte Jungfer" in the true sense of the term. They go about in their dictatorial way and really weary us with their unsought advice. Do we make a little slip in our use of English? They are there to correct us. Do we, perhaps, use an abbreviation and say "posish" for position? They take it upon themselves to set us right. Do we giggle just a wee bit in class? They are ready to squelch us with their haughty stare, as if in their innermost soul they are thinking: "In the last analysis I doubt very much if you will ever get a position."

All that I can say is that Opportunity knocked at my door once and I was not in, but if anyone should meet her, just tell her that I'll be ready next time.

I hear rumors afloat that I'm getting votes for being the greatest knocker in our class. To tell the truth, I don't mind it at all, for there's one kind of knocker that I feel great admiration for, and that's the one who knocks at the door of success and keeps *knocking,* and *knocking,* and *knocking* (and that's what I'm going to do if opportunity doesn't knock again at my door) until the door opens. I don't object to being the greatest knocker at all. In fact, I really glory in that distinction.

Not long ago, I threw a few bouquets at the ECHO play, because it was so good. Since then I found some other good actors. A couple weeks ago, I visited a meeting of the Dramatic Club, and actually I was delighted, for they not only acted the speeches proper, but the stage directions also. Hence, when Lucifer was supposed to laugh (from under the bridge) it was rendered by "Under the bridge. Ha! ha!" And the various expressions and intonations put into those few words "Under the bridge. Ha! ha!!" You may be sure that when it was said for the eighth time, not only Lucifer but the entire club was laughing (and it wasn't a stage laugh either, but *from their seats.* Ha! ha!) I laughed so heartily that my

neighbor, who, by the way, knows nothing of German, whispered audibly "Stoppen Sie ich!" She meant "Stop," but no one else would ever have known it. The other night, one of my confreres came into my room, and seating herself on my old worn-out couch cover (by the way, I'm thinking of ordering another one at the vocational school. I only hope I won't have a problem in morality to solve), she began telling of the way in which she obtained her position. She is such a picturesque talker that I think I shall write it down just as she told it.

"You see," said she, "the other Saturday as I was visiting in the country on came a telephone message that a school superintendent wished to interview me. *Me,* of all people! Think of it! Do you know, you ought never go away on Saturday because that's just the very day that you'll be called up, for it's then that those principals go about looking for teachers to educate the progeny of their town. Well, I arrived on "seven-leagued" boots, so to speak, and of course, on the way, I had to step in a mudpuddle and get my boots all muddy. It must have impressed the principal, however. But, our interview! 'On the settee, ha! ha!' it was just one long pause punctuated with a few spoken phrases. After he told me of the merits of the place, one long pause followed another. Then he would say "we have fine roads." I would chime in with a soft "Yes?" hoping that my voice "ever sweet, gentle, and low," might cause him to think me an excellent teacher. Another pause would follow and I would then volunteer the information that it was rather muddy out (at the same time I pushed my feet under the chair) and then he said "Yes, indeed it is." This again was followed by a pause. In vain did I think of all the things I had read in the newspapers just to be able to talk in such an interview. And to think how all those ideas deserted me! Finally I rose and we separated. But that wasn't all of it. Two days later when I received a letter from him, I could hardly open it because I thot it was

either a refusal or acceptance. And what *do* you suppose it was? Nothing but a request for my photo. Again I was not prepared for I had nothing but proofs, which I sent. But at the same time it seemed as if my hopes were going up the chimney. Still, "all good things come to him who waits" and —I got the "posish." My, but you feel awfully old, just the minute that the contract is signed. I wonder if he would have hired me, if he hadn't seen my picture. But, pshaw! that's as silly as the question "Would you have loved me, if you had never seen me?"

Should anyone take the trouble to walk over to the auditorium at noon, he will be glad he went; it will seem to him that he has been transplanted into an aviary, or perhaps if he has a classical bent, it will suggest to him the bird choruses in some of those old Grecian dramas. The truth of the matter is that it is the college students practicing the music for their class day. It certainly will be a thing of beauty and delight. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised at all if the audience involuntarily rises to its feet when that burst of song breaks upon them in the auditorium in June.

Musicians, get off the platform,
Psychologists, clear the stage.
For the dreadful mumps are coming,
Just now, they're quite the rage.

The minute any of us get a little pain in our jaw, and sometimes it comes from over-talking, we begin to think we have the mumps. A few have fallen prostrate before this dire affliction, but as yet I am immune—and perhaps shall live to take part in that real alumni banquet twenty years hence, an imaginary foretaste of which was given in our public speaking class. Truly, it was a great privilege to be at that banquet. The viands were so costly, the setting was so perfect—beautiful candelabra, exquisite linen, gorgeous flowers; and last,

but not least, the company was so congenial. At any rate, we learned the cause of the banquet. One of our number had discovered the South Pole, and for this reason was the banquet given. However, we learned that this feat was contested by another and for a moment we thot we should have another Peary-Cook controversy enacted right before our eyes. But, mindful of the fact that they were both members of the Class of 1911, they subsided into amicable relations. Some of us had remained true to our art, and at the same time spinsters; all of us gloried in the fact that since we had the right to vote, we had cleaned the politics of our State. Then, after we had partaken of these above mentioned costly viands, and had listened to the toasts, and marvels of eloquence they were, I must say,—(sounded something like Demosthenes practicing with the pebbles in his mouth), our toast-mistress, wisely following the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" kindly supplied each one with a——stick of spearmint gum! May we enjoy the real banquet twenty years hence as much as we did that one.

"The Great Surprise" which has been heralded for months will certainly be a surprise for Doctor Lyons, who, I suppose, is making some other human beings down in New York go thru those memory tests. In our book, he's just going to see how those memory experiments affected us. For our memories are atrophied or in other words, dead. So we have placed the graves "sacred to the memories of the Select Sixteen" in our book. And shall I write down what is the epitaph under them? I rather hate to, but I guess I will. It says:

"Here lie the memories of the Select 16,
Which Doctor Lyons made so keen.
Now under the weeping willow they lie,
A warning to all the passers by."

I bet the doctor will be sorry when he sees that. For, after all, when you come to think of it, "in the last analysis," he has

a very kind heart, and if we can aid science by doing those experiments, we ought to be willing to do it. It will be a great thing to remember in later years, that is, if we *can* remember, how we have benefitted the human race, and not the least of our glories will be the little paragraph which he will no doubt devote to us in the preface to his book; something like this: "In my work I have been assisted by certain members of the class of 1911 of N. S. C., who were indefatigable in their efforts to bring about a scientific millenium."

We had another test in psychology to-day and I tell you, I remembered the disastrous results to me that followed the test last fall, and I just put my nose to the grindstone and studied Kirkpatrick. "Experience is a dear teacher, but she teaches well" and I find that to be my experience. I do hope I get the mark I deserve for working so hard. Some of the girls suggested that they go to the psych. prof. and kindly hint how hard I had studied. "But no," said I, "I shall

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone.
Dare to have a purpose,
Dare to make it known."

And this is the purpose I have formed—to study so hard the rest of this year that I shall get thru in June with flying colors.

For that reason, I am sorry that the State library burned. That morning when I saw smoke as "thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa," issuing from the rear of the Capitol, I felt a big lump rising in my throat. We never knew enough to appreciate the library while we had it. I could not help but think of the many times we had done work there—often under protest, it is true and forgetting that it was for our own advantage, and now—well, we S. N. C. students have certainly had enough experiences to be able to adapt ourselves to all conditions in which we find ourselves.

I am so glad to find that hardly any of our girls think of salary first in getting a position, but rather on the kind of work that is offered. I found a small paragraph in a commercial paper on just this same line of thot. It was this: "Learn to love your work. That is a great thing. All other considerations are mere details. The secret of success is *love your work.* Salary is important, but if you love your work, salary will take care of itself. Love of work is the fundamental virtue. Without it, success can scarcely be attained."

And so, since we all want to love our work, we can safely say "All aboard for Success on Track number one."

L'ENVOI.

"In one's young days there are moments when some one whispers in the ear and guides the hand; the happy audacity of the beginner, a wealth of daring never met with again."

So says one of the French Immortals, and I echo that thot as to-night I turn back the pages of this book. We may have seemed audacious at times, but what pleasant days we have spent here. And now, we are to go. How hard it seems! Leave the College, the gymnasium, and yes, our "study hall" —the park. I love it all. Yes, I do. I wonder if I am unusually moody to-night. Yet, even as I sigh, I cannot but feel proud that S. N. C. is my Alma Mater; I cannot but feel proud of the ideals I have received here; I cannot but feel proud of my life work—teaching.

Next month we graduate and are no longer Seniors.

My Thot Book is at an end.

FLORENCE E. WITTMEIER, 1911.

THE NEW YORK STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

At Albany

ESTABLISHED 1844 CHARTERED AS A COLLEGE 1890

REORGANIZED 1905

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The courses of instruction embrace academic and pedagogical courses in Latin (eight courses), Greek (eight courses), French (ten courses), German (ten courses), English (fourteen courses), Psychology, Pedagogy and Philosophy (fourteen courses), Mathematics (ten courses), Commercial Branches (five courses), History (ten courses), Government (four courses), Economics (seven courses), Physical Science (fourteen courses), Biological Science (eight courses), Earth Science (eight courses), Manual and Industrial Training (eight courses), Domestic Economy (six courses), Fine Arts (nine courses), Music (five courses). For the conduct of all these courses extensive facilities are provided in the New College Building, so that the most thorough work may be done.

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Among the special opportunities offered for professional training are the following: Free tuition to residents of New York State; complete four-year Arts Course leading to degree of B. A.; complete four-year Scientific Course leading to degree of B. S.; two-year courses for Normal graduates leading to degrees of B. A. and B. S.; one-year course for College Graduates leading to degree of B. Pd.; thorough pedagogical training for all students; teachers of broad scholarship and special training in all departments; new and thoroughly equipped buildings.

DR. WILLIAM J. MILNE,
President.