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THE ECHO.

VOL. 15.]

ALBANY, N. Y., MARCH, 1907.

[No. 7.]

The Old Cumberland Beggar.

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep
rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged
Man
Had placed his staff across the broad
smooth stone
That overlays the side; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village
dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one
by one;
And scanned them with a fixed and
serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled
hills,
He sat and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsied
hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the
waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little
showers
Fell on the ground; and the small moun-
tain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined
meal,
Approached within the length of half his
staff.

Him from my childhood have I known;
and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not
with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the
ground,
But stops,— that he may safely lodge the
coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits
him so,
But still, when he has given his horse
the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who
tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her
door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she
sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may
pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels
o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and if thus
warned,
The old Man does not change his course,
the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-
side,

And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger in his heart.

He travels on a solitary Man;
His age has no companion. On the
ground

His eyes are turned, and, as he moves
along,

They move along the ground; and ever-
more

Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and
dale,

And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to
day,

Bow-bent, his eyes forever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some
straw,

Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in
one track,

The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have
left

Impressed on the white road,—in the
same line

At distance still the same. Poor Trav-
eller!

His staff trails with him; scarcely do his
feet

Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn
away,

Weary of barking at him. Boys and
girls,

The vacant and the busy, maids and
youths,

And urchins newly breeched — all pass
him by;

Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves
behind.

But deem not this Man useless — States-
men! ye

Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your
hands

To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye con-
template

Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem
him not

A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's
law

That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good — a spirit and pulse
of good

A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught — that ever
owned

The heaven-regarding eye and front
sublime.

Which man is born to — sink how'er
depressed,

So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an imple-
ment

Worn out and worthless. While from
door to door,

This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse
of years

And that half-wisdom, half-experience
gives,

Make slow to feel, and by sure steps
resign

To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,

Where'er the aged Beggar takes his
 rounds,
 The mild necessity of use compels
 To acts of love; and habit does the work
 Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the
 soul,
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpur-
 sued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness.
 Some there are
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live, and spread and kindle; even
 such minds
 In childhood, from this solitary Being,
 Or from like wanderer, haply have re-
 ceived
 (A thing more precious far than all that
 books
 Or the solitudes of love can do!)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and
 thought,
 In which they found their kindred with
 a world
 Where want and sorrow were.

—William Wordsworth.

This poem was written by Wordsworth in 1797-1798. He says in explanation of his theme: "The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions."

The entire poem is an expression of deep sympathy, not only for this one

poor, old man, whom the poet had known from childhood, but for the class to which he belonged. The part of the poem not given above is a strong appeal to those who would seek to relieve the wants of the beggar by placing him in the workhouse, not to interfere with the old man's freedom. The poet proves conclusively that the abject poor have a claim upon the charity of their fellow-men that must be met by personal contact with them. Even the poorest poor long to help those less fortunate than themselves. He gives an illustration of one kind-hearted woman who from her scanty store gave once a week regularly to this old Mendicant an unsparing handful of meal. The poet's sympathy is further shown by his prayer for a blessing on the old man's head, twice repeated, and the wish that he may be left free to sit down *when* and *where* he will and share his meal with the birds, and finally,

"As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die."

As a lesson in Christian charity this poem is worth knowing.

Margaret S. Mooney.

City Neighbors vs. Country Neighbors.

They sat in the middle of the bridge and looked at one another, the shaggy, tawny collie and the silky-haired, white poodle. A team of farm horses hitched to a nearby fence-post were the charges of the collie, and the disjointed puffs of a disabled automobile explained the presence of the poodle, upon this particular bridge, over a small stream which crossed the country road.

Neither of them spoke for a moment,

but regarded each other intently, the collie with an expression of good-humored indulgence and the poodle with a look of aristocratic contempt. Finally the collie, dripping from a recent plunge in the stream, gave himself a luxurious shake which called forth an exclamation of disgust from the poodle and a rather pointed remark as to the untidiness of country fellows, in general.

The collie smiled good-naturedly and replied, "Well, you see, we have too much to do to spend much time in combings and curlings. The days are too short for the glorious things one finds to do. But then you live in the city, and things must be quite different there. Tell me, what do you do to amuse yourself and what sort of neighbors do you have?"

"Neighbors!" sniffed the poodle contemptuously. "Do you mean by that the people who live near you?" and as the collie made a motion of assent, he continued, "We don't have much to do with them. One has to be very careful, you know, for a neighbor may not be in your 'set.' It is always best not to notice him until you are sure that he is at least respectable. Sometimes it doesn't take long to find that out. Now, the lady who lives next to us has lived there for a long time, but we don't even know her name. You see, she washed her own windows when she first moved in, and that is—well, you know, that is—" A shrug finished the sentence.

"Is what?" demanded the collie. "Is that what you mean by not being respectable? Well, what would you say if she came over and washed your windows after she had washed her own? That's what we do in the country to help one another out."

The poodle seemed too shocked to reply, and the collie went on, "How about the children? You must find some of them to love and play with."

"Play!" answered the poodle disdainfully. "I never play, and, as for the children, I never notice them except when the maid drives them away from in front of the houses for making too much noise."

The collie regarded him in wide-eyed amazement for a moment, and then asked, "What do you do for a good time?"

"Oh," replied the poodle. "In the morning I have my bath and my breakfast. Then I go driving with my mistress, and in the afternoon we go calling; but, you see, I can sleep most of that time. Sometimes we go to the park, and there I meet other poodles, but we have little to talk about, so I generally sleep there, too."

The expression of the collie changed. Amazement was gradually giving way to pity. "Then you don't know what it means to go berrying in the summer time with the girls from the farm at the 'Corners' and the boys from that house on the hill, or in winter to go on jolly sleigh-rides? Then you don't know what it means, when 'the folks next door' have company, to carry over the 'best china' and haircloth chairs or a 'batch of cookies' to help out for supper? You don't know what it means to start out in in the night and go miles to aid a sick neighbor or to go to the village at the top of your speed for a doctor? Then there are the horses and the cows and the chickens and the fields where you find the woodchucks' holes, and the birds and the flowers, and—look at that yellow butterfly, let's—" The auto made an

effectual start and the poodle was carried away.

He wondered, as they sped past the fields and woods, if what the collie said could be true. He looked up at his mistress to find some confirmation of his doubts in her face, but the auto goggles concealed everything from her sight except the road ahead, so he went to sleep.

That night, at milking time, the men wondered why the collie chased and scampered among the cows, why he dashed down the hill to the creek and then up the hill beyond for a frolic with the dog next door, and then came tearing home to interrupt the drowsy chirping of the chickens. Little did they know that he had had his first glimpses of the city and its neighbors.

Maude Cecelia Burt.

A Story in Song,

It was "On a Summer Night," "In Vacation Time," when "Annie Laurie" and "Billy" were walking "Down in Chinkipin Lane." He had just been telling her a "Tale of a Stroll" when "Sylvie" came along with "The Steel King" and stopped them to tell all that "The Bird on Nellie's Hat" had said. After "Waiting for a Certain Girl" to stop talking "Annie Laurie" and "Billy" went on. Soon they met "Sweet Adeline" with "Tommy," who was just saying "I'll Do Anything, Dear, in This World for You." The couple, not knowing the two strollers, passed them, but Annie said "That's a Habit I Never Had." Well, said "Billy," "What's the Use of Knocking When a Man is Down." "There's My Gal Sal," she is always saying that, but then "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," that makes a

difference "When the Mocking Birds are Singing in the Wildwood." I intend to mount "Cherry" and go back to "My Old Kentucky Home," where all "The Dainty Dames" live. I'll arrive there "When the Bees Are in the Hive" and "The Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold."

At last the two arrived "In Seville." There they met an old man who asked "Is it Warm Enough for You?" A bill board on the corner announced that "A Dance of the Nymphs" would take place "On Robinson Crusoe's Isle" "When the Whip-poor-will Sings Marguerite." While they were looking at the advertisement "Iola" and "Louisa Schmidt" came along. They asked "Iola" where "Obadiah" was. "I'm Satisfied to Live an Independent Life," she answered, and started off.

A little girl who was all alone was asking, "Why Don't They Play with Me?" Annie said, "My Pretty Little Kicapoo,' there are lots of children 'Down at the Baby Store.' Don't cry but be happy 'When Love is Young.'"

The strolling couple was now near "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." An old man was saying, "Every Dollar Carries Trouble of Its Own." Another was asking, "What's the Matter with the Mail?" They decided that this was "The House of Too Much Trouble," so meeting "Dear Lenore" and "The Troubadour," they went "Home, Sweet Home."

Bertha Weaver.

TO-DAY.

Lives of some great men remind us
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise.

—Life.

S. N. C. Song.

Ho, all you verdant freshmen,
 Wherever you may be,
 Our Alma Mater greets you
 With every courtesy.
 Forget we've hazed you sadly,
 Oh, dry each homesick tear!
 And take revenge right gladly
 On freshmen of next year;
 'Tis no folly to be jolly
 In the S. N. C.

CHORUS.

Sing, you Seniors grave!
 Sing, you Juniors brave!
 Sophs and Freshmen, join the glee,
 Though we may live in clover,
 When college days are over,
 'Tis certain as can be
 That we'll sigh and we'll cry
 When it's time to say good-by
 To the S. N. C.

Ho, you valiant Sophomores,
 With spirits never meek;
 Greek and Latin you essay,
 And very often speak.
 Mighty problems you would weigh
 With solemn gravity.
 Wit and wisdom you display
 Deserves at least A. B.
 No one ever is so clever
 In the S. N. C.

Ho, all you merry *Juniors*,
 Now, as you trudge along
 The rugged path of learning,
 Join in our college song.
 For college days are flying.
 Alas, they'll soon be gone!
 But we've no time for sighing,
 Nor hardly time for glee,
 We're quite dizzy, we're so busy
 In the S. N. C.

Ho, all you noble SENIORS,
 Most reverend and grave,
 We hope you'll all prove famous
 And never one a knave!
 Whate'er the future's bringing,
 You are our pride, you see,
 So set the welkin ringing
 With blithesome melody!
 We like playing while we're haying
 In the S. N. C.

Ho, you learned FACULTY,
 Pray, do not look so glum!
 This earth does not pause because
 We either go or come.
 Ignore the woes of teaching
 Such 'stupid dolts as we,
 'Tis never for your "preaching"
 That we praise earnestly.
 We're not happy when you're "scrappy"
 In the S. N. C.

(Tune—"Upidee".)

There's one we'll love for evermore,
 Normal College, Normal College.
 Our songs for her we will outpour,
 Oh, New York State College!
 And may our country, far and near,
 Revere the name we hold as dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, New York State Normal College,
 Normal College, Normal College,
 Oh, New York State Normal College,
 New York Normal College.

A glorious past thy records show,
 Normal College, Normal College,
 And ever greater thou wilt grow,
 Oh, New York State College!
 Thou hast withstood both fire and flame,
 They only will increase thy fame.

(CHORUS.)

We'll strive where'er our lot may be,
 Normal College, Normal College,
 To prove us worthy e'en of thee,
 Oh, New York State College!
 And train the youth o'er all our land
 Forever in the truth to stand.

(CHORUS.)

Fichte on the Vocation of the Scholar.

Under this title, Fichte discusses, in several lectures, the different phases of the Scholar's vocation, which he develops in answer to a series of questions, given below, each of which presupposes and is included within the one following; hence he begins his discussion with the last and all-inclusive one, continually narrowing the extent and increasing the content of the concept of a Scholar's vocation. The series of questions follow: "What is the vocation of the Scholar?" "What is the vocation of man in Society?" "What is the vocation of Man?"—i. e., of Man considered simply as a man—according to the mere abstract idea of humanity;—isolated, and without any relation which is not included in the absolute idea of himself?

THE ABSOLUTE VOCATION OF MAN.

For a thorough and complete insight into the absolute vocation of Man, a fundamental and all-embracing philosophy is needed. In this discussion of Man there are two phases to be considered: the *Ego*, the spiritual in man, and the *Non-Ego*, the universe, everything external to the spiritual. The pure *Ego* can never become conscious of itself except empirically; because it cannot get outside of itself, which would be necessary in order to understand and comprehend itself. Even man's body is outside of the *Ego* and a part of the *Non-Ego*. In order to show Man's vocation Fichte starts with the principle, "that as surely as man is a rational being, he is the end of his own existence;—i. e., he does not exist to the end that something else may be, but absolutely for his own sake." *Man is because he is*, and this absolute character of existence for his own sake

is his vocation when considered solely as a rational being. This principle of absolute vocation becomes modified when Man becomes conscious of something outside of himself, the *Non-Ego*. He becomes conscious of this through his senses. The principle then becomes: *Whatever Man is, that he should be, solely because he is.*

The *pure Ego* is definable only negatively as the opposite of the *Non-Ego*, which is *multiplicity*, therefore the *Ego* is absolute *unity*, always the same and identical with itself. With this idea of the *Ego* the principle then becomes, "*Man should always be at one with himself;—he should never contradict his own being.*" This is true of the *pure Ego*, but is not true of the *Ego* as determined empirically, which may and does contradict itself. Man should not therefore be a determination of the *Non-Ego*. The principle may then be stated, "*So act that thou mayest look upon the dictate of thy will as an eternal law to thyself.*" From the principle in its several statements we see the absolute vocation of every finite, rational being is absolute unity, constant identity and perfect harmony with himself. This harmony is not attained by the Will alone which is perfectly free only within the compass of objects to which it can be applied when they become known to man; but is assisted by a skill, gained by practice, which we call Culture. The harmony of our Will with the idea of an External Will is *moral goodness*; the harmony of external things with our Will (rational will), happiness. To subject all irrational nature to himself, to rule over it without restraint and according to his own laws, is the ultimate end of man, which is perfectly unattainable, but should be unceasingly approximated.

VOCATION OF MAN IN SOCIETY.

The idea of Society is not possible without the supposition that rational beings exist around us and some means of distinguishing the rational from the irrational beings which do not belong to society. Experience teaches us that the *conception* of reasonable beings around us is a part of our empirical consciousness; also that there are phenomena which appear to be the results of rational beings, but it cannot show that these causes exist as reasonable beings, because being is no object of experience. Since man's impulse is towards perfect harmony with himself, to be constant, it must also be towards the harmony of all external things with his necessary ideas of them; i. e., all the ideas which exist in the Ego must have representatives in the Non-Ego.

Because of his reason, man feels one of his wants to be that there should be around him reasonable beings like himself. Man finds by observation that characteristic difference between *necessary* and *reasonable* agreement is that Nature proceeds with *necessary laws* and Reason with *freedom*; hence if there is evidence of *procedure with freedom* in the accomplishment of a design, it is evidence of a reasonable being. We are conscious of freedom only negatively in that we are conscious of no other cause for the particular determination of our empirical Ego. Through this conscious determination of freedom in ourselves we interpret the causes of observable phenomena outside ourselves to be likewise reasonable and free. From this arises, according to Kent, *a reciprocal activity according to ideas,—a community pervaded by design*, which Fichte calls Society. According to this definition of Society, Man, from his

very nature, possesses a Social Impulse which makes it compulsory for him to live in Society. Political Society, which we call the State, is not a part of the absolute purpose of human life; but, like all human institutions, tends towards its own destruction, since the ultimate aim of government is to make all government useless. Fichte claims, *a priori*, that, in the fore-ordered course of events, such a period exists when Reason will be the only judge and through that all men will be open to the conviction of their error, and, being convinced, will make amends.

Since man is ideal, because of the unattainability of the conception of his destiny, he has an ideal of what men should be, and when he finds one below his ideal strives to bring him up to this ideal; thus in Society arises the idea of the *perfection of the race*. This must be brought about by having not too few points of contact between the cultured and the uncultured. In his social capacity, man must be further refined by being brought under the strict rule of the moral law. Referring to the definition of Society as reciprocal activity, we see that part of man's vocation in Society is mutual influence, mutual giving and receiving, suffering and doing. Society demands of men co-ordination rather than subordination. This would also mean co-operation. Man should cultivate an ability *to give* and an openness *to receive*.

ON THE DISTINCTION OF CLASSES IN SOCIETY.

In which the following question is discussed: Whence arises the difference of classes in society?—or, What is the source of the inequality existing among men? The inequalities here referred to are moral rather than physical and are the result of man and not nature. The

answer to these questions is grounded in principles of pure and practical Reason. The laws of practical Reason do not terminate in a mere act of judgment, but proceed outside of us and announce themselves to our consciousness as impulses which can only be awakened by experience. Since the Non-Ego is manifold and no two parts of which are exactly alike, it acts everywhere in a different manner upon the Ego, thus producing differences in capacities over which the Ego has no control. By means of the *communicative impulse* and *receptive impulse*, the culture of the individual becomes the culture of the race. By reason of the inequalities bestowed upon the individual, Nature strengthens the body politic and makes possible thereby a richer fund of culture as the common possession of society. Our position or *class in society* is determined when we choose of our own free will to devote all the gifts of Nature to the exclusive development of *one or more particular capacities*. We have no right to compel a man to enter any *class* of society or exclude him from another because we do not know his capacities. We select one particular talent for more extended cultivation,—*only that we may thereby be enabled to render back to society that which it has done for us.*

THE VOCATION OF THE SCHOLAR.

Although Fichte wishes to prove that the vocation of a Scholar is most honorable and lofty and distinguished above that of any other class of society, he first considers the subject indifferently. He says that every station of life is necessary and deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, honors the man, and that we deserve esteem in so far as we

approach nearest to the perfect performance of the duties assigned to us.

Since the aim of the Scholar is the highest of all, he should therefore be the most modest of men, because he is continually falling far short of his high ideal. A provision for the harmonious development of all of man's faculties presupposes an acquaintance with them, all which is impossible except by first developing the faculty of knowing which development requires all the time and energy of a man. To satisfy this want of mankind there should be set aside a particular class. To the *Knowledge of wants* must be added a *Knowledge of the means of satisfying those wants*. The first depends upon pure Reason and is *philosophical*, and the second partly on Experience and is therefore *philosophico-historical*. These three branches of Knowledge combined constitute Learning, and one who devotes his life to its acquisition is called a Scholar. The comprehension of all of human learning in its three branches would be impossible for any one man, but he should cultivate his portion according to the three views,—*philosophically, philosophico-historically, and historically.*

In the acquisition and distribution of this Knowledge we come to the true vocation of the Scholar, which is *the most widely extended survey of the actual advancement of the human race in general, and the steadfast promotion of that advancement.* The Scholar must also strive to advance Knowledge. Upon the advancement of the Scholar depend the progress of all departments of human culture. The Scholar must cultivate in the highest degree receptivity and readiness to impart Knowledge. He must be conversant with what men in his department have done before him. The Knowl-

edge that the Scholar has gained he must apply to the uses of society. He must become the *Teacher* of the human race. This teaching of men their wants, both general and particular, and how to supply them, must be done slowly and steadily, and it is his duty to guide them. Since the Scholar, as well as society, is free, he cannot approach it except by moral means, and must not coerce men to his opinions, but appeal to their reason. If it is the duty of the Scholar to elevate society, it is absolutely necessary that he be a good man; for he teaches more by example than by words. Christ's words to His disciples applies particularly to the Scholar: "Ye are the salt of the earth; if the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted." Let us all who are Scholars and teachers say with Fichte, "To this I am called, to bear witness to the Truth; my life, my fortunes are of little moment,—the results of my life are of infinite moment. I am a Priest of Truth; I am in her pay; I have bound myself to do all things, to venture all things, to suffer all things for her."

John B. Brunson.

My Prayers.

I like to get into my bed
 Before my evening prayers are said,
 And 'mid the coverings soft and deep
 Just gently pray myself to sleep.
 But I fear it's a wicked thing to do,
 For I fall asleep before I'm through.

—Nellie Sargent.

The Spectator comes out boldly for Reform Spelling. Good! What have our other colleges to say about it?

College Songs.

(Tune—"Here's a Health to King Charles".)

One song seems to thrill
 Each low-lying hill,
 And the Hudson's vast murmur
 An instant is still,
 Till it catches the strain,
 Bears it onward again,
 From the hills to the sea,
 From the hills to the sea,
 And the song is of thee,
 Alma Mater, of thee.

The glad strain of song
 Which the stream bears along
 Is the echoing note
 Of the voice of a throng,
 Of alumnae, who love thee.

And ever uphold,
 With the students' firm aid,
 The purple and gold,
 With the students' firm aid,
 The purple and gold.

May each regal fold
 Of the purple and gold
 Encircle a heart,
 Guarding it as of old.
 By deed and by song,
 Bear the prestige along,
 Which ever belong,
 Which ever belong,
 Alma Mater, to thee,
 Alma Mater, to thee.

—Louise Ward Clement.

Freshman — "I wonder if the professor meant anything by giving me this ticket to a lecture on fools?"

Senior — "Why?"

Freshman — "Because it reads 'Admit One.'"

EDITORIAL.

REMOTE as our age is from romance and poetry, there is still a chord in our natures which vibrates at their touch. The Homeric age makes a peculiar appeal to us, looming indistinctly yet magnificently out of the dim past. It is therefore a rare pleasure which awaits us in the lectures by Dr. Richardson, to be given on March 16, 23, and April 6, in the primary chapel. The first is to be on the Homeric age, the second on the Iliad, and the last on the Odyssey.

MR. GEORGE HARVEY deserves a literary tar-and-feathering for his recent remarks about the American girl. "We find little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance, in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. * * * Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant, and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations. To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be *chic*, is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributable largely to his own dullness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance or even measurable information, that appeals to his jaded mentality."

The most charitable view to take of the writer is that his acquaintance among American girls is limited to a narrow circle. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive where he has found enough girls of the kind he describes to be able to generalize.

He certainly has not taken into account the American college girl. Some young woman should volunteer to educate him by a personally conducted tour of the girls' colleges. Henry James and William Dean Howells might join the class with profit. They might see and hear some things to surprise even them. We wonder if Mr. Harvey would find an inter-class basket-ball game an "intolerable bore," if he would call the contributors to the college monthlies and annals, "ignorant," if he would find the undergraduate actresses of Shakespearean drama, "chiefly concerned with matrimonial aspirations." Let him match his wit against that of the average college girl, and tremble. Pertness and ignorance are as far from the actual in her, as they are from the ideal girl in Mr. Harvey's mind.

THE spirit that animates a nation is what makes it magnetic. It was the spirit of Gideon's three hundred that conquered the host of Midian, and that of Leonidas' four hundred that saved Greece. Had each soldier fought with merely his own life and honor in view, the outcome would have been disastrous.

The situation is no different in a college. To enjoy its benefits implies weighty obligations to be assumed by the student. It implies unfailing sympathy, firm support and burning enthusiasm for the college now and hereafter. It demands smiles for the joys of the college and tears for its grief. More specifically, it means loyal support of the college organizations, energy thrown into class as

well as personal affairs, praise for what the college has done, and for its noble ideals.

It is such spirit that makes a college great. Five thousand people working for their individual ends do not give an institution the prestige that five hundred do, if their main aim is the glory of the college.

THE recent invasion of the Capitol illustrates aptly the fact that education is coming rapidly into the hands of women. Already the best paid women teachers employed in the country, the New York city teachers, demand more. They are asserting their rights in the domain of education with the rapidity of the child who, given an inch, took an 'ell.

And this is not altogether wrong. To teach successfully demands a thorough preparation, with a constant freshening of powers and knowledge. It demands a constant watchfulness, an energy and enthusiasm and alertness which should be well paid for. And it demands what all the revenues of New York State could not repay,—sympathy and tact and devotion and high ideals.

This from the Hendrix College Mirror for February:

Smile (Jane Thompson),
Smile a smile;
While you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles
And miles
Of smiles,
And life's worth while
If you but smile.

News

Eta Phi.

On the evening of February fifteenth Eta Phi entertained Miss Eleanor V. T. Harris, State student secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. After a pleasant social gathering, Miss Harris spoke very earnestly to the Society of the opportunities for Christian work.

The Sorority has been honored by the election of Miss Clement as assistant editor-in-chief of The Echo.

Miss Florence Palmer was called out of the city for a few days by the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. Louis K. Salmon, of Schodack.

Our president, Miss Clement, entertained the Sorority at a delightful valentine party on the evening of the fourteenth of February at her home on Hamilton street.

At the regular business meeting held March first, the following officers, who were unable to be present at the regular installation, were installed: Miss Bessie Schaupp, treasurer; Miss Josephine Webster, editor.

On February twenty-seventh Eta Phi gave an informal entertainment to a few friends at the Sorority rooms.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Cynthia Barnes, 1901, who died at her home in Troy, March eleventh. The following resolutions were adopted by the Society:

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our Sorority a trusted friend and beloved sister, Cynthia Barnes, bowing in accordance with His divine will, be it

Resolved, That we, members of the Eta Phi, extend our sincere sympathy to her bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions appear in The Echo.

IRENE JONES,
ELSIE SCHULZE,
LOUISE BONNEY,
Committee.

Kappa Delta.

A regular meeting of Kappa Delta was held at the house February fourteenth.

On the evening of February twenty-sixth Kappa Delta and a few of its friends were very delightfully entertained at the Sorority house by Miss Mildred Ham. Some of the girls showed exceptional ability in capturing hearts.

A regular meeting was held at the house March seventh.

Miss Mary Denbow is now living at the Sorority house.

The following went to their homes over Washington's birthday: Cornelia Lansing, Alice Counsell, Katherine Hickok and Mildred Ham.

Miss Viletta Reed visited her sister, Miss Ada, on Washington's birthday.

Miss Ethel Anderson has recently visited Miss Lena Yelverton at her home in Poughkeepsie.

Mr. M. J. Hickock spent Lincoln's birthday with his daughter.

Miss Antoinette Wilson, who is now teaching in the High School at Coxsackie, visited us over Sunday, March tenth.

A special meeting was held Monday, February eighteenth.

Miss Gertrude Ingalls Gifford spent Sunday, the third, visiting friends at Delmar.

Miss Jane Shaw, of Rhinebeck, spent Washington's birthday at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Payne, of Shelter Island, have recently visited their daughter Fannie.

Miss Sonia Ladoff entertained the members of the Kappa Delta house at a midnight spread on her birthday, Fun?!!

Watch out for the Kappa Delta jumpers!!!!

Phi Delta.

The members of the Phi Delta fraternity held a meeting for the election of officers at the primary building on Friday evening, March eighth. The following officers were chosen: Floyd H. Case, '10, President; James P. Haupin, '10, Vice-President; William H. Randall, '07, Secretary and Treasurer.

It was voted that the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer constitute the Executive and Program Committee.

The new officers are enthusiastic workers, and it is confidently expected that the fraternity will enjoy even greater prosperity in the future than it has experienced in the past.

Delta Omega.

On February ninth the society had the pleasure of entertaining at their rooms Miss Harris, the Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

The society feels honored by having had Dr. Richardson with them on the afternoon of February thirteenth. Dr. Richardson's talk to the members was one which will long be remembered and by which every one present was benefited.

A special meeting was held on February fifteenth and the regular meeting on February twenty-sixth.

Misses Alice Merrill, Grace Kelsey and Minnie Schultz spent Washington's birthday at their homes.

Miss Bertha Jordan has completed her course and returned to her home in Rensselaer.

Miss Esther Tomkins is now substituting in the Boys' Academy.

The Sorority was presented last week with a sectional bookcase, a set of encyclopedias and miscellaneous books by Mrs. W. V. V. Marsh and daughters.

On Friday, March first, Miss Elizabeth Shaver was initiated into the Sorority.

Y. W. C. A.

The installation of officers for the new year took place Wednesday afternoon, February twentieth, at the regular devotional meeting. Miss Lillian Brown took charge of the devotional meeting, after which the installation took place.

February twenty-eighth the new president, Miss Angeline Finney, led the devotional meeting. The topic was a very helpful one, regarding the strengthening of character. We welcome Miss Finney to the presidency and hope that during this year the association may increase in power for good among the girls of the college, for its aim is to uplift.

The leader for March sixth was Miss Juliet Murdock, and the topic "Don't Mind the Hills." All who attended the meeting found it to be most helpful. The hills and mountains which rise before us in our college life, as well as life outside of college, were talked of, and we were reminded of the Guide who is always

waiting to guide us over the steep places if we will go to Him.

Saturday afternoon, March ninth, the Y. W. C. A. gave a social in the primary chapel from four to six o'clock. Light refreshments were served by girls in Japanese and Chinese costumes. Some Chinese curios were examined, and Miss Brown told why the social was given. She said that instead of the regular devotional meeting on Wednesday afternoons, for a few weeks the topic to be taken up was that of immigration, and we would then make a study of this great problem which confronts our nation. As teachers this topic will be one of utmost interest, and we sincerely hope that many who have not been regular attendants of our meetings will attend them now. Whether you are a member of the association or not, remember that you are always welcome.

The Junior Class.

The members of the junior class are showing their colors by wearing red and white.

Our class is well represented on The Echo Board, and much of the material for The Echo is furnished by juniors. The junior class is to be congratulated upon the support which it is giving The Echo. The Echo is to be congratulated upon such support.

Many new members have been added to our class since the middle of the year. We are glad to welcome these new members, and now, since our ranks are strong in numbers, we shall look for more enthusiasm and life in class activities.

The juniors held a special meeting on Friday afternoon, March first. The meeting was interesting to all who enjoy

heated and animated discussions, but very little real business was transacted. The meeting was adjourned to Thursday afternoon, March seventh.

The junior meeting held on Thursday afternoon, March seventh, was well attended, and a lively interest was apparent throughout the meeting. Plans for strengthening the condition of the class treasury were formulated, the advisability of holding class meetings at fixed times was discussed, and committees to look after various class interests were chosen.

Class of '10.

At the regular meeting of the Freshmen Class, held March first, Miss Florence Brown was elected vice-president to succeed Miss Mabel Wood, who has left college.

The Freshman reception was also discussed and decided upon. The committees have been appointed, and from the work that they are doing a good time for all can be safely predicted.

The Freshmen have at last received their long-looked-for reports and seem to be very much pleased with them, although there are heard a few faint echoes of the cry of some weeks ago, "Do you suppose we can get a supplementary?"

The class extends its heartiest congratulations to its members who have been elected to office in the various college societies.

One of the members of the class that wears the green seems to be upon the point of making a great zoological discovery. It is hoped that he will look into the subject of cows' eggs and report his conclusions to the world.

The Seniors seem to be very anxious to force the Freshmen to wear their class colors and so show their loyalty to the class; they even went so far as to furnish ribbons. The number of yellow and white ribbons around Trinity are not attracting any particular attention.

Exchanges

The Colgate Madisonensis seems to lack much in the arrangement of its material. The paper is largely given to athletics, and these articles are all mixed up with reports of lectures and fraternity notes. We note the appearance of a Literary Department, and though it is given but *four* columns, it is a sign of improvement. We feel that old Colgate should be better represented in its official organ. You fellows have literary merit; let's have some of it. We are pleased to learn of the appearance of an historical booklet of the College and Seminary. We quote from an article on The Race question: "Place around him (the negro) the beneficent influences of Christianity and Education; for without these no race has evolved the highest types of civilization. *Avoid the ill-advised liberal education of the last quarter century; rather give the negro the technical training to which his nature is adapted.* Banish his idea of equality; it conduces only to indolence. Teach him that education increases his power to work, but in no wise removes the necessity of labor. Teach him that religion means continued morality, not spasmodic emotion. * * * Then and not till then will the black race take its place among the races of the earth." These are the words of a scholar. The article is ably written, is impartial, and is an example of the kind of literary articles we would like to see more frequently in college papers.

We quite like the unique idea of the Normal Magazine (Potsdam, N. Y.). They are devoting several issues to letters from alumni. The February number contains letters from the graduates

in and around Chicago. We wish more of our own Alumni would send articles for The Echo. We would be glad to publish them. Let us all keep up our enthusiasm for our Alma Mater. The S. N. C. has no mean history. We need more of a fraternal spirit among our alumni. One way to keep in touch with each other is through this correspondence. Who will write us this month?

The Cardinal (Plattsburgh) for February contains an article on "The Normal School — Its Mission and Its Handicap," which is worth while. The magazine may be found in the library. Every one connected with the Normal College should read it. It gives a sketch of the growth of the utilitarian idea, of the opposition of the governors, legislatures, and colleges to normals in the past, of the growing appreciation of normal trained teachers, and an outlook of the future of the normal schools. The rest of this number is far below the tone of

the first article. Wouldn't it be a good plan if your articles were signed?

The exchanges in the Forum for January are characteristic of those in some of the other papers we receive — trite and stereotyped. Take the trouble, brother, to read at least one or two of the articles in your exchanges and give us your opinions. The Echo is always glad to receive criticisms, favorable or adverse. We are striving to improve every issue; criticisms help us. They help others as well. So give us your criticisms.

We congratulate Hendrix College on its recent endowment and its increased facilities. We also congratulate the college on its paper, The Mirror. It is well written, ably edited, and, we believe, ranks among the best. There is purity of style, diction and rhetoric. The articles show a distinct literary merit. *This paper stands for something.*

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