

THE ALUMNÆ NEWS,

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ASSOCIATE ALUMNÆ OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE,
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EDITOR, DR. ELIZABETH JARRETT.

Editorial Staff : { MISS JENNY B. MERRILL, Pd. D., Child Study Department.
MISS MAY PALMER, Alumnæ House Work.
MISS HENRIETTE BRANDES, Alumnæ Reunions.

BUSINESS MANAGER, MISS M. A. KING.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER, MISS M. E. S. DAVIDSON.
TREASURER, MRS. J. SCHEEL.

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Send all subscriptions to Mrs. J. SCHEEL, 121 East 83d Street.
Send all business communications to Miss M. A. KING, 311 West 114th Street.
Send all contributions and other correspondence to
Dr. ELIZABETH JARRETT, 159 West 48th Street.

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EDITORIALS.

We would like to call the attention of the readers of the "News" to the articles on Club Work, which are being contributed monthly by Mrs. Northrop. The next general meeting of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs will be held in Staten Island, and a large representation from New York will be looked for, and justly.

It is hoped that by close perusal of these brief notes on the work of individual sister organizations, our Alumnæ may come to take a deeper interest in the general work of clubs as a whole, and especially in the work which the Federation is trying to accomplish in binding together and unifying club women's work all over the State.

We hear from Mrs. Goodale and others that the little good we have been able to accomplish as an Alumnæ Association has, through the reports of the same in the "News," and at the conventions, been the source of inspiration to other clubs. We need a similar inspiration ourselves. Far more has been done for teachers in the way of social and club life in other cities than in our own; we are still behind in our representation on school boards; and on many other points we have much to learn.

Inasmuch as we are the only member of the Federation publishing a monthly, so far as we know, we can obtain a broad idea of the work done by the other clubs only by attendance at the general meetings, and by a study of these reports.

The history of the inception and growth of the Professional

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter.

The special work brought forward was the division of the committee into eight sub-committees, and the collection of Alumnæ dues by School Representatives. The results of this work are already evident in the ten new representatives added to the Committee since the meeting, and in the very large amount of dues turned into the treasury of the Associate Alumnæ at a much earlier date than usual and through the personal efforts of the Representatives.

Re-union of Academic Class of '93.

This year we were reunited in the West Library on the afternoon of November the eleventh. The occasion was informal. We sat about or perched at ease, and our talkers talked and our listeners listened just as they might have done in the old times during a five-minute's intermission. The happy outer light streamed in through the big bow-window and the happy inner light, born of College days, was bright and strong.

We wished for the absent members. Will they come next year?

A meeting like this is a great good. In the stress of practical life we women of affairs may lose a lot of the gentleness, tenderness, loyalty, of our earlier enthusiasm. There comes a time in the interval between school-days and true wisdom, when a sort of self-satisfaction and a corresponding coldness or hardness or superficiality creeps in. Year by year we master our work, make our way. We seem to do this unaided. We forget the debt of loyalty. We learn more comprehensive phrases and look back with superiority upon the well-worn sayings of the Alma Mater. Now, as we cannot do thoroughly wise deeds until we are thoroughly wise, as we can-

not inspire loyalty until we are loyal, let us come back year by year for a breath of the invigorating under-graduate atmosphere which made us so keenly alive in the old days.

Our informal reunion was a success. We were happy in the presence of our dear guest, Miss Leal. To Miss Phillips and Miss Barmore of the Re-union Committee we feel very grateful.

With pleasure we discussed the action of the Class of 1900 in returning to the original classical pin. The chairman appointed Miss Peirce to write a letter which would express our gratitude to the three sections.

The Re-union Committee chosen for next year consists of:

Miss Rosa Davidson, (*Chairman*), 46 East 65th Street; Mrs. Levy, 44 East 67th Street; Miss Florence Alcocke, 738 East 134th Street.

Will the members of the Academic Class of '93 kindly send changes in name or address to,

JEANNETTE S. SEWELL,
14 West 113th Street,
New York City

Dinner of the Thomas Hunter Association

The dinner of the Thomas Hunter Association was indeed a great success. Every effort had been used to make the "Jubilee" a fitting celebration. The affair was held at Sherry's on the evening of November 16th. Besides the "boys of No. 35" there was a large number of graduates of the Normal College, members of the Executive Committee, Superintendents and Commissioners of the Board of Education. Mr. Charles Putzel, President of the Association, acted as toast-master. Miss

L. Marie Pierce responded to the toast for the Alumnæ, and Professor Helen Gray Cone read an original poem commemorative of the occasion. Others who spoke at the request of Mr. Putzel were: Judge James Fitzgerald, Rev. Charles P. Fagnani, D.D., Charles Putzel, Edward D. Fisher, and Superintendent James Godwin. President Hunter, in his speech of thanks acknowledged most feelingly the kindness and affection shown him, while he

modestly disclaimed his right to so much distinction and honor. The dinner souvenir had a picture of Dr. Hunter for a frontispiece. It also contained photographs of "Thirteenth Street School and the Normal College."

The NEWS gives its word of congratulation to President Hunter, and sends him earnest wishes for a long and happy continuance of his noble career.

We close this account with the poem of Professor Cone:

The Golden Hopes of 'Forty-nine.

'Twas half a hundred years ago
A wondrous whisper thrilled the bold:
Past purple peaks impearled with snow
Across the sea of prairie rolled
The magic murmur, "Gold!"

Then love of danger, hope of gain,
Set high hearts beating "Westward ho!"
And many a winding wagon-train—
For fiery Youth too weary-slow—
Crept o'er the endless plain.

A golden dream did men inspire;
And still, at eve, the golden bars
Of sunset fed their souls' desire;
And Fancy coined the very stars
Above their midnight fire.

Oh, glittering dream that lured and led!
Oh, fairy gold that man deceives!
Those golden hopes long since are shed
And scattered like the yellow leaves
Of fifty autumns fled.

Not so *his* dream,—our well-loved guest,
Who, half a hundred years ago,
In other wise his ardent quest
Began; nor might the sequel know,
But, dauntless, hoped the best.

Not less adventurous he, nor brave,
Than those that pick and rifle bore;
His youth, his fire, his force he gave
To bring to light the priceless ore
Of Wisdom's secret cave.

A good that breeds a thousand-fold
THE TEACHER spends his life to share.
With weight of perishable gold
Let none his nobler gains compare,
Which no poor scale may hold.

He chose to delve the surer mine.
For "sable curls all silvered white"
This hour the wreath of praise we twine;
His golden dreams of 'Forty-nine
Are golden deeds to-night!

With every memory that endears
We crown his cup, who did not roam
To seek the gold that disappears;
We pledge his golden harvest-Home
Of Half-a-Hundred Years!

—Helen Gray Cone.