

# THE Normal College Echo

VOL. II.

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### FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEU.

What is the moon so bright and clear,  
And twinkling stars that seem so near?  
A shepherd watching o'er his sheep  
That all within the fold may keep.

When day has fled from sable night,  
He leaves his home of heavenly light,  
To shed soft radiance afar  
On earth where mortals sleeping are.

Then guards he all his lambkins dear,  
In heavenly pastures far and near;  
For all the stars that twinkle bright  
Are only lambkins fleecy white.

Brothers and sisters all they seem,  
Their pathway lit by the moon's bright beam.  
They no wrong to each other do,  
Ne'er act unkind nor yet untrue.

When I to heaven look and see  
Such longing thoughts oft come to me.  
Oh, may we ever loving be  
As you bright stars in heaven's blue sea.

CHARLOTTE E. LANSING, '95.

### THE MYSTIC FLAGON. CHAPTER II.

POLLY was seated in the vine-wreathed portico knitting lace, and as the foamy points and scallops crept from under her deft, dimpled fingers, she hummed a little tuneless song, keeping time with her slippered foot. A maiden blush-rose rested in the cool white folds of her kerchief and its mate nestled in her warm yellow tresses.

As Peter approached she glanced up. "Ah, Peter! How are you?"

Poor fellow, his heart was filled with anger, and he had prepared a set and dignified speech calculated to awe her into regarding matters seriously, but meeting the upward glance of her blue eyes and hearing her careless query, his wrath melted quite away. Strange, how easily can a young and pretty woman upset a man's strong determination.

"Polly," he said, softly, "you know that I adore you. Let me tell you how much."

Laughingly, she replied: "Take a seat, Peter, you will tire of so long standing."

"Polly, give to me no more of this nonsense. All in earnest do I speak!"

"The sun *is* hot, Peter. Has it touched your head?"

This was too much. No longer could Peter curb his rising spirit.

"Now, then, young woman! you shall answer my question. For the last time do I ask you: 'Will you be my wife?'"

Then Polly arose and dropping a curtesy, said, mockingly: "Well, then, young man! this pleasure do I take — to inform you that not for the mere asking am I to be had."

Much taken aback, he gasped: "What, then, would you have me to do?"

"If in all truth you say that you hold me dear, I would have you prove it by some brave deed."

"Zounds! these are not the days of chivalry of which we read in Von Bellow's book."

"True, they are not. That very clearly do I see."

"Too hard with me, are you Polly, and too much do you ask."

"You it is who ask much and would give little. You do forget that you speak with the heiress of Corliss Von Woldefoguel."

This nettled our hero's pride of birth.

"Surely the house of Van Omydinger is peer to that of Von Woldefoguel. Think of my immortal ancestor, Rip Van Winkle!"

"Yes, Peter; but it is not your ancestor, but *you*, who ask my hand. Why not do as he, explore the Kaaterskill and seek the mystic flagon?"

"Ach, Himmel! Polly you know not what you ask! How could I cross the charmed ravine!"

"Could you leap like Hans Van Walkenstein, that were an easy task."

"That can I do!" But once across. Hast forgotten the pig-faced Dunderberg, who ever and anon, toils up the street bearing his load."

"O, cabbage heart!" laughed Polly, "how easily do you wilt."

"But I come up again. And if for your sake I brave these perils what shall be my reward?"

"Why — if I have time — I may think better of your offer."

"And if in safety, back, I do not come?" "Oh" said Polly coquettishly, "I may die of a

broken heart, or I may — O, I must run to feed my poor canary!"

And off ran Polly with one wicked backward glance.

"The little witch!" exclaimed Peter when left alone, "what can she mean? It can't be that pig Van Walkenstein. Surely no girl of sense on him could look with favor. But I must be off if I would win success. O, Polly! for you alone would I face this danger, climb the mountain and mayhap meet with Hudson's ghostly crew."

### III.

Early on the following day we behold this scion of the house of Van Omydinger making his way up the mountain, the hot sun pouring down upon him its blistering rays. His good mother had provided him with an apple lunch to sustain his spirit, but he had eaten it early on his journey that he might not be hampered by carrying it. On and up he went, from cliff to crag, his thirst becoming almost intolerable. At times he heard, or fancied he heard, the sound of running water. Fancy pictured some cool and shady dell hidden in the rocky recesses, but seek though he may, Tantalus like, it ever evaded him and remained an *aquafatuus*. Had Peter been versed in poetic lore he might have exclaimed with Arthur's knight — "The quest is not for me." But knowing no one with whom to draw comparisons, he relied on himself and pressed on.

At length, when the sun had passed the meridian, and greatly inclined toward the west, he reached a lofty precipice which jutted out from the side of the mountain and commanded a view of the whole valley. The country green was somewhat tinged with the tawny hues of autumn, but enough remained of its vernal tint to render it fresh looking at that great distance.

"While off beyond the rugged slopes  
Were meadows fair as youth's bright hopes."

Aye, Polly, fair even as the bright vision of a life-time of happiness spent with you, can your wearied and thirsting lover still persevere on his quest for the cup.

Looking eastward he could see the lovely Hudson; far, far below him, winding like a sil-

ver ribbon, in and out, until lost to view. A fair and pleasant prospect indeed.

On the other side yawned the deep and awful ravine. Peter turned from it with a shudder.

"By the looks of the place this must be the very spot where my grandfather sat down to rest."

He proceeded to seat himself and as he did so a curious feeling crept over him. He felt as if transported back a century. Truly odd, for a man to feel identified with his grandfather.

Suddenly a voice broke the stillness. He heard his name called—"Peter Van Omydinger! Peter Van Omydinger!" And the echo sent it from crag to crag, Van Omydinger! Omydinger! dinger! dinger! ding! dinger!

He rose, rubbed his eyes, and peered down into the ravine. There, toiling up the rocks, he saw the self-same figure seen an age before by "the dreaming one."

"Peter Van Omydinger, come help me up this hill!"

As in a dream he descended, took the cask on his shoulders and followed his companions. Never again was Peter able to trace his path, winding as it did among rocks and brambles. Perhaps because his shoulders were so bent beneath his load that his glance was turned downward, and took no heed of the natural features passed.

From time to time they heard muttering as of distant thunder which grew louder as they advanced.

"Ach! they play well and Hendrick is being beaten. It forebodes a storm."

These words, spoken more to himself than to a listener, caused Peter to look at his companion. As he did so the man made a sign for him to drop the cask. This he did, then straightened himself and looked around.

The ravine had been crossed and they were in a weirdly charming glen. The rumbling noise grew louder, then suddenly ceased, and a chorus of voices cried, "Dunderberg! Dunderberg! Captain, he comes!" Peter beheld a number of men wearing sugar-loaf hats and short doublets, who had been playing at nine pins. As the thunder of their rolling balls ceased, a short,

imposing-looking man with a weather-seamed countenance approached and demanded: "Whom hast thou there, Dunderberg?"

"A stranger, who carried the cask."

"The cask! the cask! fall to it!" they all cried, springing forth with such wolfish looks that Peter shrank back behind his companion.

"Bring forth the flagon!" ordered Hudson.

Dunderberg rushed to do his bidding and appeared bearing a huge silver cup, gnome-wrought and beautifully chased, with a handle of grape-clusters, and on its sides miniature vineyards growing on the banks of a winding river, where a score or more of little imps tumbled head over heels in the rack and mist.

The cup-bearer filled it to the brim and handed it to Peter. "Give to the commander."

But the sight of the purple vintage sparkling against the silver so intoxicated the thirsty youth that his head swam and his hand trembled. The wine spilled upon the turf. Dunderberg plucked him fiercely by the sleeve.

"No libation! Hudson waxes wroth!"

"Now or never!" thought Peter. Holding the cup aloft he cried: "By the rights of hospitality do I claim the honor first to taste the cup!" He then drained it to the dregs.

"Hold! ahoy there!" cried the crew.

"What, are you already alarmed? I wager that alone I can finish the cask!"

"Hear! hark to the braggart!"

"Silence!" commanded Hudson. "We do accept, but if thou failest, beware!"

And then, O marvelous outcome of thy training, good Frow Van Omydinger, flagon after flagon drained Peter. Unlike poor Rip, who was unused to liquor and easily overpowered, his occasional treats by Nicholas Vedder not being frequent enough to season him, Peter had been used to the best all his life and plenty of it. Therefore he nobly stood this test supreme.

Hudson and his crew viewed him with a surprise that passed from amazement to incredulous horror. Speechless they stood, until Dunderberg broke the spell.

"Der Teufel! he drinks the last! O woeful day that I toiled up the mountain all in vain."

Then rose fierce cries of "Flay him! the knave."  
Hudson interposed, "Mates, touch him not.  
Our compact is sacred."

But the crew were enraged beyond all control.  
"He shall not escape! Plunderer, forager!"  
They made a rush for Peter who fled carrying  
the flagon.

"Escape he must not!" roared Dunderberg,  
who led the van. "He bears our mystic flagon!  
On! On!"

Peter, having a good start, easily out-distanced  
his followers, whose cries rang fainter and fainter  
in his ears.

He reaches the cliff; the ravine yawns below;  
beyond is safety, but it seems far out of reach.  
Alas! much wine-drinking is not conducive to  
activity. The cries of his pursuers, confident  
now, come nearer, nearer. He can hear the la-  
bored breathing of Dunderberg; his hot breath  
fans his cheek.— Decision is instantaneous. Up  
and out he springs.

Well done, Peter! Panting and exhausted he  
lies on the opposite bank, while on the rock he  
sees, never to forget, the figure of Dunderberg,  
darkly silhouetted against the lurid red ball of the  
setting sun. He hears a last despairing cry  
"Turn back mates! He has crossed the charmed  
ravine o'er which we cannot pass."

One moment— then the sun drops out of sight,  
the figures fade from view and twilight settles  
down on the mountain.

"Zounds! what an escape!" said Peter.  
"They would have flayed me alive, had they  
caught me. Ach! but my bones ache and my  
head is swimming from the wine. A famous  
brewing that! Its like may I never taste again.  
But the flagon I have as a trophy. No one now  
can dispute my tale."

When the news of the adventure and marvel-  
ous escape of Peter flew apace, people came  
from far and near to hear the story and view the  
wondrous flagon. They seemed never too weary  
of examining its curious and delicate traceries  
which showed new beauties on close inspection.  
It was given the place of honor on the great  
mantel, directly under the ancestral flint-lock,  
where it stood a standing argument against un-

belief. Mynheer had now a new tale which he  
loved to relate in detail. Peter modestly and  
wisely shrank from narrating his exploit and so  
avoided cross-examination and confusing ques-  
tions from the over-inquisitive. For if you have  
observed those who are living their romance are  
not the ones who tell it. Story-telling belongs  
to the period of retrospection, not of action.  
Besides, Peter had other things to think of.

Polly, being a sensible young woman, could  
not be insensible to such devotion as her lover had  
displayed, even had he returned empty-handed.  
How then could she refuse the hero of the hour?

Shortly after this I had the pleasure of being  
present at their nuptials and assisting at their  
bountiful wedding feast. At its close wine was  
passed in the gnome-wrought flagon taken by  
the bridegroom in his flight, and every guest  
drank the health of the happy pair.

Whether the charm of the former owners still  
remained, or whether the spell lay in its present  
contents, I cannot say, but certainly, wine never  
had nor never will have a more delicious flavor,  
nor produce such an exhilarating effect as that  
served to the merry party assembled to celebrate  
the union of Peter Van Omydinger and Polly  
Von Woldefoguel.

MARY G. MANAHAN, '95.

#### FROM THE GERMAN.

Who has the finest lambkins?  
The golden queen of night,  
Who dwells behind our forest  
In heavens blue and bright.

She comes in latest evening  
When all in slumber lie,  
From out her pleasant dwelling  
Across the silent sky.

Then leads she forth the lambkins  
Upon the azure wold,  
For all the stars so milky,  
Fair Luna calls her fold.

They have dissensions never,  
But hold each other dear;  
And sisters are and brothers  
There in the starry sphere.

When I look up to Heaven  
The thought oft comes to me,  
That we should all as friendly  
As these fair lambkins be.

L. HANKS.

## THE SIRENS.

Have you read of those sirens of old  
 How they sang on the coast of the sea;  
 How they charmed ee'n the sailors so bold  
 With their songs of treacherous glee?  
 Oh! woe for the voyager's bark  
 When their melody rang o'er the wave,  
 It sank to the nether world dark,  
 And Neptune had no power to save.

Yet no one had e'er left the sound  
 Of their voices alluring and sweet,  
 Till Ulysses passed by, homeward bound,  
 While his men plied their oars sure and fleet.  
 They heard not his cries to delay,  
 For they wisely had closed up their ears;  
 So they merrily rowed on the way,  
 Never heeding his pleadings and tears.

But who else would dare sail so near  
 A danger whose shoal is unseen?  
 How full would the heart be of fear,  
 Though calm shining waves rose between.  
 And the answer the wisest would say,  
 When asked of life's perilous bar:  
 "Oh, seaman! seek not, on your way,  
 How near you can sail, but how far."

M. LAURA WOODARD, '94.

## JACKANAPES.

AMONG the many half-forgotten stories of childhood there is one which used to be especially interesting. It is a little story by Mrs. Ewing — "Jackanapes."

Jackanapes' nurse had taken him out for a walk one day when something attracted her attention from him and Jackanapes wandered off after a little yellow gosling. The gosling started for a pond, so Jackanapes followed. When his nurse arrived at the pond there was "one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duckweed, while the other was washing his draggled frock with tears because he too had tried to sit upon the pond and it wouldn't hold him."

Of late this little story has seemed to have a meaning which it never had to the youthful reader. How many there are who prepared, as they hope, for life's work, will start out this June, leaving the college which has so long sheltered them. They are able now to do for themselves.

How many will discover, as little Jackanapes did so early in life, that there are many trials and tribulations. There will be many, if I mistake not, who will be found "washing their frock with tears because they, too, had tried to sit upon the pond" and found out that it "wouldn't hold them."

But let us all take heart, trying, each of us, to find something in the "fund of life" which will hold us — something that we can accomplish and accomplish well. And, although leaving our *Alma Mater* with sorrow, yet remembering "*Ein charakter bildet sich nun ine strom der welt.*"

MARY E. BABBITT, '94.

## ALTRUISM.

DOWN beside the great blue ocean  
 Even by the broad Atlantic,  
 Where the waves with ceaseless motion,  
 Ever break upon the shore,  
 Once there dwelt a little oyster  
 Safe within his tiny shell,  
 Like a monk within a cloister  
 Or a hermit in his cell.

And he dwelt thus in seclusion,  
 Learning naught for world outside,  
 Subject of a strange delusion  
 In his life of sweet contentment.  
 Said he, "I am not depending  
 Upon any of my fellows,  
 Neither am I spending  
 Any of my life to help them."

So with quiet satisfaction,  
 Lived he in his little palace,  
 Deeming every little action  
 To be only for himself.  
 But how little was he thinking  
 That from out his very being  
 E'en then a little crab was drinking  
 All the nourishment he needed.

He who thinks that he is living  
 Close within his little shell,  
 Is in spite of all things giving  
 Something to his fellow men.  
 Poor mistaken human being  
 Who thinks only of the ego!  
 For the life is only seeming,  
 Which exists not for another.

M. A. SMITH, '95.

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### EDITORIALS.

ONE of the strongest evidences of the success of our institution lies in the fact that all of our young men who go out as principals come back here for their teachers.

WITH this issue ends the second volume of the ECHO. This is the time to renew your subscription. For in that way you will show your appreciation of the ECHO.

IT gives the ECHO much pleasure to hear so frequently from our alumni "engaged for another year at an increased salary." For our June issue we would like several columns of just such items for our Alumni column. Your friends will be glad to hear from you, and we shall be glad to tell them. Send in the items.

THE Alumni will be interested in the program of the semi-centennial of our institution, which we present in another column.

DR LINTNER, State Entomologist, in a recent lecture before the members of the Agassiz Asso-

ciation, said: "This is one of the institutions of the State where entomology is well taught."

THE new order of work, by which an opportunity is presented for specialization in different lines, has proven highly satisfactory to the students.

BUT a few weeks more and the members of the class of '94, the 100th class who have graduated from our institution, will take their place among the teachers of New York State.

### DOES SPECIAL PREPARATION PAY?

OUR last year's class graduated a young man who had never taught a day in his life and placed him in a \$1,500 position. This year's class places one of our number in \$2,400. We have in mind several young men of last year's class who left \$500 and \$600 schools, came here and spent a year or two and were placed in \$800 and \$1,000 positions. Not one so far as we have learned changes places this coming year, and they report an increased salary of from \$100 to \$200, with no indication that they have yet reached the top of the ladder.

### WASHINGTON PARK.

NEXT to Normal halls, the dearest spot in Albany to Normals will be Washington Park. Nature must be a closed book indeed to him whose soul is not thrilled as she lays at his feet the prodigality of her splendors. As we have stood before the King fountain we have thought it had a lesson for us. As Moses struck the rock and the sparkling waters gushed forth to slake the thirst of the weary Israelites, so Nature enthroned in Washington park soothes the fevered brow fresh from the toils and noisy whirl of the world, lightens the step, touches the cheek with the rose and sweeps her hand over the chords of the soul.

Who shall forget those bright, happy hours, the shady nooks, the delightful strolls, the

strengthened ties of friendship? Flowers with their gaudy colors and fantastic forms dazzle the eye. The air is redolent with perfume. From a hundred tree-tops pours a limpid stream of bird-song. It is such hours that lend to life half its sweetness and all its charm.

#### PHI DELTA DEBATE.

FRIDAY evening, May 18, at 8 o'clock, the Model chapel was well filled with students and faculty upon invitation of Phi Delta Fraternity. A few moments later the fraternity, capped and gowned, marched in, six taking their places on the stage with Most Worthy Brother Stanbro, presiding officer of the evening.

Mr Stanbro, after welcoming the guests, stated that Phi Delta would hold an open session in which the principal feature would be a debate upon the resolution: Resolved, that the word *male* be stricken from the suffrage qualification of the Constitution of the State of New York.

*Affirmative* — George A. Brown, Samuel Slau-son, George C. Streeter.

*Negative* — George R. Green, Henry F. Blessing, Ernest E. Daring.

The leaders were allowed twenty minutes each and their colleagues fifteen minutes each. Each debater was rapped down before he had had half his say. Every one was full of the subject. Interest in the audience never lagged for a moment, and the closest attention was interrupted only by the frequent rounds of applause and bursts of laughter. The debate showed thorough preparation, but its chief charm lay in its spontaneity, no debater having memorized a sentence nor using manuscript.

While the judges were out, Brother Warde gave a reading, which was well received. Then the ladies were asked to vote on the resolution regardless of the merits of the debate. Fifty-seven per cent demanded the right of suffrage. The judges declared the resolution lost.

#### AN AMOS COME TO JUDGMENT.

[From the School Bulletin for May.]

We find this in the *N. Y. School Journal* for Feb. 3:

In looking over the *Normal College Echo* published by the students of the Albany (N. Y.) Normal College, a dispassionate judge must say with Whittier, or some one else, "How many things are done that had better not be done!" There is no more need of an *Echo* for these students than there is for the men who run the trolley cars up State street. Suppose they are able to get 250 to take it. There is \$250 gone, with no result for the college or themselves. Let an old student's advice be heeded. Turn your energies into other channels; publish your poetry in the *Evening Journal* or *Express*, and don't waste time and money on what cannot be of enough good to warrant the effort made.

It does not need his reference to himself as "an old student" to recognize the ear-marks of the writer, the senior editor of the *Journal*. Why a man of Mr Kellogg's bland smile should go out of his way to snub unnecessarily the students of the Albany Normal College we do not see, unless he remembers the very unpleasant experience he had in trying to collect money he did not owe from Thomas E. Finegan, when Mr Finegan was a student there. As an Albany graduate himself, Mr Kellogg should take pride in the advancement of its interests, in which this *Normal College Echo* plays no small part. It is an unusually creditable example of a kind of periodical that serves an excellent purpose.

It advertises the college, to begin with, making it known by its monthly issues as no catalogues or circulars or even advertisements in the *School Journal* could make it known. It keeps up an interest in the college among the alumni, by continually recalling their school life, and by giving personal news of those who were their fellow students, with a detail that no journal of a more general character could afford. It serves for announcements and news and memorabilia for the present students, becoming an indispensable record of their college experience. For whatever the class of students at the Albany Normal may have been in Mr Kellogg's time, the present students have some common ends and purposes and experiences not parallel with those of "the men who run the trolley cars up State street." Finally, for the editors it gives a literary and business drill perhaps nowhere else equalled.

So the dollar apiece the subscribers pay is not so absolutely squandered after all. Of course Mr. Kellogg thinks they might better pay it for the *School Journal*. Now we get every issue, both of the *School Journal* and of the NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO; and we read a very much larger proportion of the ECHO than we do of the *Journal*. For the ECHO has a definite field of its own, it fills it adequately, and it works for the general benefit and not exclusively to blow the horn and fill the pockets of its editors: three points of marked superiority over the *School Journal*.

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OUR HISTORY—FOURTH DECADE—1870-1880.

“SCARCE feeling we ascend the gently rising hill of time.” To-day we pause in this ascent and backward look to the fourth decade of our Alma Mater.

It is February, 1877, and alone in a back room, third floor, Dove street, facing the east, we stand in the evening, looking out upon the gas-lit city. The wind from the frozen north dashes the snow against the pane. We have no light in the room, preferring to drown our loneliness in the feeble rays which steal in from the moon, nearly hidden by wintry clouds.

To-morrow we are to enter the Albany Normal School, and life forever after is to be directed in channels of whose beginnings we do not even form dim conceptions. Like our fellow student from near the St. Lawrence, we have ideas of our own. We have taught school a few times, and are in blissful ignorance of the cold baths already awaiting us at the hand of the genial professor of mathematics, who jingles the system of notation in such a manner as to produce in the victim results akin to those caused by Mark Twain's railway conductor, who punched with care, punched in the presence of the passenger.

We have no presentiment of the scorching blasts that are to burn and blow away nearly all our preconceived ideas of the English language. We are not prepared for the carefully devised arrangements for extracting the nonsense and treasured conceits from the ambitious Junior First.

But *we survived*. We became a pattern of meekness.

The lapse of time is necessary to exhibit the full benefits of a course of training. The masterpieces of art cannot be judged at close range, and David Page and his successors established and maintained in the Albany Normal School, if not the perfection of the art of teaching, at least as near an approach to it as was probably to be found in America.

During this decade, Dr. Joseph Alden stamped his impress upon the school. A man of the broadest culture, he sought to furnish, as far as possible, the training afforded by the study of other languages, while confining the student to

his mother tongue. The courses in thought analysis, study of figures, use of synonyms, acquirement of style, evolution of ideas, and the many features of language study as then taught, afforded a most excellent drill; while the pruning knife applied to all literary productions nipped in the bud our aspirations for literary fame.

Dr. Alden was a severe critic, with but few superiors. We cannot forget the majestic presence and severe dignity which this venerable man presented to his students, and yet few persons had a keener appreciation of wit. A case in point occurred during a recitation in mental philosophy. The doctor was more abrupt than usual that morning. His questions were thrown out to test the student's power of thought, rather than his knowledge of the text; and having propounded some particularly knotty point, he called upon the staid Mr. Johnson. “Well, Johnson, what can you say about this?” Whereupon, Mr. Johnson, carefully feeling for an idea, began to talk about as near the question as the Wilson tariff bill is now to the needs of the American people. The doctor listened but a moment to the circumlocution of the gentleman, and broke in upon him with great impatience about as follows: “Johnson, why in the name of common sense do you persist in putting the cart before the mule?” “Because,” was the reply, “it is the safest place for it.” The severity of the doctor's face gave place to a broad smile, and amid the laughter of the class he quietly marked 10 upon his class-book opposite Johnson's name, and dismissed the subject.

The faculty of the Normal School in those days could have desired no greater popularity with their students. Natural as it is for students to honor worthy teachers, and to love the institution with which they are connected, yet the loyalty of the students of the fourth decade to the old school was deep, and their love for their teachers sincere and touching.

Noble Professor St. John, so soon called to a higher life, made the department of Physics and Chemistry an inspiration. He was so deeply attached to his work that he found everywhere an open book to illustrate his teachings. His stu-



dents will ever treasure in memory the delightful excursions which he led us to the fields, the factory, the gas-works, and even to the limestone ledges and caves of Schoharie county. He was ever the helping friend and trusted adviser.

Much as we should like to render a word of tribute to each member of the faculty as we knew it, yet space will not permit. It may be well for the present generation to know that Prof. Husted was young and facetious in those days. Prof. Jones was, upon rare occasions, called severe. Miss Stoneman occasionally gave evidence of being a trifle strong minded. Miss McClelland was charged with having frozen a poor junior stiff for attempting to enlighten her upon the mysteries of the English subjunctive. Miss Hyde was sometimes called exacting, especially in Geometry. Miss Farrand allowed no nonsense. Miss Bishop was demure, but she sometimes forgot that in teaching elocution. Miss Seaman was a veritable Shaksperian character, while dear Mrs Kelley was reported to have actually cracked a joke in the presence of the teachers of the Model School. In this connection, we must not forget Prof. Marsh, who made us sing who had never sung before, and who have never sung since.

The Normal Literary Union and the Independent Order of Normals were strong rival societies in those days, and the weekly bulletin boards were eagerly scanned to see what was to be the order of the next meetings. No less flourishing was the Philomathean Society of ladies.

Looking back through the perspective of fifteen years to our departure from the Albany Normal School we can say that time has not lessened our estimate of its work. As one of the great pioneer institutions of its kind, it was a powerful demonstration of the value of thorough training for teachers. It has ever been very conservative, and perhaps at no period of its history has the science of teaching been more in need of conservatism than during the decade in question. The air was full of newly discovered methods of instruction. It seemed as though every institute instructor, every educational journal, and nearly

all training schools were on the warpath flourishing some wonderful device for teaching the young idea how to shoot. The term psychology was tossed about as suggesting something new, strange, and marvellous. During all this uproar the "Old Normal" kept on in the even tenor of its way, holding its students to the grindstone, and recognizing no method that did not include, as an absolute requisite on the part of the teacher, thorough scholarship, eternal vigilance, and an enthusiastic devotion to the profession of teaching.

It recognized the individuality of the teacher and the pupil, and always considered the acquirement of mental strength the paramount object of study. Painstaking, accurate work, honest, persistent application, and clean-cut analysis, were exacted of its students, and no method was suggested that did not embody these essentials.

The fourth decade nearly finished the career of the school in the Lodge street building, with its plain rooms, tedious stairs, and noisy surroundings. It was soon to occupy nobler halls, and claim more aristocratic surroundings. Still methinks

The old to us seems dearer than the new ;  
'Twas there we battles fought with comrades true,  
And victories gained, and hard fields won ;  
'Twas there we said "God speed" when all was done.  
We hail the new, rejoicing in its fame,  
And yet, it cannot be to us the same  
As was the dear old place we knew so well.  
Let others of the new her glory tell.

WILLIS D. GRAVES, '79.

Delhi, N. Y.

#### A QUERY AND ITS ANSWER.

SHALL we gather at commencement,  
Where bright feet before have trod,  
Where the crystal tide forever  
Mirrors each, when green the sod ?

We shall reach the shining river,  
Then lay every burden down,  
For the weary there is rest,  
E'en without a cap and gown.

Soon will come the happy day,  
Soon our student life will cease,  
When with quiv'ring hands we clasp  
Prized sheepskins and rest in peace.

F. A. MORRISSEY, '94.

### THE RELATION OF PHYSICAL TRAINING TO MENTAL GROWTH.

THE progressive pedagogue of to-day is alert to discover any means by which he may arouse the faculties of the mind. He studies the mind as a whole and in parts; he attempts to formulate the laws that govern the mind under every existing condition, thus endeavoring to secure the ideal education. In the pedagogical profession is not the maximum of attention given to the mind itself, with no care for its warden — the body?

According to the philosopher Locke, the idea of education is "a sound mind in a sound body."

The training of the body was an essential feature of the ancient Greek and Roman education. The wise solon placed physical and intellectual training on the same footing. Plato conceded the value of gymnastics. Aristotle includes gymnastics among the elements of instruction, and Juvenal originates the saying, "a sound mind in a sound body."

The prevailing opinion among the early Greek educators was in favor of physical training not as an end but as a means of aiding mental and moral growth.

In the Athenian republic the education of the body received the first attention. So important a factor of education did the people consider physical training that the State provided for the direction of the gymnasia.

The early Romans followed the ideas of the Greek educators, adopting at first in their system of education little more than physical and moral training, later dividing time equally between mental and physical training.

The brilliant minds of the Greek and Roman scholars of this period furnish sufficient proof of the correctness of their views regarding the training of the body.

The history of education furnishes a forcible comment on the close relation between the physical and the mental development in citing the fact that the intellectual asceticism of the middle ages was accompanied by physical asceticism. During this epoch of civilization, when the Bible was the only book permitted, the body was

treated as an enemy, to be punished by fasting and injuries to the flesh. During the Renaissance the same views regarding the dependence of mental growth upon physical training obtained. Rabelais emphasizes the necessity of physical exercises by making his imaginary pupil exercise his body and mind in the same proportion.

Comenius, the first evangelist of modern pedagogy, gives physical exercises a place in his curriculum of education.

Mr. Herbert Spencer complains that "our modern education is too wholly intellectual, neglecting the body."

Were it not for stupefying the mind, the physical condition of the body demands some care from the teaching profession.

The slouching attitude and shambling gait of the majority of the growing youth indicate that something is radically wrong with this part of the school training. Only when the boy forgets himself in the chase for the ball does he know how to carry himself erect. His mind responds to the increased activity of the body, and the boy on the field is no kin to the listless pupil of the school room.

There is no one who denies the necessity of physical training as a promoter of health, also, that a healthy body makes a healthy mind; but how many schoolmasters fail to devote time to some simple regime of gymnastics that shall benefit the pupil?

When we reflect that those educators, whose principles we follow, believed that better development of the mind can be secured through the training of the body, the care of the body becomes doubly important.

Though there are those among the teaching profession who consider physical training a loss of time, and the acquirement of graceful manners an effeminate accomplishment, the teacher does not fail in his professional work if he makes the awkward boy forget his hands, shows him how to walk with easy manner, and to sit without lounging.

If the possession of pleasing manners were the end, the simple gymnastics and marching, necessary to secure these manners, might, with some

reason, be condemned. These exercises, however, arouse the sluggish mind and seem to infuse new life into the dormant body.

Let him who doubts make the test. After a fifteen minutes' drill in gymnastics, call the reading class — the readiness with which an erect position is assumed, the energy and expression displayed in the reading, the unusual ease and rapidity in recognizing the words, indicate an arousing of the mental faculties. Does not this exercise demonstrate to the skeptic that the theory of the relation between physical training and mental growth is not an imaginary one?

Our school regulations should call for a system of physical training, and careful attention should be given to the physical development of the boys and girls. Excellent training in this line is provided in some schools, and the question of how best to carry on the work should be one of professional interest. The utility and value of physical training cannot be disputed, and a thorough trial of its ability to stimulate the mental faculties will be conclusive.

H. B. P. '94.

#### THE NORMAL COLLEGE CHAPTER OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the most instructive and entertaining societies in connection with the College is the chapter of the Agassiz Association. It was organized this year by the teachers and students interested in scientific study and investigation.

Although less than five months old it has realized the ideals of the most sanguine. That it is a necessary and important accessory to the work in College is recognized by every member.

The meetings are held every two weeks. Members who have pursued a special line of scientific work address the meeting, giving the society the benefit of their personal observation and research, treating the subject illustratively when practicable.

The address is followed by a discussion led by the speaker, and ideas are freely advanced and exchanged.

The value of this line of work to a lover of nature cannot be overestimated, especially to

those who expect to inspire a love for nature and awaken and direct the spirit of inquiry in the minds of others.

We are occasionally entertained by an invited speaker — a specialist in some line of scientific work.

We give below the topics which have been considered and the speakers at the several meetings. Space forbids details.

At the first meeting, February 9, C. A. Woodard entertained the society with an interesting and instructive talk on Cocoons, illustrating it with specimens, showing different kinds, their habits, etc.

At the next meeting, February 23, Geo. W. Gates read an instructive paper on Bacteria Tuberculosis, illustrated with microscopic examination of specimens. He also showed the process of mounting specimens, preparatory to microscopical examination.

Prof. Wetmore entertained the society on March 9 with a talk on optical projections, showing how they were adapted to different kinds of work.

With his new instrument he gave some fine projections, illustrating its usefulness in the different departments of the natural sciences.

An open meeting was held on April 6, and was addressed by Sergt. A. F. Sims of the Albany station of the Weather Bureau on "Weather Forecasts." Sergt. Sims has been closely identified with the development and advancement of the Weather Bureau Service. He treated the subject in a very concise and comprehensive manner.

On April 20 the meeting was conducted by Miss Julia Smith and Miss Wellhauser, who gave the society an idea of the work accomplished during the previous quarter in their microscopy class under the direction of Miss Russell.

Miss Smith first read a paper on "How to Make Permanent Mounts," and constructed a slide before the society as an illustration of her various points. Miss Smith outlined very clearly the steps to be taken.

First : The dehydration of the specimens (to prevent cloudiness), by soaking in alcohol.

Second : The "clearing" of the specimen by placing it in oil of cloves, or any other substance which drives out the alcohol.

Third : The mounting. This is done by placing upon the glass slide, which has been carefully marked to show the exact center and which is perfectly dry, a drop of Canada balsam. The specimen is then placed upon the balsam and exactly over the center of the slide.

By means of a forceps, a round cover glass, perfectly clean and dry, is gently lowered to position over the specimen, and exactly centered.

She then briefly outlined other methods of mounting, stating the value of each, and also spoke of the hardening, sectioning and staining of vegetable and animal tissues.

Miss Wellhauser then read a paper describing the different parts of the microscope and their use ; the necessity of taking good care of the microscope, and of the desirability when purchasing of selecting a good, substantial one.

She then exhibited under the microscope some of the slides which the class had made and for which the members deserve commendation on account of the neatness and accuracy of their work.

Among the specimens shown were mounts of pollen grains, sections of stems and leaves, the antennæ and wing scales of a moth, and sections of the crystalline lens of the eye.

#### PROF. BELDING'S RECITAL.

SATURDAY, P. M., at the First Reformed Church, Prof. S. B. Belding favored the faculty and students of the Normal college with his fourteenth complimentary organ recital. Prof. Belding's recitals are always looked forward to as among the choicest entertainments of the year, and this one was especially enjoyed by the well-filled galleries.

Though the selections were long and classical they were well appreciated as the perfect stillness and hearty applause indicated.

The solos by Mrs Eva Gardner Coleman were especially enjoyed, exhibiting a remarkable sweetness and flexibility of voice.

#### PROGRAM.

PRELUDE — B Minor.....	Bach
MARCHE RELIGIEUSE.....	Alex. Guilmant
(Founded on one of Handel's choruses)	
FANTASIE (Maritana).....	Wm. Vincent Wallace
VORSPIEL (Otho Visconti).....	Frederic Grant Gleason
SONGS { a "Gently fall the shadows gray"....	Newcomb
{ b "Sing, Smile, Slumber".....	Gounod
Mrs EVA GARDNER COLEMAN.	
GRAND OFFERTOIRE, de St. Cecile, Op. 9, No. 3..	Batiste
FANTAISIE DE CONCERT, "O Sanctissima".....	Lux
a NOCTURNE, Op. 9, No. 2.....	Chopin
b SPRING SONG.....	Gade
OVERTURE, "Poet and Peasant".....	Suppe

#### JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION.

At a recent meeting of the class of '95 the following officers were elected :

President.....	Mr Charles M. Frost.
Vice-President ..	Miss Genevieve Pratt.
Secretary.....	Miss Marie M. Van Arsdale.
Treasurer.....	Mr M. Randolph Spicer.

White and gold have been chosen as class colors, a committee appointed to arrange for a class yell, and active work is being done in preparation for a part in the commencement festivities.

#### PROGRAM.

Tuesday, June 26.

3 P. M.

College Commencement at Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Washington Avenue.

8 P. M.

Inauguration of the Semi-centennial Celebration at Harmanus Bleecker Hall — Hon. James F. Crooker, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, presiding.

ADDRESS,

President D. H. Cochran, LL. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADDRESS,

Principal Oliver Avery, A. M.

ADDRESS,

Governor Roswell P. Flower.

ADDRESS,

Chancellor Anson J. Upson.

Chancellor University of the State of New York.

Wednesday, June 27.

AT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

9 A. M.

PRAYER, Rev. Frank D. Abrams, '69, Hancock, N. Y.  
ADDRESS, Wm. F. Phelps, A. M., '45, St. Paul, Minn.  
President of the Alumni Association.

ADDRESS, Wm. J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D.  
President New York State Normal College.

COMMEMORATIVE POEM,  
Mrs Amelia Daley Alden, '68, New York city.

### 2:30 P. M.

#### Educational Conference.

Rev. Daniel S. Gregory, D. D., LL. D., '50, presiding.  
The New Watchword of Progress,

Rev. Daniel S. Gregory, D. D., LL. D., '56, New  
York city.

Education and Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents,  
C. W. Manchester, '75, Randall's Island, N. Y.

The Teacher a Moral Factor,  
H. C. Van Lien, Pd. M., '81, West New Brighton,  
N. Y.

The Old School and the New,  
Sherman Williams, '71, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Benefits of Professional Study to the Teacher,  
Wm. M. Griffin, A. M., '73, Chicago, Ill.  
Discussion of the papers read.

### 8 P. M.

Reception by President and Mrs Milne, and Social  
Reunion at the State armory, Washington avenue.

Recitations by Miss Jean Stewart Brown, '77, New  
York city, and Miss J. Anne Sheridan, '78, River Falls,  
Wis.

## Thursday, June 28.

### 9 A. M.

Business Meeting.

### 9:30 A. M.

PRAYER, Rev. Lewis B. Twitchell, '91, Madison, Me.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,  
Hon. Emerson W. Keyes, '48, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NECROLOGY,  
Miss Kate Stoneman, '66, Albany, N. Y.

MEMORIAL TABLETS,  
Rev. Milford H. Smith, Mechanicville, N. Y.

FIVE MINUTE ADDRESSES BY  
Hon. D. E. Whitmore, '46, Marathon, N. Y.  
Levi Cass, A. M., '49, Albany, N. Y.  
Rev. Andrew Parsons, '50, Catskill, N. Y.  
John W. Cole, '56, Troy, N. Y.  
Hon. J. W. McNamara, '58, Albany, N. Y.  
H. L. Taylor, Ph. D., '79, Canandaigua, N. Y.  
Eugene Beach, M. D., '56, Gloversville, N. Y.  
Rev. L. A. Bigelow, '69, Proctor, Vt.  
Sumner C. Webb, M. D., '45, Homer, N. Y.  
Judge A. P. Smith, '53, Cortland, N. Y.  
W. G. Bronson, M. D., '53, Noroton Heights,  
Conn., and others.

### 2:30 P. M.

Darwin G. Easton, M. D., LL. D., presiding.  
ADDRESS, Religion and the Schools,  
Rev. George F. Greene, M. A., '76, Granford, N. Y.  
ADDRESS, Fifty Years' Growth in Science,  
LeRoy C. Cooley, A. M., Ph. D., '55, Poughkeepsie,  
N. Y.

ADDRESS, Normal School Influences,  
Charles H. Peck, A. M., '52, Albany, N. Y.

ADDRESS, Educational Journalism,  
Amos M. Kellogg, A. M., '51, New York city.

### 7 P. M.

Banquet.

The meetings of Wednesday and Thursday, both A. M  
and P. M., except the class reunions, will be held in the  
college chapel; the Wednesday evening reception in the  
State armory, corner Washington avenue and Lark street.

### ECHOES.

#### WARM WEATHER.

Too pleasant to study.

Who's going to graduate?

Commencement not far distant.

The societies are hustling with their programmes.

From the "bugging expeditions" we judge 129 will  
have several more inmates before June 26 than it has at  
the present writing.

An entertainment was given by the camera club at  
the college, Wednesday evening, April 25.

Several members of the graduating class have already  
secured positions, and we hope there are more to fol-  
low.

As a class memento the '94's have a pin in the shape  
of a flag, enameled in blue and gold, bearing "S. N.  
C. '94."

We would advise all who have obtained positions to  
first inquire "how much ground the school covers."

Arbor day was observed with appropriate exercises in  
the college and each department of the Model school.

A party of students, numbering about twenty, took a  
pleasant trip to Forbes Manor Wednesday afternoon,  
April 25.

A small party made a visit to the arsenal Friday,  
May 4.

Commencement music is being eagerly practiced,  
with great effort to make it a success.

We are hearing of many alumni who are coming to  
the grand reunion in June.

Three of the science teachers have recently taken  
their classes to Pine Hills on botanical and zoological  
tours.

The Delta Omegas have decided to have their closing  
Saturday evening, June 23.

## PERSONALS.

MISS DAISY VAN DERLIP, of Watkins, was a guest of friends at the college Wednesday, April 11.

Dr Milne attended the Teachers' Institute at Saratoga, Wednesday, April 11.

Prof. Evans, of Worcester, N. Y., visited the college Wednesday, April 18.

Supt. Caswell, of Little Falls, was a guest at the college Thursday, April 19.

E. H. Chapin, of Mechanicville, made a hasty call at the college Monday, April 23.

Miss Brisbin, of Saratoga, called at the college Thursday, April 19.

Dr Milne was absent from college April 26 and 27, in attendance at an institute at Babylon, L. I.

Prof. N. F. Woodhull, of the training college of New York city, visited our college Monday, April 30.

Gen. John F. Rathbone, of Albany, was a guest at the college Friday, April 20.

Hon. Palmer M. Wood, of Herkimer, visited the college recently.

Mrs Field and Mrs Hinman were guests of Miss Stone Thursday, April 26.

Prof. Capen, of the New Paltz Normal School, was recently seen at the college.

Miss Jennie D. Horton, of Denver, a former student of the institution, visited the college Wednesday, May 9.

Mr Teller, President of the Board of Education, at Unadilla, N. Y., visited the college Tuesday, May 8.

Prest. Milne spent several days in Potsdam, at the meeting of Normal school principals of this State.

Prof. Harris, an entomologist from Webster, N. Y., visited the science department Monday, May 14.

Prof. James A. Estee, Supt. of Schools at Gloversville, called at the college Saturday, May 6.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'91. MISSES EUGENIA BURKE and Mary Driscoll visited the college Friday, May 11.

'93. Miss Clara Warren was seen at the college Thursday, April 19.

Mr Burton Parson, who for the past year and a half has been teaching at Cambridge, N. Y., has accepted a position as professor of mathematics in the Oneida High School, and will begin his labors next September.

Miss Jessie Owen was welcomed by her old friends at the college Wednesday, May 2.

Prin. R. H. Bellows, of Fort Plain, visited the college Friday, May 11.

Prof. M. E. Newbury, of Johnstown, was shaking hands with old friends and acquaintances in Albany Saturday, May 12.

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

HAVE you seen the class pins of '94?

Mr Hallenbeck visited this department Thursday, May 10.

Miss Hungerford is now very often seen in the High School.

The two classes in zoology, taught by Miss Hasbrouck and Miss Tuthill, went on a zoological expedition Wednesday, May 9, with successful results.

The Adelphoi Literary Society gave their first public Friday, May 11. The programme consisted of a mock trial, which was original with the participants. They received much applause for their creditable acting.

Mr J. C. Bogardus spent Sunday, May 13, with Mr Kilpatrick of Union.

Mr Freeman's astronomy class of last term visited the Dudley Observatory Monday evening, May 14. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all who availed themselves of the opportunity.

## AMONG THE COLLEGES.

A CHANGE has been made in the curriculum at Syracuse University by crowding all the required work into the first two years and leaving the last two to be filled out with electives.

The Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania has received a gift of \$25,000.

Dr F. A. Cook, ethnologist of the Perry expedition, is to be the leader of a party of college students who are to make an Arctic trip this summer. The students are to be selected from the leading universities of the country and will sail in June.

Harvard clubs all over the country will unite in commemorating Pres. Eliot's 25th anniversary as president of Harvard by presenting him with a gold medal at the alumni dinner on commencement day.

The Stinnecke scholarship of Princeton is the largest given by any American institution of learning. It amounts to \$1,500, and is given for excellence in Latin and Greek. [*Ex.*]

Five students and twelve instructors comprise the smallest university in the world, located at Africa.

A course in scientific German will be given next semester at Leland Stanford University.

Radcliffe College (formerly known as Harvard Annex) has over \$200,000 of productive funds.

University of Kansas and University of Nebraska are to have a joint debate soon.

A bill to license all college graduates as teachers without examination, died in the committee on public education in the assembly.

University College, London, announces a practical course of instruction in psycho-physiology for the Easter term.

#### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

**THE REV. FATHER SYLVESTER MALONE** of Brooklyn, who has been elected a member of the Board of Regents, will be 73 years of age on the roth of May. He came to this country from Ireland fifty-six years ago.

The New York State Teachers' Association will hold its next meeting at Saratoga Springs July 9-10-11.

An American patriotic salute has been suggested by Col. Geo. T. Balch of New York. The salute is as follows: We give our Heads and our Hearts to God and our Country! Our County! Our Language! Our Flag!

Ali Pacha Bey, nominal ruler of Tunis, has issued a decree creating a *eycée* (classical college) modelled after those of France.

Ex.

#### EXCHANGES.

**THE VERSE** in the April number of the *University Herald* is of an unusually high order.

The *Living Stone*, published by the students of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., has reached us for the first time this week. It is well up to the times and contains many good things.

"A trip to Europe," now running in the *Pacific Wave*, deals with an extremely hackneyed subject in an interesting style.

The *Educational Gazette* still continues to be a joy. The teacher who cannot get good points for Arbor and Decoration Day is indeed hard to suit.

The Warren School *Review*, though somewhat local in character, evidently lives up to the purpose of its founders.

If 1993 fulfills all the expectations of the imaginative writers in our exchange list—what a great year it will be,

Congratulations and good wishes to the students of Public School 14, Rochester, who edit the *Vigilant*.

The High School *Star* has evidently grown thin during its long absence. The cover this month is many sizes too large and the printing also is not much improved from last month.

A Junior wrote home to his father—"Dear Dadd:

It costs a good deal to live here,  
Please send some more money." He soon got a check—  
A check on his college career.

—*Yale Record*.

We acknowledge the receipt of several other new exchanges—among them. *The College Forum*, *The Monthly Visitor*, *The Spectator*, *The Senecan*.

#### SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Scrivner's Magazine for May opens with an article of unusual importance, entitled "Some Episodes of Mountaineering," by Edwin Lord Weeks, describing some of his own stirring adventures while mountain-climbing in the Alps. With illustrations by his own hand, equally skillful as a picturesque writer and as an artist, he has in this article given a reality to Alpine mountain-climbing that no previous popular article has given. Captain John G. Bourke, U. S. A., the Indian fighter, who has long been stationed in Texas, has written the story of one of the most romantic regions in our country—the Mexican border along the Rio Grande. Clarence Sidney Darridge has written an article on "Working Girls' Clubs" in New York, which is one of the best statements possible in small compass of the actual machinery and organizations of these excellent clubs which have passed beyond the stage of social experiments and are a positive force for good.

A short article on "A New Portrait of Franklin," by Paul Teicser Ford, reveals much of the humorous side of the great man's nature. Other illustrated articles are "The Provincials," by Octan Thauet; "Climbing for White Goats," and Philip Gilbert Hammerton's brief article on Jules Muenier, whose painting "A Corner in a Market," serves as a frontispiece for the number.

The fiction includes "That Good May Come," by Edith Wharton, and installments of the serials by George W. Cable and William Henry Bishop. Essays on the "Ethics of Democracy" and "Womanliness as a Profession," are both of unusual significance at the present time.

#### BOOK-REVIEWS.

**First Lessons in Our Country's History.** By WILLIAM SWINTON. New York: American Book Company. Price, 48 cents.

A well prepared, neatly arranged, and well printed little volume, prepared as a class book to meet the wants of the lower grades.

The salient points of our country's history are brought into the foreground, many unnecessary details being omitted. Simplicity and good sense are combined with good effect in the matter given. The work is so well arranged that it relates the history of America from its discovery to the present day. The chapters are divided into distinct paragraphs, with questions in the margin, while maps, portraits and illustrations, add interest and value to the work. We take pleasure in noticing this work, valuable at the same time for brevity and excellent quality of material.

**Inductive Studies in English Grammar.** By HARPER & BURGESS. New York: American Book Company. Price, 40 cents.

This revised volume of "Inductive Studies" has been prepared by these well-known text book authors with the idea that a large proportion of the failures in Latin in our high schools is due to a lack of practical mastery of English grammar. By a scientific and thought-inspiring method of presenting the subject of grammar, by reducing the number of facts presented to the few which are absolutely essential, by emphasis on important points, and by adopting the terminology and method of presentation more closely to that used in German and Latin grammars, the authors have attempted to overcome the common errors in the presentation of the subject. In connection with the text book the pupils are to use note-books for recording the results of their observations. The plan of the work is a new one, and the ideas are excellently carried out. It is a book deserving more than a passing notice.

**Hume's Treatise of Morals.** With introduction by JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph. D. Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Company.

This work is the initial volume of an ethical series, the second of the set and the prospectus of the series will be found in last month's ECHO.

Hume, the writer whose works paint the religious, semi-philosophical skeptic and whose unpremeditated arguments have sometimes improperly been taken as the basis of a philosophical school presents a worthy subject for so well-fitted a critic as Dr. Hyslop.

The introduction gives a clearer idea of Hume and the personality of his philosophy than can be obtained anywhere in the same compass. Clear, concise statements, impartial judgment and good sense are the features we commend.

"The Treatise of the Passions" in part is also to be found in connection with "The Treatise on Morals."

## Price of Visiting Cards.

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