

-THE-ECHO-



M. B. Scotland

February 1912

-THE-ECHO-



FEBRUARY, 1912.

ALBANY, NEW YORK



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THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 6

Literary Department.

THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

Colored by the sunset,
Fashioned out o' dew,
'Tis a tiny elfin ship,
Come for me and you.
Light as thought it hovers,
Touching Baby's hair;
Now it softly dips and sways
In each breath of air.
Touched with tint of roses,

Summer heaven's blue ;
Palest green of tender leaves
Lends its dainty hue.
Loveliest of the opals
Are not half so fair
As this bit o' truant dream,
Floating in the air.

FLORENCE MAY HODGES, 1913.

WHEREIN TO WORSHIP.

The boat darted out of the turbulent brook and into a placid pool. Innumerable trees grew at the water's edge and, stretching their arms out to the neighbors across the way, formed a majestic, vine-hung dome, through which, here and there, a few straying sunbeams slanted and fell upon the surface of the water, pointing white fingers of light down through the cool, dark depths. The rushing stream behind was the hustling, hurrying street, the tranquil pool the domed entrance to a great cathedral; there opposite, where the trees parted, was the "dim cathedral aisle;" the songs of the bell-voiced carolers were tunes of silvery chimes; and the music of all the other birds was sweeter far than chanting of vested choirs. A green-carpeted opening in the forest stretched away for some distance between two rows of ancient, living pillars, the branches of whose capitals became Gothic arches. Shadowy figures seemed to flit from pillar to pillar and steal away towards the great stone boulder that raised itself at the head of the aisle, like a marble altar. Then the figures faded from sight as mysteriously as they had come and one turned one's eyes towards the chancel, half expecting to see there the kneeling form of a white-robed priest.

RACHEL A. GRISWOLD, 1914.

THE SOUL OF A HERO.

"Father dear, why is that picture always turned with its face to the wall? Do you know, father, I don't even know what the picture is?"

The question was asked by a lovely young girl with black hair and big dark eyes; she was seated on a small footstool at her father's feet. The man, who was somewhat elderly, did not answer, but sat staring into the fire.

"Father," persisted the girl, "why shouldn't you tell me? I am eighteen and old enough to know."

The father looked at his daughter and said, "Yes, Dorothy, I guess you're right, you are old enough to know." Calling a servant he commanded the picture to be turned around. The servant, an old negro who had been in the Drayton family since his master was a youth, stared in amazement.

"What! Massa Phil's picture turned around?"

"That's what I said," replied the man irritably. The old negro did as he was commanded without further remarks. The girl looked wonderingly at the picture. It was the face of a handsome young fellow of about nineteen years with hair and eyes like Dorothy's.

"Oh, father, how handsome he is! Tell me who is he," exclaimed the girl.

"That is a picture of your brother Philip Drayton, who disgraced my name and me because he went to fight against his country, against his father, because he went to fight for Abraham Lincoln."

"That handsome fellow my brother! Oh, please tell me about him," she entreated.

"There isn't much to tell, little girl," answered her father. "It was about fourteen years ago (you were only a baby then) that your brother came to me and said he had something to tell

me. He was just nineteen then and as tall and handsome as any fellow in Georgia. One glance told me something was troubling him, but I didn't expect the blow he gave me."

"He told me he was going to fight for the North—for the Yankees. I tried to reason with him, but it was no use. I drove him from my house and told him never to enter it again. You were sitting on the floor playing with your little toys. He started to pick you up to kiss you good-bye, but I wouldn't let him touch you. He left the house and I've never seen him since."

"That's why the picture's been turned to the wall these many years, little girl, 'cause I couldn't bear to look at even the likeness of the boy that broke my heart."

The father had become very much excited while telling this story and he now arose and left the room. Dorothy sat for a long while looking at the picture. She had never known before that she had a brother. Now a feeling of love and sadness crept into her heart as she thought of him driven from his home, not even allowed to bid her good-bye, and all because he had gone to fight for a man named Abraham Lincoln.

Her father had never allowed her to read any histories of the war for fear her sympathies would be drawn to the Northerners. All that she knew about the war he had told her. Now she began to wonder what sort of a man this Abraham Lincoln had been. Surely he could not have been so bad after all, if this noble brother of hers had loved him. She had been sitting there alone for almost two hours, when she idly glanced at a newspaper lying on the table beside her. But one of the headlines attracted her attention, "The Anniversary of the birthday of Lincoln." The paper contained a long account of his great work and of his wonderful character. As she read on she became more interested in the great man. When she finished she

understood why her brother had loved Abraham Lincoln. If only her father would forgive him and allow him to come home again. He had never denied her anything: would he allow it, if she asked him? She ran to look for him, but to her surprise, she could find him nowhere. Thinking perhaps he was in his room, she ran upstairs. Before she could reach his room, she had to pass another door which had never been opened since she could remember. The door was kept locked and the servants were never allowed to enter it. Now she wondered if this had not been her brother's room. She was somewhat amazed to find this door ajar and, being endowed with a woman's natural curiosity, she peeped in.

Her father sat before a very dusty desk on which rested a paper. She started to leave the room, but he looked up and saw her. She ran over and knelt beside him.

"Father," she said, "Won't you please forgive him and let him come back?"

"I only wish that I could forgive myself as easily as I can forgive him."

"What do you mean?" asked Dorothy. He pointed to the paper on the desk which was the same as the one she had been reading down stairs.

"I mean that the soul of a hero, the soul of Abraham Lincoln has conquered me as it conquered my boy fourteen years ago," he said, while happy tears shone in his eyes.

EDNA HALL, 1913.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, LEADER OF THE "LOST CAUSE."

COMPARISON WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Not only were Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln the chief executives of the two opposing sections during the Civil

War, but their whole careers were closely correlated with many other important events in American history. Both lives were remarkably tragic, spent in the service of their country and for directly opposing principles. Davis was a most perfect representative of Southern aristocracy in his manner and speech; Lincoln, rough and uncultivated, was a true Westerner—"a diamond in the rough."

Jefferson Davis was born in 1808 in central Kentucky. It is suggestive of the strange vicissitudes of human destiny to recall the fact that Abraham Lincoln first saw the light some hundred miles distant in the same state of Kentucky and only eight months later. The circumstances of their births were not so widely different as has been supposed, for the parents of each were far removed from the high circles of "first families," which distinguished southern society. The Lincolns were poor, even destitute; the Davises belonged to the middle class of southern society, whose members owned a few slaves and whose children often did much of the daily labor on the farm or small plantation.

The families of both migrated from the state of Kentucky; the father of Davis, shortly before the War of 1812, went South, first to Louisiana and later to Mississippi, while Lincoln's father migrated to the North and finally settled in Illinois. In widely different environments, the two boys grew to young manhood. Environment in the case of both molded their characters and opinions and helped make them the men they were. Davis, surrounded by patrician influences and in the midst of slavery, looked upon it as right and natural. He never knew the hardships of life. Lincoln, on the other hand, in his rude, backwoods life, imbibed the spirit of democracy and sympathy for all men. Davis's environment made him proud and dignified, but never arrogant nor mean; whereas the early life

of Lincoln taught him humility, sympathy, and knowledge of men.

Lincoln's early education was practical and useful, though meagre. His school training consisted of about six months in a log school-house, but he educated himself largely later by reading politics and law, knowledge which served him well in after years. Davis's school life, too, began in a log cabin school-house. Later, he received an excellent college education. His training was defective in that it failed to give him business ability, knowledge of finance, management of men in civic affairs, and the tact necessary for men in public office. All of these qualities which Davis lacked, Lincoln gained by experience.

In military affairs Davis far excelled Lincoln. He (Davis) had been a West Point cadet up to 1828. Between 1828 and 1835 he served on the western frontier, where he gained strength, both physically and mentally. Except for a short connection with local politics in Mississippi, and a brief term in Congress, Davis's training, up to 1847, was mostly military and he had won great fame for himself as a soldier.

Lincoln's military experience was slight, as compared to that of the West Pointer. In 1832, during the Black Hawk War, Lincoln had been private and captain, but he did not care for the military life. At times, during the years immediately following, he worked as a lawyer, while trying for political offices.

Then, in December, 1847, these two men destined to world wide renown, entered the opposite portals of the capitol, both unconscious of the conflict time had in store for them, and, for the present, hardly passing the salute of acquaintances.

In personal habits, the two heroes were very similar. Both were temperate, self-restrained, and fond of literature. Each had a tendency for books and a scholarly life.

They were both wonderful orators. It is unnecessary to enter into detail concerning the oratory of Lincoln; everyone knows his style—simple, direct, magnetic, with power to move the people. Davis often filled the hearts of his hearers with unspeakable passion, and captured their entire sympathies by that evidently forced moderation of tone and language, which leaves to the power of suggestion much that expression declines to attempt and is incapable of conveying.

As it was the Lincoln-Douglas debates, in 1858, that brought Lincoln into prominence, so it was through the Davis-Prentiss debate in 1843, that Davis first entered national politics. Both orators were unsuccessful in the immediate results of these debates, but both soon became prominent factors in national affairs.

The attitudes of Lincoln and Davis in regard to their elections were similar. Concerning his election to the presidency, Lincoln wrote to a friend in 1859: "I do not think myself fit for the presidency. I would rather have had a full term in the Senate than in the presidency."

Davis, also, was reluctant to accept the high office bestowed upon him. He thought himself better adapted to command in the field and he said, "Mississippi had already given me the position which I preferred to any other—the highest rank in her army."

The attitude of the people toward the rival presidents was very different. The election of Lincoln was not well received, even in the North. People mistrusted the power of this man to guide the nation through the approaching crisis. On the other hand, Davis was the idol of the people of the South; and, next to Lee, he was the most popular man in the South.

No man in the Confederacy faced the situation with more courage than Jefferson Davis, and when, in 1865, many whose hearts till then had been stout, now gave up hope, he worked

on with unabated zeal. If the labors of Lincoln were great, those of Davis were no less arduous. Now, when Lincoln was on the point of final victory, and the resources and confidence of a great people were being poured out to him, the cause of Davis was failing fast, and condemnation, far more often than praise, was falling on him.

Lincoln was a man of greater ability and higher character than Davis, but Davis was a worthy foe. As Lincoln had to contend with Governor Seymour, so had Davis with Governors Brown and Vance. Unlike Lincoln, Davis lacked the tact in managing men which might have won for him these controversies.

Probably on account of the Confederate president's acquaintance with military men and affairs, the Confederate government had at the outset some of its greatest commanders, men like Lee, Johnston, Longstreet and Jackson. Lincoln, on the other hand, knew little of war or warriors. He was wholly dependent on the advice of the professionals whom he found at the head of the army. Davis naturally gave his attention to the war department. A study of the papers of Davis, Seddon and Campbell, will give one a very high idea of their executive talents. A certain class of facts, if considered alone, can make us wonder how it was possible to subjugate the Confederates. It could not have been accomplished without great political capacity at the head of the northern government, and a sturdy support of Lincoln by the northern people.

ETHEL GILLERAN, 1913.

DICKENS' TREATMENT OF WOMEN IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

There is no other element in Dickens' writings that I so much admire as his gentle, sympathetic treatment of women.

One of the best instances of this tender regard is in the novel "David Copperfield."

Copperfield is a man whose relations with women are enlarged upon all through the story of his life. His mother, nurse, aunt, and wife, and many other women are described in great detail. Most of these characters are treated with the utmost respect and admiration. There are a few, indeed, who serve as foils for their more lovable sisters, but the reader is given the impression that they are inhuman creatures who do not obey the ordinary laws of nature.

The first woman the little boy David knows and loves is, of course, his mother. Dickens tells of the affection of the lonely widow and her little son with the tenderness that comes only from an infinite respect for womanhood. The little games between mother and son are described with a delicacy, a gentleness of touch that leave us awed and abashed, as though we were intruding into human hearts and homes. The growing gap between mother and child, opened and ever widened by the second husband and his sister, is shown in a way that makes one's heart ache for parent and child. And when the final separation comes, and the poor little mother is laid to rest with her baby in her arms, the son's grief is reflected in the heart of every reader.

Next enter two other women, Peggotty and little Emily, for our story has nothing to do with Miss Murdock. She is one of those who I have said are used to accent and emphasize, to set off, we may say, the character of women in general. But Peggotty and little Emily are shown to be two of a type whom we all know, and all love.

Peggotty is the typical nurse of Dickens' day and place. Born of a class whose labors and sorrows have touched the world throughout all time, she is invested by her care of the child David with the sort of a halo that surrounds an old darky

Mammy in the South. We smile at her little love-bout with Barkis, who, as you probably remember, was "willin," and are heartily pleased when she marries that worthy man and settles with him in a snug little home. But I, for one, was very sorry when he turned out to be "close," and felt some concern lest motherly old Peggotty should be starved to death by her erstwhile suitor.

As for little Emily, what shall we say? Her beautiful character, her bereavement in childhood, and her tragic fate alike melt us with sympathy. We observe the children's love with delight; then, with David, we muse whether it would not have been better for her had she fallen from the timber that day at the pier and ended her life in the ocean. We follow Daniel Peggotty in his search for the unfortunate girl with deep interest, and learn, I think, a little more of pity and kindness for those who suffer as she suffered.

David's stern old aunt, Betsy Trotwood, awakes many emotions in our breasts. Her quarrels with the donkey-boys are really very funny, but we hardly finish laughing at her savage defense of her bit of lawn before we see her leading poor Mr. Dick around and taking care of him. Her would-be sternness and her genuine kindness toward her unwished-for nephew win our hearts completely, and we are quite glad to forgive the crusty old maid for any little whims or fancies she exhibits.

There are only two other women with whom we have to deal at any length. These are David's two wives. Differing in so much, yet alike in so much, they are both treated with a reverence and sacredness that leave little to be wished for.

Little Dora, the "child wife," as Dickens tenderly calls her, does not remain on the scene long enough to make much impression, perhaps, but the shy little love passages and the beautiful glimpse of the home life, are very affecting. Dora is too weak and delicate to stand the harsh criticism of those who look only

for the practical in life, she might not have made the home all it should have been, but there is no doubt that she wins us all.

Agnes, indeed, has all the qualities of sweetness and tenderness possessed by the child wife, but has in addition those intellectual abilities, those womanly powers which cannot fail to make the home a place blessed above all others. She has that womanly charm and dignity which will make her all-sufficing for a man who, like Copperfield, has lived, and loved, and suffered.

There are some minor characters who are treated with as subtle a pen as those I have mentioned. The loving and longing, but neglected mother of Steerforth, the proud and cold Rosa Dartle, and the unfortunate Martha, are all described with a sympathy and an insight into the character of women, which are seldom equaled.

One of the best tests of a nation's greatness is the place which woman occupies in its society, its homes, and its literature. In so far as her lot is fair, the nation is good and great. In so far as woman is relegated to a place of secondary importance in the general scheme of things, a nation may be said to be declining morally, socially and generally. So also one of the best tests of a man's character and of a writer's greatness is the way in which he regards woman. A respect and reverence for womanhood have been characteristics of all truly good and great men since the world began. Judged by what we know of his private life, or by what we observe in his novels, Charles Dickens is in either case entitled to a place among our great men.

BALLARD L. BOWEN, 1914.

A RIPE GRAPE.

It was far too lovely to eat, as it lay, separated from its fellows, among the cool, green leaves which lined the boy's ragged straw hat. He looked up at me, while a freckle on his cheek slipped into a dimple to chuckle by itself, and his sunny brown eyes twinkled as he said shyly, "Aw, gwan, take some, Miss Frances. I've et most two baskets of 'em a'ready." I had made a visit to the vineyards myself that morning, but to satisfy the youngster I took a small cluster and then the great, perfect, single grape which first attracted my attention. It lay upon my palm, the dusky, purple ball. The soft, velvety bloom on its surface made the bits of deep color gleaming through here and there seem even richer by contrast. It was a visible incarnation of the subtle beauty gathered from long, lazy days under the hot summer sun; from sudden, grateful showers, when the leaves glistened and dripped, and the hidden fruit peeped out on a new world; from soft, hazy autumn days and moonlit nights, when ivy-crowned Bacchus danced with his Satyrs and Maenads in the leafy aisles, the weird, wild grace of their gestures holding a promise of the coming harvest. All this and more it was; but, as I stood there with half-closed eyes, seeing visions of these revels, an impatient movement called me back to earth, and there stood the boy, wriggling his bare toes in the dust, and regarding me with that peculiar boy grin, half pity and half wonder, which strikes terror into the heart of the most courageous. So, being not altogether indifferent to public opinion, I hastily swallowed the grape and proposed a race to the barn.

FLORENCE MAY HODGES, 1913.

Editorial Department.

The new thirty-minute "Chapel" period seems sure to become popular. Formerly, when an attempt was made to have different professors talk to the students occasionally, everybody would get comfortably settled in an attitude of respectful attention, the professor would walk to the front of the stage, clear his voice—and then the class-bell would ring. Sometimes the subject of discussion would be announced before the interruption came, but never was there opportunity for adequate treatment of any topic. Now that we have thirty minutes set aside for the purpose, there is a possibility—which has already developed into reality several times—for us to listen to interesting and helpful talks on a wide range of subjects. Then there are the occasional song services which most of us enjoy and from which we return to our classes refreshed by the break in the monotonous round of recitation. On the off days, the thirty-minute period is an excellent time for business meetings of the various classes and organizations, for meetings which were formerly held at the close of the afternoon classes after many of the people had gone home, in consequence of which attendance was small. In short, the half-hour "Chapel" period will soon be practically indispensable—we shan't know how we got along without it.

Unless the exercises be devoted to some subject of particular interest to our alumni subscribers, no space in the news department will be given to them, since the great majority of our readers attend the meetings and get the matter at first hand.

News Department.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

The College Musical Club gave its first concert Friday evening, Feb. 9, assisted by Mrs. Risley, Miss Jessie Luck, and the Misses Hendrie, Danaher, Worms and Seigle.

The performance was thoroughly successful and presages the attainment of a high degree of excellence by the new musical organization. The program follows:

- I. Chung Lo, a Chinese Monkeydoodle..... Moret
Musical Club.
- II. Reading Selected
Miss Luck.
- III. Barcarolle, from Tales of Hoffman Offenbach
Musical Club.
- IV. Ladies' Quartette, The Quaker Adams
Misses Hendrie, Danaher, Worms, Seigle.
- V. Dutch Kiddies, Wooden Shoe Dance Trinkaus
Musical Club.
- VI. Vocal Solo Selected
Mrs. Risley.
- VII. Heart to Heart Trinkaus
Musical Club.
- VIII. Reading Selected
Miss Luck.
- IX. (a) Thoroughbred Englemann
(b) Enchantment Rolfe
Musical Club.

On Friday evening, January 18th, the winter course of lectures to be delivered at college, was most delightfully introduced by Joseph A. Lawson with his address on "The Life and Work of Charles Dickens."

Those of us who attended found the evening one of keen interest as well as much profitable instruction.

THE SENIORS.

A very important class meeting was held January 8. The class book was discussed, pins ordered and a vote was taken concerning the wearing of caps and gowns. In due course of time and when occasion demands, we shall be seen thus fittingly attired. Those Seniors who do not come to class meetings should keep a close watch of the bulletin board, or they'll find themselves left out of something.

At the meeting held January 17, important business was transacted and the wheels have been set into a motion that is to result in a class book.

Miss Farnham spent the week-end of January 19 with Miss Edith Carr at her home in Schenectady. While there she attended the Kappa Alpha Dance.

Miss Flaherty recently spent a very enjoyable week-end in New York.

Those who have had the "pleasant" experience (it has been pleasant in many ways), of instilling knowledge into younger minds, wish for those still uninitiated, the greatest success not only in that line but in arousing such "interest" and "attention" in the lesson that no time will be found by the pupils for those other interests, so distracting to the teacher.

JUNIOR WEEK.

Junior Week has been the focal point of interest and the Junior Class the cynosure of all eyes since the tension of examination week has passed.

Wednesday evening the class banquet was held at the Hampton with much class enthusiasm. Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall were the guests of honor. The president, Miss Grace M. Young, acted as toastmistress. Toasts were responded to as follows: "Our Class," Nola Reiffenaugh; "Our Future," Hope Duncan; "Our Faculty," Charlotte Wright; "Alma Mater," Adele Kaemmerlen.

The reception to the faculty and college on Thursday evening was also highly successful. A delightful program was rendered consisting of: Selection, Musical Club; Reading, "The Soul of the Violin," David Allison, accompanied by Gerald Pratt; Female Quartette, Misses Hendrie, Danaher, Worms and Seigle.

Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed, and a pleasant social time completed the evening's entertainment.

The climax, the Prom, was equal to the almost impossible expectations which had arisen, as always, long beforehand. The Gym was strikingly decorated in the new French color scheme of light blue and pink, carnations and trellised ivy being particularly attractive features. Everything and everybody conspired in harmony to give the affair its usual distinction. The patronesses were Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Risley, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Ward and Miss Springstead.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

A meeting was held on the twelfth of January to discuss the matter of a sleighride. A committee was appointed to make arrangements, but no report has yet been made.

The president has decided not to call any more meetings at 10:30 on Thursdays, because circumstances might not permit him to be present.

Miss Evelyn O'Connor has returned to college after a somewhat protracted Christmas vacation.

BASKET BALL.

Three cheers for S. N. C.! The Normal College Five convinced Union's class team of 1915 of their superiority on the baskket ball floor by defeating the visiting crew in the college Gym on the evening of January 26.

The game was characterized by too much fouling on both sides, which was perhaps caused by the fact that the official did not have complete control of his capacity at all times. Excitement was high throughout the contest, and all present were satisfied that the Normal team earned a deserved victory.

Only one thing about the game was unsatisfactory, and that, strange to say, was the audience. Not the audience that was present, but the part of it that should have been there and wasn't. Faculty, students and friends come to the games. Your team, your college deserves support. Come!

A line-up and summary of the game:

S. N. C.	POSITION.	UNION 1915.
Ellner	Left Forward	Starbuck
Pepis, Shapiro	Right	Peterson
Pratt (Capt.)	Center	Cleveland (Capt.)
Bowen, Elmore	Left Guard ...	Huthsteiner, Smith
Richards	Right	Turgeon, Vosburgh

Score at end of first half—S. N. C., 12; Union, 8. Final score—S. N. C., 24; Union, 11. Field baskets—Ellner 1, Pepis 2, Pratt 3, Richards 3, Starbuck 1, Cleveland 1, Tur-

geon 1, Huthsteiner 1. Baskets from free throws—Ellner 5, Pratt 1, Starbuck 2, Cleveland 1. Referee—Parmelee. Scorer—Ward. Timer—Wurthman.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At a meeting on Friday afternoon, January 10th, a rereading was held of the four best papers read before the club during the first semester, selected by vote of the society. They were as follows:

Humorous sketch, "The Fate of the Unruly Tongues," Harley P. Cook.

Short story, "The Lure of the Lights," Wordsworth Williams.

Blank verse, "A Soliloquy of a Modern Materialistic Scientist," Howard B. Dabney.

Short poem, "Autumn Twilight," Grace M. Young.

On Friday, February 9th, the first meeting of the second semester was held. Papers were read as follows:

Poem, "A Plea for the Children," Anna Boochever.

Problem drama, Gerald Pratt.

Short story, "The Change of Deal," Harold Goewey.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A crowded and intensely interested room full of students listened to Prof. Risley's talk on January 19th. Some of the topics discussed were: Cabinet Changes in France; The Crisis in Cuba; The Chinese Confusion. These were discussed in their various phases,—the facts themselves, their interpretation and importance, and their effect on international relations.

The subject of Socialism was considered with special application to Germany and our own local interest, Schenectady.

Other matters touched upon were: The Reception to Cardinal Farley; the Harvey Wilson incident as a step in the formation of presidential conditions; Bryan's change from candidate to boss, and the death of noted men.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

The officers for this term are: President, Marjory Bennett; Vice-President, Hortense Barnet; Recording Secretary, Olive Ely; Corresponding Secretary, Marion Wheeler; Treasurer, Helen Odell; Critic, Ethel Everingham; Reporter, Ethel Secor.

Miss Hazel Bennett spent the week-end of January 16th, at her home in Waterville, N. Y.

Miss Mabel Northrup visited at the Delta apartment for a week in January.

The girls at the Sorority apartment, No. 2 Delaware avenue, will be "At Home" to the Faculty and students of the College, the third Tuesday of each month, from 4 to 6.

Mr. Willets Gardner of Cornell, '15, was with his sister, Florence Gardner, during Junior week.

Miss Katherine Odell, sister of Helen Odell, was a guest at the Delta apartment during Junior week.

ETA PHI NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Sorority was held at the home of Jannette Campbell, January 11, at which the following officers were installed: Lillian Houberty, Pres.; Helen Smith, Vice-Pres.; Ethel Zeigler, Sec.; Jessie Cole, Treas.; Gracia Mad-

den, Chaplain; Molly Sullivan, Marshal; Edith Carr, Reporter; Lela Farnham, Critic.

The next meeting will be devoted to a study of the life and works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Eta Phi is preparing for her annual dance, which will be held some time during February.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

A meeting was held Jan. 5, at the home of Miss Edna Hall. During the evening current events were discussed by all.

The officers for the new year are: Florence E. Chase, President; Carlotta Jordan, Vice-President; Beatrice Wright, Corresponding Secretary; Helen Quick, Recording Secretary; Hope Duncan, Treasurer; Edna Hall, Critic; Mina Robey, Chaplain; Clara Dater, Literary Editor; Marie Simmons and Harriet Maynard, Marshals.

We welcome most cordially as new sisters, Hilda Clements and Marjorie Davidson.

A very interesting literary meeting was held at the home of Florence Chase. The topic of the evening was Whittier, his life and works.

Miss Frances Wood spent the week-end of Jan. 27, at her home in Kingston.

Miss Mary Robbins spent the week-end of Jan. 27, at her home in Saratoga Springs.

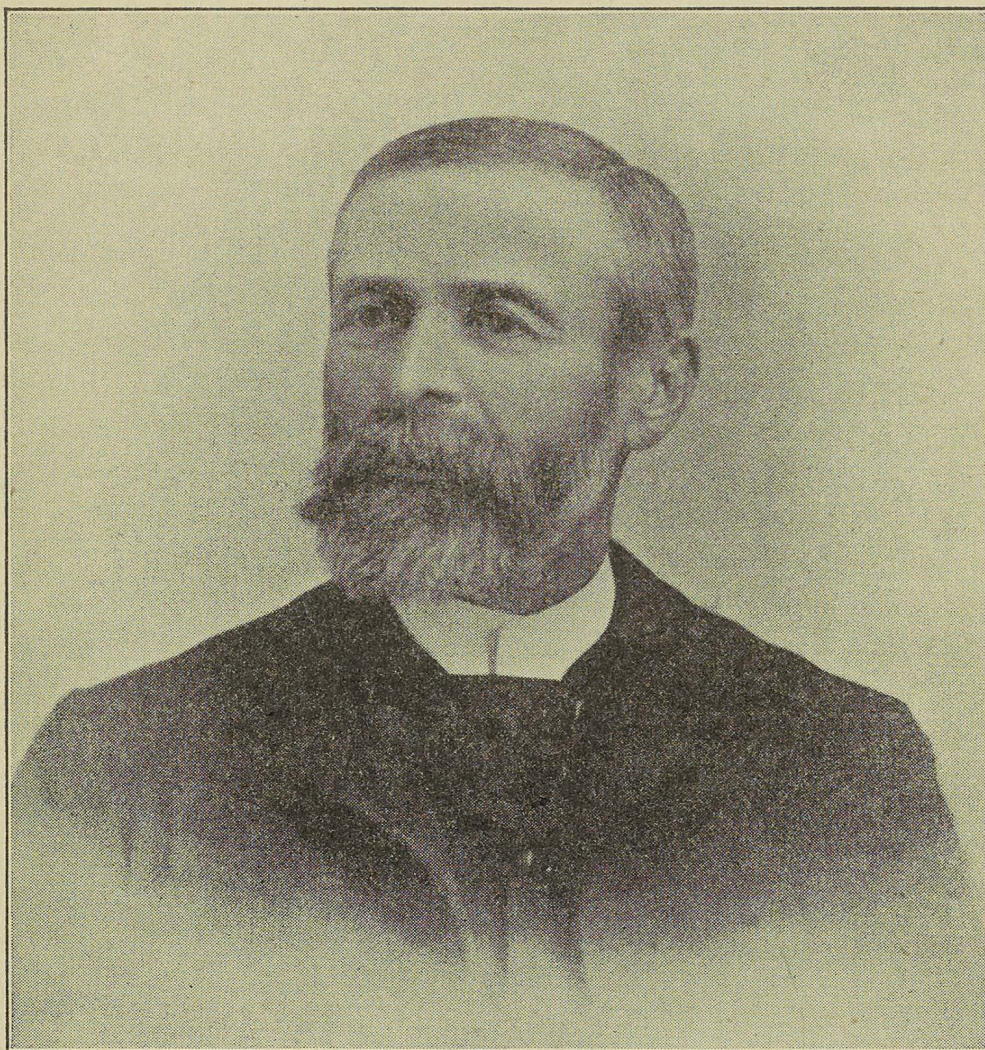
Alumni Department.

Major Sylvanus Birch Husted, A. M., was born in Saratoga County, N. Y., on November 9th, 1838, and died December 26th, 1911, making his age seventy-three years, one month and seventeen days. My acquaintance with him began in 1855 in the sub-senior class of the old State Normal School, graduating together in January, 1857. From the beginning the brotherly friendship between us has been continuous and fully as warm as could be between real blood relatives. I visited him for the last time in life on September last and while fully aware that he could not survive very long, the notice of his death on December 26th came as a shock and still abides. Following are brief extracts of the sermons and the eulogiums pronounced by the present and past ministers of his church and the names of the eight representatives of the Grand Army Post to which he belonged and who performed the beautiful ritual service of burial of the G. A. R. and who also acted as his pall bearers:

D. P. AUSTIN, M. D.

A large attendance was present in the Greenbush Presbyterian church, Blauvelt, N. Y., at the funeral of Sylvanus B. Husted. From Nyack, Piermont, West Nyack, New York city, Poughkeepsie and other places, friends had come to pay their last tribute to a friend and honored citizen.

The service was conducted by Rev. John W. Hoyt, pastor of the Greenbush church, assisted by Rev. Lewis T. Leary, Ph. D., and Rev. Joseph MacCarrell Leiper, both former pastors of the church. After the invocation, the Scripture lesson was read by Dr. Leary and prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. Leiper. In fervent words of thanksgiving, Mr. Leiper commended the faithful, serviceable and patriotic life of the departed, expressing gratitude for his influence upon this community.



DIED.—Sylvanus B. Husted at his home at Blauvelt on Tuesday, December 26th, 1911.

The sermon was preached by Rev. J. W. Hoyt upon the text, "Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning * * * the Lord is his name."

Mr. Hoyt spoke of the miracle of life, which surrounds one every day, of the mystery of the relation between soul and spirit. He said in part: "How expressive is the prophet's phrase, 'the shadow of death.' When the spirit departs, we know the feelings that fill the heart with dismay. Bereavement all too truly brings its shadow. Perplexity seizes hold upon us as we come face to face with the great problem of death.

"The prophet Amos dispells the gloom and bids us 'Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning.' Amos was a man who understood life's deep experiences and human need. One of his great truths was 'Seek ye the Lord and ye shall live.' He bid us seek Him who could banish the midnight of sorrow and usher in the dawn of hope.

"Through faith in Christ, we are children of the day and of the light. Through faith in Him the shadows flee away and we are ushered into the dawn of God's eternal day."

Mr. Hoyt spoke of the educational, patriotic and religious side of Mr. Husted's life.

"Had Mr. Husted lived not two months more, he would have been elder in this church for the term of twenty-five years, having been received as elder with John A. Blauvelt, Feb. 20, 1887.

"In his early manhood he united with a Methodist church and upon taking his permanent residence in Blauvelt, he was received by letter July 13, 1873. He not only served this church as elder, but for a long term of years as trustee. He resigned as trustee Nov. 15, 1911.

"For many years he was a public school trustee and at the centennial of the Greenbush Academy, June, 1909, it became

his duty as chairman of the historical committee to deliver the historical address, which was printed in full in the Nyack Star. A very happy coincidence at this centennial was the fact that just fifty years before, Mr. Husted had completed a term of teaching in the school.

“ His wife, Elizabeth Blauvelt, the daughter of A. Thompson Blauvelt, was also a graduate of the State Normal School in the class of 1860. She died November 17, 1907, and Mr. and Mrs. Husted are both buried in the Greenbush cemetery.

“ Mr. Husted was most patient in the sick room and to the last keen in thought and interested in all questions that had to do with the community and the country. His religious spirit during his declining days was most commendable.

“ During the last month of his life his thought seemed to reach out to the scenes of his childhood, and to places where he had visited almost like a presentation of the larger life into which he was so soon to enter.

“ This community has lost a kind friend and a wise counsellor.”

Dr. Leary spoke of Mr. Heusted as a trustee who was always ready to do more than his share toward the financial support of the church; as an elder who, without intruding his opinions on others, was a valued adviser of the young pastor. He mentioned his interest in village affairs, especially the school and library; his courage, not only as an officer in the Civil War, but in fighting against a life-long physical weakness and, in spite of it, doing a man's share—and more than an average man's share—of work in the world; and he referred to the unusual beauty of his home life and imagined him and his wife, whom he lost three or four years ago, now again smiling at each other as they used to see them do. Last he referred to the spiritual foundation of his happiness and useful-

ness; and, in connection with the brave, faithful patience with which he waited the slow coming of the end, was reminded of the verses of Whittier:

‘ I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long.
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On Ocean or on Shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.’ ”

The Waldron Post 82, G. A. R., conducted the military services and those present were Commander Alonzo Jewell, Chaplain Edwin R. Russell, Isaac E. Pye, Henry De Baun, Winfield S. Requa, C. N. Montgomery, Tunis D. Seaman and Thomas L. Sanborn. Veterans, not of this post were also present in the persons of David F. Moody and Augustus Conover.

[The editors of the Alumni Department wish to thank Dr. Austin for the foregoing facts and for the picture of Mr. Husted.]

Mr. Benjamin Emory Welles, state editor of the Syracuse Herald and for 45 years one of the best known newspaper men in central New York, died Jan. 3, 1912. He was educated at the Glens Falls academy, the Claverack Military institute and the Albany Normal School, graduating from the latter in the class of 1864.

Dr. Benjamin Edson, of the January class of 1857, died on Tuesday, September 5th, 1911. The funeral was held at his residence, 83 St. Mark's ave., Brooklyn, on September 8th, and the interment was in the Rosedale cemetery, Orange Co., N. J.

Notice has been received of the deaths of Mrs. Edward B. Hudson (nee Miss Mary E. Watson), '61, and of Mrs. Marvin A. Haynor (nee Miss Ida E. Castle), '79.

MARRIED.

Miss Etta Viola Martin, '04, and Mr. Frank Brady were married on November 29, 1911, at Yonkers-on-Hudson.

Miss Maude Elizabeth Waidler of the class of '05, was married to Mr. Edgar Storms, Jr., on July 20th, 1911, at Port Jervis, N. Y.

Miss Mary Bogardus, class of '05, was married to Mr. John Wm. De Bruyn on June 12th, 1911, at Knox, N. Y.

Miss Clara Waggoner Carr, '05, and Mr. William J. Ryland were married in Albany, N. Y., on June 29, 1911.

Miss Grace Amanda Simms, a graduate of the class of 1905, was married to Mr. Walter Rowland Balding on Wednesday, October 4th, 1911, in Little Falls, N. Y.

On Tuesday, October 3, 1911, Miss Josephine E. McCarty, '06, was married to Mr. John W. Aimmings, in Schuylerville, N. Y.

Miss Helen Ward, '07, and Mr. John C. Collingwood were married on Saturday, October 21, 1911, at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson.

Miss Nellie M. Hewett, '07, was married to Mr. Carl F. Schirmer on Wednesday, August 16th, 1911, in Waterville, N. Y.

Miss Fannie Pawel, class of '11, and Mr. Max Englander were married October 31, 1911, at Hudson Falls, N. Y.

The eighth annual banquet of the New York Alumni Association of the New York State Normal College will be held at Hotel Majestic on Saturday evening, February 24th, 1912. We are hoping to have an account of the banquet for publication in the March or April issue.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

O! My poor mind! My fatigued intellect! How thou hast been overworked this past month! Thee have I projected into hundreds of brains of late. I've gone in where angels fear to tread, and have tried to give little sparks of intelligence to many a bewildered brain. Many, to their own sorrow, have scorned my aid, and have written on and on *ad finitum*. And then, when they got to *ad finitum*, have passed in glorious papers of twenty to thirty foolscap sheets. Others have meekly handed in a few sparsely written papers, and have gone below, from whence they soon came, clad in their fool's caps.

Some have gone around with their brains on their finger ends, ready to distribute them about, no matter what questions were asked. That much knowledge they had, and it *must* go down whether or no. Then there are those who hurry to get out first,—to sail up in front with their papers, lay them disdainfully on the receptive-looking desk, and pass out, trying the while to look matter-of-fact. Here and there are a few, who, after considerable labor, are about half done. They don't conceal their surprise at seeing their swift friends' exits. Here and there also are those who were seeking for that honor,—that of getting out first. They must be contented to take second, third and fourth places. I have heard many curious little remarks about

the examinations, and I am going to take the opportunity of giving a few excerpts.

“All I know about George Washington is that in 1795 he didn't have a tooth of his own, and I'm going to put it down, no matter if there isn't a question about it!” And she did it.

“O say, do you suppose he'll ask about the beliefs of Socrates? and what was Plato's contribution? Gracious! do you know about the catechumenal schools?”

“I can't remember that thing. Now let's see—A-ah! Ha-a-a! sa-agte sie-e. Die-e Kl u-u-ge Menchen — — — Die Klu-u-ge Menchen — O! what comes next?”

“Have you reviewed your Cody?—What was Emerson, anyway? The Constructive statesman?”

This and much more of the eleventh hour, fifty-ninth minute style came “Before.” Now we may have a little of the “After.”

“Wasn't it awful. It wasn't fair, either. We weren't supposed to know that phonetic table.”

“Did you ever see such a long exam? Why, there were twenty-five question—nine on *Othello*, and sixteen on the other two.”

“I know I flunked it! I shouldn't have gone to see *Romeo and Juliet*. It serves me right.”

“What did you get for the sixth? 4/5 !!! I had—3. Well I suppose it's wrong again!”

“I just wouldn't give in my paper in 1 a. I sat there two hours and could only do five out of twelve questions. It's scandalous. He wouldn't dare flunk all of us though!”

“That German was *terrible!* I'm exhausted!”

“Wasn't that fourth question funny? ‘For the comfort of Minerva.’”

Now, I'm so glad somebody looks out for my comfort; for I've been decidedly uncomfortable the last month. I've contracted a serious cold, and my bare arms and feet are nearly frozen as cold as marble. Every time the door opens, I get a

cold draft that makes me shiver from head to foot. I'll be glad to see Spring again. I'll be prepared to quote an ode to it, I'm sure. Others, too, have suffered from the intense cold, and absences have been quite frequent. Many have had the grip, and I learned that the professor of Current Events has said that Russia has had a grip on China. It certainly must be contagious, since they've caught it over there.

I hear that there have been quite a number of new additions made to the Bible since the days of the Epistles of Paul. One of the professors read an additional chapter of Genesis, from Benjamin Franklin's imaginative works, and he himself has originated a new Beatitude. "Blessed are they that have nothing." Let us hope that this gets O. K.ed, for it lets in a lot of people who wouldn't get there otherwise.

"So for this Beatitude
You owe your gratitude!"

I have just learned that they are going to have regular chapel exercises here, and I nearly collapsed when I heard it. It will do my heart good to hear songs around these halls—and I shall proudly look upon these my proteges and say "Bless you my children."

There was a fine time for three or four days after exams. I thought that the Junior class, which, it seems, instituted the fun, must have been quite sensible. They seem to have exactly the right proportion of common sense—play after work—you know. For three weeks before the event people went around asking for the "sixth," "fourteenth," the "first extra," and a half a dozen more. I can't imagine what they wanted, although I do imagine that they were orders of some kind. Some of them seemed to be disorders. The faces of the poor Juniors looked so wistful and tired at the end that I decided that they

should have been given a week's vacation. Lots of money exchanged hands, too.

Speaking of money, who ever heard of girls taking money and banking? I don't mean taking money "as such," but I mean taking a course in money and banking. I'm not prepared to say whether they have taken it for love of it, or for points, or to get methods in economics. But they go in there, and shine, too, I do believe. One of them answered a question asking for the explanation of a certain act—the Act of 1832—consists of four points—one, two, three and four. That was worth something, but I won't say what.

I have just originated a clever theory. I wouldn't for the world have anybody get offended with me for doing it, because I think a very great deal of all. My theory is that red-headed people are apt to be crazy. Let all to whom this may seem to apply, consider themselves *glowing* exceptions to the rule. Now we all know that red is a warm color, its vibrations being such that they absorb the warmth, and therefore gives heat. Heat melts matter. Now the brain is quite near to the hair, and the hotter the hair, the softer the brain. Softening of the brain makes people crazy. Therefore red-haired people are crazy.—
Q. E. D.

One of our instructors has learned a new way of spelling the name Daisy. He insisted that it should be spelled Da-ze. I think he was either in a maze or was trying to carry "fonetic" spelling too far. I am pretty sure he knows how to spell the "Misses Blanche and Elene"—Ask him about his adventures in the Catskill mountains.

"It's a fine thing to have a reasoning mind, for one can reason himself into doing anything." My old and oft-quoted disciple Ben Franklin said that, and forthwith he reasoned himself out of being a vegetarian. Some of our girls here have decided to reason themselves into not eating ice cream.

They go around eating hot dogs, until one would think they would have the hydrophobia. It's awful!

Here's an original joke. Two young ladies were going to buy some music one day, and they passed in front of Wicke's shoe store. "I wonder if I could get my music here," said one. "O no! I don't like the squeak," replied the other. "It's too soleful to suit me," chimed the first one. So they didn't go in.

It has been said that "no man can grow properly with his mouth open all the time." I think that this adage should apply to women, too. I have had occasion to notice some peculiar results of undergrowth here. For girls will talk too much. As long as they are afflicted so, they will never reach such a glorious physical development as Juno, Venus, and I have reached. It gives one a sense of superiority over others to look on in gracious silence and not in "babbling, buzzing confusion." Whenever I look around me, I can see the girls chattering, laughing, and alas!—when they haven't anything else to keep their jaws agog they work them over gum! I am always reminded then "by the Laws of Association!" (latest successor to "by Pol-lux") of the machinery in the industrial department.

My teeth are chattering so with the cold that I'll have to stop. More anon.

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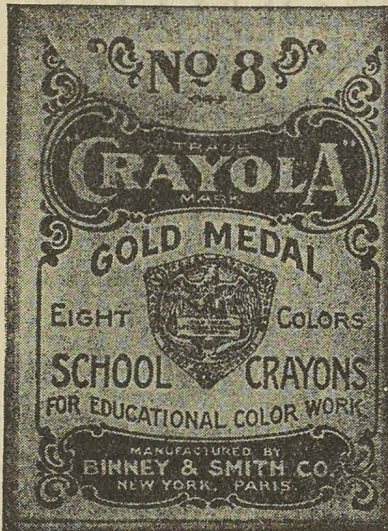
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