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-THE-ECHO-



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The Echo

VOL. XXII

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 6

Literary Department

To Keats



WHAT sounds are these that fill the air?

What fragrant breezes sweep?

What shadowy shapes around me creep?

And why dissolveth care?

This drowsy mood should numb the sense,
Yet every sense is keen.

What may this strange sweet sadness mean,
When joy still seems intense?

I, too, would soar with the nightingale,
Dissolve and fade away;
Yet vain the strife of this dull day —
I only long and fail.

Oh, teach me, master, that thou art,
The way to follow thee!
With hollow tone I voice my plea,
The echo from my heart.

Oh, teach me how to mount the stair
To Poesy's height divine;
Teach me to reach the smoke-wreathed shrine,
Though costing cold despair.

I must not die an unknown death
While striving for the goal;
The palsied chill may reach my soul
And stifled be my breath,

And yet my foot will touch the stair,
If thou in spirit lead;
Thy words shall be to me a creed —
Thou knewest the same despair.

I know! I see with clearer eye
The sadness of thy loss.
Within the sombre shadow of a cross
It was thy doom to die.

Thou sawest the trial and gloom of this pale,
Weariness, fever, and care;
Only in fancy didst thou dare
To soar with the nightingale.

Life's sorrows brought unrest, like breath
Of winter on ocean deep;
Thou longedst for ease, thou prayedst for sleep,
And thou wert given — death!

So little while, ere life was run,
So short to do the deed
That to itself thy soul decreed,
And yet, how nobly done!

Oh, teach me, master, that thou art,
The way to follow thee.
Now understanding fills my plea,
The echo from my heart.

— RACHEL A. GRISWOLD, '14.

On Openmindedness To Reason

“When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.” It seems that if there be a devil, no proverb could be more useful to him as a maxim. There is so much in it of satanic subtlety, so much diabolical untruth, that nothing could be more fitting as a teaching of Old Nick.

It has always been the aim of oppressors to keep their subjects in ignorance. Berkeley said, “I thank God, there are in Virginia no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years.” Berkeley was not the only tyrant who would have withheld intellectual emancipation from the world. History is full of tales of men who attempted to strangle learning. Fortunately there have been plenty of others who have lived and died for the sake of spreading knowledge.

Not only to others do men prohibit light. There are many who will not open their own souls to knowledge. Men who have fixed ideas about the good or evil of certain things will blindly defend them, or, on the other hand, will stubbornly deny them, against all the assertions of reason and justice. Prejudiced by preconceived and mistaken notions of the advisability of admitting the truth of a proposition, they submit their ideas to the censorship of expediency, in preference to testing them according to the principles of truth. They attempt to support their conception of right by falsehood. They would make deceit the handmaiden of justice. This is to foolishly shut the eyes of the mind in a vain attempt to annihilate facts by ignoring them.

This is a poor course to follow. “Facts are stub-

born things," and the only safe way is to admit them. Nothing is ever gained for justice by denying justice to all. "Give the devil his due." If he be a bad devil, it will not bankrupt you; and if his due is really a thing of value, you have probably misjudged him. If a proposition which I defend is true, there is no *fact* which I can admit which will really damage my case permanently. If apparently inconsistent, it will have to be explained sooner or later; and the strongest support to a theory is sometimes found in those facts which at first seemed to disprove it.

On the other hand, I may be mistaken in my beliefs. I can never do aught but deceive myself and others by denying any evidence which bears on their validity. Neither is it safe to refuse to accept the logical conclusion from that evidence, even though it destroy all my idols. If my god will not stand fire, he is a poor god, and would better be burned! If from my mines comes ore that does not permit of refining, it is but dross, and would better be melted into slag! When I have a theory I must "work it for all it is worth." If it will not apply universally, it would better be recast until it will, or else would better be limited in its expression to those cases where it fits. The law of the survival of the fittest applies to ideas, as well as to organisms and races.

Right here we must meet the objections of those who fear that this policy will destroy all the rich field of fancy; will dissolve all the great mass of faith and hopes, and reduce life to the dead level of the barely material. They fear that trusting to our

reason will destroy the world of faith. They hesitate lest reason will tear down something of value to man without building up a new structure in its place. They are afraid some of the tacitly accepted hypotheses useful to man will be shown untenable, and that some of the assumptions necessary in the regulation of his acts will be disproven or cast aside because not possible of rigorous demonstration. But this is not the function of reason, to tear down.

In the first place, reason need not meddle in the world of faith, of fancy, and of hope need not be so rigorously, let him build as concrete a foundation as possible. But beyond this, he need not deny. The world of faith, of fancy, and of hope, need not be disturbed. Simply because we scrutinize closely what we may does not make it impossible for us to construct a fine and beautiful fabric of our hopes for the world of the unseen. Nor does it prevent us from making any tenable assumptions we wish, to explain what we cannot clearly understand. There will always be enough of the strange and doubtful to employ all our faith and imagination without including the realm of the things possible to know under their sway!

Secondly, where reason does apply, it never truly destroys. We cannot disprove any hypothesis without replacing it by facts. We have no right to deny any useful or pleasant assumption until we can show the truth that we would substitute. Need we fear that the truth will be a thing dangerous and regrettable — less good for us than the fiction it would displace? It is a small and unworthy faith that puts its trust in fiction — that fears lest the truth

be found wanting! Open your eyes and fear not, the fairies of which you dream with your eyes shut are less beautiful than the angels you will see with them open. The darkness you people with monsters will be replaced by a day brighter than any of your imagination! Few men who have devoted themselves to the pursuit of knowledge have ever been cheated in their rewards. More often they have only mourned that they could not go further into its beautiful lands.

Many a great philosopher, in promise, has failed through his fear to follow the argument where it led. Simply because the facts which we perceive do not fit well with our old opinions, we reject the new ideas altogether. Our minds are not subject to revision! We cannot amend our mental constitutions! Instead of remaining wax to receive new impressions, our minds harden to clay tablets upon which are written the disproven theories of the past. How much better to accept that which reason tells us is true, and mold our opinions to fit. If we cannot trust all that our senses and reason present to us in the formation of our judgments, how much less dare we formulate those judgments on a basis of only selected evidence which fits well with our former verdicts. We should have brave justice in our courts, if it were the custom for the judge to exclude all evidence except that which confirmed his own beliefs!

It was one of the characteristics of the Greeks that they were willing and able to follow the argument wherever it led. Some writer tells that if, in some manner, they had received evidence that the

moon was made of green cheese, they would have believed it, incredible though it would have seemed! They would have decided that their former ideas concerning the moon were wrong, and would consequently have adapted themselves to the new. This trait led some of them into extravagances, but as they looked further they learned more, and the new discoveries corrected the old errors. It was, at least, progress, although sometimes progress by making mistakes. Many times we go ahead only after many false steps. Heaven help the man who stands still lest he lose his way! He will never see much of the world. Someone has pointed out that stability without progress is hardly deserving of the name of existence.

The world is progressing. Every day we should find out some belief in which we have been wrong. Every advance along the road of life must be over stones and rough places, and we must suffer many bruises. Nevertheless it is better

“ Men should perish, one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
Not in vain the distance beckons. Forward, forward,
let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay! ”

— BALLARD L. BOWEN, '14.

Scott's Characters

In close relationship to the type of fiction, either in prose or verse, produced by any writer, is the kind of characters which he commonly presents. Do his works concern themselves with the great problems that are ever present in the social structure? We shall probably find characters that represent types, for the individual is of relative unimportance in the task of presenting a problem for solution, or of urging a definite solution for a problem already recognized as such. In "Vanity Fair," that keenest of satire upon worldliness, most of Thackeray's characters are types. The worldly clergyman, the dissolute but somehow most likable gambler, the gay and faithless lover, the weak, yet womanly and quite lovable heroine, the unpolished and long disappointed, but strong, true, and honorable suitor, the keen and crafty adventuress, all are there and all are easily recognizable as type representatives. They are not types by accident, but by design.

If the tale be one of adventure the characters may be either individuals or types, but if they represent types they do so, not by direct design of the author to portray type representatives, but by reason of the narrow limitations within which some of the characters in tales of pure adventure must be developed. Thus, the hero of such stories is almost invariably an individual who combines in his person a very large share of the admirable traits of mankind. This is true, not because the author wishes to show any particular things about the lives of such men, but because the hero must be of such a nature to maintain his heroic position through a series of most

trying situations. Another trait of characters in tales of adventure is an almost universally static nature.

If the story be one whose movement and solution are dependent, not so much upon event as upon the mental struggles and conflicts of the characters, then, surely, we shall find men and women who change mightily, either for good or for evil. Meredith's "Egoist" is of this latter type, and in the principal characters, Willoughby, Clara and Laetitia, we find great and significant changes.

To apply these generalizations to the productions of Scott's pen is not a difficult task. His tales in verse and his novels are both primarily stories of adventure. In them we find special modifications of certain types common to nearly all tales of this nature. The wronged, but virtuous, and finally triumphant knight, the villain who conceals his true nature under knightly garb, the ever virtuous, though sometimes weak, heroine, all these are special adaptations of common types and recur often in Scott's works. Types they surely are, but types by virtue of our own classification and existing by reason of the necessities of the narrative, not because of any desire of the author to portray these types as such. De Wilton and Ivanhoe are excellent examples of the first type, Marmion and Bois Guilbert of the second, and Rowena and Ellen of the third. Quite unlike in personality are these men and women — necessarily so or the author's craft were naught but the contrivance of new situations — yet the similarity of their functions is readily seen. These three are perhaps the most important character types

which we find in Scott and they may be found, in slightly altered form, throughout the range of the story of adventure. There are others of Scott's characters which might be considered as types, but their nature, development, and occurrence even, are so much more dependent upon the frame-work of the plot than are the types previously mentioned, that I prefer to treat them as individuals. For instance, Constance and Rebecca are both female characters of secondary interest who suffer great wrong at the hands of the belted villain, yet their functions in the plot are so different that it seems improper to class them as representatives of the same type.

There are other characters who represent types only in the sense that every living person is a representative of a more or less imaginary type. Thus, aside from the three well-known types found in practically all long tales of adventure, we may say that Scott's characters are individuals.

My generalization in regard to the generally static quality of characters in narratives of adventure is easily shown to be true in Scott's works. With him character development is revelation and unfolding rather than growth. Significant change in mental attitude or power is not found in Scott's characters. We are shown new sides of a fixed character, but actual character formation or remoulding is absent.

Thus we may draw the following conclusions in regard to Scott's characters. There are discernible three general types, common to a great proportion of narratives of adventure. These types exist, not by design of the author, but by the necessity of the narrative. Aside from these types, the characters may

be considered as individuals. As regards mentality, the characters are almost without exception static.

GERALD S. PRATT, '14.

My Favorite Spot

It is not wonderfully beautiful, this favorite spot of mine. There is none of the grandeur, the wild beauty of nature, that excites one's awe or admiration at the first glance. This is but a quiet and peaceful little valley among the hills. One might easily pass it by in quest of a finer spot, yet I ever find delight in it, ever turn my footsteps thither when the world seems all wrong and nothing but nearness to nature can bring me again into tune.

Half-way up a gently sloping hillside is a little hollow, a sort of rude, natural seat. This is the point from which I look out upon my bit of nature. To the north the hill bends to meet its opposite neighbor, thus forming an irregular horseshoe valley. To the southward the hills open for a narrow crooked trail leading to the valley below. The many trees of earlier periods have long since disappeared, so, as I look down the slope from my vantage point, I see naught but irregular lines of old stumps leading to the ragged bushes that fringe the weed-grown basin. But at the foot of the hill opposite, almost at the end of the horseshoe, a straggling line of young trees starts to ascend and falls just short of the top. Here a grim old stump seems to guard the top from their approach.

Such is the view from my hollow — such is the spot I call mine. Spring and autumn see the same

hills, the same basin, but every day brings changes to those hills of mine. Here Nature is ever changing the design, the pattern of her robe. In spring she adds a violet, or a bud, or sometimes a shoot of green from out that gaunt old stump across the way. In autumn each day sees a new dash of color on the leaves, until all are seared and burned into the melancholy brown. So it goes through all the seasons — two suns never set on exactly the same design.

And with the garment the mood of the place changes. When the winter snows cover all life, the gray skies hang low, and through the bare boughs the winds moan. A still solemnity pervades the atmosphere. As I gaze at the snow, and the trees, and the sky, the spirit steals in and my thoughts turn to the things that are gone, the lives that have departed as the flowers, the brevity of our existence. But when the spring comes, everywhere is a spirit of gladness. The first buds appear, the new grass shoots up, everywhere is new life. The sun breaks through the clouds. The very air breathes newness into one's being. Everywhere is awakening, and the joy of new life. Such is the brightest mood of the place. But of all the moods, the autumn gives me most pleasure. The summer has long since ended, the grass is dying, and the opposite hill is strewn with the brown leaves. The wind is cold and the sky is gray, bringing the message of coming winter. But here and there I spy a blue gentian, looking upward "with the sweet and quiet eye." All at once the sky clears, and for a brief instant the sun sheds a yellow transforming lustre over all. And it seems to me

much like life, with its "checkered shade and sunshine."

Nature's secrets are yet locked to me. I know but little of her. I cannot call by name all the plants and growing things on the hill or in the basin. Neither can I write of my favorite spot in appreciative verse, as poets have done. But as I look across to the other hill and glance over every part, I feel a kind of kinship with the hill. As I think of the wonder and mystery of it all, a new emotion surges through me and I turn from the spot with thoughts that are higher and better.

JESSIE F. DUNSEITH, '16.

A Comparison of "Manfred," Prometheus Unbound," and "Faust"

Within a comparatively short space of time during the first half of the nineteenth century three poems appeared in Europe, having the same theme, though worked out in widely differing ways. Earliest of these was the "First Part of Faust," by the great German poet Goethe. This was followed in 1816 by Byron's "Manfred," a poem admittedly influenced by the reading of a translation of Goethe's work. Later, in 1820, appeared "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley, containing the same idea, but now etherealized, lifted into the realm of the ideal. The theme of all three poems is the struggle between good and evil in the world for the possession of man's soul, and the ultimate triumph of good. But this similarity must not lead us into the mistake of supposing it to be the result of invitation; for it is

true, as Shelley cautions us, that the forms in which genius manifests itself are due largely to the moral and intellectual conditions among which they have been produced. These poems were a natural product of the time in which they were written, and this to a large degree accounts for their similarity, while their differences are due, at least in large measure, to the diversity in the characters and experiences of the three poets, and the particular conditions under which they were composed.

A few traits in each man stand out very prominently in this connection and help to explain these distinctions. Byron was a man of intense passions, possessed of a morbid self-consciousness which made him the "most unhappy of men." Continually in revolt against society, he looked down upon men as creatures inferior to himself, separated from him by his own strength of character, knowledge, and sufferings. In Shelley we find the same revolt against environment, but it is softened by his artistic passion for the ideal. He, too, saw existing evils, but with them he saw also the vision of a noble future raised from the ashes of the past. So, in his poem we find the expression of hope and of ideal beauty in fullest measure. In both of these poets we are pained by a lack of harmony and balance of character. They lived in extremes, rarely or never in the golden mean. They were at best but half men, above whom Goethe towers in symmetrical manhood. Busy man of affairs, artist, scientist, philosopher, and poet, his wide range of experience not only proved him truest man of the three, but supplied the materials for truest poetry as well. For poetry first of all is

a criticism of life, and the best criticism of life demands the deepest, broadest experience of living.

Another external difference exists in the manner in which these poems were composed. "Manfred" and "Prometheus" are comparatively short, and were written in the space of a few months. They reflect but one phase of character, a single state of mind. We find in them little growth, little development of character. Manfred at the end is the same passionate, morbid, remorseful man he was at the beginning; and Prometheus, though we hear indeed of a previous growth in pity and wisdom which enables him to wish his curse had never been pronounced, appears to us as a perfect character, incapable of further growth or improvement. But "Faust" was a thing of slow growth. Begun while still a student at the University of Leipsig, the work grew with its author, deepening and enlarging with his own life, and receiving its last touches only a few months before his death at the age of eighty-three. A masterpiece, indeed, enriched with the labor and experience of so long and intense a life!

These three poems may be studied from many viewpoints, of which we shall be able to consider only a few, such as the scene of the drama, characters, the solution of the problem, and the presentation of good and evil.

The scene in each case has an intimate connection with the spirit of the drama. In "Manfred," the wildness, grandeur, and awe of the Alpine scenery make a fitting frame for the picture of a soul, awful in its power and suffering. In "Prometheus" we are carried away into a land of myth, of soft vales

and murmuring streams, of pleasant flowers and gorgeous birds. But we reach this pleasant country through the bleakness and barrenness of the Caucasus, the scene of the Titan's torment, as the other of his joy. Manfred and Prometheus both carry us through unfamiliar places; but Goethe's drama takes us in the first part through the simple, every-day life about us, and in the second part into the intellectual life of Faust, a life no less real because expressed by symbols.

Through these scenes move characters as different as their surroundings. Manfred is proud of his superiority, his power, even of his intense suffering. He suffers, and justly, he admits, but though he has sinned deeply, he does not surrender to evil; he is still capable of kindly thoughts and deeds. In Prometheus we see no hate nor malice, no pride, only an overwhelming love and pity for those too weak to help themselves. He is not human, but divine, and endures with God-like patience his agony. But Faust is only a man among men, with all a man's powers and limitations. We find evil as well as good in his character, but his constant "streben" carries him farther and farther away from evil and strengthens his higher nature.

Manfred suffers from remorse over his own crime and longs for forgiveness and rest. Prometheus suffers through the evil of another, Jupiter, and awaits with patience his release, calm and serene at heart in spite of Jove's malice. Faust suffers from dissatisfaction with himself. He is despondent over the futility of his efforts to reach perfection. He wishes to know all, feel all, do all, that so he may

perhaps find content; and he is willing to do anything, even though evil, in his search. To Manfred death comes at last; the spell of the spirit is broken, and though his mind persists in its morbid train of thought, we cannot but believe that with death comes the realization of his forgiveness with accompanying joy and peace. The patience of Prometheus is finally rewarded, evil is dethroned and love and joy rule the world. And because he has striven always toward the ideal, though through many wanderings, God keeps the promise, given in the "Prologue in Heaven," to Faust to lead him to the light, and his soul is carried to heaven where it may grow greater and greater.

The conceptions of God, of good and evil, are differently treated in the three dramas. Appropriately enough, there is little mention of God in "Manfred." He is rather a far-off, shadowy abstraction, with seemingly little interest in human affairs. Not so Arimanes, the evil spirit, whom his followers hail as ruler of the world; he is deeply interested in the affairs of the world and the extension of his kingdom. But evil is not supreme, and God, who seems to have permitted Manfred to work out his own salvation, gives him pardon and release at last. In "Prometheus" we find an even more abstract Deity, who, having made the world, seemingly abandons it for ages, not, however, without providing for the ultimate victory of good. How different is this from the Faust conception of a Deity who is actively interested in human affairs, who has permitted evil that good may come from it. It is His will, that, as the angels sing at Faust's death:

“ Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den können wir erlösen.”

and to supply the needed spur to this essential
“ streben,” evil is permitted.

“ Des Menschen Tätigkeit kann allzuleicht ersch-
laffen,

Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh,
Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Gesellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und musz als Teufel schaffen.”

Mephisto recognizes this when he calls himself:

“ Ein Teil von jener Kraft
Die stets das Böse will, und stets das Gute schafft.”

To try to choose a better or a worse among these three would be of little value. Some there will always be to whom the beauty and nobility of conception of “ Prometheus ” will make the greatest appeal; some to whom “ Manfred ” will seem deepest in its keen analysis of a rare psychological situation; while some will cling to “ Faust ” because the very individuality of its hero makes him a type of all men. Like him we have all at some time to meet and combat despair at the futility of earthly wisdom, and at the power and extent of evil, the temptation of sensual pleasures, of earthly position and power, of beauty, and finally we, too, must come to see that it is only in unselfish work for others that we can find rest.

Here, indeed, is the meaning of all three dramas. Prometheus is a great type of unselfishness; Manfred is forgiven because of his unselfish remorse, is kept from the realization of forgiveness by the still rampant egoism of his nature; while in Faust we see the gradual rise of a soul from narrow self-seeking to grand absorption in the welfare of others.

M. F. S., '13.

Letters Home*February 7, 1913.**Dear Dad,*

No, I haven't heard from the examinations yet, but I can tell you now that I think I passed, judging by the papers I handed in. The exams. were long and tedious, but, if I do say so, I tried to be just as long and tedious as they were, and I think I succeeded fairly well. Don't begin to worry until I wire you post haste to come and get me — or, if perchance I do survive the unhappy news, to begin saving your money. I don't quite see how any real live teacher could have the heart to flunk any such cheerful person as myself. I can't quite bring myself to go and ask any of them if they did. I heard one of the girls — one of our class, I mean — asking about history. "Did I get through?" she asked rather wanly. "Well, to the best of my remembrance you did, Miss ——. My memory isn't very good now and then, but I rather think you passed." "Oh! did I, really?" (smilingly). Then, more dolefully, "Are you quite sure? Because I didn't really expect to." "Well, now, as I told you, I think you did." "But I didn't expect to!" "Well, if you don't *want* to, I suppose I can go to the office and change your mark; it isn't too late yet." "Oh, no! no! I don't want you to change it!" "Oh, very well! I thought maybe you did. I like to be obliging when I can." (This very solemnly.) That conversation amused me a lot, but I said to myself, "Theresa, my child, restrain your curiosity until you get your report card. Don't get disappointed before you have to, for just as likely as not they'll

all be failures, seeing that you feel so confident about passing." Things do work by opposites now and then.

But, by way of diversion, have you seen any loose change floating about, which you have no immediate use for? New term, you see, and a couple of new courses, consequently, new books. I am collecting books fast. I think when I get a little farther along in years — right after I've graduated, maybe — I'll find a library in my native town with the books I've collected during my college course. I think by that time I'll have close on to a million — *more or less*. I need a few other things, too — all of which demand cash. I spent the whole of fifty cents on the theatre this week. "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals" came to the Hall, and Editha and I went. We had box seats (in the the back row of the gallery) reserved (by getting there at 7 o'clock) for the enormous sum of twenty-five cents apiece. I wanted to go again Wednesday night and see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for fifteen cents, but felt I couldn't afford it. (Of course, I didn't have any college work to prevent me from going.) I really shouldn't have gone the two nights I did, but I thought I might never get another chance. Besides, I hate to wait for things. Speaking of *waiting*, makes me remember something I heard the other day in the library — in the Young Men's Association Library. I was standing at the desk waiting to take out a book, when in trailed three bedraggled-looking little youngsters, who proceeded in order of size, caps in hand, lock step, Indian file, to the children's room. In a minute or two out they

shuffled in the same order, trailed up to the desk and lined up in front of the librarian. The largest acted as spokesman. "We want these books," he said in an off-hand manner, as if he was in the habit of getting what he wanted (though he didn't look so, poor little kid). The librarian looked at him closely, "Have you a card?" "Nope." "How old are you?" "They wants 'em, too." "But how old are you?" "I'm eight"—"I'm seven"—"I'm six," went down the line in descending ratio of swagger and volume. "Well, you're not old enough. You can't take books out till you're ten." "*But I'm eight!*" "*I'm seven!*" "*I'm six!*" "You'll have to wait till you're ten." I wish you could have seen those youngsters droop. All the starch just wilted right out of them. They dropped the cherished books, looked longingly at them, and filed out, heads down, caps at half mast. I felt just like grabbing those books and running and giving them to the youngsters. I know the libraries have to have rules; but just think of waiting ages and ages—till you're ten—when you want a thing *now!* And a year looks like an eternity to a child.

Well, Dad, I've got to go to work. I've been fooling away so much time this week that I must work even Friday evening to make up. Last week, I wished I was a junior—this week, I'm glad I'm only a freshman, with all the good times still in store. Last week was junior week, you know. They had a banquet to themselves, a reception to the college—and then the prom. I only came in for the reception, but I had a good time. So did Editha. Quite contrary to all my expectations, a blithe-look-

ing youth dropped in to see us the afternoon of the reception, and Editha gently remarked that he was "a boy from home" whom she'd "known for years." And there I thought that child was confiding everything to me! The youth appeared again at 7:30 with a bunch of flowers, and took Editha to the reception. I trailed modestly along, as flower girl, wall flower, of course. (That's a pun.) And Editha — well, well, *these girls!*

But I really must close. Next time I write I'm going to make it purely a social, not a business call. I hate to ask for money in every letter — but, Dad, you were a boy once yourself, weren't you?

Lovingly,

TED.

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Editorial Department

In Remembrance

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Another loyal student of our beloved College has gone out from her alma mater, not as most of them go, for she was not a senior, and it is not June. Yet the Master decreed that she had finished her course, and she is gone. It must be well.

Elizabeth M. Coughlin, of the class of nineteen hundred fourteen, deceased in her twentieth year at her home in Deposit, Broome county, on the

thirtieth day of January, last. Miss Coughlin was in poor health during the last part of her sophomore year, and became unable to return to college after the Thanksgiving vacation in November. Always rather shy and reserved in manner, she was a conscientious student and a loyal friend. From our narrow, human point of view it is hard to see aught but sadness in the departure of a young life so blessed with high ideals and with hope, yet perhaps sometime, when our visions are no longer obscured by this world of shadows, we shall see more clearly, and understand. THE ECHO extends sympathy to the relatives and friends of our departed fellow-student.

News Department

Faculty Notes

The eighth meeting of the eastern section of the New York State Language Association was held at the State Normal College on February 15, at 2:30 p. m. Prof. Decker of the German department of our College was chairman of the meeting.

The program follows:

“The Department of Visual Instruction and Modern Language Work” (illustrated), A. W. Abrams, chief of the department of visual instruction.

“Some Common Faults in Modern Language Instruction,” Dr. Wm. Pierce, inspector of modern languages.

"Model Lessons in German," W. C. Decker, State Normal College.

"Revision of Syllabus in Modern Languages," Arthur C. Host, Troy High School.

Junior Notes

Died, January 30, 1913, Elizabeth Coughlin, of Deposit, N. Y. Miss Coughlin entered the College in September, 1910, and her three years with us have shown her sunny disposition and happy virtue. We feel that the class has lost much by her death.

Miss Theodosia Dart spent the week-end of February eighth at Schenectady.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

February 4, Miss Howells conducted the first meeting of the new term. The meeting was given over to a Bible-study rally, and, as a result, about fifteen enlisted for the Bible-study course. This will make a splendid class, if supported faithfully. Dr. Blue has consented to be the leader of the class. The meetings are held once a week, on Thursday evening, at Dr. Blue's home. It is sincerely hoped that all the girls will take advantage of the splendid opportunity and attend the meetings.

February 11, Miss Lucy Jones, a Y. W. C. A. secretary, of Madras, India, gave a most interesting talk on "Work Among the Girls in India." Being well acquainted with the work, she was able to discuss the subject in a thorough manner.

Friday, February 14, another sale of "dogs," sandwiches, pickles, and cakes was held in the lower hall.

Election of Y. W. C. A. officers for the new year occurs some time in March.

Borussia Notes

A regular meeting of this society was held February 4th in the High School chapel. At the conclusion of an interesting program the "Mitgleeder" adjourned to Room B where refreshments were served.

Borussia will be represented in the 1913 Year Book. A picture of the society has been taken and this, together with the names of all members who have paid their dues, will appear in the space devoted to the German Society.

The College Club

At its regular meeting on January 31, this organization enjoyed an interesting and comprehensive talk on current events given by Professor Kirtland. The following are a few of the topics with which the talk was concerned: Magazines in the United States and England that print nothing but verse; Governor Sulzer — his difficult position; Wilson and the trusts in New Jersey; Professor Frank Murray's report on the public schools of New York city; the election in the electoral college; the Panama canal and the Cape Cod canal; the Balkan

war; the Home Rule Bill and the Suffrage Bill. Come to our meetings and get in touch with the moving world. Everybody welcome!

Chemical Club

The second regular meeting of the club, which is a newcomer among the organizations of the College, was held Tuesday, February 4, at 3:45. Mr. Schneider read an interesting paper on "Coca-Cola." Prof. Bronson's talk was both profitable and interesting. Several new members were elected.

Delta Omega Notes

The election of officers for the coming term resulted as follows:

President — Adele Kaemmerlen.

Vice-President — Hannah Bray.

Corresponding Secretary — Lois Atwood.

Recording Secretary — Marion Wheeler.

Critic — Helen Odell.

Reporter — Agnes Futterer.

Marshals — Ruth Bayer and Mildred Fleming.

Chaplain — Ruth Evans.

The regular meeting of Delta Omega was held Wednesday, February 12, at the flat. The literary program prepared by Miss Helen Odell and Miss Hannah Bray was unusually fine.

The Delta Omega "At Homes" to the faculty and students of the college will begin Tuesday, March 11.

Kappa Delta Notes

Kappa Delta held its election of officers at the first meeting in January and the following officers were chosen:

President — Nola Rieffanaugh.

Vice-President — Amy Wood.

Secretary — Gertrude Wells.

Corresponding Secretary — Sylvia Rogers.

Treasurer — Edith Casey.

Reporter — Helen Denny.

“The House” is feeling rather lonesome these days, since the departure of Amy Wood, '13, who is teaching in Otego, and Anna Kennedy, '13, who is filling a position in Gloversville.

A very busy meeting was held at the KD House on February 5. Katharine Kinne, '13, was elected vice-president *pro tempore* to act in Miss Wood's place.

Nola Rieffanaugh has been substituting in the Cambridge High School for two weeks.

Kappa Delta wishes to congratulate the juniors upon their reception and prom. The reception was more than pleasant, and the prom. was certainly the most enjoyable ever held at College.

Eta Phi Notes

On Saturday, February 8, a meeting was held at Miss Mitchell's home. The new officers took up their duties. Plans were made for a toboggan party Tuesday evening, the 11th of February. Supper

was served at Miss Campbell's, and a jolly good time was the result of the affair.

On the 22nd of February the members of Eta Phi will entertain the Faculty members.

Miss Molly Sullivan, H. E. '12, is back at College taking a few hours of work each week.

G. A. A. Notes

The song contest shows that the G. A. A. possesses a large amount of musical talent. Some of the members have won fame in the student body, at least, by their singing. These songs, too, add to the enthusiastic spirit which prevails at the basketball games.

A frolic was arranged for the last meeting of the Association and held under the direction of an able freshman committee. Plans are under way for an interclass association meet to be held soon in the gymnasium. Dashes, relay races, and jumping will be arranged for and prizes given to the winners.

Basket-Ball

The S. N. C. basketball team was defeated by R. P. I., 1916, on Friday evening, February 7th, in one of the closest and most exciting games ever played in the College gym. During the first half the Normal men held the visitors down to a score of 13-12, keeping constantly ahead; but during the second half the Troy men made a more determined

attack and the teams alternated in leading until the last minute of the half, when the score was tied. An extra period of five minutes resulted in the addition of three points to the Normal score and five to that of R. P. I.

Richards was injured during the first five minutes and his place was taken by Lee. The features of the game were the shooting of Anderson, with a noticeable improvement in our men's passing, and the fine work of Wittenbury for the visitors.

Below is a summary of the game:

S. N. C.	Pts.
Richards, r. f.	2
Anderson, l. f.	13
Pratt, c.	8
Ward, l. g.	0
Curtis, r. g.	2
Lee, r. f.	4
	29

R. P. I.	Pts.
Engerson, r. f.	6
Dusenbury, l. f.	8
Wittenbury, c.	10
Schultz, l. g.	4
May, r. g.	3
Brodeur, l. g.	0
	31

R. P. I.'s New Gymnasium

The Class of '87 of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., has presented it with a new gymnasium at a cost of \$150,000. The gymnasium has been built and is now in use. It contains a swimming pool 30 feet by 75 feet in size, bowling alleys, rooms for inside baseball, basketball, handball, boxing, wrestling, a squash court, and the main gymnasium for general athletic exercise. The building is equipped throughout with the most approved modern apparatus. It is built of Harvard brick with limestone trimmings and is fireproof throughout.

Alumni Department

In responding to a request for an article for THE ECHO, Mr. Wm. M. Strong, '98, stated that he is teaching Latin in the Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Bennett, '89, who has been visiting his niece, Miss Catherine Bennett, '14, called at the College on February 4th. Mr. Bennett is practicing law in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Miss Catherine Rider, '93, is spending some time in Albany doing research work, and has called at the College several times.

Miss Florence Keller, '11, and Mr. Gustave John Schlerling were married in Albany on December 21, 1912. They are living in Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. W. F. Snyder, neé Alberta Parkhill, '72,

died at her home in Amsterdam on November 27, 1912. Her death was reported by Miss Annah P. Lewis, who graduated in the same class with Mrs. Snyder.

Mrs. James H. McRoberts, néé Maria Louise Campbell, '55, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Harper, Ingram, Pa., on December 27, 1912. Had she lived until February 9, 1913, she would have celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday. Mrs. McRoberts was a classmate of Prof. Albert N. Husted and was always a loyal friend of the College. She attended the alumni gatherings every year until her health became impaired so that she could not.

[We are indebted to Miss Helen L. Emerson, '73, for the following delightful article. Miss Emerson has proved herself a loyal friend to THE ECHO and we know that all her articles are greatly appreciated. — The Alumni Editor.]

KILAUEA

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING VOLCANO

To interested friends, "Aloha nui." It has been my good fortune to see a real volcano in a state of eruption, and to the friends at home who may not have a like opportunity, I shall endeavor to give some idea of what I felt as I gazed into that vast fiery pit, if they care to take a trip with me.

The Hawaiian Islands have many and varied attractions, but tourists who stop there on their way around the world say that they have seen nothing in their travels of a volcanic nature comparable to

Kilauea. All volcanic activity is on the island of Hawaii, and as the channels between the islands are rough, there must be quite an incentive to induce travelers to make the trip.

My party left Honolulu at noon one August day on the "Mauna Kea," a boat as large as the boats plying on the upper Hudson. I remained on deck until we entered the first channel, when I went to my stateroom, and occasionally during the beautiful moonlight night, I viewed the outside world through my cabin window.

The steamer reached Hilo at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, and we took cabs to the hotel. In the party that left Honolulu was a gentleman and his wife, active, alert, and greatly interested in everything about them, although both were apparently nearly seventy years of age. A young woman remarked to her companion, "How sad to see two such old people traveling alone;" and the two agreed that some one should be with them to care for them. I was much amused when we reached Hilo to see those "poor old people," looking as well cared for as though they had spent the night before in a hotel, walk quickly up the gangplank and enter a carriage, and to see just behind them the young woman whose sympathies they had enlisted, with hat askew, hair dishevelled, without a collar, being assisted to a carriage by two Chinese boys.

Hilo is a sleepy town, next in size to Honolulu, and the largest in Hawaii. The excursionists saw many things to exclaim about, such as half a dozen little donkeys carrying loads of cane twice as large as they were; taro patches, taro being the staple food

of the native; flumes for conducting the water over the cane fields; mango trees loaded with their delicious fruit; and many other things that have become commonplace to me because I see them every day.

A small party went out to Rainbow Falls, a beautiful cataract where the light strikes the water so as to make a rainbow, which gives the falls its name.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we took the little train to Glenwood, where stages met us. Each conveyance had four horses, and the drivers were Hawaiians with flower "leis" around their hats. "All aboard!" and we were off. When there was an extra steep pitch, or the driver wished to increase the speed on a bit of easy road, he sang an Hawaiian song which had the same, if not better, effect than I have seen a lash have when used for the same purpose. Up, up, we climbed, finding an ever-changing vegetation. At first we passed fields of waving cane, with here and there tall, graceful palms and banana trees, then we came to vineyards and guava trees, and finally the ferns began to appear. These increased in size as the altitude increased.

After a ride of three hours over a perfect mountain road we reached the Volcano Hotel. This building is at an elevation of four thousand feet and all about us we could see steam clouds rising, and in the distance the glow of the fiery pit we had come to visit. At first you feel shaky and wish you had always been good, for you seem so near to the infernal regions.

After a good dinner, a party was made up to take the trip to the chief attraction. At eight we started

out, some on horseback, but many walking, and each carrying a lantern. I was fortunate enough to have a horse. I said fortunate, but am not quite sure about it, for I worked hard all the way there to keep from going over his head, and equally as hard all the way back to keep from slipping over his tail. In and out we wound along the narrow trail, and the long line of twinkling lights against a blackness that you could almost feel, as the sky was overcast, made you think of all the stories you had ever read of Kuklux on their way to a rendezvous. After descending two thousand feet to the floor of Kilauea, we followed our guide over the rough lava. We crossed a bridge over a large crack, and were told of tourists who had fallen in there to certain death. All around were clouds of steam, and at times we could feel the heat waves rising from the cracks. The warmth was very acceptable as the night was cold as well as dark. For two miles we followed the trail over the lava until we reached a corral where the horses were tied, and then we walked three-quarters of a mile before we stood at the mouth of that great safety valve. It is one thing to see and quite another to describe it. We sat on the rim of that great cauldron which is twelve hundred feet across, and gazed in speechless fascination at the ever-changing spectacle three hundred feet below. Parts of the surface would cool and grow dark, then across the dark area great fiery veins would zigzag and suddenly open like flashes of lightning, displaying the fire beneath. All the time there was a sound like angry waves dashing against cliffs, and I thought it was the hot lava lashing the

sides of the pit, but learned afterward it was the explosion of gases. Smoke and sulphur fumes rose from the pit, but a breeze carried them away and we did not need our masks. Eight fountains were ejecting living fire which fell in showers of scintillating sparks, rivaling all the fireworks in the world put together. It was a moving picture entertainment on nature's grandest scale.

A few nights before a party of Kanakas (natives) were there to worship. They prayed for hours with their hands over their faces, played their "ukuleles" and chanted, and then offered white chickens, red handkerchiefs, and "leis" of beautiful flowers to "Pele." All this in the twentieth century.

At twelve we started back, stopping at the Devil's Kitchen on our way, where the guide boiled eggs, made coffee, and we scorched postcards over a huge crack.

The following day I read in a book in which tourists write their impressions of the famous volcano these words which sum up the whole matter: "The bleedings of hell cut and restrained by the hand of God."

The next morning we visited the Sulphur Banks, three minutes' walk from the hotel. Here were banks of beautiful green and yellow and over all a veil of vapor. The ground was so hot we could not stand still long at a time. From here we went to the fern forest. There you see trees from twenty to fifty feet high — long avenues of them. In this forest there is a berry, growing on a bush, which looks like our strawberry, but is almost tasteless. It is called the "ohelo berry," and someone suggested

that we call it "cuss berry" as that was easier to say.

In the afternoon we walked to the "koa" forest. "Koa" is the beautiful Hawaiian mahogany, the lumbering of which is becoming one of Hawaii's industries.

I must not forget to tell you about the interesting "tree moulds." Centuries ago a great lava flow came down the mountain and buried a forest of trees. The lava cooled and made casts of the trees. In place of the ancient forest, to-day you look down into holes, walled up with stone, and on which are imprints of bark, leaves, and, in some cases the first limbs of the trees are plainly shown, which indicates a lava flow of considerable depth.

I was very anxious to visit a ranch that was near, and which I had read about. This ranch is owned by an American who has grown rich by raising swine. There is nothing novel about raising swine, but there is something very novel about this man's method of feeding his. Inside the bark of the tree fern is a pulp, rich in starch and sugar. The natives have always known that this pulp when cooked makes excellent food for hogs, but the cooking on a large scale was quite beyond them to manage. To this region came a Yankee whose ingenuity solved the problem. The hard lava coating for a great distance from the volcano contains many cracks, from which steam is continually escaping. Over these cracks a sort of gridiron is placed, upon which logs of tree ferns are piled and covered with leaves, limbs of trees, old bags, or rocks, and left in this steam cooker for three days, when one blow with an axe releases the pulp, which thousands of hogs eagerly devour.

On Sunday morning we left the hotel at five o'clock and had a delightful stage ride of twenty-eight miles down the opposite side of the mountain, going on board the "Mauna Loa" at one o'clock p. m. for the homeward journey. On Monday morning volcano passengers were furnished a launch and crew for a trip across the bay to Capt. Cook's monument, and were then taken to Napoopoo to see the ruins of an ancient native "heiau," or temple.

During the day the steamer made many stops for passengers, freight, cattle, and horses. On account of the reefs and rough water there are but two places in the Hawaiian Islands, Honolulu and Hilo, where steamers can come to the wharf. I made one landing during the day. At this place the steamer was anchored three-quarters of a mile from shore, and the captain said the landing was an easy one. On the side of the steamer is a pair of stairs, at the head of which I found myself, but stepped aside to see how a big native woman would manage. She got along all right, and I bravely walked down the stairs to where an officer was stationed on a small platform; the rest did not seem so easy, but there was no turning back for the stairs were full of people. In the water was a strong-looking, good-sized boat, rowed by four men, two on a side, the round part of their oaken oars (which came from Maine) being, perhaps, six inches in diameter. There was a man to steer and two stalwart Hawaiians to assist passengers into the boat. This was dancing on the waves, now near the platform and now several feet away, the men were singing a little tune, and at the right moment shouted an Hawaiian word, at which time

the officer released my arm and said, "Go!" I shut my eyes and must have gone for I felt a strong grip on my arms, my feet in space, and when I opened my eyes found myself in the lap of a big good-natured native who helped me to the seat behind him.

At Laupahoehoe no boat could stand the angry waves which lash the reefs between the giant rocks of the narrow landing, so there the passengers are landed in a basket. On the deck of the steamer is a large wooden box into which five people get, and a big crane lifts the box high up over the waves and lowers it again on shore. I shall always regret that I did not make this landing, especially as I have heard that it is quite a common method of getting on shore in Alaska, where I hope to go some day.

The horses had a hard time and so did the men having them in charge. A horse was put in a rope cradle, and it was not always easy to adjust it, lifted up with a crane, swung into the water, and the halter thrown to a man in the boat who held it while the horse swam alongside to the steamer. The cattle were corralled in a yard leading to the water, and cowboys, mounted on horses which enjoyed the fun of chasing the stock into the water, drove them to the boat where they were tied by the horns to the gunwale. A strong cable extended from the steamer to the rowboat, and when the horses were all in the water, and the cattle tied around the boat (on one trip there were nineteen), a windlass worked by machinery drew the small boat to the steamer, and a crane lifted the frightened animals on board, where they entertained the passengers with an account of their hard voyage, judging from the kicking, stamping, and bellowing that followed.

On Tuesday morning old "Diamond Head" was in sight, and soon we were in Honolulu, happy to be back, but very glad that we had braved rough channels to see the famous volcano, Kilauea.

On the twenty-ninth of December I expect to join a party to visit Taal, the famous volcano of the Philippines, and if you have enjoyed Kilauea, I may invite you to go to Taal.

HELEN L. EMERSON, '73.

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