

-THE-ECHO-



March 1912

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-THE-ECHO-



MARCH, 1912.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

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THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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XXII.

MARCH, 1912.

No. 7.

Literary Department.

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

Do you ever sit by the fire place,
Where the blue flames creep o'er the coal,
And let the hours, unheeded,
Minute by minute roll?
Do you know the peace which, like magic,
Takes the place of feverish thought,
Till you feel that hope grows stronger
And that man was not made for naught?

Have you likened the flames to your fancies,
Which come but to flicker and wane?
Have you mused by the home-like firelight,
Till your soul was quiet again?

If you know not the firelight's enchantment,
Come share the gloaming with me
By the comforting warmth of my grate fire,
And feel that for once you are free
From the sordid shackles of custom,
Which hamper the heart's desire,—
Free to sit in the half-light
And dream by my open fire.

GRACE M. YOUNG, 1913.

ROOM 53 AT NIGHT.

. . . I was locked in the building! For a moment I was stunned by the discovery, and by the thought of the long, lonesome hours in the empty schoolhouse. What should I do? I thought of the telephone, but that was in the office at the other end of the building and I shuddered to think of the gloomy, echoing corridors. At last, however, I began to walk slowly and timidly in the direction of the office. The halls were very dark and I grew more nervous at every step. As I approached 53, the "Senior Sanctum," I heard voices! I listened and then crept forward, crouching close to the wall. As I turned the corner I saw that 53 was lighted and that the door was partly open. Stealthily I looked in and then drew back in amazement. Who were those people? Then I looked again. That was certainly Daniel Webster sitting at the desk sacred to Dr. Kendall. Daniel usually stands on a pedestal outside of Room

82, so I was rather astonished to see him taking charge of 53. Who was that handsome, dapper youth who was making an elaborately illustrated notice on the board? It must have been Apollo, for no one else has his perfect beauty. Between his flourishes, which urged Seniors to pay their class dues at once, the vain god patted his hair and stole shy glances at Diana, who was demurely studying "The Best Methods of Hunting." Behind Diana sat Virgil, writhing in a vain attempt to translate Book VI. Suddenly a white square struck him on the head and he was startled to hear Mr. Webster call out in an awful voice, "Who threw that note?" There was a moment of silence, and then George Washington arose and said bravely, "I cannot tell a lie, I threw the note." Mr. Webster glared, and then said shortly, "Leave the room." As George started for the door I ran hastily down the corridor and out of his sight.

BARBARA PRATT, 1915.

"WOOL-GATHERING."

When warm spring days return, and the frost comes out of the ground leaving the roads and footpaths a bane to pedestrians, then one's thoughts are "prone to wander" to vacation time, and, over and over again every step of the trip is planned, which, when summer comes, may vanish shadow-like, as it has before, by reason of a slender pocketbook and a fat budget of duties in town. But, after all, it has done no harm to draw fanciful pictures of joys to be, and the real advantage is that you can choose the loveliest spot on earth for a playground, and put no limitations to your own enjoyment of it.

Just such a place, whither one's thoughts wander involuntarily in the gray, muddy days of March, is Valemead, a sheltered nook between two wooded hill ranges in northern Pennsyl-

vania. The tiny hamlet is so unimportant to the world that commerce has done nothing more for it than to send a puffing train between the hills, and that because it is an easier way than to go round or through them, not because Valemead is a profitable place for passengers or freight. Here, in a primitive simplicity which reverts almost to feudalism, lives a handful of hardy country-folk who wish to be undisturbed, and who have the happy custom of letting vacation travelers roam at will through the valley and over the hills, so long as they do not interfere with the men of the land.

Now the rain is pattering down on the tin roof here in the city, and there it is soaking into every inch of the meadow and woodland, washing away the last snow, and kissing awake the shell tinted fragrant arbutus. You know how the gray-brown country looks now. The hemlocks on the hills are at their dull-est,—green, to be sure, but a gray and sleepy green. The sky is leaden and overcast, the fields are apparently lifeless. Only a few bare vine stems from last season cling to the gray stone walls and weather beaten fence posts, and rusty barbed wire. The creek is a dingy, frothing stream, roiled with the sand and clay from the hillsides, carrying with it jagged cakes of ice and casting them up in muddy heaps upon the banks, where the obstructing contour hinders the progress of the freighted water.

But though the country is so nearly colorless, the signs of spring are there. The swelling water of the brook is sending the sap up to the very tips of the willow's slender stems, giving them a healthy reddish tinge, and the furry catkins have slipped their brown hoods back, and by their sweet, modest silence, they are enticing you, stray country tramp, to wade into the marsh above your shoe tops, to capture the shy elfin things. Up on yonder hillside, hidden under leaves and the last of the snow, the earth is giving back the life it has sheltered securely all winter. Equipped with a pair of good eyes and a crooked stick,

and led by the unmistakable fragrance, you can search out and uncover the first-born flowers of the spring.

But now you are there in that country free and unmolested, you will not wish to leave. Only a little while and the green begins to creep back into the meadows, slowly at first as though shy of being seen. Swollen leaf buds send out the advance guard of dull red, pale green, and fuzzy gray leaves, so stealthily that you do not see them come, but some morning after a long, steady downfall of rain, you waken to find every blade of grass green, and a "tremulous leafy haze" over all the woodland, and a warm, kindly sun beaming down on you from a clear sky. Then you start off for that hillside clump of woods which gets the first rays of the morning sun and you find the ground blue with violets, and the slender wind flowers shivering in the shadow, and the soft, hairy tops of the ferns uncurling.

Every day of the season brings new and unexpected pleasures, and almost unperceived the time slips away till summer comes with its ripe crops and buzzing locusts, and one day you see the reapers go out to the golden harvest and the bareheaded, bare-foot children with tin pails go out along that cool, shady road which leads from the northern end of the valley, to gather raspberries which used to grow as big as thimbles. You find them so this year, too, and the best ones back among the tangled, prickly branches. You must have the finest, of course, but take care of those briars! You wince a little as they scratch across your bare arm, and when you draw your hand out the back is streaked with blood, and your fingers are dark with the fresh juice of the fruit. But while you eat the luscious bounty your pain is forgotten and you are ready to risk your hand in the next berry tangle.

Again, only a few days it seems, and the yellow corn is being cut and the first apples gathered. Already the dreaminess of autumn is mingling with the last glory of the summer and you

fain would settle down to enjoy the golden season of fulfillment. But hark! Do you hear that sound? Listen! Yes, that is your school bell, and you must pack your grip and board the train which brings you back to the town.

NAOMI HOWELLS, 1914.

THE INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT IN EDUCATION.

What is the industrial movement in education? It is an effort to introduce into our educational system a means of teaching young people to use their hands.

It may seem strange to say this, but there was a time when most of our education was industrial. A child was taught to farm, to weave, to sail, or to buy and sell as a matter of course, because it was necessary for him to make a living in some way. This was done either by the parents, by the apprentice system, or in trade schools. In some countries no man was allowed to pursue certain trades until after long and careful training. However, the pupil was very often unable to read or write, knew little of figures and had never heard of grammar or history.

Later on, education in the commonly accepted sense of the term became more general. Boys and girls learned something of reading, writing and spelling, grammar, geography and history, and sometimes a little science and a smattering of some foreign tongue. One can at the present day study a lifetime on any one of these subjects without covering the matter presented in our schools.

But there is a call for more skilled laborers. Men are wanted who can build, operate and repair intricate machinery. Good carpenters, good farmers and good workmen of all kinds are wanted. Where is one to become skilled enough to do the highly technical work that the world is asking for? In private

schools? They are few, inadequate and costly. As an apprentice? Any one who ever lived and toiled under the years of semi-slavery of apprenticeship will say, "No." Besides, it is hard to secure a position where one can learn a trade, and learn it right, yet make a living at it. Why does not the government teach these subjects in its schools as it teaches a man to use his head? Why not his hands also?

These, then, are the questions that industrial education is trying to answer. Boys and girls are being given training in many useful arts and sciences in the common schools. Technical schools are being opened all over the country, and the colleges and universities are preparing men and women to go out and teach industrial subjects. Many mistakes are made, and there is much experimenting, but the industrial movement in education has come, and has evidently come to stay.

BALLARD L. BOWEN, 1914.

BETTY.

Betty was a sunny little maid of ten summers. Whenever you saw her, she always had some stray animal cuddled up in her arms, petting and fondling it as if it were a doll. I met her one afternoon toward sunset, coming down the mountain with a white cat clasped in her brown arms. A plump, rosy creature she was, graceful in every movement, light as a fawn on those bare brown feet. "The little brown maid," she was called, and truly the name was well applied. A brown frock partially covered stocky brown limbs, a sunbonnet of the same color half-concealed floating tendrils of brown curls, and a smiling brown face looked up into yours as if to say, "I like you; won't you please like me?" A saucy dimple was tucked cozily in her chin, two brother dimples peeped from her cheeks,

while between them, a rosy mouth ever opened and revealed its treasure-row of pearls. Her dainty nose was tip-tilted just enough to lend independence to her countenance, and a few freckles were scattered here and there over its smooth surface. Those wonderful eyes of hers with dancing brown lights in them shone forth with love and kindness. To see Betty was to love her, and to know her was something more than to love her,—it was to worship her.

MARY F. GILLIGAN, 1915.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The hurrying crowds of eager-faced people surged by as a slim, pretty girl of sixteen sat in the railway station of a large city. She was well dressed in a neat suit of brown. Her curly black locks were just visible under a becoming hat of prevailing style. Her little feet, shod in tan, were tapping the floor in an agitated way, while her daintily gloved hands nervously fingered a time table, at which she now and then cast a glance. At a little distance was a deaconess with her little black bonnet and white bow under her chin, helping here and there a weary traveler, but at the same time frequently casting a curious, but kindly glance toward the girl. For, on approaching this lonely traveler, one could see that her eyes were swollen, and that there were dark circles under them. Her appearance and behavior seemed to tell this warm-hearted woman that something was wrong. Indeed, her every move seemed to portray a feeling of utter wretchedness and despair. To the friendly inquiry of the deaconess she answered but monosyllables, and as the minutes and then the hours passed, still she remained.

After several fruitless attempts, the deaconess, whose curiosity was aroused more and more, at last succeeded by rare

tact and sympathy in drawing the girl into conversation. Much to her surprise she found the girl had come to the city in search of work. More information she would not give, so the deaconess gained little satisfaction.

As darkness approached and the girl showed no sign of leaving the station, the woman's heart went out to her with a desire to understand and help. Surely, this girl must not be left alone, with all the dangers of a large city lurking about her; so with a kindly smile, the deaconess went up to her and offered to take her to the Deaconess' Home. With an expression of great relief upon her pale face, the girl accompanied her. Never before had she so appreciated her supper and bed.

But with the morning her troubles began again. She looked at her small, white hands; they were not intended for hard work. A feeling of helplessness, of great inability and of utter wretchedness came over her. Her inefficiency was impressed upon her still more when the deaconess asked what work she could do. Tax her brain as she might, nothing could she find in which she had had any experience. She finally decided that housework was the only thing to be undertaken. Fortunately, the deaconess knew of a kind lady who was willing to take the girl and teach her.

So days of weary drudgery began. And oh! what multitudes of things to be learned, and how very little she knew! Her good mistress looked with mystified eye upon her and wondered that a girl of such evident refinement and charm should be thus employed. Many a morning she began a forlorn day with swollen eyes, telling of a troubled night.

* * * * *

Many miles away, excitement was reigning in a girls' boarding school. Lessons had been forgotten. Girls were huddled in little groups wildly discussing an accident which had occurred the night before. Among the older girls in the school there was

a certain clique, who always went together. One of them, a pretty girl named Ellen, had been leader in all their pranks and tricks and had delighted in successfully evading the regulations of the school. Their last escapade, however, had a most disastrous ending. Ellen, inspired by a large allowance from her indulgent uncle, had planned to have a "spread" in her room. Wily scheming went on for several days and she and her confidantes decided to invite a few others. A charming blue-eyed girl, named Dorothy, one of the favorites in the school, was persuaded to come. She had her suspicions about midnight larks and was unaccustomed to disregarding rules, but after many assurances from Ellen that no harm could possibly come of it, she had stolen into Ellen's room with the rest. Blankets were pinned over the cracks above the door and soon all were absorbed in the art of fudge making, forgetful of the late hour. The candlesticks on Ellen's table furnished the only light in the room and it all seemed most alluring and lovely.

But the unwonted stillness of the corridor had aroused the suspicions of the teacher in charge, and she determined to seek the cause. In slippered feet, she crept to Marion's door, since she was often the cause of trouble, but finding everything peaceful there, she proceeded to Ellen's. With assurance of victory, she gave a sharp tap upon the door. Immediately there was a hurrying and scurrying within. "Ah, here," thought she, "is the cause of that stillness." But, suddenly she heard a muffled shriek, and bursting the door open, she beheld Dorothy with clothes in flames and frenzied girls too excited to render aid. Instantly, she seized a rug and endeavored to wrap it around the blazing girl, and, after several minutes of terrible suspense, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, and Dorothy was carried away, moaning, to the infirmary.

Oh, the horror of that night! The girls crept away to their own rooms and Ellen, overcome with grief and remorse, threw

herself on the bed and sobbed till her heart nearly broke. To think that she had nearly caused Dorothy's death! Finally, worn out by her weeping, she fell asleep. In the very early morning, she awoke and thinking that she might learn something of Dorothy's condition, quietly stole down to the infirmary. As she approached the door, she heard the doctor and nurse coming toward her. Quickly disappearing from sight, she overheard their words as they passed. "I hope so," the doctor was saying, "but her heart is very weak, and it was a terrible shock; but we'll hope for the best." Oh, the agony of that moment! Suppose Dorothy should die!

Ellen went back to her room determined upon immediate action. In the frenzy of the moment, she pictured herself the object of shame and censure, despised by her comrades and distrusted by her teacher. She felt that life among them would be absolutely miserable. She must get away. How could she go home? For what would her uncle think? She must flee; flee somewhere, anywhere! So she took a very rash step, little considering the consequences. With a few dollars in her purse, she stole out, unobserved, in the early morning, and bought a ticket for the city. And so, the deaconess had found her, in her miserable plight; but little did she guess the meaning of it all.

* * * * *

A few days later, Ellen was still struggling with the perplexities of the household, and the deaconess was viewing with kindly eye, the varying throngs in the station, when a well dressed man of middle age came up to her. In his hand he held the photograph of a young girl, and he inquired if the deaconess had seen such a girl in the station. Instantly, the deaconess recognized the face of the girl who had so aroused her curiosity not many days before and who was now doing house work in her friend's home. She informed the gentleman

of her experience, and immediately his face brightened. He went in search of his lost niece, bearing news that would delight the heart of the girl.

The sorrow and remorse of the last few days were all relieved, when Ellen learned that Dorothy's burns were not at all serious. More than one heart was made glad, and all mystery was solved, when she bade good-bye to her mistress and the deaconess, and returned to abide by the rules of the school.

GERTRUDE WELLS, 1914.

MY FIRST BIG FISH.

We were camping that summer in a beautiful spot on the Nissitissett, a little stream in Southern New Hampshire. Just in front of our camp there was a very steep pitch down to the river's edge, so steep that the dock, reached by a long flight of steps, was completely hidden from the camp itself. At the time, I was a child of tender years—my age could be expressed with one digit—and my cousin was two years younger than I. So, quite naturally—though it seemed most unreasonable to us then—one of the camp rules was that Harry and I should not go out in the boat alone. However, this didn't say that we weren't to play in the boat when it was fastened to the dock, and this became a favorite resort with us. We were ardent anglers, and, though always self-appointed members of every fishing expedition, our passion for the sport was not satiated. Accordingly, we stole down to the boat one morning, cast in our lines, and eagerly awaited results. We had been thus engaged for an hour or so, and had made our customary catch of shiners and pumpkin-seeds—neither variety being fit to eat—when my line was pulled in a most decided, businesslike way. I responded by pulling back, and then followed a very evenly

matched tug of war. I was in constant fear of losing the fish, but finally I succeeded in raising him a foot or more from the water, only to have him plunge back in again. The momentary view of him, however, had its effect on both my cousin and myself. Harry let out several excited shouts, and my great anxiety to get the fish was overcome by wonderment as to how I should ever get the monster off the hook if I should land him. Straining every muscle, I pulled him out a second time, swung him over the center of the boat, and there held him, flopping for dear life. In response to Harry's shouts, my grandfather came running down the steps, just in time to see the fish flop from the hook and land—in the bottom of the boat.

A fish story, to be complete, must needs have dimensions, so, get thee behind me, modesty, while I tell the people that the pickerel was a hundred and eighteen feet long and weighed two and a quarter tons—for a fact it did.

FROM THE ECHO BOX.

THE OLD HALL CLOCK.

The old clock stands in its corner there,
And looks down at me with a solemn stare;
It plays with the firelight's ruddy glare,
And its tune is measured and slow.

It has looked upon scenes that were filled with pain,
It has tried to cheer sad hearts in vain,
But those that were gone never came again,
And the old clock's song was woe.

Then we knew a time when all was gay,
When sorrow and grief had passed away,
And wedding bells pealed a joyful lay
That the old clock seemed to know.

But those were the years when the clock was new—
When it counted the hours the whole day through;
Now are its stories far from true,
And still we are glad to hear.

Its face is stained and yellowed with time,
Scarred in places, and dulled with grime,
No longer spotless as in its prime,
In the far-off long ago.

The figures have turned from black to gray,
Like relics old, of a by-gone day;
The minute-hand, too, has naught to say,
For it's lost, this many a year.

Yet the hour hand moves with a snail-like gait,
Unheeding the loss of its lively mate,
For some one still raises the old-time weight
For the sake of what used to be.

The pendulum moves with a graceful swing,
And talks to me like a living thing;
It takes me back on Fancy's wing
To a time when all was well.

So the old clock stands in its corner there,
And looks down at me with a solemn stare;
It plays with the twilight's ruddy glare,
And its tune is hushed and low.

ANNA B. RICKON, 1914.

Editorial Department.

“Undergraduate philosophy of life is an evolution. It consists of three stages: the first is characterized by a sense of calamity or fear as the student leaves behind the observances and conventional creeds of childhood, held with unquestioning and often unthinking assent. He begins to think for himself. He enters an atmosphere of questioning and scientific discovery, an environment in which facts come before opinions. His first alarm is because he thinks he is losing his religion. He says, like the prophet Micah, when the hostile Danites took away his images, ‘ye have taken away my gods * * * what have I more?’

“His next step is often toward over-liberality. His god is breadth of mind. He revels in his impartial view of men and the universe. By turns he calls himself a pragmatist, or an agnostic. His religious position is at times summed up in the description of a young college curate by a bishop, who said the young man arose in his pulpit with a self-confidence begotten of fancied wisdom, saying to his expectant hearers: ‘Dearly beloved, you must repent—as it were; and be converted—in a measure; or be damned—to a certain extent.’

“The third stage of the undergraduate is usually in line with constructive action. He begins to be interested in doing something, and practice for him, as for men generally, helps to solve the riddle of the universe. The best test of college theology or college philosophy is its serviceableness, its power to attach the student to something which needs to be done and which he can do. Many an undergraduate whose college course has seemed an intellectually unsettling period has found himself upon solid ground as soon as he has begun seriously to engage in the world’s work.”

It is always with a certain degree of surprise that we find that

the thoughts and mental struggles that we have had have been and are being experienced by countless other individuals in the world. We are rather apt to believe that our personal mental and spiritual experiences are something unique and unusual. Therefore, it is something of a shock to us when we find some older mind giving a clear analysis of our mental states, and considering them, moreover, as characteristic conditions of human beings in general.

Thus in the above article from Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's "The American Undergraduate," a large number of us probably find a pretty accurate picture of our own experience; and those who do not see its truth now will doubtless be able to attest its accuracy of analysis in a few years' time. For it is a very strange fact that, in matters of intellectual development at least, few people are able to so profit by the experience of others that they may skip over any one stage of evolution.

Such an article as the one here quoted is valuable, interesting and helpful, and it is for these reasons that it has been set forth on the pages of our college paper.

News Department.

FACULTY NOTES.

Born: On February ninth, to Professor and Mrs. Birch-enough, a daughter, Dorothy Fairhurst.

VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

The Men's Athletic Association is planning a surprise for the students of the college and their friends. Start saving your pennies now; only twenty-five needed.

The number of tickets will be limited to the number of seats in the auditorium. No standing room sold.

The committee of arrangements consists of Wood, Elmore and Rosenblum. Read these names again.—Now you are sure the entertainment will be O. K. The proceeds are to furnish baseball suits and other adornments for the team which will represent S. N. C. on the diamond this season.

The date, March 30th, 1912.

There is only one March 30th this year and only one vaudeville show.

THE SENIORS.

Three members of our class have left us, not to return until June. Miss Florence Kelly has returned to her home in Utica; Miss Margaret Jones is teaching in Corinth; Miss Marion Scully is teaching in Schenectady.

Some of the most important business of the year has recently been completed at class meetings. The class-day exercises have been discussed and the speakers chosen. The class historian is to be Miss Le Compte; class prophet, Mr. Cook; class poet, Miss Everingham. The ivy oration will be delivered by Miss Bennett; the colors will be handed down by Miss Schermerhorn and the presentation to the Husted Fund will be made by Mr. Fitzpatrick. We hope to have some surprises in store for the audience.

Our Senior Psych class was entertained Feb. 23 by Miss Edith Scott, 1911, telling us of her experiences in discipline. We were all glad to hear what she had to say.

Miss Marion Lawrence has returned to college after a brief illness.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.**FRESHMAN CLASS.**

Miss Hazel Bennett spent the week-end of Feb. 9-12 in Johnstown.

Miss Genevieve Lonergan spent Feb. 21-27 in New York.

Miss Dorothy Rogers spent Feb. 23-26 with her parents in Granville.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Although the last few meetings of the club have been rather short they have been regular, and fairly well attended. On January 19, three papers were read: A short story, "Accessory Before the Fact," by Elizabeth Scott; a philosophical essay, "General Tendencies," by Ballard L. Bowen; and a short story, "The Transfiguration of Sara Conrad," by Naomi M. Howells.

On the afternoon of February 9, three more papers appeared: A short story, "A Change of Deal," by Harold W. Goewey; by Gerald S. Pratt, the first two scenes of a problem drama, as yet unnamed; and verse by Anna A. Boochever, called "A Plea for the Children."

At the meeting held February 16, Wordsworth D. Williams and Rachel A. Griswold each read two pieces of verse; those of the former were entitled "Ad Infinitum" and "A Little Buttercup;" of the latter, "Mammy's Lullaby" and "My Baby." Also a short story was read by J. Harry Ward, "A Lesson of Fall."

On February 23 only two papers were read on account of the short time available for a meeting. A short story from real life, "The Boy," by Jessie E. Luck, and an essay, "Immortality," by David Allison.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

February 5 Wilbur J. Smith, a student volunteer secretary, gave a very interesting account of the mission work in foreign fields and especially in India, impressing upon us the great need for action.

February 14 the topic of the meeting, "What is Religion?" was well developed by Mabel Thomson as leader.

February 21 Florence Chase spoke on "Things that are Worth While," and Y. W. C. A. was mentioned as one.

February 28, "Aims of Life and Their Value," were discussed by Christie Wait.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The basketball season recently concluded was the most successful one that S. N. C. has yet enjoyed. Four games were won, one lost and one tied. The latter was played against the R. P. I. Freshmen at Troy and was not completed because a hitch in the arrangements made it impossible to finish the game before the R. P. I.-Pratt Institute game, as had been planned.

In the summary below, it will be noted that while the schedule played was brief, it was made up of games with faster teams than we have previously competed with successfully. This is especially true of the Pratt Institute game. While this game was lost the enthusiastic support of the student body and the creditable showing of the team make it probable that more teams of recognized inter-collegiate standing will be brought here next year.

That the showing of the wearers of the purple and gold was creditable on this occasion hardly needs demonstration, but here are some statistics that speak for themselves:

Final score—S. N. C. 15, Pratt Institute 35. Points made on field goals, S. N. C. 11, Pratt Institute 17. Score at end of first half, S. N. C. 8, Pratt Institute 11.

GAMES PLAYED.

Dec. 15, S. N. C. 10, R. P. I. 1915, 9.
 Jan. 26, S. N. C. 24, Union 1915, 11.
 Feb. 9, S. N. C. 24, Albany Medical College 14.
 Feb. 16, S. N. C. 37, Union 1913, 24.
 Feb. 22, S. N. C. 15, Pratt Institute 35.
 Feb. 23, S. N. C. 9, R. P. I. 1915, 9.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

Owing to the discussion of Current Events in chapel February 5th the usual meeting for that week was omitted. On February 16th a well attended and instructive discussion was held. The making of presidential candidates, especially as seen by Mr. Dooley, was explained by references to "political pathology."

Lincoln's birthday was this year celebrated by the addition of a new republic to the family of nations. The final granting of the right of self government to the people of China is a momentous event, viewed from all aspects. To any one who had not kept up with the newspapers the discussion was most beneficial.

The recent departure of Secretary of State Knox for the Central American republics—presumably to preach peace and friendship, and the Monroe Doctrine—was characterized as one of those acts of diplomacy whose purpose we may know fifty years hence. Mexico has been assured by our Department of State that we do not desire to intervene.

Coming to local affairs,—the rare occurrence of a governor

removing a sheriff in Syracuse was discussed. This seems to be contrary to what are generally conceded as our principles of local self-government. Another rare occurrence is the Brandt case. The explanation of this was exceedingly clear and interesting.

Altogether the meeting was like all the others—enlivening, instructive and interesting.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

On Friday evening, Feb. 16, the Delta Omega girls were entertained by their president, Miss Marjory Bennett, at a Dickens party. Each guest was dressed to represent some character from Dickens' novels.

The following interesting program was given:

Reading—Letter to His Son, Miss Helen Odell.

Reading—Death of Little Jo, Miss Lois Atwood.

Reading—Sam Weller's Valentine, Miss Ethel Everingham.
Incident from Dickens' Life, by all the members.

Dainty refreshments were served and the evening closed with a game and college songs.

Miss Elizabeth Schlieper attended the festivities of Senior Week at Syracuse University Feb. 14-16.

Misses Kaemmerlen and Odell spent the week-end of Feb. 24 at Waterford.

Miss Olive Ely entertained at her home Friday, Feb. 23, in honor of a friend from Schenectady.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

The following officers were elected for this term: President, Miss Schermerhorn; Vice-President, Miss Boochever; Treasurer, Miss Rieffenaugh; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Wood;

Recording Secretary, Miss Van Dyck; Critic, Miss Bristol; Echo Reporter, Miss Knapp.

Mrs. Kenyon, Miss Schermerhorn's sister, entertained the House girls at her home in Red Hook over the week-end, February 10-12.

We are glad to welcome Miss Marguerite Alberts as one of our K. D. sisters.

The sorority girls were delightfully entertained by Miss Pierce at her home Thursday evening, February 9th.

A toboggan party was held Thursday night, Feb. 16, after which the girls adjourned to the K. D. house, where supper was served.

Miss Evelyn Austin of Poughkeepsie visited Miss Knapp during the week-end of the "Junior Prom."

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

Regular meetings of the sorority were held Feb. 4th and 18th at the homes of Miss Helen Quick and Miss Edna Hall.

Miss Hope Duncan spent the week-end of February 24th with Miss Mary Robbins at her home in Saratoga.

Miss May Marsden has accepted a position as critic in the Brockport Normal School.

Miss Charlotta Jordan and Miss Helen Quick spent the week-end of February 24th in Cairo.

The last meeting of the sorority was made very interesting by a discussion of Dickens' life, and some of his best works.

ETA PHI NOTES.

Eta Phi celebrated her sixteenth birthday by an anniversary dance, which was held on February 21. Because of the proximity of that date to the birthday of George Washington, the

Gym was decorated with red, white and blue. One of the most interesting features of the dance was a large birthday cake, bearing sixteen lighted candles. The patronesses were: Mrs. Adna W. Risley, Miss Bishop, Miss McCutcheon and Miss Mann of Schenectady.

The Misses Elsie Danaher and Louise Bentley spent a part of the week of February 18 in Boston.

Miss Edna Burdick has been out of town several weeks visiting friends in Cobleskill.

Miss Jean Holmes, who has been traveling in the South with her mother, returned to her home on February 23. Miss Holmes spent ten delightful days in Aikin, South Carolina. On her way home she made a brief "stop-off" in New York city.

Miss Edith Houbertz spent the week-end of Feb. 23 with her sister, Lillian Houbertz.

Miss Marguerite Mann, a charter member of Eta Phi, spent Lincoln's birthday at the college. Miss Mann is a teacher of History in the Schenectady High School.

Miss Edith Gilmore was in Schenectady for the Junior Week festivities of Union College.

At a meeting of the sorority at the home of Miss Ruth De Freest, on February 27, the name of Dorothy Fairhurst Birchenough was placed upon the Eta Phi Baby Roll.

Alumni Department.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Dockstader (nee Barbara Samons, '05), a daughter, Sara Elizabeth, on Feb. 13th, 1912.

Edith Scott, '11, visited college on February 23d.

The engagement of M. Elise Seaman, '08, to Harrison M. Hoverbeck of New York city, is announced.

Married: On Saturday, February 17th, 1912, at Aurelius, New York, Miss Harriet S. Foster, '07, to Mr. Everett Horton Jedney.

Anna Quackenbush, '11, is teaching English and Biology in the Binghamton High School.

Miss Savina Horton, the oldest teacher in Westchester county, died at her home in Port Chester on February 13, 1912. Miss Horton taught for almost seventy years and was a graduate of the Albany Normal School.

“We'll tak' a cup of tea, my dear,
For auld lang syne.”

The one hundred and eighty-two guests at the New York Alumni dinner obeyed the spirit, if not the letter of the dear old Scotch song. They gathered at the Hotel Majestic on the evening of February 24th, 1912, to renew old friendships and make new ones.

From five to seven Dr. Hannahs, the president of the Alumni Association, Dr. Milne, and others received the guests in the spacious parlors of the hotel and at seven o'clock all repaired to the dining room to “feast and make merry.” The table decorations were pink carnations and ferns. The usual college songs were sung during the banquet and Dr. Hannahs, as toast-mistress, introduced in charming manner the speakers of the evening.

Dr. Milne was the first speaker and his topic was “The Present Day Trend in Education.” He spoke of the folly of helping a child to the extent of depriving him of self-activity.

Dr. Husted's talk had for its theme war-time memories, connected especially with the College company.

Miss Bishop began by saying that it was her duty to strike the note of sadness in their festivities. She then spoke of Dr. Edward Payson Wetmore, particularly of his last year of teaching and the circumstances attending his death.

Miss McClelland expressed very briefly her high regard for all the alumni present and her joy at seeing them there.

Mrs. Mooney explained the receipt for growing old pleasantly and took as the basis of her talk the beautiful quotation from Browning,

“ Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in his hand
Who said ‘ a whole I planned,’
Youth sees but half;
See all, trust God, nor be afraid.”

Otis Montrose, '91, editor of the Cold Spring “ Recorder,” recalled amusing incidents of college life. He also spoke very highly of the inspirational work done by the college.

Professor James Robert White of the Department of Pedagogy of the College of the City of New York, and the newly elected president of the association, was the last speaker. He acknowledged the honor bestowed upon him and spoke of his love and loyalty toward the institution. He especially commended the zealous and efficient work of Mr. Fred A. Duncan, who has been secretary and treasurer of the association since its organization.

The Alumni banquet seems a more pronounced success each year and will always, it is to be hoped, prove a source of interest and delight to all those who are graduated from the State Normal College.

The newly elected officers of the association are: President, James Robert White; Vice-President, Mrs. C. Stuart Gager; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred A. Duncan.

The following are the members of the executive committee: L. Louise Arthur, New York; Mrs. J. D. Dillingham, Elmhurst; Katherine V. Ostrander, Newark; Abby Porter Leland,

New York; Mr. A. G. Balcom, Newark; Amy B. Horne, Yonkers; Clara E. Stevens, Staten Island; William M. Strong, Brooklyn; Clara B. Robinson, Port Chester; Mary E. Chase, New York; Mary E. Hennar, Hempstead; E. Helen Hannahs, Brooklyn; Lilla B. Burns, Jamaica; Justus C. Hyde, Brooklyn; James M. Easall, Brooklyn; K. Eloise Kinne, New York.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
 I'm sick of song and ode and ballad,
 So, Thyrses, take thy midnight oil
 And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
 I cannot write a verse or read—
 Minerva, take away thine Owl
 And let us have a Lark instead!

(From the Greek.)

Years and years,—even centuries ago, a fickle Greek composed these lines in his own tongue. He died, and many died, who read this. One Thomas Hood translated it into English verse, and he died. And you, too, who will read it, must die—some time. We must all admit that it shows the greatest ingratitude to a goddess of wisdom, who has helped men on to heights of learning, to retaliate thus.

I mention this poem here because many students have been expressing similar sentiments right around these halls every little while. The difference between these people here and the ancient Greek and his friend, Thomas Hood, is that the latter few were brilliant enough to make up this poetry, and the former many are unable "so to do."

It is indeed a fine show of gratitude. And after my extreme

kindness, I cannot help wondering what has brought about this change in students. Is it this?—that on receiving certain cards in paper-colored envelopes, they have proceeded to “drive dull care away?” And these cards? Why, they are harmless looking things, with perforations, some having more, others less, and, as usual, “the more the merrier.” They were given out to the students one day in February. Everybody went to chapel assiduously for two weeks before the red-letter day, each time with anxiously expectant face, and returned with peaceful resignation on her countenance. But one day,—well, you know! On the one hand was effervescent enthusiasm, culminating in supreme indifference, and the above poem; and on the other hand, anger, vexation, indignation and grief, leading to stubborn indifference or ambition to do better. And all for the sake of a card!

I wonder who's heard the latest figure of speech from the Shakespeare class? They were discussing epithets abusive and otherwise, and the “villains of the deepest dye,” all in the “language of high courtesy.” They ran across a figure, part for the whole, and after much thought one of the gentlemen said it was Schenectady! I wonder why. Do you suppose he had it seriously on his mind?

There has been quite a revolution in the minds of many Americans. The first I heard of it was after the meeting of some current events class. It seems that the first American of to-day, the one-time idol of the people, has “gone and done it.” That is, he has actually shown himself broad minded enough to change his mind on a matter of some importance. Some one said “he is talked of more than any other fifty millions of men in the United States.” (Notice the joke in the word “other?”) Well, poor Teddy! He has come into the limelight again and people are afraid of him, else they wouldn't talk so much.

A few of the girls were discussing the coming election:

“How are you going to vote, dear?” asked one.

“In my new brown tailor suit with the fur trimming.”

And over in the corner a cruel young man grinned!

“Spite of his mamma’s appeals,
 Little Ben bolts all his meals;
 Then to show it doesn’t hurt,
 Eats some nuts for his dessert.
 Nuts and bolts, when in solution,
 Build an iron constitution!”

This clever little rhyme comes from the tongues of some of the Chemistry 1 a people. Not all of the math. people are as bright, however. The professor was going through a painful proof and he came gloriously to a close, saying, “Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other,—therefore $x = 0$!” “All that work for nothing!” sighed a voice from the back row.

They are studying King Lear in Shakespeare now. Last week the parts were assigned as usual, and the King pro tem was laboring through his lines. At the urgent request of the teacher he read and reread his part, and made himself quite grandly ridiculous. Near him stood his Fool, grinning accurately, to follow the text. Now the King was “fussed,” and in his excitement he trod on the toes of his Jester. “O, I am at my wits’ end,” he said tragically.

The martyred Latin Methods class has revived the little quatrain which I will quote below. They think it particularly adapted to its environment (in the back of their Works of Horace):

“All are dead who wrote it,
 All are dead who spoke it,
 All must die who learn it;
 Blessed death! they surely earn it!”

In the Biographical History course they (meaning the professor) have started a new method of teaching. It will go down in Modern Education as the Conundrum Method. The subject of the lecture, from the professor's standpoint, is He. From the student's, the poor victim's standpoint, it seems to be Who? In a very eloquent manner the whole life of He (or Who?) is told. It runs something like this:

"Now, it makes very little difference to us when He was born or when He died. We want to know what He did. He graduated from an Eastern college, and became president of a Western college. He was ambassador to China and Turkey, and traveled in Europe. He wrote—but I won't tell that, because you would know who He is. He made a great trip down South and spoke in some of the Southern states. He —" well, in short He did a thousand and one things. After coming to several different conclusions as to His exact identity, the poor, guessing student rushes to the library and learns His name. I suppose by arousing and stimulating our curiosity, this method is most helpful, but it certainly is delusive, and elusive, as well as vexatious.

If I were a student these beautiful spring mornings I should be tempted to get up early in the morning and go away out into the country and enjoy things in nature. But from reports, I think as always, the poor, tired things sleep on. One of them said very poetically, "When the morning star is still asleep, I am,—too!"

Now, Minerva wishes everybody a restful, peaceful Easter vacation, and hopes that all will come back refreshed in mind and body.

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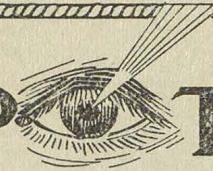
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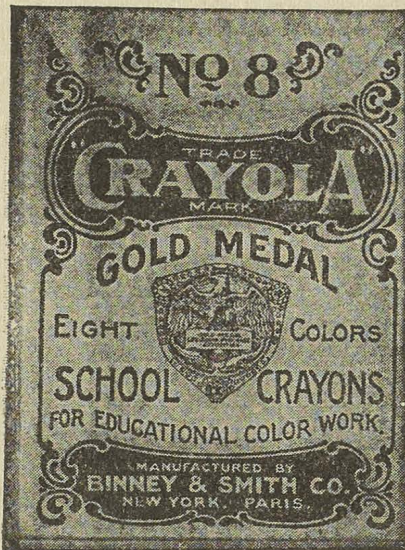
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