

The Normal Review

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Biographical Sketch.

Dr. John Daniel Meese was born in Elk Lick township, Somerset County, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1854, at what is known as Engle's Mill, about a mile and a half east of Salisbury on Piney Run. He was of Revolutionary descent, a fore father, Baltzer Meese, having fought through the Long Island Campaign. His father, Daniel Meese, a veteran of the Civil War, was a miller by trade, and known over the surrounding countryside for his integrity and for a vein of humor that enlivened the dull country life of his friends. His mother, Susan Engle, was a daughter of John Engle, one of the sturdy Pennsylvania pioneers. She married at eighteen, and lived a peaceful, uneventful life. Of this couple John D. was the only son. A girl, Sarah Meese, now Mrs. Milton Boucher, of Meyersdale, Pa., was born a few years after the boy, 1858.

The young boy was handicapped in childhood, and indeed through his entire life, by a delicate physique. He struggled manfully, however, from his earliest years, against these odds, and although his only education was received during a few months' yearly attendance at country school, his precocity and perseverance advanced him so far above the others of his age that at the age of seventeen he was well equipped to begin his first term of teaching, and did begin that career in a little red school house at West Salisbury, now torn down. That first term was taught in the winter of 1871-1872. He next taught the Glotfelty school in that vicinity, and with his hard earned dollars began laying the foundation of the broad and thorough education that was his in later life. He alternated his teaching with attendance at Edinboro Normal, and

later Washington & Jefferson College, Franklin & Marshall, and Mt. Union. In 1874 his father died, and from that time on it devolved upon him to support his mother and sister, as well as to furnish the means of completing his education. However, by teaching at country normals during vacation, and occasionally teaching a whole school year, he managed to round out a thorough college course at the above named schools and was finally graduated from Mt. Union in 1880, taking the degree of Master of Philosophy (M. Ph.) Later he took degree of Master of Arts from Franklin & Marshall College. Still later the degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon him by Heidelberg University of Ohio (Litt. D.)

He distinguished himself in his college life by his brilliancy and his application to work. Mathematics and Astronomy he loved above all other studies. He enjoyed heartily the work of the literary societies of the schools, and took an active part in such exercises. He was, during all his life of an unusually devout nature, and at college, philosophical and theological discourses gave him keen pleasure, and many such addresses and sermons are noted and commented on in the old diaries which he kept during those years. He was an indefatigable writer, both of letters and of articles in general. His diaries are filled with records of letters received and sent, all jotted down with the most regular precision.

Graduated from Mt. Union, he returned to Meyersdale and taught in the public schools there for two years, when he went to Great Bend, Pa. Here he continued his work until forced to desist by a complete breakdown in health. His

condition was such that all work had to be suspended, and for a year he rested regaining his strength.

In 1879 Mr. Meese married Miss Lillian M. Dom, herself a successful teacher. A son, Hugh P., now assistant secretary for the Edgar Thompson Steel Company, was born in 1885; and a daughter, Helen S., in 1889. Miss Meese is a teacher, having graduated from the Normal in 1906 and having continued her studies later at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

At the expiration of that time, of rest or in 1884, he returned to Meyersdale. There was no especial interest in education in Meyersdale, any more than there is in any country town. The children of Meyersdale were not being sent in great numbers to college, and the town felt not the slightest need of a preparatory school for college. But the young teacher created that need and desire. He broke away from the Public Schools and established a Preparatory School for entrance into college. Starting with only seventeen pupils, the little school grew and grew, and finally became too large to be handled by one man or two, and several assistants were engaged, and the school building enlarged. The school which started with such a discouraging outlook, became a most emphatic success—all the result of the perseverance and indomitable will of the man who founded it.

While at Meyersdale he allied himself with the Masonic Order, joining the Blue Lodge, and later also entered the Uniontown Lodge. He continued his work through the degrees of the beautiful consistory branch and became finally a 32 degree Mason and a member of the Masonic Consistory at Pittsburgh.

The success of the principal of the school at Meyersdale attracted the attention of the State Normal at California, whither he was called in 1892. After a preliminary visit to get a bird's eye view of the school

plant and the nature of the work, he accepted the call and began work at the opening of the spring term of the same year, teaching English grammar and arithmetic. The following year, 1893, Dr. Edwin Watts Chubb resigned his position at the head of the English department and Dr. Meese was chosen to fill the vacant chair, in which position he remained until his death. At the same time he assumed the editorship of the *NORMAL REVIEW*, made vacant also by Dr. Chubb's resignation. As head of the English department he taught English grammar, English literature, rhetoric, and general history.

In 1897 Dr. Meese was chosen treasurer for the Board of Trustees, which office also he filled until the day he laid aside all life's duties. During his years of service in the Normal Dr. Meese was frequently asked to give instruction in the county institutes, and he represented the Normal from time to time in Bedford, Greene, Fayette, Westmoreland, Somerset, Washington and other counties.

In 1901, March 8, Dr. and Mrs. Meese gave up their home in town and moved into the Normal School dormitories to become a part of the larger school family. Only those who have worked and lived with them through the years since, can realize tully what an important factor they have been in the school family life. In 1907 and 1908, after the close of the Normal, Dr. Meese taught during the summer term in the Washington and Jefferson Academy.

In June of the same year he was elected vice-principal of the Normal School, and at the death of the Principal, Dr. Noss, in 1909, he was chosen Acting-principal March 1st, for the remainder of the year.

Dr. Meese was the author of a number of educational articles and monographs; such as "Essentials in English," "Don't

Say," Series of articles for the "Educational Independent," "Facts in Literature," "Exercises in English," and others.

While he was breathing out his life at the Columbia Hospital, his interest and anxiety for the welfare of those about him continued until the very last. Especially was he worried and annoyed if any sign was given that those about him were troubled over anything, either spiritual or material. At such times he would whisper, "Don't worry; everything's all right, all right." In his last hours he would occasionally whisper those words, "All right, all right." And when a merciful Providence ended his sufferings on that night of November 13th, we suffered a loss that is irreparable, but we feel in the words of Dr Meese himself, "Everything is all right."

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The Memorial Service for Dr. John D. Meese, late Vice-principal and head of the English Department of the Southwestern State Normal School, was held in the Chapel, Sunday afternoon, November 20, at half after three. On the platform, besides the choir and speakers sat the faculty and trustees, late colleagues and friends of him whose memory they were assembled to honor.

Dr. Davis offered a few remarks after which the following order of service was observed:

- Scripture Reading.....Dr. Davis
- Prayer.....Rev. J. W. Harvey
- Music—"Largo".....Mrs. Thatcher
- Address.....Dr. Hertzog
- Hymn -- "Still, Still With Thee".....Choir
- Address.....Rev. J. W. Harvey
- Hymn -- "Lead, Kindly Light".....Choir
- Address.....Dr. Ehrenfeld
- Hymn -- "Crossing the Bar".....Choir
- Benediction

The attendance was large and representative. Besides the school, many of the near-by Alumni and friends from the town and church were present. For in his long

residence in California he had identified himself not merely with the interests of the school but with every good work of town and church. His qualities of good citizenship, good-fellowship, and Christian helpfulness were no less conspicuous than those of educator, leader, and inspirer of youth. This fact was clearly brought out in the addresses abstracts of which appear below.

ADDRESS BY PROF. HERTZOG.

Because of my long association with Dr. Meese I am to speak briefly on this memorial occasion of some things pertaining to his life and work.

Within the last two years this school has been rapidly making history. Prior to that time during a period of more than thirty years, so far as I can recall, no teacher in the employ of the school had passed away. But within the time first named two of our most distinguished teachers, Dr. Noss and Dr. Meese, Principal and Vice Principal, have closed their earthly cares.

Two years ago their prospects seemed good for many years of active service in the schools whose interest they had labored so earnestly and faithfully to advance.

From a human standpoint they would not have been selected to go before others of their co-workers. Dr. Ehrenfeld and myself would more likely have been selected. As for myself I had thought of these men as a help and stay to the school after my work had been completed.

There are weaknesses in man's physical make up that are not apparent or discernible, and so the unexpected happens.

As when some deadly insect concealed from mortal vision attacks the life of a plant or a tree, so disease comes and destroys the vital forces of man and he fades away and dies.

The friends of Dr. Meese, during the summer months, observed with some concern, that serious inroads were being made, upon his health but thought it might be only temporary and he would soon recover. Even when he was confined to his room for weeks in August, few, if any, thought of a fatal termination. And when he appeared in his place on this platform at the beginning of the Fall Term we felt assured

he would soon be in his usual health again. But in the providence of God, of him who rules in the affairs of men and nations this was not to be and he has fallen at the post of duty.

My associations with Dr. Meese in school work and in other relations have been of the most pleasant character and too, they led me to have a very high appreciation of him as a teacher and as a man, and as a Christian gentleman. He was not only gifted as a teacher but he was an indefatigable worker.

His reputation had reached us before he was called to the school. He had done excellent work at Meyersdale and still holds a high place in the esteem and veneration of his old students as attested by their reunion held in his honor last summer.

In such work as that, in the faithful performance of duty he fitted himself for the greater work he did in this Normal school. That splendid work he never could have done here but for the preparation of mind and heart already made.

Dr. Meese did not do just so much work for so much money, but he gave good gospel measure pressed down and running over.

He was conscientious. He tried to do right by every one; he was guided by Christian principle and motive. His judgment was good and in general could be relied on. He was a great teacher because he knew his subjects, planned his work, and had a message for his students. There was an honesty and steadfastness of purpose to do the right thing that impressed all with whom he came in contact.

He showed himself friendly and labored for the good of others. What an encomium when it can be truthfully said the common people met him gladly and were his friends. But recently a gentleman, a man of affairs, when we spoke of the death of Dr. Meese, said "I liked that man more than I can tell," and no wonder, for he was one of the most likable of men.

Dr. Meese was held in high regard by his fellow-workers, the members of the faculty, and by the student body, as well as by the entire community, and we have only begun the realization of the great loss that we have sustained.

Dr. Meese had continued to grow during all these years, and has done some of

the best work of his life in the recent past. What a loss is sustained by the school, by the state, when a man so fully equipped, so richly endowed, falls in the battle of life!

In a certain sense his work is ended. We shall not meet him in the class-room, in these halls of learning, in our meetings for literary work and social enjoyment, in our homes, in chapel and church, but the sweet influence of his work shall still go on, will be repeated in other lives.

We say he is dead, but I like the scripture expression better that "he is fallen asleep."

The poet McCreery has beautifully said:

There is no death; the stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death; but the angel forms
Walk o'er the earth with silent tread,
They bear our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

And ever near us though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe is life—there
are no dead.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul.

When about to yield his young life as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemantha asks if they shall not meet again, to which Ion replies: I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb.

But while I gaze upon thy face, I feel there is something in the love that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet, Clemantha. But ill shade of doubt is removed if we have faith in God and in the testimony of his word.

"We know" says the apostle, there was no shade of doubt. Looking calmly into the face of death, and upon this earth life with all its toils and cares and sad bereavements, he gives utterance to a thought that has cheered and comforted the hearts of millions, to whom it has come as a rich heritage.

"We know that if this earthly tabernacle," this body in which the spirit sojourns, if this body or building were dissolved, as

it will be when the spirit leaves it, we the immortal, the undying part, "have a building, or body incorruptible and immortal—eternal in the heavens and thus mortality is swallowed up of life."

This is the Christian's hope and the Christian's promise.

ADDRESS BY REV. J. W. HARVEY.

I desire to let my thoughts cluster for a little while around a clause in the third verse of the first Psalm.

"His leaf also shall not wither." How refreshing is this assurance to us who live in this crumbling earth of fading flowers, falling leaves and passing beauty. The leaves have been smitten with autumn's hoary frosts and the flush of death is upon their brow.

What various and varying thoughts come to us at this fall time! We shudder at the thought of age and decay and are compelled to say.

"The melancholy days have come.
The saddest of the year."

In the face of all this we love to think of the things that abide, "and his leaf also shall not wither;" the leaf of the righteous. "He is like a tree planted by the rivers of waters that bringeth forth fruit in his season." His faintest word shall be ever lasting; his little deeds of love shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Not simply shall his fruit be preserved, but his leaf also. He shall neither lose his beauty nor his fruitfulness. "And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper," whatsoever it produces shall come to maturity, is the real meaning of the passage.

Nature speaks in no uncertain tones, telling us that we carry with us into the next world all that has gone to make up our individuality in this world, Death only tears off the mask and reveals the true self. Such a thought should cause us to stop and think what our lives are, whether we are thinking good thoughts and doing right actions.

Dr. Meese gathered rich treasures into the store house of his mind and soul. He was a scholar of rare attainment, a gentleman of fine culture, a successful teacher, a loving husband, a kind father, a patriotic citizen. He has left great, manifold, and fruitful labors to perpetuate his memory and to console his multitude of friends, brethren, and associates who mourn his loss.

The uninterrupted success of his life was due to his industry, fidelity and faith. His indomitable energy, his ready adaptation to circumstance, his versatility of talent, breadth and variety of attainment, prudence and tact.

When I looked into his face a few hours before he died I thought of Jesus' words to Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite, in whom there is no guile." Any church might be proud of such a member, a school of such a teacher, children of such a father, a wife of such a husband and a community of such a citizen.

He has fought a good fight; his spirit has gone. He has emigrated to another world, where his servants shall serve him but, in a higher degree. The body is merely the scaffolding of the soul, until it has received the last finishing touch of the Master, when the scaffolding is taken down. As the light is ready for the eye, the air for the untried wing of the bird, the mother's love for the first cry of the infant in distress, so the souls of the redeemed have guardian angels to carry them to the bosom of the Father. God is very near to his children.

"Closer is He than breathing
Nearer than hands and feet."

The body of John Meese weakened and suffered and crumbled and fell a mass of ruins and paid the full debt of nature, but his spirit failed not, only took its leave of the tenement of clay for the mansion was completed which Jesus promised him as one of his followers. And on last Sabbath evening his spirit took its flight from a land of fading flowers and falling leaves, and passing beauty, and violent separations, and bitter tears to a heavenly land, where there is no seared leaf, nor tottering frame, no aching heart, nor dim eye.

John Meese's spirit has gone, but his life was an inspiration, and his memory shall continue to be a benediction. He was one of earth's toilers, who re-acted with every ounce of energy upon the world around him and thus left it better than he found it. He has taken his place with the righteous, whose "leaf shall not wither," and whose glory shall never pass.

Dr. Meese is not lost to his family and his friends, he is only separated temporarily. Our loved ones have gone before us and we are hastening to join them. What

blessed reunions we are hoping for in heaven!

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress
trees!
Who, hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth of flesh and sense unknown,
The life is ever Lord of death
And love can never lose its own."

ADDRESS BY DR. EHRENFELD.

It is most appropriate that in these memorial exercises of Dr. Meese the people of the community in general should take part as well as the students, for while he had a special interest in the students as one of their teachers and was deeply concerned for their welfare he loved the people of every class. And he did not confine his social intercourse with men to those who were all what they ought to be but did not hold aloof from meeting kindly and on equal human footing the "seedy individual" or the unpopular man or even the drunkard. He seemed to have caught the spirit of that scripture which tells us that Heaven sends its sunshine and rain equally upon the just and the unjust; which does not mean that God is indifferent to the qualities of men but that he deals equally with them all as members of the human family. Had Dr. Meese lived in the days of Jesus he would not have stood up and thanked God that he was not as other men are or as that Publican; he would have shaken hands with the Publican and asked after his health and his family.

He was probably not conscious of this disposition in himself; it was natural to his spirit and he acted it out in his life among men. But he loved his fellowmen, felt he belonged to the great multitude. He had a strong personal attachment to the earth and the world. He felt himself a part of it, not as adhering to it but with his life interwoven with its life.

The day before his death he was noticed making an effort to look out of the window of his room, opening his eyes wide to take in the outer things; he wanted to see the earth and the world once more before his departure. How in this afternoon's bright sun he would have enjoyed. "The good gigantic smile of the brown old earth."

The phrase of Shakespeare's of finding "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything" had fastened itself on his mind. Only a few days before his going away for his health he quoted those words to me dwelling on the "good in everything".

He was much given, as his students will recollect, to quoting passages that had entered deeply into his mind, as this from Milton, "What in me is dark illumine, what is low raise and support", and other passages.

While he lay ill and felt his weakness he remarked that if he had not, in the days of his health, thought out his convictions on the subject of religion he could not have held his mind to the continuous process of reasoning on the subject after he had become so ill. But he had entered so thoroughly into the doctrines of Christ, and they so dominated his deepest being, that he enjoyed unbroken composure and the peace that passeth understanding.

He was a man who felt that the subject of religion was not a matter that had its habitation in the bodily life, but in that interior where the invisible things of God present themselves and make their appeal to the tribunal where the things of the Spirit are spiritually discerned.

Dr. Meese enriched the school by his life and work in it and his influence will remain as an endowment of the school.

No new school can be a great school when it begins, no matter how much material endowment it may have. Its halls become classic, only when they become clustered with rich memories as its outward walls with mosses and creeping vines. It is the influence of the noble souls that have lived for a school and enriched it with their toil and sacrificed for it, that constitute its most precious endowment.

The life and work of Dr. Noss are an element in the endowment of this school such as only the lives and work of devoted men and women can give, and of this kind is that which Dr. Meese also has imparted. These are among the invisible things that enter permanently into the lives of students and help to shape

their destinies. Of this nothing can dispossess us.

The mortal remains of our Colleague and friend have been lovingly borne and committed to the earth in the region of his nativity; but his memory and influence abide with us in this school as a part of its precious heritage.

May the school never fail to have such men in its corps of teachers.

AN APPRECIATION

EDWIN WATTS CHUBB.

My recollections of John D. Meese run back to about nineteen years ago, when in the winter term of the State Normal School he came to California. He came without his family and for the first few months roomed in a cottage about a hundred or two yards down the street leading from the main entrance of the school grounds to the town. Memory plays us strange tricks. It is curious how some apparently trivial event becomes indelibly fixed while others of more importance vanish away. Of all the many pictures I have of Professor Meese, as I was accustomed to call him, the one that remains of that early period is that of a friendly and genial man seated before an open grate with a coal fire on a January evening, as he engages in conversation with Professor Welter and myself, who had dropped in, at the close of an evening walk, to become better acquainted with the new teacher.

When I left in the summer of 1893 to go abroad for a year's study, in a company composed of my wife and the Noss family, then consisting of Doctor and Mrs. Noss and Mary, my place as head of the English department was taken by Professor Meese, a position which he so acceptably filled until his teaching days were ended. From 1897 to 1900 we were again associated in teaching, and as our families lived side by side in friendly relationship I learned to know him both as a successful teacher and a happy family man.

Dr. Meese was a man who took his work

seriously; by this I do not mean to imply that he had no sense of humor, for anyone who know him well knew that he had an appreciation of the ludicrous, and he was very fond of a good story. I mean that he did not trifle with life, and he had little respect for the trifle. As teacher he believed in exacting the full measure of work from his students; he was devoted to his profession and refused to minify the sacred importance of his calling. He was loyal to his work, and loyal to his friends. Loyalty was a large element in his composition. He never forgot his old friends, and one of the interesting characteristics in his wholesome nature was his affection for the scenes and friends of his early life.

It is almost idle to write of his industry and perseverance. No one could be associated with him and not be helped by his example of faithful industry. The thousands of students who were helped by his instruction were also helped immensely by his example. Having once put his hand to the plough, it was not for him to turn back. As an illustration of his perseverance, note his many years of faithful and efficient editorship of the *NORMAL REVIEW*. Anyone who has ever edited a school paper knows that the amount of labor involved is out of all proportion to the result obtained. One year of editorship would suffice for the most of us; but year after year Dr. Meese ably and patiently looked after the numerous details.

Dr. Meese was a modest man and would have deprecated that extravagant laudation that is sometimes with good intention bestowed upon those that have gone beyond. He disliked display, nor did he place a false estimate upon his own abilities. He never posed as a great man, for he had the sense of proportion and knew that great men are very scarce. He was not eccentric; nor was he a visionary idealist

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Acting Editor.....H. JUSTIN COLBURN

We believe that every reader of the REVIEW will approve of our dedicating this entire issue to the memory of that single-hearted, good man, who, for seventeen years was its editor, and for eighteen years a teacher and officer in the school. Good men are rare; useful men, in the fullest significance of the term, are rarer. When one who was both has passed from our midst, simple justice demands that a life so lived shall have in full the last tribute we may pay it. A proper sense of self-respect would not permit us to pass such an event unrecognized and unremarked.

There is nothing perfunctory and little that is conventional in the words of appreciation on these pages. They are the collaboration of many loving hearts and hands, the harmonious eulogy of many voices who have sought in words to express an appreciation and assuage a sorrow for which words are inadequate. And we are certain that in none of our hearts rises the poignant regret that while he was yet with us we failed in appreciation and in the words of encouragement that now would be too late:

Spontaneously and gladly have friends from all sides borne witness to their love and esteem for him who so lately wrought at our sides.

A feature worthy of remark is the measure which characterizes all the tributes to the memory of Dr. Meese. There are no

extravagances or fulsome praise, but discriminating and intimate expressions of high appreciation of those qualities which Dr. Meese possessed in so marked a degree and which he so ungrudgingly recognized in others. This is as it should be, for he himself displayed pre-eminently this characteristic of measure, possessed as he was of an almost Hellenic symmetry of character, to which any extravagant effort after display was abhorrent. Indeed, such striving after effect is most unnecessary, for if his friends are able to do justice to his solid qualities of mind and heart, they need seek no higher encomium.

Apropos of the late display of Anti-American feeling in Mexico and Central America, the article in the *Technical World*, "Why Latin America Hates Us" is most timely. Likewise, now that the congressional campaign is over the "Campaigning at Public Expense" is suggestive, to say the least, "Building a Thousand Mile Boulevard" from St. Louis to Washington is of special interest to residents in this section.

AN APPRECIATION—CONTINUED

whose impracticability brings the name of teacher into disrepute among the sensible. He dignified the name of teacher. In a school for the training of teachers the best course is not the course in pedagogy, nor the course in psychology, but the life-course of the teacher. Dr. Meese lived a clean, wholesome, useful life. Such men as he are the salt of the earth. It is fine to know that the school for which he labored so willingly and effectively appreciated his services.

The Southwestern State Normal School is in the great Pittsburg district. This is a wonderful industrial center, were the smoke of countless factories and mills blackens the fair face of Nature and the refuse of dilapidated tenements pollutes the once beautiful Monongahela. It is a

busy region were the money-maker looms large in the public mind, and where the voice of the teacher is apt to be lost in the deafening roar of tumultuous industrial progress. However in the retrospect of a long life which is more likely to bring a more durable satisfaction, a look back upon days of toil, either in office or mill, in the making of tens of thousands of steel or upon days spent in touch with young lives in the making? Dr. Meese put his life-effort into living souls, not into dead steel and coal. "That county is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." The rich Monongahela valley has been enriched by the noble service of Dr. Noss and Dr. Meese, men who for many years collaborated for the young men and women of western Pennsylvania. They have fought the good fight. It remains for us, their friends, to bear aloft the torch, to carry divine fire until we, too, shall have finished the course and joined the choir invisible "Whose music is the gladness of the world."

The Funeral of Dr. Meese.

The funeral of Dr. Meese took place at Meyersdale, Somerset county, Pennsylvania, Tuesday, November 15, 1910. A party of his friends and co workers, consisting of Dr. Davis, Mrs. Noss, Miss Noss, Miss Thomas, Miss Shutterly and Miss Buckbee, of the Normal School Faculty, Miss Rigg and Mr. Boucher of the student body, Mr. G. M. Mitchell, President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Craven, Business Manager of the school, and the Rev. J. W. Harvey, Pastor of the Presbyterian church, went to Braddock, where they joined the family and friends, and with the earthly remains of Dr. Meese proceeded to Meyersdale.

At the station we were met by representatives of the Masonic Order, Knights of Pythias, and a large number of friends. A cortege was formed and proceeded at once to Amity Reformed church, where

many who did not go to the station had congregated to pay their last respects to a dear and honored friend. Many of those in attendance were former pupils of the deceased who mourned his death most sincerely.

The singing was done by a quartette composed of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Cook, Miss Lou Floto and W. H. Stotler, while Miss Emma Olinger presided at the organ.

The services, conducted by Dr. Truxal, Rev. Harvey of California, Pa., and Principal Davis of the Normal School, were beautiful and impressive. Dr. Truxal spoke very feelingly of the life and character of the man whose mortal remains were about to be committed to the grave. He referred especially to his earnest broad-minded Christianity and the influence he exerted for good both by precept and example.

Mr. Harvey paid a fitting and deserved tribute to the simplicity, the kindliness, the genuineness, and the strength of character of our departed friend. After the sermons Dr. Davis made a touching and eloquent prayer, bringing close to us the Fatherhood of God, and our utter and eternal dependence upon Him.

The pall-bearers, who had been chosen were: Cyrus W. Truxal, Prof. W. H. Kretchman, George W. Collins and W. S. Livengood, all of Meyersdale, the three last named being former pupils of his, (Mr. Livengood also being president of the Meese Reunion Association) and two representatives of the California State Normal School—Hon. Frank Craven, business manager of the institution, and G. M. Mitchell, chairman of the board of trustees. All of these gentlemen were present, but yielded the posts of acting pall-bearers to the Meyersdale Masonic Lodge which desired to perform the last sad rites in honor of their departed brother. The acting pall-bearers accordingly were: Hon. W. H. Floto, S. B. Philson, J. F. Naugle, Dr.

Bruce Lichty, John L. Barchus and Charles Fritz, while the gentlemen named by the deceased to act in that capacity, officiated as honorary pall-bearers.

In spite of the condition of the roads and the bitterly cold weather, a large concourse of mourners and sorrowing friends followed the hearse to the grave. At the cemetery the religious ceremonies were very brief, Dr. Truxal offering a short but fervent prayer, as the body was committed to the earth.

The Meyersdale Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons then took charge and performed the beautiful and solemn burial service of that order, which was followed by a similar ceremony conducted by the local lodge of Knights of Pythias of which Dr. Meese had been a charter member.

The many beautiful floral tributes which had been sent by lodges, classes of students and friends, were then heaped upon the grave as we slowly came away.

Of the many gems from literature, which Dr. Meese was fond of quoting, the one which persistently recurs to the writer as describing most completely the purposes and realizations which inspired his life is:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out grown shell by life's unresting
sea!"

ANNA BUCKBEE.

Dr. John Daniel Meese as Man and Teacher.

John Daniel Meese—it is hard to realize, especially for us who are at a distance, that this sturdy figure has disappeared from the halls of the Normal School; that his voice is silent, his hands still! But it is so. And yet it is only the person, the voice, the hands. The influence, the service of a great cause, the example, the truth borne witness to all these years remain as a blessing. And the

memory remains. Neither his colleagues nor the student body can forget his character and his life. They stand engraved as upon stone. To both he was approachable, and most easy of acquaintance. Like a genuine coin, his was a life that always rung true. In him there was a stern Teutonic integrity in business and moral matters that was refreshing in these days of flabby wills. All who knew Dr. Meese knew that his word was as good as his bond. He was so by moral instinct, while resolution was left for more serious business. And so it came about that he, like many other good teachers who have lived, taught as much by his character and his life as he did in the class room. And this is the best teaching. It is said of Lowell that he had a sort of horror of being valued merely as a poet: he would be a man. And it is as a Christian man, in the best qualities that the term connotes, that Dr. Meese will be remembered, as well as a teacher.

When we look upon the faces of our fallen teachers and leaders, such as John Daniel Meese, and then reflect upon the fidelity of their labors and the potency of their lives, we are again prompted to take courage for the days ahead of us, that so we may be found among the faithful; that we, too, may have done our best in our day and generation. We are even made more optimistic than before as to the value of a good, efficient life; more sensible of the value of service; more sure of the progress of our race from age to age. What better inheritance for the wife, the children, the relatives and friends, than the legacy of such a character and such an influence?

When Dante had reached the Third Sphere in his progress through Paradise, all the orbs seemed to be standing still, and he was unable to tell whether he was approaching the place of God or not. Then he looked upon the face of his

faithful guide, Beatrice, and saw that it was more beautiful than ever before. Then he knew that he was really approaching his destination at the throne of God. And so when we look upon the faces of our faithful leaders and guides their remembered love inspires us with the calm confidence that we shall some day reach the goal of every right hope and lawful ambition. And in the list of these faithful ones we will all inscribe the name of John Daniel Meese.

JOHN COULTER HOCKENBERRY,
Westfield, Massachusetts.

TO JOHN D. MEESE.

We stood by the shore of the sea of life,
My friend and I,
In the grey of the dawn of mid-life's day.
He saw the vision of the life beyond,
He heard the call from the heaven of love,
He crossed to the realms of light and life,
To the work of the world above.
And still I stand by the shore alone,
The sound of his voice is stilled anon.
I fain would float on the unknown tide,
That bore him across the glimmering sea.
But the lapping waves reply, "still abide,
The work of the world calleth thee";
So I turn to the task and the daily toil,
My thought aglow with sweet memories dear,
Of him whom the Master called.

A Tribute To Prof. John D. Meese.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. PRUGH, D. D.,

To have come under the influence of this faithful, efficient teacher, to have enjoyed the friendship and esteem of this genial, kind man, this courteous Christian gentleman, was a beautiful privilege and an inspiration. And there are a multitude of teachers, to-day his former pupils—upon whom he left his impress, and through whom he has multiplied himself, many times.

One wintry morning, at eight o'clock, Professor Harnack was lecturing in the University of Berlin. Five hundred young men, from all parts of the world, were in the class-room. And now and again in the course of that hour, the students applauded the brilliant words of the great lecturer. When he had finished, I asked a young man, who I supposed was an

American, to present me to Dr. Harnack. He flushed, was visibly embarrassed and said, "Ah! Beg pardon, but I, myself have never been presented to him". For six months that young Canadian had been a student of the great German teacher, but in all that time had never spoken to him nor had even a touch of his hand.

Of course, conditions in a great University with seven thousand students are vastly different from those in a Training School of half a thousand young men and women. But I never visited the State Normal School at California, Pennsylvania, without being deeply impressed by the beautiful comradeship of Professor Meese and his students. They esteemed him and they did not stand in awe of him. No eyes are so keen as those of students. If admitted close to a man they take his measure. They are hero-worshippers, when they believe in a Professor. They can be dazzled by a reputation, but only genuine beauty and strength of character, coupled with thoroughness of attainment, can be sure of permanently impressing them.

Here is a great difference between the teacher and the preacher. The work of the latter may be more fascinating. But the Preacher addressing the multitude draws his bow at a venture, not knowing whom he may hit, and, carefully, he must avoid reference to particular persons. But Professor Meese, the teacher, knew individually and intimately his students and he addressed them and helped them as individuals. He had studied them as a mother studies the temperament of each of her children separately, in order to be to them a good mother. And in knowing them individually and in giving them his friendship, the Professor trained up his own successors, and a multitude of them. He was interested not only in his own future and that of his family, he was intensely interested in the cause of teach-

ing after he had left the world. And through those whom he affectionately taught, "he being dead yet speaketh".

It was an inspiration to me to know him, to have been his pastor the past five years, to have won his affection, and to be assured that he wanted me to stand by his bedside in the hospital, where he lay a dying, to hold his hand, as together we looked up into the Face of the Master, whom he loved, and to whom he prayed for courage and for light and for Eternal life.

Dr. Meese, the Citizen.

About nineteen years ago, there came to this village a young man and his family of very small children desiring to find a home among us and to continue his life work of teaching. I refer to J. D. Meese and family. Finding a suitable place and the place a suitable man, he remained here all the years since that date till a few days ago when a fatal illness terminated his long career of usefulness. With heartfelt sorrow we sit mourning over the loss of an esteemed friend and fellow citizen of more than ordinary qualities of head and heart.

As the years passed away our acquaintance ripened into fellowship and brotherhood of the most sympathetic kind, and as our knowledge of the man increased, our faith in the integrity of his character and wholeheartedness increased also. Having had many opportunities to know him in social and business life, I mourn his loss most truly. A man of true worth, his loss is to be deplored by church, school and citizen.

Soon after the close of the last year at the S. W. S. N. S. it was seen by the Doctor's friends that he was not in his usual vigor but it was hoped that the summer vacation and fresh air would soon restore him to his usual good health and vivacity. A visit to his old home county of Somerset and a reunion of his old friends and many of his pupils of the long ago,

cheered him in his life-work but did not unseat the disease that was gradually sapping his life away. The opening of the fall term in September found him more feeble and a vacation was arranged for him so he could go to a Sanitarium, but in a few days it was found he needed the more skillful attention of a hospital. After a thorough examination there, it was found that he was fatally sick. Weeks passed with anxious watching and waiting by family and friends, hoping that some fortunate turn would bring us the glad news of his improvement but alas, it could not be. We mourn the loss of a valuable teacher, a good citizen, a man of great usefulness in every department of life, of pleasing personality, of attractive social qualities and a character above reproach.

L. W. MORGAN.

DR. MEESE AS EDITOR.

Better than to sketch the history of Dr. Meese's long period of service as editor of the *NORMAL REVIEW*, to outline his policy, and comment upon matter and style, let him speak from his own editorials some of the most characteristic of which are reproduced below. At this perspective their tone and quality are striking as characteristic of his mode of thought, and accurately reflect the man:

Life is a continuous movement from that which is to that which is to be. The cessation of that movement is known as death. A consideration of this principle should guide every teacher in his work and should insure freedom from the influence of tradition. Are you a teacher? Then remember that you need not carry forward your work in the same way your ancestors did. Try something new this year. Oct. 1904.

The church member who wears a face long enough to eat oats out of a churn has yet to learn the first lesson in Christian living. Ibid.

The editor of the *REVIEW* believes there

is entirely too much talk about "character" these days and by far too little example. We cannot train boys and girls by precept alone. Old Polonius tried that and as a result one of his children committed suicide while the other was killed in a duel. Oct. '05.

Knowledge is to teaching exactly what money is to business. You cannot transact business eternally on credit and you cannot teach all the time on your face value and your "pretty ways." Sooner or later the teacher who doesn't know things must give way to the one that does. Ibid.

Activity is not a synonym for work. *****The penalty for wasteful activity is scatterbrainedness and arrest of mental development. Here are serious problems which should be considered before school opens again. Nov. '06

To the writer at least, it seems that Dr. Meese was unconsciously looking upon a mental picture of himself when he quoted the following, so many of the qualities contained wherein he possessed to an unusual degree.

Ten questions of life: 1. Is he gentle, kind, and charitable? 2. Is he candid, simple, and without guile? 3. Is he sincere, pure, and generous? 4. Is he genial and just? 5. Is he rich and full in his inner world of experience? 6. Has he true, normal self-denial, self-restraint, self-control, self-direction? 7. Has he breadth of outlook over physical and moral worlds? 8. Does his life flow on beautifully, joyously, toward the divine source of all things? 8. Is he delicately responsive to the music of creation? 10. Is he in harmony with the divine order of the universe? Nov. '04.

Quotations From Letters of Sympathy.

Mrs. J. D. Meese,
California, Pa.,

My dear Mrs. Meese:--

In the passing of John D. Meese I feel that I have lost a personal friend. I want to add my little tribute to his memory. Huxley said that it was the

duty of every man to make that portion of the world in which he lived, better and richer because of his presence and work. No other word need be spoken of your husband than to say he did this in every essential.

He was a man devoted wholly to his work, and his ideals were high. He spared himself never in attaining the goal and had he been less willing to sacrifice himself in his work, he might have been here a longer time.

I particularly liked and admired him for his steadfastness in opinion, yet willingness always to open his mind to possible conviction for error. He was sublimely, simply honest; a man without guile. I shall remember him long and cherish that memory as that of a man of whom we can say: "There was a real man".

Sincerely yours,
R. KIRK RICHARDSON,
Cleveland, Ohio.

"How sweet at this time come all the memories of his worth, and especially of his Christain life. His friends will tell you, even as I am doing, that Dr. Meese was a strong man in whatever his hands found to do. And they will repeat to you the facts of his faith and devotion all being thoroughly true. All will realize their sense of loss at his death."

REVEREND DOCTOR J. M. SCHICK,
Pastor Reformed Church, Washington, D. C.
(Ex-president Roosevelt's pastor).

"As you know, I have known him for almost twenty-seven years. I have numbered him all those years among chosen friends. His life and character were above reproach. He was one of God's good, pure, strong men, and great is the reward upon which he has entered."

REV. DR. CHARLES L. E. CARTWRIGHT,
Pastor North Ave. M. E. Church, North Side, Pittsburgh,

THE NORMAL REVIEW

"The more I have known him in business and as a friend, the better I have liked and admired him. He was one who was always better than his promise."

DR. HERMAN T. LUKENS,
Francis Parker School, Chicago.

"Dr. Meese was a man whose influence has been wide-spread. He was pre-eminently a faithful man and a true friend. I was always impressed by his patient consecration to the work at hand. He was a man on whom others could depend. I know he has left for you and his children the heritage of a good name."

DR. EDWIN W. CHUBB,
Dean of the Ohio University, Athens, O.

"I was glad to count Dr. Meese as one of my good friends. He was frank open-hearted, loyal, and true."

FRIN. J. GEORGE BRECHT,
Clarion Normal.

"Dr. Meese was always a man of high moral integrity, and in his life did much to influence the lives of the young. It is with pleasure that I look back to my school days and the happy recollections of my associations with him."

MR. AND MRS. CHAS. A. COMPTON,
Class of '97.

"The beautiful, manly, Christian character which lived within your husband cannot be lost; death could never claim that vital essence of the man, and so he will live on in the lives he has quickened and inspired, a truer living than any mere physical existence."

JEAN LEWIS WOOD, Class of '95,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"He surely was a loved teacher. His kindly smile and pleasant words, along with his wonderful influence for good, will not be forgotten."

MARGARET ALTEN FARQUHAR, Class of '05.
Monongahela, Pa.

"He was too modest and unassuming to dream of the helpful, broadening outlook

and uplift he gave me."

MAY L. MACLUCKIE, Class of '05,
Los Angeles, Cal.

"He was a genuine instructor; he was loyal, you always knew where to find him; he was true as steel, of the stuff the old Damascus blades were wrought. In short, he was a real man, every inch and fibre of him. It's a pity such men must die."

LEW SMITH,
Editor Meyersdale Commercial.
Teacher in the boyhood days of Dr. Meese.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be a pupil of Prof. Meese during the entire time he taught in Salisbury. This was the heyday of education in Salisbury. The entire county did not boast such good schools as Salisbury had then under the principalship of Prof. Meese. What an inspiration he was to all of his pupils, not to acquire learning alone, but likewise character! Very few of his early pupils ever went astray from the path of honor or rectitude in which he led them both by precept and example. He was a born instructor and in his entire make-up there was no meanness nor guile. He had the faculty not only of interesting his pupils in their lessons and elucidating all the hard tasks for them, but of inspiring ambition in his scholars to make men and women of themselves who would command respect. That seems to have been the keynote of his great success in teaching in later years.

W. S. LIVEGOOD,
Proprietor Meyersdale Republican.
An old pupil of Dr. Meese's, one of the very first.

"I admired him for his many sterling virtues, of which some were quite easy to see while others became apparent only on close acquaintance. In his nature there were depths not easily sounded."

DR. J. C. HOCKENBERRY,
Normal School, Westfield, Mass.

"I shall always think of Dr. Meese as a resourceful, most interesting teacher, eminently fair in dealings with students and colleagues."

DR. SAMUEL A. JEFFERS,
University of Missouri, Fayette, Mo.

"In my association with him during my brief sojourn at California many years ago, I learned to know your lamented husband as a man of sterling qualities and high ideals."

DR. WILL S. MONROE,
Normal School, Montclair, New Jersey.

"Dr. Meese numbered his friends in hundreds. We read of the reunion held for him last summer. How all his old students will miss him!"

MRS. EVE DOWNER CHUBB,
Athens, Ohio.

"The school has suffered a great loss in Dr. Meese's passing, but he has left a beautiful memory."

CHARLES FREDERIC MORSE,
Detroit, Mich.

"And not only do friends feel his loss, but the school and whole community must suffer greatly from the death of such a man."

MRS. MARY W. HERTZOG,
Harrisburg, Pa.

"He was a living example of a model man, both morally and intellectually. His was a beautiful life, one that we should strive to pattern after, the influence of which will live in generations to come. In the words of the great Bard of Avon we can truthfully say,

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed
in him,
That one might stand up, and say to all the world,
"This was a MAN"

GOTTLIEB L. SCHMID,
Uniontown, Pa.

Dated Westfield, Mass., Nov. 19, 1910,

To Principal, H. B. Davis,
California, Pa.

At Sunday memorial services convey as-

surances of our high appreciation of Dr. Meese's many sterling qualities and many virtues. Our acquaintance was intimate, unconventional, and calculated to inspire increasing esteem for him. We personally mourn his loss. The memory of his services for education will survive and bless.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. HOCKENBERRY.

The Youth's Companion Calendar for 1911.

The publishers of The Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription (\$1.75) is paid for 1911 a beautiful Calendar for the new year. The picture panel reproduces a water-color painting of an old-time garden in a flood of sunshine, with a background of Lombardy poplars through which one catches a glimpse of distant hills. The picture being in 12 colors, the tones of the original are faithfully reproduced.

Resolutions of Respect by Students.

Whereas, in the death of Dr. John D. Meese, the students of the Southwestern State Normal School have lost a faithful teacher and loyal friend whose kindness was felt by all with whom he came in contact and

Whereas, we mourn the loss of our beloved teacher and friend, be it

RESOLVED: that we extend to Mrs. Meese and family our deepest sympathy in their loss.

RALPH M. BRADFORD,
BERTHA PARKER,
MARGARET CRUMRINE,
MRS. BOYER,
RANDOLPH WYCKOFF,
Committee.

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