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THE ECHO.

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EDITORIAL.

January.

Janus am I; oldest of potentates;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come
and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with
SNOW;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of
men.
[The Poet's Calendar.] — Longfellow.

WE have been asked several times if we were not going to have Mrs. Mooney's picture in The Echo. The reply has always been that we were planning to do so, and would issue the picture as soon as convenient. In the meantime we were able to secure from Mrs. Mooney permission to issue her picture as a supplement to our paper, a plan to which she was somewhat averse at first. The picture is a new one, taken especially for The Echo, and it gives us pleasure to present it to our readers.

THE Echo appears so near the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns that, in honor of that occasion, we print this month a page of his best lyric poems.

Probably the birthday of no other poet is so widely observed, or celebrated with greater enthusiasm. If we seek to account for this we find in America many Scotchmen who prize their copy of

Burns next to the Bible. Furthermore, the number of Burns Clubs is large, and these take the lead in celebrating the birthday of the Scotch bard. All English speaking people, whether Scotch or not, are irresistibly attracted by the sweet music which seems to flow from the heart of Burns, like water from a never-failing spring. But after all

“We love him, not for sweetest song,
Though never tone so tender;

We love him, even in his wrong,—
His wasteful self-surrender.

“We praise him, not for gifts divine,
His Muse was born of woman;
His manhood breathes in every line,
Was ever heart more human?”

“We love him, praise him, just for this:
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and
bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature!”

THE number of good books published each year is so large that most of us are obliged to follow Emerson's advice, and do not read even the best books until they are a year old, if we read them then. In the choice of the best contemporary literature we may often be guided by the opinion of a majority of the intelligent readers of some standard paper or magazine. On the first of October, *The Outlook*, invited its readers to vote upon the ten books published during the year ending September 30, 1898, which, “all things considered, are the most important.” Technical books and reprints were excluded. As *The Outlook* now has a circulation of a hundred thousand copies among families whose intelligence is far above the average, a list which expresses a consensus of their opinion is worth more than a passing glance. The following is a list of the ten books named by the majority

in order of preference: *The Life and Letters of Tennyson*, edited by his son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson; *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, by Justin McCarthy; *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith; *The Workers*, by Walter A. Wyckoff; *Bismarck*, by Dr. Moritz Busch; *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited by F. G. Kenyon; *Rupert of Hentzau*, by Anthony Hope; *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors*, by John Fiske.

WITH this number the present board of editors withdraw from editorial duties. Their hearty good-will is extended to those who are to succeed them, and they hope and expect to see *The Echo* greatly improved during the next five months.

The articles that have appeared in *The Echo* thus far have represented the best we had to offer, and if any article has grated upon the ear of any reader we make no apology for it; the complainer should have offered something better as a substitute. We are especially grateful to those who have contributed articles. While we realize that our work might have been done very much better, we shall not make elaborate apologies for what we have done, or hint at any latent talents. We have simply done the best we could with the time and the material at our disposal. We make our only apology in the words of Chaucer:

“And if ther be any thing that displese hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unconninge, and nat to my wil, that wolde ful fayn have seyde bettre if I hadde had conninge.”

The Romans on Education.

Cicero.

Callidos esse appello, quorum tanquam manus opere, sic animus usu concalluit.

“I call those experienced whose minds are strengthened by training, as the hands are hardened by toil.”

— De Natura Deorum, III, 10.

Quod enim munus rei publicae afferre majus, meliusve possumus, quam si docemus, atque erudimus juventutem.

“What nobler service can one render to the state than that of training and instructing the rising generation.”

— Divin II, 2.

Virgil.

Viamque insiste domandi,
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum nobilis aetas.

“Begin the course of education early, while the mind is pliant and the age is flexible.”

— Georgies, III, 165.

Horace.

Nemo adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.
Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
Stultitia cariusse.

“There is no one so rough that he may not be polished, if only he will lend a willing ear to wisdom. The escape from vice is some approach to virtue, and to be free from folly is the highest wisdom.”

— Epistles, I, 1.

Sed satis est orare Jovem quae ponit et aufert:
Det vitam, det opes; aequum mi animum ipse
parabo.

“It is enough to ask of Jupiter such things as he gives and takes away. Let him furnish life and wealth; I will bestow upon myself a well-trained mind.”

— Epistles, I, 18.

Seneca.

Educatio maximam diligentiam plurimumque profuturam desiderat. Facile est enim teneros adhuc animos componere: difficulter reciduntur vitia, quae nobiscum creverunt.

“Education requires the utmost diligence and will yield the greatest profit. For it is easy to fashion tender minds, but difficult to extirpate evils which have matured within us.”

— De Ira, II, 8.

Emis a bonarum artium praeceptore rem inaestimabilem, studia liberalia et animi cultum.

“You procure from your instructor in the liberal arts a treasure of priceless value, liberal studies and the culture of your mind.”

— De Benef, VI, 15.

Ut ager, quamois fertilis, sine cultura fructuosus esse non potest, sic sine doctrina animus.

“As a field, though rich, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without learning cannot be fruitful.”

Quintilian.

Nihil in studiis parvum est.

“Nothing is of slight importance that pertains to the pursuits of the mind.”

— Lib. X, 3, 31.

Authors' Birthdays.

Philip Schaff.....	Jan. 1, 1819
Phillip Freneau.....	Jan. 2, 1752
Charles Sumner.....	Jan. 6, 1811
Emerson E. White.....	Jan. 10, 1829
Bayard Taylor.....	Jan. 11, 1825
Edmund Burke.....	Jan. 12, 1730
Benjamin Franklin.....	Jan. 17, 1706
Daniel Webster.....	Jan. 18, 1782
Edgar Allan Poe.....	Jan. 19, 1809
N. P. Willis.....	Jan. 20, 1806
Lord Bacon.....	Jan. 22, 1561
Lord Byron.....	Jan. 22, 1788
Robert Burns.....	Jan. 25, 1759

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Winifred L. Jones. Katherine V. D. Merwin.
Leola D. Weed. Alvah G. Frost.

Robert Burns.

Walking through the Park the other day, I overheard some school children talking of Robert Burns. They had evidently been asked to observe his statue. One said: "I wonder how they happened to choose Burns instead of some American poet!" All at once it flashed across my mind what a beautiful thought it was that Nature's own poet should be here as it were, her guardian spirit — to inspire weary, disheartened men with sweeter, purer, nobler thoughts. Whittier has said of Burns:

"Who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer,
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?"

"In smiles and tears, in sun and showers
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of, live together."

If you wish to make the acquaintance of Robert Burns, you cannot find a warmer friend to introduce the poet than Carlyle. It is, therefore, chiefly from his "Essay on Burns" that the conclusions here presented have been drawn.

Robert Burns was born the 25th of January, 1759, at Ayr, Scotland. From his father, a man of thoughtful, earnest piety, the poet inherited his resolute judgment, keen insight and great intellectual power; from his mother, his warm, sunny disposition, a rich imagination and a keen appreciation of the humorous and the pathetic. From such parents we might expect such a gifted son. We have only to regret that their poverty prevented them from giving him the best advantage of education and cul-

ture. The eight brief years of his school life awakened in Burns a fondness for literature, especially poetry. In his subsequent life he did his best to supplement his education by reading and study. At fourteen he was taken from school and in 1781 the death of his father left him the only support of a large family.

Some months before, Burns had happened upon a volume of Ferguson's poems and they had roused his poetic powers and his patriotism. Day after day, while following his plow, the boy held close communion with Nature; he began to feel as if she had intended him for a poet. He wrote many beautiful lyrics, so remarkable for their exquisite language and their depth of feeling that they called forth the admiration of his friends. An unfortunate love affair so wounded his love and his pride that he suddenly resolved to go to Jamaica. To defray the expenses of this contemplated trip, he published some of his best poems. Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, chanced to read the volume, and was so struck with the personality of the writer that he wrote and invited Burns to visit him in the city.

Consequently, in 1786, Burns arrived in Edinburgh, was received with most flattering kindness and soon became the centre of a brilliant literary circle. At first he associated only with the virtuous, the learned and the wise. But unfortunately his gay, pleasure-loving disposition soon surrounded him with company not of the best. He grew to love popularity and success; his aims became unsettled. Fearing the result of such an unsettled life, in 1787, Burns returned to the country, married and settled down on a farm near Elliesland. About this time the government made him an excise commissioner, and the duties of this

office soon absorbed his attention and made his farming venture a failure.

Four years later the poet abandoned farming and accepted an excise position at Dumfries. From this time onward his moral career was downward. It is sad to think that the same qualities on their emotional side which made him the great poet, on their practical side drove him to his ruin. But if these last years of his life witnessed his greatest dissipation, they also produced his finest, purest lyrics. Carlyle says his soul was "like an Æolian harp in whose strings the vulgar mind as it passed through them changed itself into articulate melody. And this was he for whom the world found no better business than quarrelling with vintners, computing excise dues and gauging ale-barrels. In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste."

Yet it is in the poet himself that we must seek the cause of his early death, of his unsuccessful life. He could not make up his mind. Which did he love better, pleasure or poetry? In deciding this question, his life was spent. Shall we not forget the failure of his life and turn to a study of his character and his influence on his fellow-men?

Sincerity and truth might be taken as the watchwords of his poems. He does not write from hearsay, but from experience. He describes the scenes he has lived and labored amidst. Emotions have stirred his own soul and he cannot fail to stir the emotions of his readers. You must be true if you would be believed; if you hope to move your readers, first be moved yourself.

Burns, too, sees everything with the poet's eye. Even in the commonplace

he sees beauty and inspiration. No one would have attempted to picture the life of a Scottish peasant, yet under his loving pen, even a Scottish peasant teaches us lessons of patience, independence and patriotism. Surely "it is not the material but the workman that is wanting. It is not the dark place that hinders, but the dim eye." The high, the low, the sad, the joyful—all find a place in his sympathy. We see in him, too, the gentleness, the tender pity of a woman combined with the deep, earnest force of a man. We see in him all that is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us. His character has been summed up in this tribute to his memory:

"Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and the knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong
Of coward and of slave!
A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow."

Burns's reputation as an author will depend chiefly upon the merit of his songs. They embody human emotion in its noblest and sweetest form; they appeal to all ranks, all ages; they cheer and bless toil-worn men in every nation. We may forget Burns, but we can never forget "Auld Lang Syne." Let us join with Carlyle in paying him tribute: "In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts in a far nobler mausoleum than any of marble. Neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of man. While the Shakespeares and the Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye, for this also, of Nature's own and most cunning workman-

ship, bursts from the depths of the earth with a full gushing current into the light of day; and often will the traveler turn aside to drink of its clear waters and muse among its rocks and pines!"

Janie E. Dean, '99.

The Ballad of Schill.

(From the German of C. M. Arndt.)

A stout-hearted hero set out from Berlin,
Six hundred troopers accompanied him;
Six hundred riders, sturdy and good,
And thirsting all for the Frenchman's blood.

Along with the troopers a regiment
Of valorous foot-soldiers, riflemen, went;
God grant ye riflemen excellent aim,
That every shot may a Frenchman maim.

Thus marched forth the brave and the honest
Schill,

To give the Frenchmen of fighting their fill;
By neither king nor emperor sent,
For freedom's and fatherland's sake he went.

Near Dodendorf did the heroes flood
The fertile fields with the enemies' blood;
Two thousand French felt the naked blade,
The rest of them ran, and good time they made.

Then Dömitz was stormed by the gallant
band,

The French were scattered on every hand;
To Pomerania next they rushed,
The enemies' sentinels there were hushed.

To Stralsund proceeded the daring knight;
You French, understand you speedy flight?
Grow speedily feathers and wings on your
backs,

You've need of them now, with Schill on
your tracks.

He rides like a whirlwind into the place
Where Wallenstein met with repulse and dis-
grace,

Where Charles the Twelfth once withstood the
foe;

Its walls and towers are useless now.

Alas! for the French, how many are dead,
How many a trooper's sabre is red;
The troopers are born of true German blood,
And slaughtering Frenchmen suits their
mood.

But, alas! for thee, Schill, who wert never
afraid,

To capture thee, cunning plans are made;
The French approach by way of the land,
By way of the sea a Danish band.

O Schill, O Schill, unknowing to yield,
Why takest thou not with thy troops the
field?

Why lock within walls thy soldiers brave?
In Stralsund, thou'rt destined to find a grave.

O Stralsund, thou gloomy old German town,
In thee, the hero is stricken down,
A rifleball pierces his honest heart,
His body is made an object of sport.

A rascally Frenchman's voice is heard:
"Like a mongrel cur let him be interred,
Like a rogue condemned on the gallows to
sway,

And furnish food to birds of prey."

They bore him away without rites or tomb,
Without sound of fife or beat of drum,
Without cannon salute or musket farewell,
The due of a man who has battled well.

They mutilated the body brave,
And threw it down in a wretched grave,
And there it sleeps, at rest from the fray,
Awaiting the resurrection day.

There sleeps the hero true and brave,
Alas! there is nothing to mark his grave,
And yet, though no monument tells of his
fame,

The Germans will never forget his name.

For every trooper, while saddling his steed,
And every trooper, while swinging his blade,
Will think and say: O Schill, O Schill,
Avenging thee, my blood I'll spill.

— Translated by G. W. C., '99.

The Youth of J. G. Whittier.

Upon the Merrimac river, nestling
among the hills of northeastern Massa-
chusetts, is the frontier town of Haver-
hill, so well known in history as the place
where the Indian massacre occurred
during the Inter-Colonial wars, in which
Mrs. Dustin made herself famous.
There is an old, old house still stand-

ing in the town, in which lived the Whittier family. Even at the time of Whittier's birth, in 1808, the house was a century and a half old.

It is a picturesque spot and might well have made the heart of a poet thrill with pleasure, as he gazed out from the cluster of houses, down the river where it slowly wends its way toward the sea. All about the neighborhood are the traces of times gone by, and the ancient landmarks made memorable in song and verse.

In "Snow Bound," written in memory of the week when the howling winter storm made the family prisoners, Whittier has given us a description of the inmates of his home. On the morning after the storm began —

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
We cut the solid whiteness through."

Again at night, while the storm still raged without —

"We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told.
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheco town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp mark to four score.
There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
O full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice."

Of his youngest and dearest sister he writes —

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise."

The description of himself is to be found in "The Barefoot Boy," and reveals his love of nature.

Thus was Whittier's boyhood passed on his father's farm. His parents, Quakers in belief, were neither rich in this world's goods nor ambitious, so that John had little in his childhood or youth to develop his poetic genius. Of books he had few. His father's library contained but twenty volumes, and these twenty, with but one exception, were about Quaker doctrines and Quaker heroes. The exception was a novel, but so pernicious was it considered that none of the children were ever allowed to read it, as it was kept securely hidden away.

There was an old Scotchman, a friend of the boy's father, who visited them occasionally. He became aware of John's love for books. One time when he came, he drew two little volumes from his saddle-bags and gave them to the boy, saying: "I think thee will like the book." It proved to be a copy of Burns's poems, and John read it with such avidity that his mother was obliged to send him off to bed. At daybreak he was again at the book, but the gentleman said kindly: "Thee likes the book, John; thee may keep it till I come back this way." Thus it happened that Burns became Whittier's teacher. From that time he wrote rhymes and verse, though he kept them carefully concealed from his parents, fearing their disapproval.

In 1826, his sister, without his knowl-

edge, obtained one of the best of these, written in imitation of Burns, and sent it to the "Free Press," published at Newburyport. When the carrier passed the farm next time, he flung a copy of the paper to John as he was helping his father repair a stone-wall by the roadside. Not knowing anything of his was in it, the young poet opened the paper and his gaze fell on a poem called "The Exile's Departure." He was stunned. It was his first printed poem, and he said that never afterward did he feel the thrill that came to him as he saw it actually published. His father saw that something was the matter, and asked: "What is the matter with thee?" John could answer nothing, although he resumed his work on the wall. His initial, "W., Haverhill, June 1, 1826," was below, but best of all was the following editorial notice:

"If W. at Haverhill will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a great favor." Further contributions led the editor to desire the acquaintance of Whittier, and he drove over to see him. The young poet, then but eighteen, was at work in the fields. He slipped into the backdoor to make himself presentable. At last he appeared with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The editor was William Lloyd Garrison, who was but a few years older than Whittier himself. The friendship thus begun lasted firm and steadfast till death parted them. When Mr. Garrison started the "Liberator," during the great anti-slavery movement of 1831, Whittier gladly gave up thought of fame for the sake of principle. During the years between his first acquaintance with Garrison and the anti-slavery

agitation, he wrote the simple poems of New England life and customs which he so loved.

In Whittier's boyhood the belief in witches was not yet relinquished. At Rocks village, near Haverhill, lived an old woman generally known as Aunt Mose. She was commonly reported to be a witch. One night at a husking party a big black bug came buzzing into the room, and flying into the faces of the company, made it generally disagreeable for them. Finally it was knocked down with a stick. At about the same time Aunt Mose fell down stairs, and it was afterward held by the husking that Aunt Mose was the bug, and that the bruises were the marks of the stick. One man, Captain Peaslee, who lived near her, had his barn covered with horseshoes to keep her spells from his stock.

Whittier's poem, "The Laurels," is descriptive of the wooded hillside covered with laurel trees, on the banks of the Merrimac. There is an ancient house here, and by it the foundations of an old cellar, the spot where Mabel Martin, the witch's daughter lived. The view pictures itself before us as we read—

" Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane
White in the moonlight's silver rain;
The river on its pebbled rim
Made music such as childhood knew.
The dooryard tree was whispered through
By vines such as her childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago,
And through the willow boughs below
She saw the rippled waters shine.
Beyond in waves of shade and light
The hills rolled off into the night."

Whittier's poetic genius demanded a higher place than is generally given him, yet none the less he deserves our unstinted praise for his self-sacrifice.

When the agitation of the slave question was started, the call came to him, as he believed from God himself, to uphold and assist his down-trodden fellow-man. The limitations of his youth had made him narrow, so that he saw but one side of slavery, the awful one. Thus it came that he willingly gave up present fame and firmly faced the criticism — nay, even the personal violence of those who were so ready to oppose the liberation of the slaves. During this time his poems were written carelessly and hastily, so that they lack the fine polish and real artistic finish which they should have received at the poet's hand.

After 1876, much of Whittier's time was spent at Oak Knoll, Danvers. Here he was paid homage by the most distinguished authors of America, and on his seventieth birthday a dinner was given at Boston in his honor.

Lowell wrote of him, with regard to his attitude toward slavery:

"All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard
Who was true to The Voice when such service
was hard;
Who himself was so free, he dared sing for
the slave
When to look but a protest in silence was
brave."

Of Whittier's religious poems we may say that they uniformly evince a firm faith in a pitying All Father, a happy resignation and a loving hope for men of all creeds. Upon the death of his youngest sister he writes —

"What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far
Since near at hand the angels are;

And when the sunset gates unbar
Shall I not see thee waiting stand
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

He wrote many beautiful hymns, but none more beautiful than the two so familiar to all, in which we find, first —

"Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one
And whatsoever is willed, is done."

The other reads —

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And Faith has yet its Olivet
And Love its Galilee.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!"

Whittier is known by many endearing names, but the one that lingers in the hearts of all who love him is that by which he is best known, "The Poet of New England," and his ardent zeal, noble courage and religious fervor may well be an inspiration to all familiar with his poetry.

A. E. Saxe, '99.

A Deception.

In an humble little cottage on the shore of Portsmouth bay sat an old woman. She was gazing into the fire, lost in the recollection of her childhood's joys and maiden dreams of love, of her husband, home and child, and then — Her form was bent, her face wrinkled and careworn; but her dim eyes were bright with gladness. The war was over, they said, and her boy would return. The old dog crouching at her feet

arose in wonder and gazed wistfully into her joy-lit face, as she whispered, "John is coming home." But list! Some trembling voice by the roadside is humming:

"Bidding each other a last farewell,
Just as the sun went down —
One thought of mother, at home, alone,
Feeble and old and gray."

* * * * *

In the adjoining forest of Santiago lay a wounded soldier. Hither had he crept, that he might die alone in nature's sanctuary. The moon's rays, streaming through the branches, threw about him a soft and gentle radiance. Across his pale, upturned face played the shadows of swaying branches. The wind came moaning over the field and beating against the bleak, trampled hill, then sobbed and died away in the darkness of the forest. On its breath, a flower dancing in the moonlight near him, like a tripping fairy, stooped and kissed his peaceful brow — a hidden life; a silent little mourner.

Poor, unknowing old woman, thy boy lies in that far-off wood, and thou art left alone.

Burtis Erwin Whittaker, '99.

In and About Monterey.

Memory can never bring back more charming or more welcome pictures than the scenes of August, '95, when we spent a few weeks on the Pacific coast. A ride of about one hundred miles south from San Francisco brings one to Monterey and its neighboring summer resort, Pacific Grove. At the latter place we took up our abode. Certainly "beautiful for situation" is this little town, looking down from the hillside on the broad Pacific, and if it is not the "joy of the whole earth," it is the joy of many Cali-

fornians. The stretch of sandy beach attracts many bathers, and the rocky cliffs, against which the ocean dashes, have a fascination for all. A long point of land covered with rocks extends far out into the water and is known as "Lovers' Point." On any pleasant forenoon you may find many a comfortable nook among the rocks in which to settle down with your novel, but if you go there on some bright moonlight evening you will find that the lovers for whom the point is named are there in such force that the sign "Standing Room Only" really ought to be displayed.

The wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers in this region is almost beyond description. Roses climbing to the roofs of the houses, fuchsias growing into small-sized trees, heliotrope in great clumps and the geranium in many varieties growing wild everywhere. A low hedge of calla lilies rather astonishes the Easterner. All about one sees the brilliant orange eschalschia, or California poppy — the State flower.

Of course we soon go over to Monterey — the quaint old Spanish town — and stroll through its sleepy, dirty, foreign-looking streets. We look with interest on the old adobe houses, some even having the red tiled roofs of former times.

The old Mexican custom-house still stands, and on it rises the shaft from which floated the first American flag raised in California. There are a number of old dwellings with balconies extending around them, where the señoritas used to sit and watch and smile at the dashing young officers going about the town. Now all are deserted, for Monterey is a city of the past. It was formerly a port of entry, with a flourishing trade and a promising future, but it

suffered from the rivalry of other cities and it is now a struggling, dirty town, with its buildings fallen into decay.

Before we left we called on a pleasant little old Spanish lady, who had in front of her house a most magnificent climbing rose tree, forming an arbor from the gate to the door. The tree was full of great yellow roses, and when we learned that it was under this tree that "The Spanish Cavalier" was written, we straightway went in and begged for some roses. The old lady understood no English and smilingly shook her head at our attempts to talk to her, but she gave us some of the largest roses from the top-most branch, and we went on our way rejoicing. Tradition saith that she is the lady to whom the Spanish cavalier sang with his guitar, and that when he left her he gave her a tiny branch of a rose tree, telling her that by the time it grew and bore flowers he would come back to her. But "man is ever faithless," and the old lady yet waits beside her rose tree, now full-grown for many a year.

The centre of the social life of this part of the coast is the famous Hotel del Monte, known throughout the country for its magnificent grounds — said to be the finest in the United States. These cover over one hundred acres. Parks of pines and live oaks of extraordinary beauty, exquisite flower gardens, lake and field blending into the most charming views, all combine to make Del Monte famous the world over.

No one ever leaves this vicinity of Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove without enjoying at least once the Peninsula drive — commonly called "the seventeen-mile drive." Of this drive, Charles Dudley Warner says: "This seabeach drive can scarcely be rivalled

elsewhere, either for marine loveliness or variety of coast scenery. It has points like the ocean drive at Newport, but is on altogether a grander scale and shows a more poetic union of shore and sea."

It was our pleasure to take this famous drive, and much we enjoyed it; but the feat of which we were most proud was our seventeen-mile walk over the same route. One morning a party of us started out, against the protests of friends and relatives, who were sure we "never could stand it" and would be "just tired to death." First through the pine woods for some distance, then out along the coast, past "Point Joe," a Chinese fishing village, where the odor was such that with grim, set faces we hurried on. Soon we came opposite the Seal Rocks, covered with many fighting, barking seals and hundreds of sea gulls. A little later we reach Cypress Point and all decide that it is time for lunch. So we sit down under one of these strange old cypress trees. They are indeed unique, this specimen of cypress having been found nowhere else. Gnarled and broken as they are, and twisted into the most uncouth shapes, they give to this lovely coast a strange fascination. We watch the dashing waves for awhile and even venture out to the farthest extremity of "the Loop" and feel the spray. Then the march is resumed. It is indeed fairly exhilarating to walk in the bracing air along this ocean road. No one thinks of fatigue, and after a time we come to Pebbly Beach. Here not a grain of sand is to be seen, but little stones of all shapes and colors. Just before us is the curious Arch Rock, through which we see the landscape beyond. Far off in the distance, across Carmelo Bay, is the old, historic mission of San Carmelo, built in 1770.

Here rest the bones of its founder, the sainted Father Junipero Serra, famed for his missionary labors among the Indians in the early days. The old brick building is crumbling away, and it is but seldom now that mass is said, but the memory of the good old padre will live for many years.

At Pebbly Beach we leave the Pacific and turn our faces homeward across the peninsula. Occasionally we pass Chinese boys, who try to sell us the pretty polished abalone shells. It is hard to resist, but at last we do leave them.

With occasional stops for rest, we walk through the beauties of field and forest. Late in the afternoon we again reach the shore of the bay of Monterey. Soon afterward we arrive in Pacific Grove and triumphantly greet the doubting ones of the morning. "Tired? Not a bit! And we've had a glorious time!"

W. L. Jones, '99.

The Importance of Civics and Economics in the High School.

In making out the high school course, civics and economics, or one of them at least, are many times given a secondary place or left out entirely. Their importance in making the ideal citizen does not receive sufficient attention.

It may be taken for granted, that a very large percentage of the pupils in school will never pursue these subjects unless they pursue them in the free public high school; and thus if left to the higher institutions of learning, a large majority of our pupils will enter life with comparatively no knowledge of their civil and political relations. I am glad to say that this is not the true condition of affairs in many instances, for I find that civics and economics have a place

in the curriculum of our best high schools. But I fear that the stress is not laid on these subjects which their importance demands. Civics, I think is quite generally taught, but economics, although in the curriculum, seems to be something foreign to a good share of our high school pupils. Although there are many questions involved in economics which will tax the brightest and most mature intellect, yet there are many questions which can be taught understandingly and to the advantage of the average high school pupil.

The State holds that, for its own preservation, it is its duty to educate the children of the State. It has passed a law that the stars and stripes shall wave over every school house. It has passed compulsory education laws. It is considering the plan of requiring all the schools to hold patriotic exercises. Why does the State do all this? Because it recognizes the fact that civilization and good government go hand in hand. We do not believe as did the old Chinese philosophers—That the people should be kept in ignorance, for then their wants would be few, and that it is difficult to govern a people who are too wise. Ours is said to be a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," but how is the individual going to be a benefit to the government of which he is a part, unless he knows something of that government? How will he meet the questions involved in business, if he knows nothing of the causes which lead to certain results or the effects which are sure to follow certain conditions?

Upon the schools there rests the responsibility of making intelligent, honest, patriotic citizens, and if civics and economics are a means to this end it is the duty of the school to give them special attention.

Leon J. Cook, '97.

LYRICS FROM BURNS.

The Banks O' Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
 How can ye blume sae fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' of care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love;
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny bush;
 And my fause luvè staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

Jean.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the West,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees;
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 And bring the lassie back to me

That's aye sae neat and clean;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Hae pass'd atween us twa!
 How fond to meet, how wae to part
 That night she gaed awa!
 The Powers above can only ken
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean!

John Anderson.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was Brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

Lament for Culloden.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee:
 Drumossie moor — Drumossie day —
 A waefu' day it was to me!
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

 Grace D. McGregor. Florella Hawkey.

Alumni Reunion.

For many years, in the old Normal School days, our "Reunions" were held regularly every year at the holiday season. There was, then, no "Holiday Vacation," and the fact that the several departments were engaged in regular work, together with the favorable condition that schools generally were closed, drew a large attendance. With the advent of the holiday rest came a lessening of attractions, with a corresponding lessening of numbers. This led to a change of date from December to June, and the "Banquet" became an important factor. But, "what is so rare as a day in June" that the graduate can spare for a flying trip to the "dear old classic halls" of Alma Mater? So it has come to pass that Re-unions are no longer annual, but bi-triennial, alternately in June and December.

That of December 30, 1898, was one of the most successful of recent years. Improvements and additions to the college building, within the past two years, made it practicable for the Executive Committee to arrange for the reception by President and Mrs. Milne in a manner that afforded much pleasure to all present. The collation, in primary hall, was all that could be desired, both as to menu and service. The music, by Gartland's orchestra, constrained even some of the more mature to an exercise of the "light fantastic toe," which they appeared to enjoy as much as those whose years are fewer.

Great credit is due to President Finegan for his energy and influence in preparing the excellent literary program,

which was fully carried out—every person named responding.

It was as follows:

- College Hall at 3 p. m.
- Greeting Song,
Miss Mary A. McClelland, '68.
Prayer.
- Address of Welcome,
President Milne.
- Address,
Rev. H. C. Hinds, '77.
- Address,
Dr. Sherman Williams, '71.
- Vocal quartet—Over the Hills at Break
of Day.....Geibel
Miss Sadia Claire Bailey, Mrs. Marion Sweet
Shufelt, Mr. Harry Allen, Mr. William
M. Newton.
- Address,
Prof. William M. Strong, '98.
- Address,
Dr. L. F. Talbot, '91.
- Vocal quartet—The Sea Hath Its pearls..
Pinsuti
- Recitation,
Miss Harriet Hallet, '89.
- Address,
Prin. J. M. Edsall, Jr., '84.
- Vocal solo—Simon the Cellarer.....Hatton
Mr. William M. Newton.
- Address,
M. H. Mullenneaux, Esq., '73.
- Vocal quartet—Country Fair—Waltz Song.
- Address,
Dr. D. P. Austin, '57.
- Vocal duet—I Feel Thy Angel Spirit....
Hoffman
Miss Bailey, Mr. Newton.

The new board of officers stands as follows:

- President, Byron M. Child, '79.
- First Vice-President, Rev. H. C. Hinds, '77.
- Second Vice-President, _____
- Third Vice-President, William M. Strong, '98.
- Secretary, Wm. V. Jones, Ph. D., '68.
- Treasurer, H. L. Taylor, Ph. D., '79.
- Executive Committee—Byron M. Child, President, ex-officio; H. E. Mereness, M. D., '69; A. N. Husted, Ph. D., '55; W. H. Doty, Pd. M., '88;

Jas. R. White, Pd. B., Ph. B., '93; Mrs. Anna Walker Gibson, '68; Mrs. Susan W. Farrar, '55; Ida M. Isdell, '84; E. Helen Hannahs, Ph. D., '84; Hon. Albert C. Tennant, '68.

Death of Hambly P. Orchard, S. N. C., '75 and '94.

Hambly P. Orchard, chief clerk in the Fifth Division of the United States Appraiser's Office, New York, died at his home, No. 31 Croton avenue, Sing Sing, on Wednesday morning, January 4, of pneumonia, after an illness of two weeks. Deceased was born in New Hamburgh, Dutchess county, in 1853, and resided for several years in the town of Beekman. Mr. Orchard was a teacher by profession. He was prepared for college at Lima Seminary, near Rochester, and entered Cornell University, but did not finish the course, owing to sickness. Subsequently he entered the State Normal School at Albany, from which he graduated in 1875, and when that school was changed to a college he took a post-graduate course and received the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy. He was employed as instructor of Latin and Greek in the Falley Seminary at Fulton, N. Y., and while there married Miss Lois A. Calkins, who, with two children, Hambly S. and Edith L., survive him. While residing in Beekman he taught in the public schools of Dutchess county, and later at Mahopac, N. Y. He taught for several years on Long Island, serving as principal of the public schools of Oyster Bay, Bath Beach and Richmond Hill, L. I. He was appointed to the position which he held at the time of his death four years ago, and since then has resided in Sing Sing, where he, notwithstanding his

quiet and retiring disposition, has won for himself the respect and esteem of his fellow townspeople, and his loss will be keenly felt. Mr. Orchard was a member of Hopewell Lodge, No. 596, F. and A. M., and Croton Chapter, No. 202, R. A. M. His funeral services were held at his late residence, Sing Sing, and his remains were taken to Hopewell for burial.

New Echo Editors.

Editor-in-chief — Burtis Erwin Whitaker, '99.

Literary Editors — M. Genevieve Lynch, 1900; Estelle Lester, 1900; Marie Brooks, 1900; Janie E. Dean, '99.

News Editors — Rose McCall, '99; Linda M. Holmes, '99.

Exchange Editors — Susan I. Baker, '99; Raymond B. Gurley, '99.

Review Editors — Walter B. Ford, '99; Lillian M. Loveland, '99.

Institutes.

Prof. James White attended the Canajoharie Institute, Friday, January 6, and Mrs. Mooney on Wednesday, January 4.

Notes.

Teachers' examinations for primary and grammar grade positions will be held at the College Saturday, January 28, 1899.

The new Educational Law has been rewritten and codified, and will come up for debate at the Legislature this session. It was brought up for discussion last year, but failed to pass.

Dr. William J. Milne addresses the Schoolmasters Club of the Highlands, at Newburgh, February 5, 1899.

The question of the advisability of an Easter vacation has just been discussed.

The students decided that they would rather forego that luxury and be relieved a week earlier in June instead.

On Thursday evening, January 12, 1899, the faculty and students of the College had the pleasure of gathering together to see another of the fine exhibitions of pictures shown by the Albany Camera Club.

Mr. Wright and Mr. Breeze, members of the Class of '99, Union College, visited us a few days ago. They intend entering this institution next year.

The Phi Deltas Entertain.

It is generally conceded that social affairs conducted by men are never quite as complete, in a way, as those which the feminine spirit guides. Yet the Phi Deltas entertained at the College on Friday, December 16th, and made this a delightful contradiction.

The novelty of having a musical and literary program in the primary chapel was appreciated by everybody. Heretofore it has been customary to use the entrance hall as an audience room on such occasions.

The features of the evening were a gracefully rendered piano solo by Miss Perry; the baritone solos "Thou Art Like Unto a Lovely Flower" and "Where the Lindens Bloom," by Mr. Stremple; a piano solo by Mrs. Taylor, and several readings by Mr. Howe. Mr. Howe read three touching little poems, first, Bunner's "One, Two, Three," "Jest 'fore Christmas," by Eugene Field, and James Whitcomb Riley's "Long Afore I Knowed." Mr. Howe's interpretation of the Chariot Race was full of intense reality. In the "Old Canteen" and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," he showed to a rare degree, the

tenderness which gives to these poems their charm.

After the program in the primary chapel had been completed the guests were invited to the dancing room.

Everybody had a good time.

C. M. S., '99.

Psi Gamma.

On Saturday evening, December 17th, the Psi Gamma Society entertained its friends at the College. The guests were received by the officers, Miss Watson, Miss Wilson and Miss Vinton. The play-room was decorated with evergreen which was arranged prettily in festoons about the windows and walls.

At eight o'clock the guests were given score cards, decorated in holly, and all entered heartily into the main feature of the evening, progressive anagrams. The United States' Navy is indeed well equipped with war vessels if there are as many as were named that evening. And the titles of some of the songs, which we were assured really existed, were funny indeed. The patent medicine table was right in the line of one of our Science Professors, and so he won laurels there. No one could make us believe, however, that there had been more than twenty-five men, presidents of the United States. Miss Klein and Mr. Atwater showed that they knew the names of more colors, flowers, songs, war-vessels, magazines and presidents than any others present, and were awarded the prizes.

After the anagrams there was music for those who wished to dance. Frappé was served during the evening.

It was one of the most enjoyable affairs which has been given at the College this year, and the Psi Gammas kept up their reputation as fine entertainers.

Delta Omega Officers.

President, Grace D. McGregor; vice-president, Eleanor Calhoun; recording secretary, Anne Cushing; corresponding secretary, Emily Hillard; treasurer, Fannie M. Pendleton; critic, Alice Bates; editor, Maud Hilt; marshals, Margaret Aspinwall, Anna Buddington.

The Phi Delta fraternity, at the regular meeting on Friday evening, January 6th, elected the following officers:

President, Edward H. Ganow, '99; vice-president, S. S. Center, '99; recording secretary, I. Clark, '00; corresponding secretary, U. S. Schneider, '99; financial secretary, Mr. Eckerson, '00; treasurer, Raymond B. Gurley, '99; chaplain, Edgar S. Pitkin, '99; critic, A. B. Frost, '00; marshal, Mr. Decker, '00; inner guard, Raymond D. MacMahon, '99; outer guard, A. R. Coulson, '99.

After the meeting the boys adjourned to Keeler's and enjoyed a supper given by the newly elected officers.

Personals.

Mr. Edward Ganow has been called home on account of the serious illness of his father.

Among those who have called recently at the college are: Miss Marguerite Mann, '97, and Miss Gertrude Hall, '98, both of whom are teaching at Watertown, N. Y.; Fanny B. Merrifield, '91; Sarah Merrill Fitzgerald, '86; Maud Page Jenkins, '90; Prof. Rose, of Peabody Normal College, Tenn., where Miss Susan Pride, '98, is at present teaching, and Prof. Lough, of Oshkosh Normal College, Wisconsin.

Died.

Lydia A. Vanderwarker, '71, January 3, 1899. She has been a teacher in the

High School at St. Paul, Minn., for twenty-one years.

Married.

Ruth L. Graham, '92, to G. A. Atwater, of Bayonne, N. Y., December 24, 1898.

High School Notes.

Miss Josephine Rock has resumed her school studies.

The current topics for the year were very interesting, as given by Miss Wynkoop, January 13.

Miss Edith Mory, a former student, visited school November 17th and 18th.

Miss A. Hepinstall has recovered from a severe attack of "La Grippe."

The following have recently been elected to membership in the Quintilian society: Misses Rock, Colburn, Stoneman, Rushmore, Rosbrook and Lynch.

Two Voices.

"Weep not for yesterday;
'Tis with the dead."
Then from the shadowy past,
A sad voice said:
"Not so, O Heart,
Thy yesterday shall live for aye,
Till heaven and earth,
Till God himself
Shall pass away;
Think not to rid thyself
Of yesterday,
But look not always backward;
Let the light
Of future glory gleam thy pathway o'er.
Within the present lieth strength to fight
And win success thou hast not known before.
So by each present duty well performed,
A shroud is woven for the shadowy past
With twofold thread that also twines the
wreath
With which the future crowns thy brows at
last."

— F. M. P., '99.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Fannie M. Pendleton. Gertrude M. Vroom.

Among the Colleges.

The first college paper printed in the United States was at Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster, editor.

Dr. George E. Merrill, of Newton, Mass., has been elected president of Colgate University.

Cornell shows a large gain in numbers, the total to date being 2,038, as against 1,790 at this time last year. The University now shows the largest registration ever reached in its history. Four hundred and twenty-four degrees were conferred in June, 1898, making a total of 4,755 degrees conferred by the University. The faculty also shows an increase of 50 per cent. It consists of 281 professors, etc., against 191 last year. Besides the new professors in the medical colleges and State Colleges of Forestry, there are Professors DeGarmo, Redfield, G. S. Williams, Kimball, and Lecturers Coville, Camot, Blood and Turner.

By the will of the late Henry C. Warren, of Cambridge, Harvard University will receive property valued at nearly \$1,000,000. It includes all Mr. Warren's real estate in Cambridge, which is near Harvard College, and which will probably be used for college purposes.

Miss Cora Jane Flood, only daughter of the dead millionaire, has tendered as a gift to the University of California, the fine Flood mansion at Menlo Park, with its grounds, consisting of 540 acres; the house is very beautiful and spacious, and the whole place is worth a quarter of a million dollars.

The University of Cincinnati has lately received a gift of \$56,000, to be used for

the erection of a fire-proof library building.

The naval cadets of the first class at Annapolis will be graduated after the semi-annual examinations in February. There are fifty-three members of the class, all of whom saw service in the late war. The seventy-two men in the first class at West Point will be graduated in the same manner six months before the regular time.

Timothy Dwight, who for twelve years has been president of Yale University, recently presented his resignation, to take effect at the end of the present academic year. President Dwight has attained the age of seventy, and in his judgment a younger man should be selected for the presidency of a great university. The University corporation will endeavor earnestly to have President Dwight fix the date of his retirement at the time of the bi-centennial celebration in 1901.

It is estimated that President Dwight has added to Yale about \$12,000 a week, or \$2,000 every working day, during his twelve years of service. The funds of the institution in all its branches have advanced from \$2,273,092 to \$4,635,321.

Prof. George J. Brush, director of Sheffield Scientific School, presented his resignation November 17. It was accepted, and Prof. Brush was appointed professor emeritus. Prof. R. H. Chittenden was elected as Director Brush's successor.

Princeton University has followed the example set by Dartmouth College some time ago, and abolished hazing. The undergraduates held a mass meeting and adopted a resolution to that effect. If this reform spreads among the colleges, West Point will soon have a monopoly

of the notoriety that hazing secures for an educational institution.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has received four young men from Cuba, who have been sent there to take advantage of the offer made by Booker T. Washington to train a number of young men and women of Cuba and Porto Rico for educational service among their people.

The wave of reform that has been passing over Princeton University reached a culminating point at a mass meeting of undergraduates, when it was voted that hazing in all its forms must forever cease. The students took this action of their own accord, without any promptings from the faculty.

Boston University has added a teachers' college this fall.

James Stillman, of New York, has given \$50,000 to Harvard College to cover the cost of land and buildings for a projected Harvard infirmary, which will bear the name of the donor. In addition Mr. Stillman will contribute \$2,500, annually, for four years.

The total registration of the University of Michigan for 1898 is 3,002. There are 1,259 in the literary department, 721 in the law school, 409 in the medical department, and the remainder are divided among the dental, pharmacy and engineering departments.

In the Realm of Pedagogy.

Why the Normal Schools?

At the recent meeting of the principals of high schools and academies of this State an interesting discussion was had on the question whether only college graduates be allowed to assume the duties of principals of the college pre-

paratory schools. The discussion was brought on by the suggestion of the State Board of Regents that only college graduates be allowed to occupy the position of head of academic departments. After a spirited debate the suggestion was very properly voted down by the educators.

The regents, in making this issue, seem to have forgotten that the State is sustaining schools which have for their main purpose the education of men and women for teachers—the normal schools. If these schools are not capable of turning out people who are fit to conduct a high school or an academy, then they should be abolished; but The Union believes that the normal schools are thoroughly capable of graduating men and women who are perfectly competent to conduct the affairs of the high schools. The training they have received qualifies them to be good teachers just as much, and probably more, than a college diploma, at least so far as teaching methods are concerned. The standards maintained at the normal schools in New York State are very high, and a person holding a diploma from any one of them is the possessor of a guarantee in itself, that they are capable of being high school principals.

—The Schenectady Daily Union, Jan. 3, 1899.

“Secondary teachers need deeper studies, such as can be found alone in the College or University.”—Dr. Wm. T. Harris, “The Future of the Normal Schools,” *Educational Review*, January, 1899.

Normal Schools.

It is a little over fifty years since the first normal schools were founded; it is well to keep this in mind, for that was the first recognition of the need of special

training for the teacher. It was not an easy thing to accomplish; the whole practice of the several states was the other way; the various colleges and academies considered their graduates or even undergraduates as competent to teach. Except in the endowed academies, or private schools, possessing and commanding local patronage, no one was expected or encouraged to look upon teaching as a life work. During this half century a great change has taken place in the attitude of the state towards education and in the sentiment of the people. Undoubtedly those who look back from 1950 will see that the foundations of pedagogy were pretty firmly laid in 1900.

— The Teachers' Institute.

Teachers Versus Hearers of Recitations.

A school depends upon the personality of the teacher; not upon appliances. The smooth side of a slab for a seat in a log schoolhouse, if a teacher guides the school, is far preferable to polished cherry in a palatial building if a hireling occupies the desk. A pupil will learn more astronomy from a stick and an apple in the hands of a teacher than from the most expensive apparatus in the hands of a hearer of recitations. There must be knowledge, enthusiasm, energy, devotion.

— Pennsylvania School Journal.

In Lighter Vein.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find work on the ship. "Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can

find three ends to that rope you shall have some work." The Irishman took hold of one end of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said: "That's one end your honor." Then he took hold of the other end, and showing it to the captain as before, said, "And that's two ends, your honor." Then taking hold of both ends of the rope he threw it overboard, saying, "And, faith, there's another end to it, your honor." He was engaged.

"I can't think of the name of the present Secretary of State," said Mrs. Gazam to her deaf uncle. "Hey?" replied the old man.

"Thank you very much. I had forgotten."

— Harper's Bazaar.

There was a young fellow called Tate,
Who dined with a girl at 8.08,

But I cannot relate

What that fellow called Tate
And his tete-a-tete ate at 8.08.

— Kalamazoo Telegraph.

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, "What is Syntax?" "I guess it must be the tax on whiskey," replied Tommy.

— Chicago News.

"I have an invention which will revolutionize the world," said the boaster. "There ought to be a great demand for something like that in Central and South America" replied the matter-of-fact man.

— Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The bride blushed as vividly as possible, considering her ebony skin. "It is customary to kiss the bride," said the pale-faced clergyman; "but I'll omit it on this occasion." "It am customary," echoed the groom, "toe gib a fee; but on dis erkashun, pahson, Ah'll demit it."

— Philadelphia Record.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

M. Louise Watson.

Edna M. Fisher.

A book, which seems to be just the right thing for supplementary reading in the higher grades, is "The Story of The English" just issued from the press of The American Book Company.

The plan of the book is somewhat novel, it being divided into one hundred and eleven chapters, each of which is a story about some character or event in English history. The story goes back to the earliest days, and considers the Druids, the early Britons, and the results of Caesar's invasion. From that date it gives an accurate and interesting account of important incidents down to the present date. It ends with a description of the Queen's jubilee.

Victoria's portrait graces the frontispiece and numerous pictures are scattered through the text.

A complete index and genealogical table make the book valuable as a reference for students of English History.

E. S. P., '99.

"A Complete Latin Grammar," by Albert Harkness, Ph. D., LL. D. Published by American Book Company, Washington Square, New York.

The appearance of this new book will be welcomed as representing the fruits of the latest and most authoritative scholarship and the increased appreciation of the utility, as well as the beauty, of classical learning. New methods, new views, and new needs demand new books, and have led to the preparation of a new Harkness, adapted to the present requirements of classical study.

This book is designed at once as a text-book for the class-room and a book of reference, and aims not only to present systematically for the benefit of the beginner, the leading facts and laws of the Latin language, but also to provide accurately for the needs of the advanced student.

Syntax receives special attention. The leading principles of construction are

put in the form of definite rules, and fully illustrated by selected examples from Latin authors. These laws of the language, after having been separately discussed, are presented in a body at the close of the syntax.

The difficult and intricate subject of the Subjunctive has been simplified and most clearly explained. The ordinary constructions of that mood are first stated and illustrated with great fullness, to give the pupil a clear idea of its distinctive nature and use, and thus prepare him to understand the progress by which the mood passes from these simple, independent uses, to the more difficult dependent constructions.

Barnes's National Vertical Penmanship. American Book Company, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati.

This system, by the use of readily connected letters, omitting all unnecessary lines, and by following the form of the Roman-type letters, secures speed and legibility, while the firm vertical lines connected by curves, all angles being omitted, give beauty to the writing.

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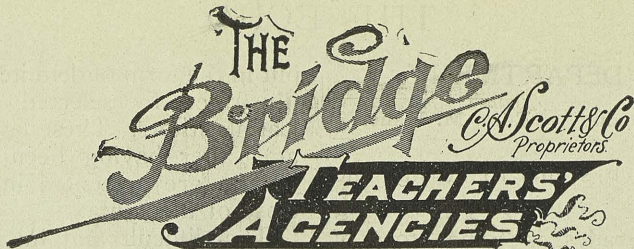
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A brick from a carrier's hod knocked down a Spanish flag displayed from a store below. "That must have been an American brick," said a passer-by. "Yis," said the hod carrier above; "but it was of Oriish descint."

JOSEPH E. HEROLD, *Physiognomical Hair Dresser*

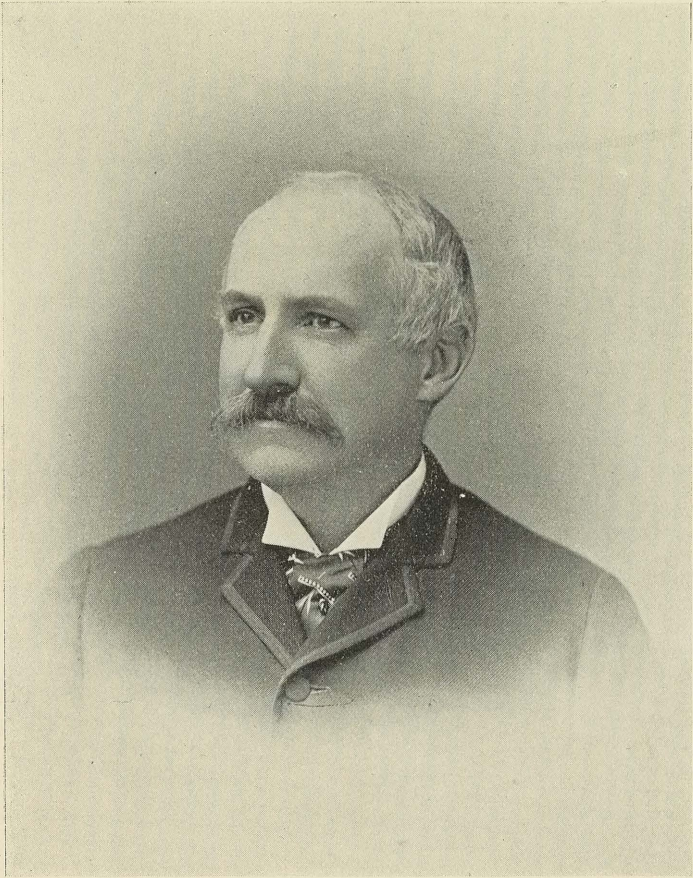
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