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The Echo

VOL. XXII

MARCH, 1913

No. 7

Literary Department

A Legend of Saint Patrick

SAINT PATHRICK wint to the Imirild Isle to dhrive out the snakes which were thin in style. Mony he kilt with saintly stick, but niver a wan of thim dared to kick, save wan auld geezer, fat and sly, eluded the Saint's most vigilant eye.

Thin Pathrick made a box of wood. Said he, "Dear snake, now be so good as to rest awhile in this iligent box!" But the snake he wouldn't, the shly old fox.

Full mony a day they argued it out, the snake protesting he was too stout. At last, to prove it, he jumped right in, down with the kiver quick as sin.

"Anah!" cried Pathrick, "ye auld spalpeen, 'tis the last of ye that'll 'iver be seen." Into the sea the box he threw, that snake he shrieked till he was blue. And people say the waves in motion keep writhing from that snake's commotion, and, whin the sea roars hereabout, 'tis that snake a crying to be let out.

— E. F. C., '14.

Cave Canem !

Beware of the dog! In general, this is an unsuperstitious age, but some there be whom that particular sign never fails to affect. If you be one of them, read what I would say; but if you be not of them, I pray you, turn the page, for 'tis but the experience of a poor unfortunate, painfully recorded, not for the amusement of the fearless, but for the benefit of those to whom it makes appeal.

* * * * *

My paternal ancestors for generations back have been soldiers or sea-captains, and my maternal grandfather took unto himself a third wife; moreover, there is an unauthenticated story that my mother broke a dog's leg with a lump of coal when I was a babe in arms. So there seems to be no hereditary reason for my cowardice — still, I can remember that, years before I could spell out, "Be-ware-of-the-dog," I always bewore at the slightest yip.

Even when I graduated from kilts to pants and said proudly, "All the little girls have gone out of your house now, Mama," my valor and manliness were as far from dog-proofness as before. I would walk a half mile further round four times daily throughout the school year to avoid a sharp bark with a dog behind it. My chums knew my weakness and tried to shame me out of it, but to no avail. If, when out for a walk, we came across a stray dog, the boys would pet it and coax it to go along with us, and, if I started to return home, they would terrify me by ordering the dog to go with me.

Whether my fear stunted my growth I know not, but, at any rate, I was quite well along in prep. school

before I attempted to put on real bravery with long trousers. But I found that bravery depended not on the length of the pants, for I, in my long ones, was still at the mercy of any eight-inch dog with excited short ones.

I remember spending one particularly glorious afternoon standing in a corner of a neighbor's barn waiting with what patience I could for a little fox terrier to get too hungry to stand and bark any longer. What fun could he be getting out of it? I stood stock still with fright, and surely there could be nothing exciting about it for him. "Maybe there's a woodchuck upon the hill," I suggested to him with my eyes — for I dared not say a word in a dog's presence; but he either wilfully misunderstood my glance or else reflected that a boy in the barn is worth two woodchucks on the hill, and he showed no inclination to break up the *tête-à-tête*. Finally, the sun went down and the barn become dark, soon to be illumined again by the early moon. With its rise my hopes rose also — surely he would leave me to bay at the moon, all poets and artists and novelists maintain that such is the *comme il faut* of dog etiquette. But I hereby place myself on record as declaring that the poets have all over-worked their licenses, the artists have over-worked their imaginations, and the novelists are just a bunch of nature-fakirs. For dogs *don't* bay at the moon — *this* one didn't — and since then I have encountered many a Fido, or Bingo, or Bruno, that would rather bark at me five minutes than bay at the moon a week; the truth of which statement is unaffected by a transposition of the time elements involved. In fact, of all the dogs I have

seen by moonlight, not one has bayed a solitary bay. The reason I am not now in the corner of that barn facing the dog is, that next morning a little three year old lassie came out and forced him away to play with her.

From this experience, however, I formulated a theory in regard to the dog family — that, so long as you looked him straight in the eye, the dog, however much he might growl, would not deliberately step up and sample you. I acted on this theory successfully for a couple of months and had actually come to feel rather grateful to Brownell's terrier for the lesson. I began to enjoy my rambles as I never had before; to be sure, I was still greatly relieved when the black thing up the road turned out to be a couple of hens, yet my confidence was surely growing. But one night I was walking by a house, minding my own business, when I heard two short soprano barks and saw a gray streak coming towards me. I stopped and tried to catch its (the streak's) eye; but meanwhile it *had* caught me — though not in the eye.

The damage to my person was not great, and the doctor's fee — he was a country doctor — was merely nominal — that is, it didn't run into three figures; but my consoling theory had contracted hydroleakia — it would no longer hold water.

But, besides the antiseptic, the doctor gave me some advice. "You've got the wrong attitude, boy; dogs are mighty fine animals. Learn to like them."

"I *do* like them. I've always liked them," I protested.

"Then show it," he retaliated.

I tried it. The next time I saw a dog approaching, I said affectionately, "Nice doggie, nice old fellow." But my poor efforts at cordiality were quite put to shame. To my endearing advances he responded with unmistakable proof of a far more ardent and deep-toothed relish for me.

This encounter did not lessen my liking for dogs, but I like my calves better, so I determined that another plan must be adopted. I inveigled a fearless cousin to accompany me on a little jaunt. As we approached a farm house I would sidle over to the off side of the road—but no dog would appear. So, though I feared the consequences, I led the way by a house where there was a particularly vigilant and vicious beast. Out he rushed. I stopped short. Harry walked on in unconcern. Of course, the dog came at me. But Harry gave a shout, "Get home, you!" That was all, and the dog tucked his tail between his legs and got home, him.

That was simple enough. *I* could do that. I tried it one day while out in the country alone. A dog accomodatingly rushed out at me. "Go home. Go 'way, I say." He laughed—I *know* he was laughing, and I couldn't blame him, for my voice sounded as if I were shooing a fly off the cream pitcher. He went away—and a part of me went with him.

It was soon after this that I absolutely forced myself to follow my parental example to hurl things at the offenders. This course might have been successful if I had hit the mark the first shot, but it is no easy thing to hit a dog behind the ear when he is coming head-on sixty feet a second—and the first time I tried it I missed. There is not the slightest

doubt in my mind that this interview would have ended, for all time, my fear of dogs (unless Cerberus is still on duty) had not the owner come to my rescue.

Having sent the dog to the house, the man turned to me, as I was indignantly upbraiding him for keeping such a savage animal.

"Young man," he remarked seriously, "you aren't hurt; you only think you are."

"Look at that hand," I exclaimed.

"The power of mind, my son. Concentrate your mind on the thought that your hand is well."

I wonder whether he was a real Christian Scientist or was just bluffing, to turn my attention from the dog. Anyway, I fell to thinking about Christian Science, and from that my mind wandered off to other queer slants that people have had. I began to read the philosophy of the determinists, and I came to the belief that if I was to be bitten by a dog I was to be bitten by a dog, and if I wasn't I wasn't, so there was an end of it. In three days' time this belief had been slightly metamorphosed, and I was convinced that if I was to be bitten by a dog I was to be bitten by a dog, and if I wasn't I was, so there was an end of my philosophical treatment of the dog.

Then I sought out books on jiu-jitsu applied to the dog. There seems to be a great need, and a great lack, of literature on this subject. I did find a couple of things, though. One article highly recommended the use of an ammonia pistol. But I'll venture to say that the author never took a shot at Hi Baldwin's Rover with an ammonia pistol. If he has, it was since he wrote his article. The other suggestion was,

that the attackee hold his hat at the height of his knees or thereabouts until the attacker be within four feet of it, then to raise it slightly, and immediately thereafter kick vigorously with the foot most convenient — the theory being that the dog would leap for the hat and give the intended victim a chance to kick the wind out of the beast. Fine! *but* — did the author ever try it? And what would he do if two dogs came at him at once, as they always do upon the Smithville pike?

Mayhap my reader, by diligent search in a more complete reference library than was available to me, will be able to find further methods of defense against the dog, but he will probably also find that the application of them requires certain personal characteristics that he lacks. One thing I will add, and perhaps, after all, it is the last word on the subject, and surely worth more than all the preceding advice and warning — a fact which any natural history book will vouch for, and which my own experience has proved many times — *dogs don't climb trees.*

Lowell, Doer and Dreamer

Most people think a poet must either be a fool or a dreamer. It seems to be the way with the world to brand a man as a lunatic because he has learned to think; because he has looked into the earth and seen deeper than the gold therein; because he has gazed at the sky and seen beyond the storm clouds hovering there; because he has wandered into the meadows and seen, not the rich, productive soil, but the flowers growing on it; and so the world has gone

on and on, mining its gold, and planting its fields, and blazing its steel pathways from east to west, and the man who has looked and really seen, who has listened to the voice and heard and understood, is left far behind.

But sometime there arises a man who has in him that wonderful combination of the doer and the dreamer, the politician and the poet, each side of whose twin nature is complete in itself, though each is a part of the other. Ninety-four years ago in the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, there was born a babe endowed with these rare faculties, which were destined to grow and flourish with the child, until at length they should blossom forth in genius. The infant was the son of a struggling young minister of West Church in Boston, and was named James Russell Lowell.

Imagination, it is said, derives its sustenance like a plant. All it needs is food, atmosphere, and a place to grow in. From his birth, Lowell was blessed with an abundance of all three, and so the tiny seeds of fancy, planted in his baby soul, grew and thrived and stored up wisdom for a future day.

To the mother, God gives a little living unshaped bundle of immortality which she must fashion and mold into true manhood or womanhood with the instrument of love, and when, added to that powerful, all-absorbing love, the mother possesses rare genius and intellectual powers, it is no wonder that she can produce an almost faultless model, one worthy of her greatest efforts. Lowell had just such a mother and Lowell was just such a son.

At the age of sixteen years he entered Harvard University. At this period of his life he was not

over fond of study, and spent a great deal of time in dodging his teachers of mathematics and their tiresome problems, but early his genius as an author "cropped out," as it were, and his fellow students were not long in recognizing his merit and electing him as their class poet. After he had finished his college course Lowell studied law for two years in Boston, but while he sat waiting for prospective clients, he took to making poetry, and soon destroyed his prospects as a lawyer by publishing a little book of verse named "A Year's Life," the first brick in the high wall of his literary fame. The following year, in the strong self-confidence of youth, he started, together with his friend Robert Carr, a magazine named "The Pioneer," by which, in their own words, they "proposed to supply the intelligent and reflecting portion of the reading public with a substitute for the enormous quantity of thrice diluted trash in the shape of namby-pamby love tales and sketches monthly poured out to them." But evidently the people were not so willing to be deprived of their thrice diluted trash, as the youthful editors had supposed, for only three numbers of the magazine were published and Lowell was face to face with his first failure. Perhaps another reason why the magazine did not succeed was the fact that just about this time Lowell met a certain Maria White, the lady in the case, and was in the first blind entrancing stage of "Love's Young Dream." In 1844 he embarked on his first matrimonial venture, and together with his young wife went to Philadelphia, determined to earn his living by his pen.

Hitherto we have seen only the dreamer side of Lowell. The "doer" side was there as well. He

heard the call of progress which was at that time echoing throughout the entire land; he felt the need of action in the question of threatened civil strife, and he responded with the best that was in him. In 1846 he published anonymously the first of the Bigelow papers, which immediately aroused a universal query as to their author. The politician in him awoke, pulsed through every fibre of his nature, and clamored for expression. He wrote more and more. All his wealth of criticism and satire, of Yankee wit and lawyer knowledge and of patriot feeling were called forth, and he surprised even himself with the result. He had touched the heart-strings of the people and found them ready to respond. The patriot and the poet are strongly blended in his address to America, an extract from one of the papers, and it is hard to say through which vein it appeals the most.

“ O strange New World that yet wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong through shifts an' wants an'
pains,

Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains.
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by great events
To pitch new States as Old World men pitched tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,
That *man's* devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corpse away.”

After the true authorship of the Bigelow papers became known, and Lowell's worth had been publicly recognized, he was offered the chair of literature at Harvard University, and in 1855 entered upon his duties there. On the foundation of his professorship he conducted for four years the Atlantic Monthly, and afterwards carried on, in partnership with a Mr. Norton, the North American Review. In the words of Henry James, "Lowell made literature enough without being too much his trade. It made of his life a reservoir never condemned by too much tapping to show low water. He absorbed and lectured and wrote, talked and edited and published, never embarking on any great work, but contenting himself with uttering thought that had great works in its blood."

In 1878 he became our Spanish ambassador and two years later was transferred to England. From that period on, his years were divided between England and America until, in 1890, he made his final journey home. Life had, indeed, been kind to Lowell, but the time for writing was passed. His fame belonged no longer to the present, and so, like the bird returning to her nest when the day is done, our poet came back to his home at Elmwood, there to await in peace the coming of the reaper.

LOUISE CARMODY, '15.

The Elk Lake Country

I lingered for a minute to glance back at the old shaft. It was a good-bye. To-day, we had drilled into an unpromising fissure, had struck silver — a vein of native silver! To-morrow, the work should begin afresh; there was this new incentive and a starved imagination! But to-morrow, — what did I care about to-morrow! I was still living to-day, and I was happy in it. My heart was light, my feet scarcely touched the trail as I walked on toward the shack — home. To be sure, the air was biting, and the snow-laden tamaracks scowled at me as an intruder. But what did I care for the gloomy tamaracks with all their might, height, and lore! I wanted life! The balsam and spruce, two-faced sprites, showered me with snow as I passed under them. But they couldn't anger me as easily as that. I laughed at them! * * * “Ah, Sport, old boy! Came out to welcome me home, did you? You're worth fifty of the finest dogs in Christendom! Ah, here we are!”

I leaped over a box of dynamite and landed with a cloudburst of snow on the floor of the shack. I laughed as I thought what the mother would say at this. But the floor needed a bath, anyway!

My eyes fell upon the cello lying cross-wise on a chair in a corner. It was old, and doled out rather doubtful music, — but I guess that wasn't all the fault of the cello. Still, it was company and I loved it. To-night, as usual, when I held the instrument in my arms, my mood changed. I played quietly and gazed the while into the night, the northern night with the stillness of death and the mystery of

life that has been. I was homesick. * * * Inexplicable shadows danced in the snow or stood and looked at me as at a fat morsel. They seemed to point at *me!* They came nearer and nearer, then vanished into the darkness! Thoughts like demons flocked my mind, recalled to me every mystery, every horror I had ever heard — nay, many that I had never dreamed besieged me now. I remembered that the previous occupant of this shack, mining engineer like myself, had been crazed by just such warnings. He had died by his own hand, and, now, was probably one with those shadows urging me on to a like issue! * * * Hush! the owl wails! Oh, the melancholy, the moan of that note! * * * Now, I can't seem to see the merry balsam or spruce, none but the lordly, mysterious tamarack. Everything spells black gloom. Black — black — Nature in mourning — and for me! God!

I felt a touch on my hand, something moist and warm. I thought I knew what it was, a summons or another warning from the fiends. But — no! * * * No! * * * Not a warning — not a summons * * * No, Sport! Sport, my old dog, comrade, now the “friend in need!” I think I should have lost my reason that night but for Sport. Oh, yes, men often do in that region where man is a scarcity, nay — almost a nonentity. It is a frequent thing to find those who have spent their lives in the bush utterly simple, childish. You see, the imagination has been forced to furnish lacking comrades until its starving dependent has come to live in the world of his imagination rather than the world of reality. Yet, no man — comrade had saved me

from this plague of the wilderness. No man — but a dog! The touch of a dog who loved me and whom I loved, my comrade of the wilds!

AGNES E. FUTTERER, '16.

An English Assignment

HURRY.

Suddenly from out the stillness of the night comes the sharp, metallic ring of the fire gong, as it bites off the tones of the alarm. In a moment there is the staccato beat of horses' hoofs on the rough pavement, a rattling of steel, an intermittent shrieking of a thin-toned gong. A moment more, and one catches a glimpse of two straining black bodies, a flash of red, and of shining metal, and the "ladders" have passed. A shout, a dozen figures run past, and the street is quiet again.

COLD.

In that bare attic room the cold came sifting in through every chink and cranny, filling it with the bitter biting wind that whistled over the house tops. Through the narrow window I caught a glimpse of a cold gray sky and chill tin roofs stretching on and on. Within was bare floor, strewn with papers, with here and there a little pool of ink that had frozen into a little black crust. Over in a corner lay David, huddled under a pile of old coats and blankets. As I knelt beside him, and noted the bluish-white pallor that spread over his face, watched the bloodless lips try to form words, and felt the clammy coldness of his grasp, I no longer wondered at the coldness of the place. The icy grasp of Death was reaching into that room.

HOPE.

Down among the Alleghanies is a deep dark pit that leads into the very heart of one of those mountains. In its black depths lies all that is mortal of a hundred men. A terrible stillness hovers about that grim sepulchre. But every evening, as the sun begins to sink in the west, a little black-eyed, curly headed boy trudges up the slope to that spot. His little legs are often wearied by the climb, yet he never stops to rest. A little nearer to the great black mouth he goes and with anxious eyes peers into its darkness. "Father!" he calls in foreign tongue, with childish lips. No answer comes. As the sun sinks below the line of the hills, the last rays show a little figure, trudging slowly down the hill. The light of hope still lingers in those dark eyes. And the lips half utter the words, "Perhaps, to-morrow he come."

DREAD.

As I sit before the fireplace, in the evening, I look upon a picture that hangs above it. It is the picture of a hand, a long, slim hand with brown, bony, sinewy fingers, depicted as tense with muscular effort. As I look at it I see again the face of the madman who drew that picture. Then I see him as a child, hear his little feet steal into my room, feel the soft baby fingers clasp my neck. The fingers tighten, they are long strong fingers now, fingers that grip and choke. I bend backward. No one is there. The picture is still over the fireplace. A dream? No, for every night finds me waiting, waiting, listening for those footsteps. The fear of them haunts me by day, and night sees my fears realized.

QUIET BEAUTY.

The last faint color has faded out of the sky and the stars shine peacefully from out the dark blue of the night. The silvery sheet of the waters stretches on and on to the south, with scarcely the sign of a ripple. Over on the west bank, against the soft black smudgy outline of the tree tops, the grey walls of the old fort loom up with their jagged, irregular outline. All is quiet. The water laps gently against the shore at our feet, the trees sway a little in the breeze, and a cricket chirps from the bushes. Starlight, and soft black, and grey, and silver, is the world. And our eyes rest with the sight of it, and our minds are strangely calm.

JESSIE F. DUNSEITH, '16.

Taken from Life

He was a young and vigorous collie puppy when I first saw him, and he seemed to object strenuously to being confined in a tiny back yard. The yard is just beyond the railroad station where I take the train every morning on my way to work. When the train came along, he would bark piercingly and run in circles within his narrow domain. I used to admire his enthusiasm and energy as much as I admired his shaggy, yellow coat, white collar, and willow-plumy tail. One day I missed his bark and was told his family had moved away. That was more than a year ago. Two months ago they moved back into the same house. The puppy was much larger and still buoyantly enthusiastic. His master had become station agent and now allowed the dog considerable freedom. He used to run around the

platform and chase after the trains. I tried to make friends with him but he was very indifferent and independent. Evidently his human friends were numerous enough and he did not care to add me to the list. Some people are like that. If they are happy and satisfied with their present condition they have no desire to change it.

One morning when I walked onto the platform, I saw the dog jump from behind a post and slink away back of the station. This action was a great surprise to me. Usually he ran about quite jauntily, and almost defiantly. But that day he jumped, trembled, and sneaked away. I could not understand until he turned his back to me as he slunk toward his small yard. His tail was gone. Only a horribly mutilated stump, still raw, remained. I was amazed and sickened at the sight. Later, I learned that a few days before he had been too confident in his race with the train. It had overtaken him and separated him forever from his waving tail. From that day on he was a changed dog. I wasted no end of sympathy upon him. He would slink down to the station and crawl up to the men who used to admire and fool with him, only to be laughed at, and kicked, if the men felt particularly jocular. It hurt me almost as much as the dog. I made another attempt to be friendly. He was suspicious and would not come near. His expression was very peculiar. I could not understand what he was contemplating. Most dogs give exterior evidence of their attitudes toward individuals, but this one was like a blank, all except his sad, brown eyes. Yet an unfathomable light in those eyes made me con-

tinue my protestations of friendliness. He never backed entirely away, though he never advanced to any perceptible extent. I was baffled, and apparently he was, too. One very cold, slippery morning while hurrying for the train I saw the dog standing in the path watching my approach. When rather near him I said as pleasantly as possible, "Hello, pup," and at the same time my foot slipped and I lunged toward him. Instantly his eyes and ears smiled at me and he gave a short, bobby jump at my side in an unmistakable invitation to play. Then, suddenly, I understood. The poor dog was longing for some one to play with him and treat him like any other dog, but he had no means of signaling his desires. His signal had been captured by the train.

Once, several years ago, I heard a lecture given by an elocutionist who said that every one ought to have a tripod. The legs of this tripod were named. One, I think, was Information; another may have been Application, but I distinctly remember that the third was Expression. If a person had only one or two legs to his tripod he was in a woefully unbalanced condition. The thought made a great impression upon me for I felt I was minus that Expression leg. This tripod idea came into my head about the dog. He lacked means of expression. But I had inadvertently stumbled into an understanding. How often just that sort of thing happens. We stumble by chance into the lives of others, when all the time we could have been friends if only a mutually understood code of signals had been available.

To return to the dog. We began to get very well acquainted. He let me rub his head while he

snuggled against my coat. He met me in the path and played tag with my heels as I ran to amuse him. His ears began to stand alertly. He looked more and more as if he wished to speak and tell me all his doggish thoughts. Then one day I thought he had changed back to a reticent, unresponsive dog. He did not come out to meet me. I looked into his yard and saw him sitting stolidly on the board-walk looking placidly at me. I whistled. He pricked up his ears but did not move. I called. He did not stir. I stood looking at him and wondering why he was so diffident. I felt annoyed and displeased. Suddenly I saw a yellow and white cat stand up between his fore paws, stretch, rub against his legs, and walk away. Then the dog came to me. Of course he would not move while his friend, the cat, was enjoying a warm nap in the shelter of his feet. Now, how many people are misunderstood and blamed when all the while they are sheltering cats under their feet?

MARION BUTTON, '14.

A Parable

For the benefit of his children a man once erected a very beautiful building. It was fitted with pictures, statuary, books, and magazines. In one room was expensive gymnasium apparatus; in another were tools and materials for wood and metal working, carpentry and molding; and in a third apartment were all necessary utensils for cooking and serving a meal. Besides all this, a room was fitted with games, and a lantern with slides.

The children were delighted with the building and with all its furnishings. They enjoyed every

feature so much that they would have gladly spent their waking hours making proper use of the means at their command.

But that was not to be the case. The foolish man closed and locked the doors. Only six hours a day for only five days each week were his children allowed the use of the structure. For the rest of the time they must play in the streets.

DEBORAH MORSE, '16.

Letters Home

March 2, 1913.

Dear Dick,

Have I personality? Now be frank, Dick, there's a good boy, and tell me. Do you think I have? I suppose it won't do me any good to ask you, though, for I can hear you laugh and say, "Why, sure! You're the nicest little Teddy Bear I ever met!" or some other foolish thing like that. But, seriously, Dick, I'd like to know. You're always telling about some one's "personality," and the other night Dr. Winship gave a lecture in the College auditorium on "The Personal Element," and the subject has filled my waking and sleeping dreams ever since. I always have had a vague idea of what you meant by personality, because I knew the people you were talking about, and knew there was generally something fine and grand and attractive about them. They had *good* personalities, I suppose, and, of course, then, there must be *bad* personalities, which compel our attention because they have nothing fine or grand about them. Nobody would want a bad personality

— but a *good* personality! Well, if there is any way I can get one, I'm going to have it! I feel that it is my duty as a teacher to have one. (You'd think, to hear me talk, I was ready to graduate, instead of being only a freshman; but time goes quickly, and I'm afraid it will take me more than three years to develop that personality.)

But, "to resume and continue on," personality is so indefinable that I don't know where to start with it. Dr. Winship said he couldn't define it — and I don't suppose he could. Anyhow, his lecture cleared my ideas somewhat. It was rather a broad treatment of the subject, not very definite, perhaps — and yet, if he had talked about "Bear Hunting in the Moon," his audience would still have considered that he had carried out the subject of "The Personal Element," for he was himself the living embodiment of personality. The next day after the lecture I heard the girls in the next room reading about the "personality of a teacher" from their Education book. I borrowed it, and Editha and I read it together.

Dear me! I'd never thought about personality like that before, but it's every word true. A *teacher* simply *has* to have a good personality, Dick — or else not teach. Let me see — what are all the things you need to help make it good? There is Understanding of Human Nature, especially of children, Originality, Enthusiasm, Tact, Well-Trained Voice, Honesty, Love of Beauty, Patience, Sympathy, Sense of Humor, Self Control, Firmness, Health, Neatness and Good Taste in Dressing, Religion, and ever so many more. And they all need capitalizing —

they are so important. The last two are the most important, of course. By Religion I mean something big enough to understand and tolerate other people's beliefs — and deep enough to keep ourselves anchored firm. And do you know, I think Dress counts *ever* and *ever* so much. All the teachers I ever had who were "handed down in my memory," as if were, dressed to attract my childish eye. I fell in love with my German teacher's blue and white striped waist with the fluted ruffles — and my Latin teacher's big gray hat with the gray plumes! Well, I've never yet given up hope of having one like it, nor of teaching as she did. Do you remember that teacher in the grade school who wore a left-eyed pompadour long after they were out of style, and put a stocking in for a rat? One day you'd see the toe of that stocking sticking out, and the next day the top. But there was always some part showing. I never could learn anything of her because I was always watching that stocking. It fascinated me. I wondered if it would come out — and how long it was — and if it would stretch if I pulled it. Bad Personality on her part! And say, Dick, do you remember the reasons the school commissioner gave for not hiring Elsie Seaman? Seven hundred dollars for teaching four periods a day — and she knew the subject thoroughly! But the commissioner said she would hardly fit into the atmosphere of his school, for her shoes were not blacked, her hair was "fuzzy," her shirt waist wasn't well ironed, and her finger nails were dirty. And he wouldn't hire Jack Harrison because his collar was soiled and his suit needed pressing.

But I keep forgetting that you're not a school teacher — and here I've given you a regular lecture and no news whatever. There isn't any news, except that I need about twice as much "get up and get" as I've got. What we all need is *Ginger*.

And now, Dick, I've come to the vastly important part of this letter. Editha and I both send congratulations — loads of them! Oh, Dick, I'm so glad! I knew if I told you how I felt about it first, I'd never finish my letter. I've always hoped it would be Bess. She has been a sister to me so long that that part seems natural enough — but I'm so glad she has consented to marry *you*. I've hoped and hoped for it. Dick, you're my brother, and I love you — but I honestly think Bess is a bit — oh, just a tiny bit — too good for you. A good woman always is just a little better than the man, I think. I know you men don't agree with me. A man tells a woman how far she is above him, but down in his heart he always feels his own importance. But you're the nicest boy I know, so I guess Bess will have to have you, whether or no. Work hard and be a success, and deserve her — and I'll be home Easter to get my dress ready for the grand event.

For Easter really is coming! Ice storms or no ice storms, I feel Easter in the air — and I'm glad! I love Spring, don't you?

Good-bye for now — and congratulations —

From your loving TEDDY.

P. S.— Please stay home until I come. Give my love to every one. We haven't received our cards yet, so I'm still in the dark about my exams. T.

P. S. again — For Goodness' sake, wear your hair parted at the wedding! T.

The Echo

VOL. XXII

MARCH, 1913

No. 7

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Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before October 15th; single copies, 15 cents.

Contributions and expressions of opinions are solicited from the student body and interested alumni.

Address all business communications to the business manager, 82 N. Allen street.

"THE ECHO" is published (monthly except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State Normal College, and is entered in the Albany Post Office as second-class matter.

Editorial Department

The Passing of the Mid-year Slump

Of course, there are exceptions to most rules. We say this so that no one may feel hurt when we assert, that every student passes through a mid-year slump. There comes a time, immediately after the examinations or just a little later, when the affairs of a college student, instead of flowing along naturally and peacefully, begin to dam up and then to overflow, forming disagreeable puddles, or, prosaically, mud-dles. Lest the scientifically inclined catch us with a why? we shall state, at once, that, in our opinion, this condition results in the main from two causes: The reaction of exams., and the difficulty of begin-

ning all over again. The physical reaction that one feels after exams. needs no explanation, but alongside of this there is a feeling of discouragement which comes to some students, and another feeling of quite a different sort, a kind of optimistic carelessness, with which others are blessed. We have no desire to go on record as saying that one of these last mentioned afflictions is worse than the other. It is always hard to begin, and after mid-year's the student's task looks big; he seems, indeed, to be starting all over again. It is thus we explain our second cause. The effects of this slump are quite obvious, particularly to the instructors, and, without discussing the definite external results in which the professor's pencil figures, we pass to the student's loss of enthusiasm. This lack of spirit causes all sorts of difficulties. The amount of work seems overwhelming, and, consequently, a poorer quality of work is done. In general, everything goes wrong, nothing right, and sure destruction appears inevitable.

However, in the natural course of events, sooner or later there occurs a breaking of the spell. Perhaps, most students, aided by time and will power (mostly by time), are able, after a while, to draw themselves out of the bog and go bravely on. Others are afflicted longer and do not rally until the report cards are distributed. To the recipients of well-punched cards, as a rule, there comes new energy, although, as exception no. (1), perhaps we ought to remark, that here again an impetus to additional carelessness sometimes results. But how about those with the nearly unutilated cards? Well, a failure causes some students to work harder,

while others become hopelessly discouraged. These people of the latter group should have our sympathy, and the practical expression of it.

Now, even the report cards may fail to dispel entirely the shadows, and for some unfortunate persons the brighter day does not dawn until the spring vacation. Forgive us for saying, that it is really dangerous to remain in the slump so long for more reasons than one, although we shall give but one: After the vacation mentioned there is a strong tendency toward indulging in what might be termed the spring slump, and if these two slumps run into each other we have a slump, indeed. Just incidently we wish to warn each one against this spring slump, even though he may have recovered from the mid-year's. It is so often fatal.

News Department

Faculty Notes

Mrs. Adna W. Risley has been at the hospital some weeks, seriously ill. She is now recovering. Professor Risley was compelled to be absent from College several days because of illness.

Born, on February 10, to Dr. and Mrs. Ward, a daughter, Gertrude. _____

Lectures

At 10:30 on Lincoln day, February 12, Dr. Blue delivered a lecture entitled, "The Giant of the Centuries." The exercises for the day were opened by an address by our President, Dr. Milne. Following the opening address, Gerald S. Pratt, 1914, recited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The lecture by

Dr. Blue followed. It was an address of vigor, subdued by charm, characterized by intelligent foresight, and permeated with hope for the future. America with its splendid resources, both physical and intellectual, was symbolized by the "Giant of the Centuries" — a giant in body, mind, and spirit. In the development of this giant with his threefold attributes, mighty wars are being waged. Dean Blue sounded the universal appeal to join in these battles — in the war for good government, the struggle for social purity, the battle for better industrial conditions, and the war for international peace. And the spirit of the giant is such, he told us, that the highest courage is needed on these modern battlefields — a courage as strong and noble as that needed on any real field of battle. And, finally, he sounded the triumph of the giant spirit in the future. The address was one which appealed strongly to the higher patriotism and the intelligent interest of every student. With Dr. Blue, we feel that the regeneration of America is sure; our heroes may die, but the giant's spirit lives on, always, challenging us to our best. And wide before us stands the "open door."

On the evening of February tenth, the students and their friends had the privilege of listening to George Kiernan, an interpreter of Joseph Jefferson, give a reading of "Rip Van Winkle." The reading was exceptionally good. Mr. Kiernan interprets the character of "Rip" with a subtle understanding and kindly sympathy which is wholly pleasing. Certainly, "Rip" is now no longer purely legendary; he has, with us at least, become a personage to be remembered and loved.

Senior Household Economics Notes

The class has had the pleasure of listening to a series of very interesting and instructive lectures during the past month. Mr. Dean, Superintendent of Vocational Schools, spoke on "Vocational Guidance;" Mr. Hawkins, of the State Department of Agriculture, on "Agriculture in the Schools;" Mr. Farnum, of the State Educational Art Department, on "House Decoration."

Plans are being made for a class dance to be held March 29, in the gymnasium.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

One of the finest meetings we have had this year was led by Dr. Painter on February 10. Dr. Painter discussed the philosophy of religion. The subject had never been taken up before by any speaker and it proved to be very interesting and stimulating to thought. We hope to hear from others of our faculty members before the year is out.

Miss Naomi Howells was chosen by the Cabinet to represent the Association at the convention held in New York city from March 7th to 9th. This was the first convention of the kind ever held, and it was an honor to our Association that we were allowed to send a delegate. Certainly, we should all have liked to have gone with Miss Howells to receive the benefits of this conference, but, as we could not, let us all be ready to hear what our delegate has gleaned for us.

February 26, Miss Katherine Kinne spoke upon "Temptations." The meeting was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

The "What? of Y. W. C. A," which, perhaps, is indefinite in the minds of many of our students, was treated most definitely by Miss Helen Odell at the regular meeting on March 5.

We started out upon a new year on March 15. The old cabinet lays down its duties and wishes the best kind of success to the succeeding cabinet.

College Club Notes

Since the February issue of THE ECHO four very enjoyable and profitable meetings of the Club have been held.

On February 14, Dr. Gorham, an esteemed physician of this city, spoke on "The Need for Improved Sanitary Conditions." Dr. Gorham is in touch with a movement that is being made by the State Board of Health to appeal directly to the people of our State for improved sanitary conditions. A large and interested audience listened to his address.

Dr. Richardson of our Faculty spoke on current events at the meeting held on February 21. His talk was very comprehensive. Beginning with current events in science, he discussed those in art, in literature, and in various other fields. The address seemed to give one a world view of affairs.

At the meeting of March 7, after the announcement of committees by the President, the Club lis-

tened to a speech on "Woman's Suffrage" by Mrs. Joseph Gavitt of this city. Her talk was concerned with two questions: Why the New York Legislature passed the Woman's Suffrage bill, and why women want the suffrage. A large audience, which was rather divided as to the degree of its enthusiasm, heard Mrs. Gavitt's talk. Upon the conclusion of the address questions were propounded by the audience and answered by the speaker.

The Club meets every Friday at 3:45 P. M.
Come!

Chemical Club

The regular meeting of the Chemical Club was held Tuesday, February 18, at 3:45 P. M., in the chemistry room. Chester Wood talked on "Limestone Caves," and gave an interesting description of Howe's Cave. Helen Denny read a paper on "Headache Cures," demonstrating the cause of their habit forming properties. At the next meeting papers will be read by Marion Wheeler and Mr. Hidley.

Delta Omega Notes

Tuesday evening, March 4th, a surprise dinner was held at the flat in celebration of Miss Katherine Odell's birthday.

The Deltas enjoyed a sleighride to Newell's Hall on Friday night, February 28th; informal dancing was enjoyed.

The regular meeting of the Sorority was held at the Flat on March 12th.

Psi Gamma Notes

Psi Gamma elected the following officers for the second semester:

President — Helen Quick.

Vice-President — Marjorie Davidson.

Critic — Hope Duncan.

Recording Secretary — Cecile Kingsley.

Corresponding Secretary — Marie Simmons.

Treasurer — Marion Chapman.

Literary Editor — Frances Wood.

Chaplain — Theodocia Dart.

Marshals — Gertrude Blunt and Lucile Hale.

The regular meeting of Psi Gamma was held February seventh at Miss Quick's. After the installation of officers a delightful supper was served.

On Washington's birthday a Psi Gamma meeting was held at Miss Davidson's. An appropriate program was followed by a social hour.

Miss Edna Hall completed her college course in January, and has returned to her home in Peekskill.

We are glad that Miss Stam has recovered from her illness sufficiently to be removed from the hospital to her home in Cobleskill.

Kappa Delta Notes

Miss Helen Schermerhorn, '12, who is teaching in Schoharie, accompanied by Miss Lois Gilbert, spent the week-end of the first at the House.

A mock trial was held at the first meeting in March. Miss Rieffanaugh, our president, was im-

peached and tried before the Sorority, but was acquitted. Much legal knowledge and logical reasoning were exhibited.

Miss Frances Stillman, '11, spent a week at the House.

Mrs. Peck, from Crown Point, and her little son visited us during a short stay in this city.

Kappa Delta welcomes a new member, Miss Gertrude Ward, born February the tenth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ward.

Eta Phi Notes

On Thursday evening, February twenty-seventh, a meeting was held at Jessie Cole's. A musical program was very much enjoyed.

The Faculty meeting was postponed on account of Mrs. Risley's illness. We are all very glad to hear that she is recovering.

A meeting was held at Pearl Shafer's home on Thursday, March thirteenth. It was an especially good meeting. We have received some very interesting letters from our alumnae.

Girls' Athletic Association Notes

Good crowds are attending the games, but we want every one of you to come. Bring yourself and your voice. "If you can't sing, make a noise." We have some fine new songs and yells which are easily learned.

The results of the first games were as follows:

Junior-Sophomore, won by Juniors. Score 10-9.

Senior-Junior, won by Seniors. Score 14-6.

Junior-Freshman, won by Juniors. Score 13-3.

Senior-Sophomore, won by Sophomores. Score 20-7.

Sophomore-Freshman, won by Sophomores. Score 31-7.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Miss Dunsford, the Junior-Freshman game was refereed by Miss Whittemore of the Girls' Academy, and the Senior-Sophomore by Miss Waterman of the Y. W. C. A.

Our few frolics of the past month have been successful, and we are all wishing for some more.

Basketball

On the evening of March seventh, the State Normal College basketball team was defeated by the Albany Medical College by a score of 25-21, thus ending a season which, although not teeming with victories, will be remembered by Normal College basketball devotees as one characterized by clean, fast playing and interesting games.

The quintet met its first defeat at the hands of "The Middletown Five," an exceptionally fast team from Wesleyan University. This game plainly showed that our boys were lacking in pass-work. They immediately got down to business, and, aided by Coach Kneipe, soon developed pass-work and team-work that was beautiful to see.

A laudable feature of the season was the total absence of grand-stand play. Each man played his part for the team as a whole rather than for personal glory. It was plain to see that that combination of bone, muscle, and sinew known as Pratt was at all times entirely at the service of his team. Anderson always had one eye on the basket and usually the ball on the way in. Richards shot like a fiend, and many people were led to believe that he is made of Indian rubber. Curtis did the guard act in fine style. Ward made a specialty of holding down fast right forwards. Bowen's motto was: "No baskets for my man." When Lee shot the scorer put down a "2" for S. N. C.

Following are the scores of the games and the records of the individual players. To those few who call victory success the season will not appeal, by any means, but by those whose ideals are clean basketball, loyalty, and true sportsmanship the season will be called successful.

RESULTS OF THIS SEASON'S GAMES.

- S. N. C., 21; Middletown Five, 48.
- S. N. C., 14; Albany Medical College, 28.
- S. N. C., 26; R. P. I. 1916, 26.
- S. N. C., 29 (extra period); R. P. I. 1916, 31.
- S. N. C., 35; Albany Medical College, 24.
- S. N. C., 29; R. P. I. 1915, 29.
- S. N. C., 35 (1st extra period); R. P. I. 1915, 35.
- S. N. C., 35 (2nd extra period); R. P. I. 1915, 39.
- S. N. C., 14; Second Team, 9.
- S. N. C., 21; Albany Medical College, 25.

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.

Name.	Points.	Games Played.
L. F., Anderson	41	6
R. F., Richards	36	6
C., Pratt (Capt.)	56	7
R. G., Curtis	16	6
L. G., Ward	5
R. F., Lee	18	3
R. G., Bowen	3

Alumni Department

Clarence A. Wood, A.B., 1909, and Pd.B., 1910, and family have recently moved from Syracuse, N. Y., to 79 North Allen street, Albany. After graduating from S. N. C., Mr. Wood took Ph.B. and B.D. from the University of Chicago and Ph.M. from Syracuse University. He has a position at the Capitol in the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Stanley Rice, '12, principal of the high school in Castleton, N. Y., visited the College on February 26th.

Miss Ione Schubert, '11, is teaching in Miller-ton, N. Y.

Miss Julia A. Carr, '66, died on February 1st. She was the daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. Wm. A. Carr, of Albany, N. Y.

In Remembrance

MRS. FRED C. HAM

The new year was but four days old when she passed away. It was very early on the morning of the fifth day that the Father called her. Every morning during a long period of illness — when strength would permit — every morning had she listened while the nurse read to her a few verses from the Book, after which both would join in the old, old prayer. On the day previous to her departure she repeated every word of the "Our Father" alone.

Miss Della Russell Phillips, born and educated in Albany, was the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Peter Phillips. When a quite young girl she entered the State Normal School and was graduated with her class in 1874. She never engaged in the work of teaching, as home duties required most of her time and attention. In 1883 Miss Phillips was married to Mr. Fred C. Ham, a prominent lawyer of this city. Amid home life, church duties, social and club requirements, Mrs. Ham remained always loyal to her *alma mater*; always glad and proud of the advancement of Normal College. And so far as possible she remained a student to the close of life. History, the languages, and all rare and beautiful things in art, had special interest for her. And her bright, hospitable home bore witness ever to her love for flowers.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Ham leaves a well-loved brother, Mr. Alonzo Phillips, of Albany.

Farewell, dear "Della!" A winsome smile, a charming personality, a brave little heart that beat

always loyal and true — these came to you from God; and after the pain and pleasure, the hopes and fears, the joys and the cares of this life, these you have taken back with you to the “Land o’ the Leal.” Yet does the memory of them dwell with us, your friends.

MARY A. McCLELLAND.

A Tribute of Respect

The death of Dr. John H. Guerin, class of '61 of the old Albany Normal School, demands more than a passing notice. The following sketch of his life was prepared for THE ECHO by a classmate of his whose privilege it was to renew a friendship interrupted for a period of more than thirty years.

John H. Guerin came to this State from Limerick, Ireland, where he was born in 1839. He was eleven years old when his father settled in Malone, Franklin county. There he continued his education until he was ready to enter the Normal School at Albany in 1859, from which institution he was graduated in 1861. He taught the school in Niverville, N. Y., half a year. He then went west and was principal of a school in Fall River, Wis., two years.

In 1865 he went to Chicago to engage in teaching. He was for three years professor of mathematics and chemistry in the Roman Catholic University, St. Mary's of the Lake. During this period he studied medicine at Rush Medical College and was licensed to practice as a physician in 1868. He was appointed city physician in 1871, while an epidemic of smallpox was raging, and from 1878 to 1888 was on the staff of the Cook County hospital.

Dr. Guerin was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Jackson. Eleven children were born to them, five of whom are now living, two daughters and three sons. Two of his sons are graduates of Harvard University. One daughter was received at the convent in Kenwood a Madame of the Sacred Heart. She is now Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart convent at Omaha, Neb.

On three different occasions when Dr. Guerin was passing through Albany he called at the Normal College and was greatly interested in the Willet Street building. He contributed generously to the Memorial Tablet which was placed in its chapel through Dr. Husted's efforts. His last visit to the College was made after the Willet Street building had burned and the classes were in session in the two churches that opened their hospitable doors to faculty and students.

Dr. Guerin became a successful specialist in medicine, but he never lost his interest in education. Naturally the education of his own family was a matter of supreme importance. He gave his children the best possible advantages for higher education, both in this country and abroad, especially in Paris. His interest in elementary education was no less earnest. He served on the Chicago School Board, to which he was appointed by Mayor Dunne and reappointed by Mayor Busse and by Mayor Harrison. He was active in the Board to the last. About two weeks before leaving Chicago he attended a meeting of the Board, at which he demanded that the school management committee, of which he was a member, should investigate the ex-

tent to which innovations were carried in the public schools. He contended that the "Three R's" had fallen into disrepute and children were being taught basket weaving, sewing, and domestic science to the exclusion of more fundamental subjects. Three years after the death of his first wife Dr. Guerin married Miss Margaret Walsh, who survives him. They left Chicago on New Year's eve for a trip to the South intending to visit Cuba before their return. At Memphis, Tenn., a sudden attack of heart disease caused his death. The news of Dr. Guerin's death was received in Chicago with profound regret by all who knew him. He was respected by his opponents, admired by his co-workers, and dearly loved and appreciated by a large circle of friends. He was a devout Catholic, a member of the Knights of Columbus, of the University Club, and the South Shore Country Club. The Normal College should be proud of the record Dr. Guerin has made in Chicago, and of his fidelity to the school that first started him on the road to high endeavor. S.

[The following account of the Alumni Banquet was prepared by Miss H. Louise McCutcheon, who was formerly the head of the French Department in our College. At present Miss McCutcheon is teaching French in the Washington Irving High School in New York City.—*Alumni Editor.*]

On Saturday, February the eighth, the ninth annual meeting and banquet of the New York Alumni of the New York State Normal College brought together at the Hotel Majestic a goodly number of

those interested in the welfare — past, present, and future — of “our College.” Opportunity for the Alumni to greet President Milne, other members of the faculty, and friends, was afforded in the social hour and a half before we gathered around the tables in the beautifully appointed and decorated banquet hall.

Professor James Robert White, President of the Association, presiding, bespoke for one and all a cordial welcome, and during the evening introduced in his own delightful manner each of the speakers.

Dr. Milne, after expressing his pleasure at the presence of so many Alumni, discussed the present conditions of agitation in educational matters, saying that the greatest upheaval in the history of the world is the upheaval in education to-day. “Everybody knows what should be done and is doing it.” It was not long, however, before Dr. Milne touched upon the subject which lay nearest the hearts of many of his listeners, — the absence of Dr. Husted. No speaker, no topic, could banish from their minds the thought of that friend, loyal and true, who for the first time in nine years was missing from their midst. One after another, various ones who had been associated with him in his work at the College put into fitting words the tribute of love, admiration, and appreciation which others were silently paying him. Dr. Milne said: “Dr. Husted was a regular attendant upon these meetings; he never failed one; he never failed to discharge any duty. He was a man absolutely faithful and loyal. One year after he graduated from the Normal School he was called to serve upon its faculty and never left it until death

took him, except to serve his country. He never lost a day in the army; he never missed a meeting of the Post of the Grand Army to which he belonged. He was never late at any church meeting which he was expected to attend. The same was true in respect to faculty meetings and committee meetings. He was a man of great punctiliousness, — exacting with himself, — withal a human, generous, courteous gentleman. He was very engaging and humorous in class, — a very choice man. He will be missed, he has been missed. He lived about eighty years, his full allotted time — a generous career, — with everybody speaking in his praise. He left to this Association five hundred dollars to go toward his Scholarship.”

Professor White cited from the poem “Away,” by James Whitcomb Riley, lines which he said express perfectly the sentiment felt for Dr. Husted.

“ I cannot say and I will not say that he is dead,— he is just away.”

Miss Hannahs, as chairman of the committee on resolutions, read the following:

WHEREAS, The late Albert Nathaniel Husted, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics at the New York State Normal College, Albany, New York, was removed from our midst by death on the 16th of October, 1912, and

WHEREAS, The intimate relation held by him to the members of this Association, during his unprecedentedly long and worthy service at the College, makes it fitting that we should record our sense of bereavement in his death;

Therefore, Resolved, That not only does the Association lose a loyal and enthusiastic supporter and a wise counsellor, but also the country loses a gallant and distinguished patriot; the city of Albany and the church an able and disinterested servant; the College a teacher of brilliancy and power; and personally each one of us has been deprived of the presence of a devoted friend, one whose interest in us and affection for us only grew warmer with the years;

Resolved, That an expression of our sympathy be extended to the two bereaved daughters in the hope that this reminder of our cherished memory of their honored father's complete and worthy life may bring them something of comfort in their loss;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread in the Journal of this Association.

ELIZABETH HELEN HANNAHS, *Chairman.*

LETTA B. BURNS.

A. LOUISE ARTHUR.

“Died at his post, is the thought,” said Miss McClelland. “A life full of service, — service with the exactitude of the skilled mathematician and the promptness of the soldier. He was absent only three days. Many record that he did them good. His was a life of long devotion with scrupulous attention not only to duties but to social functions. He was fond of young people and loved to encourage them. He was careful and painstaking in his methods, and many have been enriched by his labors.” Miss McClelland gave the history of the bronze tablet now on

the wall in the corridor of the Administration Building.

Professor Sayles stated that much of the loyalty characteristic of the members of the State Normal College, might perhaps be traced to Dr. Husted's devotion.

Outside of the members of our own faculty the guest of honor that evening was the Honorable William S. Bennett, ex-Congressman from New York. He found the keynote of his remarks in one of the songs which had been sung during the banquet. "Up the State," said he, — "I come from Orange county, the finest county in the world." He contrasted the life of the boy and girl born and brought up in the country with that of the city boy and girl. "There are many ways in which the latter are not getting the background of the former. There is a memory attaching to life in the country which the city child cannot even understand, more is the pity. There are old songs that go back to the country. Those who have come from the country to the city have given up much to gain much, and the burden is upon them to give out the ethical advantage which they have gained here, for they have been born in places from which memory comes. It is their mission to fill voids with humanity and sympathy, with bright and glorious and beautiful memories." Mr. Bennett said that a great responsibility rests on teachers and that he had been touched by the beautiful tribute to one who had been a teacher and a soldier. "The burden has not passed with him."

Mrs. Mooney, in speaking of our "needs" as opposed to our "wants," said that we need friends and

are happy if we have them. We need books and whereas the need of friends is perhaps the greater, if we have books we always have friends.

Professor Risley dwelt upon the unique feature of our College, — the training of teachers, — adding that we must train them to teach with humanity, not with knowledge. He believes that if all of us put into practice what we have learned, the evils in education would not exist in their present number.

Dr. Leonard A. Blue, the Dean of the College, was formally introduced, since many of the Alumni had not had the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He said that a college has certain things for which it stands. Students come to the State Normal College with a definite purpose and everything which is done there is to one end. The College must also stand for a definite idealism, — something more than is gotten from books, — something which comes from its atmosphere, — a fine and high idealism in life. The student must get from College something which will make him a better member of society. If we can give him this idealism he will do his work better and see the results of it in the children who come under his care.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

President — Dr. John Dwyer.

Vice-President — James H. Brooks.

Secretary — Fred A. Duncan.

What Obligations Beyond the Written Contract?

[A paper prepared and given by Edmund Cocks, State Normal College, Class of 1904, before the Teachers' Association of Orange county, held at Middletown, New York.]

When labor is placed upon an open market, be that labor manual or professional, there is, as a rule, an agreement enacted between the individual, corporation, or whoever becomes the purchaser of one's labor, and the one by whom the services are rendered. This is generally regarded as a contract; the conditions contained therein may be written or implied.

A day-laborer, earning his allotted wage, may have no written stipulations with the one by whom he is employed, yet when he assumes to labor at the beginning of the day's work, he agrees to give a certain amount of his stored-up energy to be converted into some useful or remunerative project. When the term of service is more extended, and the energy to be transferred is more professional in nature, a written agreement is frequently involved. This formal understanding is of especial note where one of the parties becomes a servant of the public. We, as school teachers, are servants of each individual child that comes to us for instruction; and when we enter upon our duties as factors in the imparting of knowledge, we find ourselves in possession of one of these written contracts. What does it signify? It means that beneath the printed words and the signatures, we have sold our time and labor for the benefit of the child.

What, then, are the requirements of a good teacher in order that he may best serve the interests of the pupil? Assuming that his mental stock in trade is adequate to meet all demands that may be put upon it; assuming that his training is sufficient to cope with cases of emergency, there stands out prominently in bold relief — a love and fascination for the work. If no interest is manifested in the welfare of the child, if no thought is taken to mould his character in order that his future career may be useful and creditable, then the teacher has neglected a duty. He has lost an opportunity to confer upon the child, and upon the State at large, a blessing. He has failed to uplift the standard of manhood and womanhood, and, in so doing, has failed to fulfill an obligation beyond the written contract. If financial reward is the sole object of your pedagogical effort; if no love for the work exists in all the striving to impart knowledge, then it is better that a new field of labor be chosen, for riches in prodigious quantity are not to be the achievements of our labor. The profession has attached to it a dignity which cannot be computed in mere money terms.

Beyond the school work proper, the teacher is often called upon to lend his assistance in the pursuit of some worthy object. If he is a true teacher, by his education and his capabilities, he holds a position in which he is regarded with respect and esteem. If his talents are more than his neighbor's, he must make use of them to that degree in which they are given. If the public demands a service which is in his power to render, then it is his duty, not only as a member of his profession, but as a good citizen, man

or woman, to perform the service desired. It is not necessary that he affiliate himself with any organization of a political nature, preferably not, but he should always be willing to lend his aid toward the moral uplift of the locality in which he resides. There should be no compromise in his stand between right or wrong, good or evil, whether it be in school or in public.

Near the beginning it was stated that every individual is entitled to the same amount of attention and consideration. It is always a pleasure to teach those pupils who are bright and display great mental activity, because we see that they readily grasp the mental food-stuff set before them, but are we so pleased to tax our patience to the utmost in order to fix firmly a bit of knowledge in the mind of a child not less persistent, but less keen? While we are pleased with the former, it is the latter who is deserving of our admiration and aid. Under conditions less favorable, with an intellect not spectacular, he endeavors to acquire his education. It must be remembered that schools are intended for the masses, and as the governmental affairs should be within the power of the average citizen, he must be taught to use that power with wisdom and discretion.

Before punishment is meted out to pupils deficient in lesson preparation, carefully become acquainted, if possible, with the conditions of their home life. Think over your own roll of pupils and see if there is not one who is compelled to labor sometimes in excess of his strength, in order to secure for himself and perhaps for his family, the necessities of life. No wonder some little fellow is drowsy and listless in

school, when under conditions more favorable he would be a good student. Nature is simply demanding of him her toll, that share which must inevitably take precedence over all other demands. Did you ever consider that pupils frequently come to school without proper or sufficient physical nourishment? In some of the large city schools where the poorer element is strikingly prominent, the teaching staff serves a lunch to the pupils at a nominal cost in order to obviate these unfavorable conditions.

At a certain school in Massachusetts it was observed that the pupils were particularly bright and active up till ten o'clock, and then all animation seemed dormant. Upon investigation the discovery was made that the breakfasts of these children consisted of tea and cake. When the effects of stimulation ceased there was no substantial food to sustain the vital processes. A man cannot labor without the consumed tissue being replaced, neither can a growing child attain its full development, and labor in addition, without proper sustenance. Let your sympathies be aroused toward these children, being careful to determine those who are worthy, and not to include those who are indolent and who habitually avoid the fulfillment of their tasks

To the apt pupil who is capable of accomplishing more than his class-mate a duty is also due. Encourage him to further and greater effort, and direct his energy into proper channels. In reading the lives of some of our great men frequent mention is made of the memories cherished by them for their teachers in childhood, and of the influence wrought by their instructors in shaping their destinies. These little

extra services will not be considered as a duty especially hard to perform, for the sympathy with the child, and the interest in the result which you are endeavoring to produce, will prove of sufficient fascination to cause all extra labor to be regarded as a pleasure. Do not permit the work to become your master, but be in a position to make the work subservient to your desires and aims.

All information solicited by students does not necessarily emanate from books. They have many practical questions which evolve from work outside the text. They wish to become acquainted with topics of current interest, practical questions, which must be solved by them, as well as by every other individual. Especially true is this in isolated districts, where the teacher comes in close contact with the pupil. The beautifying of school grounds, the formation of debating and literary societies, and nature-study clubs, the encouragement of manual training, are all important factors in the complete development of the child. Clean and beneficial athletics are also to be fostered.

Up to this point the teacher has been considered in various relations, viz.: his duty to the community at large, his duty to backward pupils and to pupils of extraordinary ability; it now remains to say a word in closing about the obligations resting upon every instructor in his or her relations to the faculty. It is the duty of each member to sustain his associates in the administration and discipline of the school; to be loyal where the case demands loyalty; to work harmoniously and arduously for your chosen profession, and, especially, to create and maintain a

standard for the particular school in which you find employment.

Be proud of your profession, diligent in your duties, sympathetic with your pupils.

A Hymn

THE ECHO is fortunate this month in being able to furnish its readers with a copy of a hymn sung at the funeral services held in Westminster Abbey over the remains of the late ambassador, Hon. Whitelaw Reid. It was a favorite hymn of Mr. Reid's, composed by his friend, John W. Chadwick.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all —
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast:
We see them as of yore —
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

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