

-THE-ECHO-



January
1913

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CONSISTENT SPELLING

A wild uncivilized Sioux
Once asked a Chinee for a chioux,
No "baccy" he had;
It made him so mad
He cut off the Chinaman's quioux.

CURRENT OPINION.

When dealing please mention "The Echo"

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The Echo

VOL. XXII

JANUARY, 1913

No. 5

Literary Department

By Chance

BY chance — yes, it was by chance more than anything else, that I met him, this hermit of the wood. I stumbled into his presence, in my usual graceful fashion, over some twig or other. There was nothing remarkable about him—just a plain, khaki-clad son of the soil, his lips clapped affectionately over an old corncob pipe, *stove*, I heard him call it afterward, and his eyes dreamily scanning space, or, perhaps, the plans of his unfinished cabin which loomed up behind.

As I said, I stumbled on entrance, but with a hasty blush regained my equilibrium, only to find that both stumble and blush were entirely lost on this man of the mountains. But, one thing was not lost on me. That was the savory aroma of dinner well under way. It allured; it coaxed; it nearly crazed me, for I was famished.

I had been tramping all the morning through the Indian-Ladder country for the first time—and had fallen a ready slave to Nature's glories. It was all so wonderful,—that scene from Table Rock—I see it now before me as on that day! The picture was not one I could analyze, a tree here, a meadow there.

It was a picture of beauty incarnate, interwoven with the lure of tradition. But you have been there, have seen what I saw, felt what I felt, "yet cannot all express." Perhaps, these words may recall for you, too, a time when you were nearer Nature than you had ever been before.

But I have wandered from my subject, and the hermit, seated in deep thought before his cabin. His gaze shifted now, until it fell on me. With an absolutely unmoved expression, as if he had been looking at me from the first, he said, "Howdy, friend;" and pointed at a large rock nearby. I inferred that he wished me to sit there, and, with a similar greeting took advantage of the proffered rock. With his former deliberation, the hermit removed his pipe from his mouth, gazed at it a moment reluctantly, then knocked out the contents on his knee, polished the bowl with the hem of his khaki, and returned it to his pocket. With that, he arose and disappeared within the cabin.

Left to myself, I took a rapid survey of my surroundings. Not twenty paces distant stood a large box, once the proud possessor of sundry kinds of canned goods, but now graduated to the functions of a table. At its side was another of smaller proportions which, I inferred, played the part of a chair. And—why, there it was, the source of that tantalizing odor, a camp fire with a pot boiling merrily over it!

My ecstasy was cut short at this point by the arrival of my host bearing an extra plate and some bread. He set a place for me opposite himself, and we soon "fell to." That the mice had had their dinner previously could not be doubted; but I am

not prepared to say which of us fared the better. Nevertheless, their consideration was to be commended inasmuch as they had left two of everything except the crackers. Of these, unfortunately, there was one, which my host politely proffered me, but I insisted upon his having it, inasmuch as he and not I had found it among the crumbs. The soup appealed to me. It really seemed as if I had never tasted anything more delicious—and, too, of this I was sure the mice had had no share. I was always selfish.

During the course of the dinner, or “grub,” we maintained silence—a silence, unbroken, save for the wood sounds: the breaking of a twig, as some inquisitive chipmunk ventured too far out in his effort to see the company; or the pleading notes of the bluebird to the capricious lady of his heart.

I looked at the hermit, but his thoughts were far away. Perhaps—I wondered idly—perhaps he, too, was listening to the woodfolk, and understanding their talk as I so longed to. Then, as if in answer to my thoughts, he murmured: “Guess God must have meant me to live here in these woods, and be pals with the birds and squirrels. Somehow they all seem to talk to me, and tell me their troubles as I tell them mine. Never a bit lonesome here with them for company,—for it’s our home, you see, their’s and mine.”

The hermit rambled on in his dreamy fashion, telling me of his life, his and the birds, of the quaint little dramas he had seen enacted in the forest—love scenes with happy endings, and with tragic. Then he told me where the birds built their nests, and how; of the butterflies and the insects, the

trees, mosses, and ferns — all priceless wood-lore. For it was his home, you see, and he loved it.

And so I left him. But, as I rounded the first bend in the trail, I turned for a last fleeting look. He still sat there among his woodfolk dreaming, while the slender, curling wisps of smoke rose from his pipe, unheeded. He was a true hermit of the wood.

AGNES E. FUTTERER, '16.

Studies in Point of View

FIRST SERIES

I.

A new statement consists of a hitherto undeclared predication upon any subject whatsoever, or of any predication whatsoever upon a hitherto undiscussed topic.

Minors:

New subjects and new predications have appeared from time to time, and further new subjects and new assertions are likely to appear in the future.

Plain-Clothes Deductions:

1. At any given moment it may or may not be true that there is nothing new under the sun, but the chances are always in favor of the newness.

2. Most new things come from new combinations of old materials; they are none the less new.

II.

(a) An *original statement, in science* is the systematic declaration of the author's experience of phenomena or of his deductions from his experience,

or of his deductions from the recorded experiences of others.

(b) *An original statement, in literature*, is the stylistic declaration either of (1) the author's experience, or his conclusions from his experience, or of (2) the experience and conclusions of others.

Minors:

1. In literature, fancy forms as legitimate material as fact; in science, the field is limited by conventional systems: only such material may be admitted to science as will serve to interpret the behavior of given substances in given time and space.

2. The interpretation of science consists in the discovery and statement of correspondences among phenomena, and especially of those correspondences called cause and effect.

3. Style is that quality of an author's language by virtue of which his words tend to reveal his individuality.

4. To guard against duplication, literature ordains perpetual copyright by the convention, *Thou shalt not plagiarize*. In its enforcement, possession is *prima facie* evidence.

5. Sciences are studies in orderly arrangement; precision of correspondence is their key. Arts are embodiments of personality; emotion is their best asset, with truth in second rank.

6. Given accuracy and adequacy, science cares little further about the manner of its expression; literature, as such, is always vitally interested in the method of portrayal.

Deductions:

1. In science, two men, or a thousand men, may

originate the same proposition; in literature, the man who invents a quotation is lost.

2. A scientific demonstration may be original without being new; an original piece of literature is pretty sure to be new.

3. Discussions upon works of art may be either scientific or literary; it would seem that literature would be the best response to literature, but a science of art has values, perhaps even for the artists.

4. It is possible for one and the same person to cultivate both science and art; to find no discord between them; to apply them both to the same theme, with resultant symmetry of appreciation unattainable otherwise.

III.

An educative process consists of a certain limited procedure of mental acquisition, inquisition, and the application of results, especially under conditions designed to hasten and direct these operations of mental growth.

Minors:

1. The powers of acquiring and of investigating vary greatly in their individual and their relative efficiency during childhood and youth, and these gradations of efficiency must be recognized in any well-ordered scheme of school or college training.

2. The elementary school is the home of acquisition; the college exists, at its best, to stimulate inquiry and generalization; the high school and grammar school intermingle the two types through a transitional period.

3. The application of knowledge to life fits every stage, and is equally imperative all the way.

4. Everywhere and always, the educative process goes on within an individual mind; is a personal experience.

Deductions:

1. There is no one "best method" for a subject pursued through a series of years. Methods of instruction must vary with the individual, with the subject, with the grade, with the institution, with the community. At one age, memory and process dominate; at another, analysis and comparison rule; each in its turn best serves the educative process.

2. A college course aiming at or practically resulting in the acquisition of facts as its chief end, facts of language, facts of science, facts of history, facts of literature, is in dubious relation to the educative process.

3. If there be one college method, it is the problem method. The teacher's problem may not be the student's problem. The mature student finds problems everywhere, and spends his days in attempting to solve them. The proper function of the college is little other than to furnish suggestion and materials for the solution of queries which appeal to the student as problems.

4. If there be a universal method, it follows from the maxim-truth that every impression normally demands an expression. But this is a law of mental experience, a general principle of education, rather than a definite method.

IV.

A public school is one of the agencies fostered by society to aid the home in the educative process.

Minors and Deductions:

1. Since, in a democracy, the intelligence of citizens is essential to good government, the voluntary and co-operative character of education has been supplemented here by a more or less complete and a more or less centralized *control by authority*.

2. This implies system. We have a system of education.

3. A public school teacher is a person who is, historically and theoretically, the assistant of a certain number of co-operating homes in the process called education. Practically, there is always danger that the teacher's eyes will turn rather in the direction whence cometh her financial help.

4. The more strongly and practically centralized the system, the greater is this danger, so that a public school teacher sometimes becomes a person who tries to do as well as she can what somebody else tells her to do—somebody else next above in the system.

5. If a centralized system of testing results is maintained, vicious forms of mental parasitism are likely to appear. Teachers and administrators are not greatly to blame for this condition. They reason, no doubt wrongly, that life depends upon a certain conformity. Under these conditions, the educative process may sometimes fail to educate. If we should ever surmise that this has become the case in a given locality, we must look first at the *system* prevailing there; then at the ideals, the preparation, the personality of the teacher.

6. There is a fundamental fallacy in the theory that good teaching can always be measured by examination. In the educative process, what we have

acquired, in such form that it can be handed back in words, is often of slight value when compared to what we have *become*. Becoming is hard to ascertain in cross-section. For that, we need a spiritual dynamometer, and, perhaps, another department to administer it, from time to time.

R. H. KIRTLAND.

The Start

“There is my train. Good-bye, good-bye, everybody. Have a good time. Thanks. Yes, write.” I seized my suitcase, hand bag, muff, book, and three Christmas presents that someone handed me the last minute, and hurried for my train. “Train for the west, track six,” shouted a blue-uniformed individual, and I hurried up the cement steps leading to the tracks, almost afraid that the train would just be steaming out of sight when I reached the top, but there she stood, her big headlight shining out through the darkness, and the big engine fretfully urging the start with her chug, chug. The conductor good-naturedly hoisted my suitcase up the steps and I, trying to look like a bored, indifferent globe trotter, proceeded leisurely down the car to an empty seat. Then as an experienced traveler should, I placed my suitcase in the rack, hung my coat on the hook, and produced my book, ready to become oblivious to all mankind, but, being a woman, I must first look in my handbag to see that my ticket and pocketbook were surely there. The inventory satisfactorily accomplished, I came back to my book just as the train began to move. Suddenly little thrills

ran through me, I felt my cheeks flush, and my heart pounded faster, for was I not this very night on my way home? In three hours' time I would see them all again; and so, dreaming, my book fell unheeded to the floor.

The Journey.

"Chewing gum, Hershey's almond bars," shouted the candy boy. "All fresh fruits and candies. Nut-bar, lady?" he asked politely. Ordinarily, I am very fond of nut-bars, but a vision of what messy-looking things they are to eat on the train prevented me from buying, so I shook my head, and the boy passed on. A woman bought some oranges for her three children, and they were soon busy eating, each after his own individual fashion. The one thing common to all was the abundance of orange juice they extracted and the disposal of the same about their persons.

Presently the lady ahead of me lost her ticket. She stood up, shook out her coat, lifted up her baggage, peered around on the floor, looked at me suspiciously and at last announced in a despairing voice, "I don't see where it has gone." A man with a pocket searchlight came to the rescue, and there was more peering and hunting until at last the lady found it in her handbag, much to my relief, as I was beginning to feel upset and to blame. After that I settled down to my book and remained undisturbed.

The Arrival.

Hat, veil, coat, gloves, and rubbers, all on, one hand on the suitcase handle, thus I sat. Would the train never get there? I peered out into the night to catch sight of some familiar object as the train

slowed down gradually. Almost home! I stood up. With a great backward jump the engine became quiet and I was out of the door and on the platform. Yes, there they all were, and as they saw me, I tried to wave my suitcase. "Well, how are you? Thought the train would never get here."

"Hello, Sis, where did you get that hat?"

"Yes, we got your letter. You are looking pretty well. Tired of course and hungry I suppose? Poor child, you must have a good rest this vacation." And so on all the way up the street until we reached home. Home! How my heart warmed as I looked at it, so dear and beautiful to me. "Be it ever so humble," I hummed unconsciously as we climbed up the steps.

CLARA B. WALLACE, '14.

Sonnet

Bury me where the pale rose leaves will blow
Over my grave, tossed by the wilful breeze.
Bury me where the drooping branches of trees
Will cover the spot, that none in passing may know
That he who sleeps has given over the keys
Of life, forth on the Journey of Dreams to go,
To the land that is filled with light, to the land
 where woe
Is a thing unknown, and the peaceful rivers flow
In a dream. Ah, my Beloved, again to meet,
Again to sit by your side and tell you all,
To listen, while gentle words of forgiveness sweet
Echo the music of birds in treetops tall.
So shall it be, Heart of my Heart, when we greet
Soul to soul, at the sound of the Master's call!

—EDITH F. CASEY, '14.

Whitelaw Reid

Last month there occurred the death of a man for whom two nations united in mourning; one, because of the loss of a distinguished citizen; the other, because of the loss of an honored representative of a nation united to it by ties of blood and language. Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, truly stood for all that was best in the American character. Although his death was the occasion for widespread comment on his life and achievements throughout the American press, it seems especially fitting that the State Normal College should honor his memory, not only as the Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the State of New York, but also as a representative American.

An "aristocrat by nature," Whitelaw Reid was preeminently a self-made man. He undoubtedly owed something to the grit and determination of his Scotch ancestors, but it is certain that it was his own pluck, energy, and intelligence which won for him so high a place in American public life. It is interesting to note that Whitelaw Reid has been termed lucky, because he was born in Ohio, which has been called the "mother of presidents" for the reason that all the Republican chief-executives since Lincoln, with the single exception of Roosevelt, have claimed it as their native State. Whether lucky or not in his birthplace, it was not this nor the wealth or influence of his family that gave the future ambassador a start in life. After completing his course at Miami University in three years, young Reid became a school teacher, which vocation he gave up at the age of twenty to follow that of a journalist. It was

in the latter that he won his fame, and with it he remained connected until his death. Although he began as the editor of a country newspaper in his home town, he became, at the opening of the Civil War, a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, gaining a national reputation by his report of the Battle of Shiloh. After the close of the war he published his *Ohio in the War*, which is considered an authority on the subject. A few years later he went to New York to become editorial writer on the *Tribune*, the paper which was founded and edited by Horace Greeley. When the latter gave up his position to become a candidate for the presidency, his young assistant became managing editor, and later owner of the great New York journal. To have refused twice an offer of a ministership to Germany is a rather unique record, but Whitelaw Reid had wisdom and foresight enough to do it, when he saw that the paper which he owned needed his personal direction and management. Later, he was appointed minister to France, and he also added an unsuccessful campaign for the vice-presidency to his varied career. In 1905 he was appointed to the diplomatic post which he held at the time of his death. It was only last October that his fine, dignified presence added much to the honor of the dedication exercises of the New York State Education Building. In December his death occurred, and this month witnessed his burial.

Whitelaw Reid was not a popular man. He was rather an intellectual scholarly gentleman. Throughout his career as schoolmaster, journalist, and diplomat, he preserved the attitude of a man who is from the people, but not of them. Like Lincoln,

he raised himself by sheer force of will, persistence, energy, and intelligence; but, unlike the latter, he did not win the affections of his country-men. In his later years, especially, he became something of an Old World type: it was hard to reconcile the courteous, scholarly gentleman with the "young man from the west," who might be supposed to embody all the energy and pluck which Reid's associate, Greeley, may have connected with the type, when he gave his famous advice, "Go west, young man."

The reason for Reid's comparative unpopularity probably lay in the fact that his career, though typical of an American, was not sufficiently spectacular to arrest the attention of his compatriots. He was essentially a journalist, and hence not likely to cater to public opinion for the sake of popularity. As one of the commentators on his career has put it, he "never trimmed his editorial sails to catch the passing breeze."

In the death of Whitelaw Reid, the nation has lost one of its most valued and distinguished citizens. Let us hope that some of his spirit of independence, "go-a-headitiveness" and "stick-to-itiveness," as it has been called, will remain to inspire the men and women of America.

GRACE MARIE MALCOLM, '14.

The Mountain

For eight years I lived almost within the shadow of the mountain and, little by little, I grew to know all its moods, which varied with the changing seasons. The mountain, with its two wooded peaks separated by a steep narrow valley, through which a miniature torrent poured in wet weather, lay between us and the setting sun. Part way up the mountain-side, where the pasture land ended and the second growth timber began, a cape-like piece of the woods stretched out into the fields enclosing a little bay of cleared land. In this little bay, where its light could be seen only from the mountain itself, someone had built a stone fireplace, and often on summer evenings I have lain on a blanket by its fire, and gazed up at the blue sky with its many stars, while about me were the night noises and smells of the woods.

On a ridge farther south, reached by a winding path from which tree-framed glimpses of the valley could be had, the arbutus grew in late spring. Along the same path later in the season we found the pink swamp apple blossoms amid blackened stumps—for once this part of the mountain was burned off, and for a week, at night, we could see the glowing lines of light creeping along the mountain-side till they burned themselves out.

Clouds often hid the summit of the mountain from the valley, and one time, when we were working on a never-to-be-finished hut in the little valley between the crests, a rain storm came upon us and fog-like fragments of clouds drifted among the trees around us, giving to the scene a weird effect, which

was not lost on the dispirited, water-soaked hut-builders.

In winter before the snow had fallen to any great depth we would climb the western side of the smaller peak to gather the ground pine that we used for trimming our church for the Christmas services. There was nearly always at least a thin crust of snow half covering the pine, and on our return to the valley we always brought, in addition to our load of green things, half-frosted fingers and hands. In later winter when the snow lay deep, the little woodfolk marked their trails upon it. Rabbit runways crossed and recrossed our path, winding in and out among the leafless trees, and around or over fallen timber. Often we found a fox track, sometimes with that of a hound beside it. But the voices of the wood were quiet in winter, and only the scurry of little feet in the thicket and the crunch of our boots in the snow broke the cold, sharp stillness of the white-clad mountain.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, '14.

A Ramble

A more fascinating place in which to pass an afternoon cannot be found than the realm of aged and forgotten notebooks. They are a motley lot of books, as they stand on the dark, old shelf of an upper closet. Some are tied together in groups of four or five, others in sets of two or three; but most stand alone and seem complete in a single volume.

Let us open the one bound in yellow-orange covers with the gay paroquet perched on the front. Even

before it is opened, we are sure that it must have belonged to a child. We are not mistaken. Lines written in pencil begin anywhere and end in the same order as that in which they begin. The use of the hyphen was surely an unknown art. The large vertical writing shows individual attention to each letter, and the youthful writer must have screwed and twisted his face and tongue with every motion of the much cramped hand. What is it all about? It begins, "My Travels in the Pacific States—Montana." Then, like a text-book of geography, follow industries, productions, and descriptions of places of interest. The parrot was a very appropriate emblem, we think, as we close the book.

Now let us untie these two books that are so unlike in size, shape, and color; and find why they are together. The little yellow one with spiders and flies in a web suggests a tangle. The first page convinces us that the spiders' web was simple when compared to the task of the embryonic mathematician, for its first lines are thus, "Key to Robinson's Complete Arithmetic. Fraction Review. Article two hundred forty-five." There are many finger prints and a great many stains from erasing; but why the words, "Thank you," written in so many places? If one were to venture a guess, he might say that they were expressions of appreciation from the troubled friends of the author. The last page gives a clue to the red and green plaid companion when it states, "To be continued in Vol. II."

Here is a pretty book all covered with daisies and labeled "Sixth Grade English." It falls

open where it will and we are delighted when we read "Little Gluck stood by the window watching the cataract, and as the setting sun turned it to gold, he whispered, 'Ah, if it were only really gold!'" We read on and are sure that there was joy in the writing of the story, "The King of the Golden River." Then follows the story of Evangeline, and again we lose ourselves when we begin, "Once in an ancient city, whose name I do not remember, stood a statue of Justice ——."

There are many other volumes that we have not time for now; but when we see the collection with the startling name, "A Literal Translation of Caesar's Commentaries," we resolve that another day we shall read parts of that along with notes on "Experimental Psychology." We are sure they must be unique works.

ELLA N. HOPPE, '16.

Letters Home*January 13, 1913.**Dear Bess,*

If you knew how I felt! But you don't, so I suppose you can't really sympathize. But, Bess, I'm dismal—horribly dismal, and disagreeable, and despairing, and dewy, and everything else that begins with *d*. I've been thus "plunged in the depths of dark despair" for sometime now—ever since I saw the notice of examinations which was posted last week. Of course, I knew exams. must come sometime, but they were an evil I had hardly looked for so soon, and me just back from the Christmas vacation, with not an idea in my head.

I felt so disagreeable Saturday night that I just couldn't get down to business, so, after I'd fooled away two hours on my algebra, and fallen asleep three times over my Latin, I crawled into bed (about 11.30), and gave Editha a prod with my elbow, to let her know that earth was still earthy for me, even though she was airily floating through clouds in her dreams. Editha woke up, and gave me one of her childlike smiles, so forgiving and lovely. I am coming to believe that Editha is too good a room-mate for me — I am so spiteful at times. But that smile made me a little less disagreeable for the minute, and when Editha said she hoped I wasn't sick, and seemed so anxious about me, I just hugged her, and told her she was the nicest girl in the world, next to you, and blew out my candle, and went to sleep.

I haven't told you about that candle, have I? Maybe Dick has, though. Anyway, here goes for

the story. You see, Dick and I went hunting around in the stores when we got home Christmas, (we always do hunt around, you know, whether we have any money or not), and we found the *dearest* little candlesticks you ever saw! Came across them "all unexpected and onlooked for," as Samantha Allen says, in one of the little out of the way book stores down town. A queer place to find candlesticks, you may think, but I imagine the bookman is a kind of collector as well. The sticks are Dutch, the funniest old Dutch blue and white that ever was. Dick was delighted with them—you know how fond he always is of curios—and I believe I lavished a number of adjectives like *cute*, and *cunning*, and *dear*, and *sweet* (you remember the string I use) on them.

"Dick," I said, "how lovely for a bedroom! I'd love them, wouldn't you? Even one would satisfy me," I said, fingering it longingly. Dick caressed the other one. "Do you think so, Ted?" he said. "They wouldn't go bad, that's a fact."

Well, we looked around the store some more, and saw some funny old prints — but every few minutes I kept going back and looking at those candlesticks. I liked one a little better than the other, for it had some little Dutch kiddies on it; the other had a pretty little milkmaid on it, and that one Dick liked the best. And every time I went off to look at a book, I saw Dick go back and look at his candlestick. And when we were going out, he said, "One would be nice for a bedroom, wouldn't it?" And he talked to me about them on the way home, and told mother about them at supper.

Well, do you know—I went right down the next

day and bought the one he liked so much. I already had his Christmas present, the book on Greek sculpture, you know, or rather, you don't know, for you dared to go away from home during Christmas vacation, and made Dick and me miss seeing you, when we came "traveling from miles around" to visit you and our family. Dick was mighty disappointed, as I presume he has let you know before this. If you don't stay home and be good, when we come home to see you, Editha is sure going to "cut you out" in our two affections. Dick stops off every time he goes through Albany, and I don't flatter myself to believe that I and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial are the only attractions, even if he does say that I am the best sister a fellow ever had, and that the monument is the finest he's seen on this side of the ocean.

But where was I? I was buying the candlestick, I guess. Maybe I was foolish, but Dick was the only brother I had, and I thought I ought to please him at Christmas time, even to the extent of two presents. Besides, I felt rich, Uncle Harvey had sent me five dollars, with strict injunctions to spend it foolishly. That is just like Uncle Harvey, isn't it? Do you remember the dolls he sent us once, directed "*To the Fairhaven Twins, to be broken as soon as possible.*" (The people don't call us twins any more do they? The way you've grown up, for all the world like Alice in Wonderland! Only, on calmer reflection, I will admit that your neck isn't as long.) Well, we kept those dolls for years, didn't we? You have yours yet, but Baby Peggy broke mine this summer. Uncle Harvey said that when

he was little, he always hated to be given Christmas presents that were too useful, or that he had to take "such blamed good care of." He made a vow that when he was big he'd never give a child anything that he didn't want it to have the good of. So he told me to be sure and spend the money foolishly—he didn't care how long it took me, or how many times I spent it in my imagination, as long as I didn't buy anything I had to have, when I did spend it. And so I put it all into that candlestick for Dick. I heard Dick tell mother that they certainly were worth the five dollars a-piece. The other candlestick was sold when I got there — and you can bet I was glad it wasn't Dick's that was gone!

Christmas morning I found a pretty good-luck pin on my plate—Dick's present to me—and he got his book, of course. Christmas night I slipped up to Dick's room just before bedtime, and put the candlestick on his table, and lighted a pretty white candle in it. The candle cast a soft, yellow glow around the room, and made it look warm and cozy—and the candlestick looked quaint and prettier than ever. When I got downstairs again, Dick had left the family group, but he returned almost immediately, and pretty soon we all said good-night and went off to bed. And when I got to my room, do you know what I found? Why, there was that other candlestick on my bureau—and there was a pretty little light-blue candle in it, lighted and ready. Wasn't I surprised, though? And just then I heard a loud "*Well, I swan* ——" from Dick's room, and I knew he had discovered his candlestick. I suppose you are saying to yourself that you knew the story

would turn out that way, when I first started—but it was a real surprise to Dick and me, anyway.

Do you know, I've forgotten to feel disagreeable since I've been writing this letter, and I'm sorry that I left poor Editha back there in the first of the epistle, with my elbow prodding into her, and me as cross as two sticks. I'm sorry I mentioned my fit of the blues, now, for I'm all over them, and knew I would be, if I wrote to you. There are some people who can cheer you up, no matter how bad you feel, and if you can talk to them for a while, you will entirely recover your temper. Of course, a letter is talking on paper (or ought to be anyhow), and it relieves the person who talks, even though he doesn't get his answer right away—and even though he says the most unimportant things.

Of course, I haven't forgotten the examinations, but I feel better about them. I have done my work. Still, you know how they do make your knees tremble. I wish I could remember things for a long time, instead of for just what my memory happens to wish. I guess I'll have to have a *system*—like the one Dr. Milne told about in his lecture on Memory Training last Wednesday. I tried remembering some of the things, but all I can recall is that *delicious* stands for the date when tobacco was introduced into somewhere or other, I don't remember where. I tried making up words to remember some of my pet dates by, but couldn't seem to get any appropriate ones. Then I tried taking any words I happened to think of, to see if I couldn't discover one that would spell some important date; but none of the words I thought of would do for any date,

past, present, or future. You see in this system, letters stand for the numbers—that is *consonants* do, and the vowels don't count—and the appropriate word that you choose to remember the date by must spell the date—its consonants must.

I gave up memory training as a poor business. Personally, I believe a thing must be understood, to be remembered, and then, must have time to “soak in,” as it were. So I went to work learning everything we've had in history so far, names, dates, doings, and all. And I succeeded fairly well; in fact, I covered three whole chapters at one fell swoop. And had no system, either. Yes, I have a system, too! I'd forgotten, but I suppose this is as much a system as anything—I always get in a rocking-chair, and rock, and sing the things over to myself, on a kind of a tune.

I know now why I've been feeling so wretched for a couple of days. I've just thought up a perfectly splendid reason. The Junior-Freshman frolic was Friday evening, and they gave “Bluebeard” for one thing, and I've been scared to death ever since. It just about wrecked my tender young nervous system, and I woke Editha up that night by howling out that my hair was hung up on a peg. She woke me and comforted me by telling me she'd seen me comb it and knew it wasn't false, and I must have made a mistake about the peg. But then, you see, she had a cold and hadn't gone to the frolic, and I hadn't roused her to tell her about it when I came in. So she didn't suspect that I was dreaming of a marriage with Bluebeard.

Well, Bess, I really must close this touching

tale. I've got to study. Write to Dick as often as you can. I don't suppose I need to tell you that. He told me he'd stopped smoking to please you. I'm so glad. I guess I didn't mean what I said back there about our waning affections. Good-bye and love.

TESS.

To Keats (a fragment)

I sat with thee beside the calm sea shore,
Of thine own visions then I caught a glimpse,
And heard with thee the singing of the nymphs.
With thee I've wandered slow through forest dim,
Where fairy shapes to rich, luxurious rest
Invite that traveler whose wearied soul
Doth crave the rest which they will quickly bring
To him alone who doth their praises sing.
I felt for long thy slumberous touch
Of dark-hued pleasure softly reveling
In thoughts full-freighted with thine own
"Melodious sorrow," delicious as thy breath;
In somber colored dreams and visions of an "easeful
death."

With thy yearning spirit have I felt
The evanescence of our too swift days,
"Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,"
Not the sweet sadness gentle music bears,
But deep, and full of "leaden-eyed despairs."

GERALD S. PRATT, '14.

The Echo

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No. 5

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Editorial Department

THE ECHO extends its gratitude to each one, in proportion as he or she contributed to the success of "The Tempest."

New Year's Resolutions

"There is too much said at New Year's about turning over a new leaf. Are the old leaves all so badly written that we must hasten to forget them? Is the blank whiteness of the untouched page more pleasant to the eye or more fortifying to the will than those closely-written, underlined, untidy, but familiar pages which make up the story of one's life?" To be sure, we would not hang on to the

old and reject the new, but we would not leave the old year with its trials, pleasures, and lessons without a thought of what it has been to us. Was it better than the year before? Each year ought to be like a new step on the stairs, lifting our feet a little higher. "We ought not to live any two years quite on the same plane. To be content with any attainment, even for two days, is not living at our best."

Time honored is the custom of making New Year's resolutions, and many a time do they furnish the necessary impetus which sends us up. And we would say that the making of them is a very practical thing. Practical? Yes, in so far as they are the expression of the truest and best in us, and we have faith in our power to carry them out. If in former years we have broken them, and, as the new year begins we break them again, as a child breaks a new Christmas doll, then to make them is a most impractical thing, for more than likely we have lost all trust in their power to uplift. They are merely superficial and should be shunned. Phillips Brooks says, "You have a rock somewhere in your soul and that is the rock for you to build on. Dig deep, dig well, dig till you find the proper basis of your own strength." Our New Year's resolutions might well be the shovel, if we were to make them in the true spirit of the opening year.

"Listen to the Exhortation of the
Dawn! Look to this Day
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and Realities of your Existence;

The Bliss of Growth;
The Glory of Action;
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision;
But To-day well lived makes
Every Yesterday a dream of Happiness
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn."

The Guiding Philosophy

There is, characteristic of every mind, a way of looking at life, a force which directs, a guiding philosophy. The individual may or may not be conscious of this his greatest possession, yet it is always present and continually exerting its influence. We are accustomed to consider ideals as exercising this power which moulds character. Its name matters little. Ideals are images, sculptured by the imagination, using as the material this directing thought.

A person's philosophy estimates for him the values of things and, consequently, determines that for which he will strive. "Where a man's treasure is there will his heart be, also." The simplest acts of one's life indicate his goal, are evidences of the values which he places upon things. Do we see one careless in his conduct, indulging in dishonesties that are petty or otherwise, underestimating the the value of honor and of truth? Perhaps his trespasses seem trivial to himself, to others, but oh, how

clearly and sadly do they confess that back of them something is wrong with the eyes through which the individual is looking at life.

There are two great philosophies which influence men — the belief that happiness is the aim of life, and the faith in virtue as the highest good, that life is only a means to an end and not an end in itself. The first of these ideas was developed into pessimism by a Greek philosopher, Hegesias. He took pleasure as his goal, and then proceeded to reason himself into misery, thus: "Experience proves that life affords more pain than pleasure, and that unalloyed happiness is a dream. Hence, the end of life is not and cannot be realized. Life, therefore, has no value. As a consequence, death is preferable to life; for death at least procures for us the only happiness possible to human beings, a negative happiness consisting in the absolute suppression of pain." Such is the logical result which one must reach who chooses pleasure for his goal and then reasons about where he is going, but, fortunately for the vanity for which they are striving, very few ever do the reasoning. They set the goal and heedlessly scramble toward it, regarding not at all the means. It is easy to detect these people. They value success more than honor, dollars more than humanity, pleasure more than virtue.

Now, when the aim of life is changed, when life is regarded as a means to an end, when virtue is considered as the highest good, everything in life is changed. The philosopher cannot brand as pessimism this view of life, for virtue can be realized only by the living. The moral idealist is never a

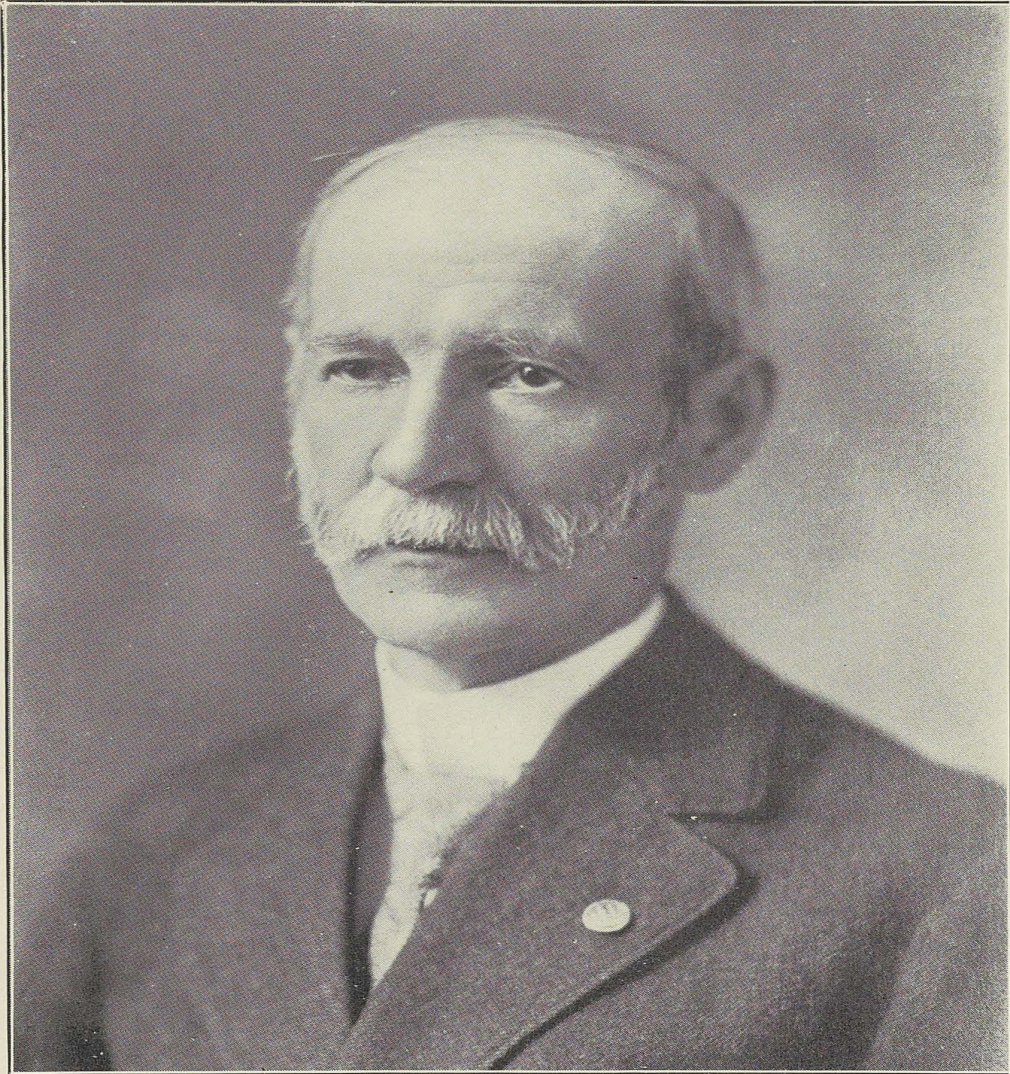
pessimist. Success is not the more important consideration, but the way in which we succeed, or fail. The acquisition of wealth is subordinate to the use of methods that are honest, and fair to our fellow men. That happiness is sweetest which is not, or should not be, annoyed by the stings of a wounded conscience.

We believe it to be grandly true that life is largely what we make it, and that we make our lives as we develop our guiding philosophies. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Choose wisely the goal, think thoughts consistent with your choice, and the values which you place upon the affairs of life will be identical with their real worth. Your acts are only expressions of your thoughts. May God help us to look at life as He intended we should, and may conscience keep us true to the faith!

Jokes Wanted

Do you know any good, new jokes? Give them to THE ECHO. We'll tell you why. Do you always look over the advertisements in your paper very carefully? Do you think you would look more carefully if you knew that hidden among them were jokes? We want you to read the advertisements. Much time and labor is spent in obtaining them, and we wish you to give your patronage to the reliable firms represented. We are seeking to make the advertisements a greater source of interest. All students are interested in something to make them laugh. Therefore, we desire to publish some jokes in connection with the advertisements.

Funny things are always happening around col-



DR. JONES

Photo by Kovar

lege. Won't you write them down and give them to THE ECHO? We like the home-made jokes if they may be truly so designated. The advertising editors are Miss Katrina Van Dyck and Mr. Louis B. Ward. Give the jokes to them, or, easier still, drop them in THE ECHO box.

News Department

Faculty Notes

THE RESIGNATION OF DR. JONES — A TRIBUTE FROM THE FACULTY

As Dr. William V. Jones has, after a long period of service, resigned his position in the New York State Normal College, and has retired to spend a well-deserved period of leisure in freedom from labor and care, we, his friends and fellow-workers in the Normal College, desire to express our appreciation of Dr. Jones and our regret that failing health should have caused him to leave us.

At the age of eighteen William Vincent Jones, responding to a call for troops, enlisted, 1861, in the Third New York Infantry. When his term of enlistment, two years, had elapsed, he returned to his home in Greene county; but later, in 1864, he re-enlisted and served in Hancock's Veteran Corps one year and a half, or until the close of the war. During the first term of enlistment Mr. Jones's service was mostly in south-eastern Virginia, and included a part in the battle of Big Bethel and also a share in the defence of Suffolk, when that place was un-

successfully besieged by General Longstreet. During the second period of enlistment his service was chiefly in the forts around Washington and in the Shenandoah Valley.

When the war was ended, Mr. Jones, returning home, became a student at the State Normal School at Albany, from which institution he was graduated in 1868. After teaching one year at Kingston, N. Y., he was recalled to his *alma mater*, and appointed teacher in the department of mathematics and book-keeping July 12, 1869; and later adjunct professor in the same department. For some years he was principal of the high school department of the college model school, and was also for a time professor of German. In connection with his work in German, Dr. Jones twice went abroad, spending some time each year in Berlin, in order to perfect himself in the language. When the character and aims of the institution were changed in 1905, a reassignment of work had to be made. At that time Dr. Jones was placed at the head of the department of commercial branches, a post which he held up to the time of his retirement.

A diligent student, a patient investigator, Dr. Jones had from time to time collegiate honors conferred upon him. The degree of Master of Arts he received from Washington and Jefferson College, as an honor; that of Doctor of Philosophy from McKendree College, Illinois, as a reward for several years of non-resident work.

As a teacher Dr. Jones has been exceedingly thorough in his work. Truth arrived at by careful, logical steps seems to have been the end and aim kept

always before his classes. And seldom at the end of a course have his students failed to do him honor.

Mr. Jones was married in 1871 to Miss Anna C. Haynes, a graduate of this institution. Their family consists of two sons and four daughters; all the children except the youngest being graduates of colleges or universities, and all holding positions of responsibility and honor. One of the sons, Dr. Raymond Jones, having won his degree by post-graduate work at Cornell, and having studied for some time in Germany, is now an instructor at Dartmouth College.

Singleness in thought, directness in speech, modesty in demeanor, and strict integrity in all things, are and have been notable characteristics of this our friend who has retired from the College, and we, his associates, are glad to express our appreciation of the man and his work. Hence we hereby

Resolve, That this minute be entered upon the College records, and be published in THE ECHO, and that a copy be made and sent to Dr. Jones, with the sincere wish that his later life may be full of peace and comfort, with "leaf and fruit and blossom left to mark the closing year."

CLARENCE F. HALE,
MARGARET S. MOONEY,
MARY A. McCLELLAND,

Committee.

Albany, N. Y., November 18, 1912.

These resolutions were signed by every member of the faculty.

To accompany this expression of regard a gift was provided by the faculty, consisting of a handsome silver loving cup, suitably inscribed. Clifford A. Woodard, Mary A. McClelland, and Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney formed a committee for procuring the gift and for having the resolutions engrossed.

The resolutions and cup were presented to Dr. Jones the morning of December 25th, bringing to him surprise and joy. Owing to that trait of modesty inherent in his nature, the good Doctor was, in fact, quite overcome. The bright day, the beautiful gift with the kind, true words accompanying it, the new pleasure given to his wife and children; all combined to make Christmas of 1912 a day to be recalled with gladness by Dr. Jones and his entire family.

Prof. John K. M. Barrie, who has succeeded Dr. Jones, comes to us from Youngstown, Ohio, where he was supervisor of the commercial department of the city schools. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1901 with the degree of B. A. In 1902 he received his master's degree. He has had practical business experience both in wholesale and retail business houses. Prof. Barrie is to reorganize entirely the courses in business administration in our College.

Miss Marion S. Van Liew, a graduate of Columbia University, with a degree of B. S., is to become assistant professor of home economics with the beginning of the second semester. Miss Van Liew takes the position left vacant by Miss Huntington, who was married in December. Mrs. Van

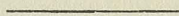
Horn has been the substitute in this position until the arrival of Miss Van Liew.

During the Christmas recess, Dr. Blue, Prof. Smith, Dr. Hale, Prof. Birchenough, and Prof. Sayles, attended the meeting of the Associated Academic Principals of New York State, at Syracuse. Dr. Hale read a paper on the "Making of Electric Lights." He was elected a member of the Advisory Board of the Science Department of the Association.

On February 8, Dr. Blue is to attend the annual banquet of the Metropolitan Branch of the Alumni Association of the New York State Normal College in New York city. He is to be one of the speakers of the evening.

Dr. Blue addressed the Brotherhood of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church on the evening of January 15.

Prof. Risley attended the annual meeting of the American Political Science Association at Boston during the Christmas recess.



Lectures

Irving Bachellor, a well-known author and lecturer, presented on December 16th a lecture entitled "The Cheerful Yankee." Mr. Bachellor is possessed of a charming manner and never fails to interest his audience. His selections from his own books were very delightful. He knows intimately

the people of whom he wrote. To listen to his own interpretation of their characters is to make them become equally real to us.

At 4:30 on January 8th, Dr .William J. Milne, president of our College, gave a lecture entitled "Memory Training." Dr. Milne's lecture was brimming with practical suggestions. He showed us clearly the value of memory, and demonstrated an interesting system of training.

Senior Notes

The class of 1913 is fast approaching its commencement. With each passing day S. N. C. grows dearer to all of us, and we work harder and harder to make up for that neglected course in our freshman or junior year — we play with more and more gladness to atone for those few good times that we missed when we were sophomores.

Some of our members have been substituting in high schools in nearby towns.. Miss Katharine Kinne taught geometry and Latin in the Albany High School for a week, and Miss Amy Wood substituted in the Otego High School in the department of English for several weeks.

Junior Notes

The junior-freshman frolic was held Friday evening, January 10, in the College gymnasium.

JUNIOR WEEK

The week of "exams" has drawn to a close,
But each jolly junior is fresh as a rose;
For now comes the week that was made just for him,
And you bet he'll enjoy every day with a vim.
On Tuesday, a banquet, till then no one will dare
To eat a square meal — for Thursday prepare
To attend a reception — then the night of all nights,
Friday, "The Prom." to distance all flights,
For the music, refreshments, and all will outfly
All previous efforts.

Freshman Notes

On Friday evening, January 10th, the freshman class was given a very pleasant entertainment by the juniors. After a vaudeville performance which displayed great talent, the junior's president, Miss Atwood, presented us with our colors, yellow and white. Dancing concluded a very pleasant evening.

Miss Carolyn Gauger and Miss Helena Frank have left College.

The Echo Play

On the evening of December 13th, in the auditorium, Shakespeare's "The Tempest" was presented by the College students. The play was in marked contrast to that presented last year, Ibsen's "A Doll's House," but was no less artistically treated. The drama gave remarkable scope for fine work in its swift changes from stately magic to

tragic plotting, from charming music to sparkling wit and drollery.

A cast of the students who helped to make the presentation of the drama so great a success was given in the November issue of THE ECHO. Very loyally and cheerfully they gave their best efforts to the play. The artistic whole was the result of splendid training, co-operation, and endeavor, blended with native talent.

The staging of the drama was extremely simple and appropriate; one which did not detract from the charm of the costumes by its own insistence upon attention. Colored lights were used to very good advantage in the scenes where magic and mystery are the predominating notes.

THE ECHO is very proud indeed that a play of such undeniable worth should have been presented under the appellation of "THE ECHO Play."

THE ECHO Play Committee wishes to express its thanks to our president and dean for their advice and aid in the recent production of "The Tempest;" to Professor Kirtland for his most valuable services as critic; to Miss Dunsford for supervision of the dancing; to Mrs. Kirtland for musical composition; to those members of the industrial department who were able to combine craftsmanship with art; to each member of the cast; and to the faculty and student body for their earnest co-operation.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

On December 17, the last regular meeting of 1912 was held in the High School chapel. The leaders

of the meeting, Marjorie Davidson and Beatrice Wright, gave an interesting report on the Student Volunteer Convention at Ithaca, to which they were delegates.

The Christmas sale of pennants, pillows, and postal cards added a few more dollars to the Silver Bay Fund. The candy sale will be held in the spring.

Many of the College students dressed dolls at Christmas time for the Rensselaer Street Mission. These were on exhibition in the lower hall, and the members of the Advisory Board acted as judges. The prize, a Y. W. C. A. pin, was awarded to Mrs. Halleck for the best dressed doll. Miss Burr received honorable mention.

Newman Club Notes

The members of Newman were the guests at a dance given by the Newman Alumni at the Aurania Club on December 19th.

Miss Mary Lourdes Lynch has accepted a position as supervising dietist in a Brooklyn school for anaemic children.

The College Club

This organization held a regular meeting on Friday afternoon, January 10, at which time it was addressed by Prof. Walker. His talk on current events was begun with a few remarks on newspapers

and newspaper reading. During the time allotted to him Prof. Walker discussed England's protest against America's plan for the Panama canal, the decision of the Supreme Court against the merging of the Union Pacific, death of Whitelaw Reid, the action of the committee of Congress appointed to investigate whether or not a money trust exists, the conviction of the thirty-eight labor leaders, the Balkan war, and the union of the Republican and Progressive parties.

After the conclusion of Prof. Walker's remarks the minutes were read and approved. The recommendation of the name committee was read by the president and a discussion of a name for the organization followed, the name of the "College Club" being chosen.

Prof. Kirtland will speak at the next meeting to be held at the usual hour on Friday afternoon, January 31.

Chemical Club

The first meeting of the Chemical Club was held Tuesday, January 14, at 3:45 p. m. A constitution was adopted, officers were elected, and committees appointed as follows:

- President — William G. Kennedy.
- Vice-President — Samuel H. Ellner.
- Secretary — Marion Wheeler.
- Treasurer — Helen Denny.
- Counselor — Prof. Bronson.
- Librarian — Anton Schneider.

Assignment Committee — Prof. Bronson, Samuel Ellner, Chester Wood, Hope Duncan.

Membership Committee — Samuel Ellner, Orris Emery, Hazel Bennett, Harriet Brenzel.

The meetings of the club will be held the first and third Tuesdays in each month at 3.45 p. m. in the chemical room. All students who have successfully completed one year of chemistry and who are now pursuing a second year's work in the subject are invited to join this club.

Delta Omega Notes

Delta Omega is happy to welcome the following to her membership: Agnes Futterer, Gertrude Valentine, Bessie Race, Mildred Fleming, Ruth Bayer, Katherine Odell, Edna Albert, and Ruth Evans.

The Delta Omega girls gave a novelty shower to their sister, Florence Gardner, on January 18, 1913, at the sorority apartment. We shall be sorry to lose her after mid-year's, but wish her great happiness in the future.

Delta Omega will greatly miss Miss Crissy, who is to take charge of a teachers' training class in Margaretville for the rest of this year.

Miss Ruth Bissell leaves after mid-year's, also, to take a position in Indianapolis as Y. W. C. A. secretary. The sorority wishes her great success in her work, and is looking forward to her return to us next year.

We extend our deepest love and sympathy to Miss Hortense Barnett in the loss of her father.

Miss Florence Gardner is to teach in Center Morishes from February until June.

The Delta Omega "at homes" will begin after mid-year's, to be held once a month at the sorority apartment, 2 Delaware avenue.

Psi Gamma Notes

Psi Gamma's initiation was held in the College gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, December 6, 1912. This was followed by a dinner at the Knickerbocker. Mrs. Frear, Miss Norton, and Mrs. Walker chaperoned. Several alumnae were present, also. The following are the new members: Marian Chapman, Theodocia Dart, Lucille Hale, Marguerite Cranphin, Dorothy Graniger, Harriet Ogle, Gertrude Blunt, and Clara Anderson.

Psi Gamma heartily welcomes Mrs. Douglas, her new faculty member.

The Psi Gamma Xmas tree was at the home of Mrs. Frear and Miss Morton, Wednesday evening, December 18, 1912.

Kappa Delta Notes

On December 19th the annual Kappa Delta dance was held in the College gymnasium. The decorations were in Xmas colors. Supper was served on the balcony. Dr. and Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Kirtland, and

Prof. and Mrs. Douglas were the faculty members present, and Mrs. Griswold and Mrs. Schmidt also acted as chaperones.

Miss Helen Schermerhorn, '12, spent several days of the Xmas vacation at "The House."

"The House" girls are very glad to welcome Miss Edith Case to their number.

Miss Anna Kennedy will spend the next half year as a teacher in the Gloversville High School.

Eta Phi Notes

On the evening of December 18th Jessie Cole entertained the sorority and newly-initiated members of Eta Phi at her home. Those who took part in the program of the evening were Dorothy Tibbits, Mary Bradt, and Doris Smith.

During the Christmas vacation Sarah Trembly visited some of our members.

Thursday, January 9th, the election of officers was held at Esther Mitchell's home. Our executives for the coming semester are:

President — Jessie Cole.

Vice-President — Ethel Ziegler.

Secretary — Marjorie James.

Treasurer — Edith Carr.

Chaplain — Pearl Shafer.

Marshal — Doris Smith.

ECHO Reporter — Geraldine Murray.

The members of Eta Phi extend hearty wishes for a prosperous year to the faculty and students of the College.

G. A. A. Notes

At the regular meeting of the Association we decided to have a "cut" and "write-up" in the Year Book, in place of a picture of the whole Association.

After the exams. the inter-class basket-ball games will begin. In preparation for these the classes have chosen the following:

Senior Captain — Hope Duncan.

Junior Captain — Gertrude Wells.

Sophomore Captain — Mernette Chapman.

Freshman Manager — Anna Lansing.

Basket-Ball

The Normal College five was defeated on December 20th, by "The Middletown Five" of Wesleyan University by a score of 48-21. The game was fast and clean, the chief advantage of the visitors being their excellent pass-work. The College line-up was: Anderson, left forward; Richards—Lee, right forward; Pratt, center; Curtis, left guard; Bowen, right guard.

The following games are soon to be played on the home floor: R. P. I., '16, February 7; Williams, '15, February 21; Union, '14, February 28.

Alumni Department

The Metropolitan Association of the alumni of the State Normal College will hold its annual banquet on Saturday, February 8th, in the Hotel Majestic, New York city. All the alumni are invited to attend

this banquet. The president of the Association is James Robert White, '93, which is a sufficient guarantee of a pleasant gathering. The faculty of the College is invited to attend.

Anyone wishing notices of the meetings of this Association may inquire of the secretary, Mr. Fred A. Duncan, Custom House, New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. William B. Aspinwall spent the holidays in Albany and called at the College.

Helen Schermerhorn, '12, of Schoharie, and Henrietta Fitch, '11, of Tuxedo Park, visited friends here on their way home for the Christmas vacation.

Bettina Leicht, '12, is teaching domestic art in the New York State School of Agriculture at Morrisville, N. Y.

Jean Hoag, H. E. '12, is teaching domestic science in Ashtabula, Ohio.

Genevieve Crissey, '96, who has been taking special work at College for her A. B. degree, expects to leave sometime during the latter part of February to take charge of the training class in Margaretville, N. Y.

Gertrude Hakes, H. E. '12, is teaching in Hartford, N. Y.

Lucille Wyman, H. E. '12, is teaching domestic science in her home town, Granville, N. Y.

Ethel Anderson, '12, who is teaching in Jamesburg, N. J., visited College, January 8, 1913.

Mary Lynch, H. E. '12, is teaching in New York city.

Mae G. Kenny, '10, is teaching in the Watervliet High School.

Mr. Howard Dabney, '12, and Miss Alva Venton were married on December 23, 1912, in Watertown, N. Y. Mr. Dabney is principal of the high school in Otego, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Dietz, '06, was married to Mr. Harry B. Hammon on December 27, 1912, in Gloversville, N. Y.

We are in receipt of a letter from Miss Elizabeth Stafford, class of 1906, who is, at present, teaching in Austin, Texas. It may interest our readers to know something of the experiences of a teacher so far away, yet so near to us in spirit. We make the following extracts from her very interesting letter:

"After seven days on the *San Jacinto*, we landed at Galveston where I was met by a young lady who was expecting me. To my great surprise and pleasure six people — one of them an officer on whose ship I had sailed on the Clyde Line — gathered around me to welcome me to this city, so typically Southern, with "darkies," mules, tropical plants, and odd architecture. The only trees are the oleander, banana, and palm, as all others were destroyed by the storm of 1900. Here you see much sand and little grass.

"The young lady with whom I stayed took me bathing in the Gulf — an experience that I did not greatly enjoy. The girls kept calling 'come on,' but I was nearly strangled with salt water, which seemed

to be in my eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Finally, I grasped the rope in time for a big wave to send me head first over it. I was glad to reach dry land after that experience.

“On the way from Galveston to Austin, I missed my train at Houston and so had time to see this rapidly growing city, which seemed quite Northern to me.

“Austin is attractive because of the university, the capitol, and the beautiful homes that its citizens have built. It has real hills and, also, real mud, in which we wade after a rain, for sidewalks are rare and cross-walks unknown. But you will perhaps care to know about the school in which I am teaching. ‘Kenilworth Hall,’ as it is called, is an imposing four-storied granite building, formerly the private residence of a wealthy sugar planter. It is now a boarding school for young ladies. At present we have twenty-two boarding students and fifteen day pupils. Our daily program of work begins when the rising bell rings at 7. We breakfast at 7:30. Each girl cares for her own room. At 8:30 the girls go out and walk until 9. Classes recite from 9 to 1. Luncheon is served from 1 to 2. Classes recite from 2 to 3:30. Gymnasium from 3:45 to 4:15 three days in the week. Every night, except Saturday and Sunday nights, we have study-hall from 6:30 to 9:30. Each teacher takes her turn at this supervision. As we are affiliated with the university the girls are obliged to work harder than in many private schools. Once a year we are inspected by the department of education from the university.

“ I enjoy my work, which is in English and German, although German is not at all popular here. Nearly all the students take Spanish, as, of course, that language is much used in this State.

“ Christmas day was so warm that I went out in the yard at 8 o'clock in the evening in kimona and slippers to pick roses and violets to send to mother. Everyone in the neighborhood was shooting fireworks. It seemed like our fourth of July instead of Christmas.

“ Last night (January 1) we went to the governor's reception at the mansion. Although there were hundreds present that I did not meet, I had a delightful time.

“ I hope to visit San Antonio on April 21st, San Jacinto Day, at which time they have the celebration called 'the Battle of Flowers.' I also wish to see something of ranch life in this State. I have heard quite a bit about it as nearly all our girls come from big ranches. I have seen pictures of beautiful homes sixty miles from any railroad.

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ ELIZABETH L. STAFFORD.”

[The editor is trying to enlarge and improve this department, and all contributions from the alumni will be greatly appreciated. We already have partial promises of articles at some future time from Daniel Jordan, '93, of Columbia University, and from Wilber B. Sprague, '97, superintendent of schools in Utica, N. Y.

Many of our alumni live in certain localities, as a manufacturing center, a western state, or even a

foreign country, where they see and hear many things which would be very interesting to us. Others are engaged in various pursuits concerning which we would like to hear as a matter of profit as well as of interest. It would not only add much to THE ECHO, but would bring them in closer touch with the present student body and with their own college days, if they would occasionally write an article or a letter for this department.—Alumni Editor.]



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