

Graduates (1845-1860) 1846
sent by Miss Bertha Root, 306 First Street, Jackson, Mich.

a tribute to John M. Root, Class 1846, her father, is
contained herein written by Miss Mary McClelland.

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The Echo

An Educational College Journal



“THE great end of education is not something without the man, but something within; and that something is *Mental Character*; not simply brain power, not simply conscience, but the whole nature informed and developed by the trained mind. In securing this result, we go as far as we can in education. But we stop far short of this result when we make instruction for utilitarian purposes equivalent to education. Here lies our greatest danger to-day.”

—PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. TUCKER.



“By the time a child is five years old the world ought to be known to it only as the noble land of God, a vast park made by the Almighty, to whose praise each bird sings its song and each flower flaunts its colored flag. One by one should come to this little mind the principles of love, justice, and duty.”

—PROF. SWING.



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New York State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

THE ECHO.

VOL. 7.]

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[No. 1.

THE ECHO.

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EDGAR S. PITKIN, - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
RAYMOND D. MACMAHON, ASS'T BUS. MGR.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
<i>Editorial</i> , - - - - -	1
<i>Autumn</i> , - - - - -	1
<i>Editorial Trials</i> , - - - - -	3
 <i>LITERARY DEPARTMENT:</i>	
<i>Tribute to John M. Root, Class of 1846</i> , - - - - -	3
<i>Serio-Comic</i> , - - - - -	5
<i>Aspiration</i> , - - - - -	6
<i>A Morning Stroll</i> , - - - - -	8
<i>Nature Study</i> , - - - - -	9
<i>The Evening Pow-Wow</i> , - - - - -	12
<i>Current Verse</i> , - - - - -	13
<i>News Department</i> , - - - - -	14
<i>Exchange Department</i> , - - - - -	17
<i>Review Department</i> , - - - - -	21

EDITORIAL.

Autumn.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!
—Longfellow.

WITH this number, The Echo enters upon its seventh year. The present board of editors sincerely hope to maintain the high and progressive character of the paper that was intrusted to them by the retiring board. If we cannot improve the paper, it is our purpose to continue its noble work. This we can do only with the hearty sympathy and full support of the entire College.

IT HAS been deemed advisable to change the form of The Echo for the first number; the amount of reading matter remains the same. If the paper is well supported we can return to the form of last year if there seems to be a decided preference. It is simply a matter of expense.

WE WISH to call the attention of the students to the fact that The Echo office is now in room 123, on the ground floor. On account of the increase in the number of students, our former office is needed for purposes of recitation; consequently, our paper, already assured of a place in the affections of its readers, has become more firmly rooted in the heart of the institution. At our new quarters we shall be glad to meet those who wish a sample copy of The Echo, and especially those who desire to hand in or renew their subscriptions or to submit articles for publication. We ask you to apply the saying of Captain Cuttle — “When found, make a note of” — and come again.

POSSIBLY some will be led to think that money alone is needed to make this paper successful. This is far from being the case. The matter of contributing articles has already been alluded to. Many readers will say: “That doesn’t apply to me; I can’t write and never could.” That may be true with some, but people will never be able to write unless they try. The best way to learn to write is to write. Those who have read largely the masterpieces of literature are naturally dissatisfied with their own meagre attempts at composition. But remember that all things truly great have been produced by labor and patient painstaking, and oftentimes, at great personal sacrifice.

Let us suppose, then, that many are ready to contribute articles. The next question that arises is: What will be most acceptable? Because this is an educational college journal, it does not follow that all articles should bear upon strictly educational topics. It is better to take a broader outlook and a wider

field. Any article that tends to educate in the broadest sense of the word is desired. Articles on literary, historical or educational topics are always acceptable; a good short story would not come amiss; original verse is at a premium because of its scarcity.

These are general suggestions; you can select the field in which you are most proficient.

If you have no other rule to guide you, you may follow these suggestions: First. Have something to say. Second. Say that thing clearly and interestingly. If you do this you will always be sure of an audience.

IT IS needless to say that every student in this institution is expected to subscribe to The Echo. As the journal which records the life and aims of this College, of which you are a part, it has a claim upon your patronage. It is also the paper by which we are known among other colleges throughout the country, and for this reason, our students, according to their talent and ability, should endeavor to make the paper the best. A college paper, well sustained by the students, is a sign of vigorous life in the institution. Any successful paper must be on a sound financial basis, and in order that this may be true with us, the price of The Echo has been made so low that all can afford to take it. It is gratifying to note that several have already shown the true college spirit by subscribing. Don’t consider the matter of subscription a duty; consider it a privilege. Subscribe now.

IT IS highly essential that a new student get quickly into sympathy with his environment. He may not be able to adopt and adapt new methods at once,

but if he shows a willingness to be taught and guided, there will be no difficulty in getting the training that he seeks. The man who looks for the best in everything is sure to find it somewhere.

HELPFUL suggestions and criticisms will be gladly received by all concerned with the management of this paper.

Editorial Trials.

We stood in The Echo office,
Promptly at one-fifteen,
And a sadder board of editors,
Could never have been seen.

Our chieftain wiped his clammy brow,
And unto us did say:
"My friends, we must not eat or sleep,
But dig both night and day."

"The Normal 'Echo' must appear,
Our duty, it is plain.
We have one week to do it in,
So work with might and main."

And how we worked! No man nor beast
That tale of woe can tell.
We only know, who in it were,
Just how the thing befell.

"Our work is done! 'Tis all complete!"
The cry was heard at last,
And, in each editorial breast,
A thankful heart beat fast.

We heard a sound — a ghastly groan
Resembling much a snore.
We turned — the business manager
Was stretched upon the floor.

It seems through all that strife so dire,
He did himself deny.
He did not stop to taste his prunes;
He did not eat his pie.

The editors tore down the hall,
As fast as they could fly;
The editor-in-chief sat down
And wiped his streaming eye.

Oh shades of those who on this earth
Were editors! To ye
We stretch our sympathizing hands
Across the Silent Sea.

— F. M. P., '99.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

Tribute to John M. Root, Class of 1846.

It is well known that a few years ago a change was brought about in the character of this institution. That which had been for forty-six years a Normal School became a Normal College — for professional work only. When the institution had reached the age of fifty years, anniversary exercises were held.

To this semi-centennial jubilee in 1894 there came from different parts of the United States alumni representing nearly all the graduating classes of fifty years. It was a notable gathering. The young College people welcomed the men and women of maturer years and the old School people, with their large experience and their well-earned honors, kindly took by the hand the brave young graduates, who, with a university education and modern methods of teaching, were about to begin their work in the educational world.

Among those who attended the jubilee was a gentleman from Michigan, a banker of the city of Jackson, who had been graduated from the old institution in 1846. Thus forty-eight years after graduation this man was willing to leave his business and journey east to engage in anniversary exercises with people, whom, with perhaps two or three exceptions, he had never met, and to assemble with them for this purpose in a building that he had never before entered.

One of the first responses to the invitation sent out by the executive committee was a letter of acceptance from Mr. John M. Root, of Jackson, Michigan, in-

closing a draft for more than enough to pay his part of the expenses, and stating that if anything further were needed he should welcome a second call.

When this gentleman appeared, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, we who met him first said one to another, "He is in more senses than one a gentleman of the old school." Tall, massive, broad-shouldered, strong-featured, dignified, he stood, yet, in greeting him we looked up into a pair of kindly eyes and felt the pressure of a genial hand.

It was a pleasure to listen to Mr. Root as he talked of former times — of classmates and school experiences, of the first president of the institution, the grand self-sacrificing David P. Page; of Horace Mann, also, his ideal American educator. And it was exceedingly touching to see tears of sympathy and gratitude well up in his eyes as he talked. It was highly interesting to hear him describe his wanderings about the city during jubilee days, as he searched for the ancient buildings that had at different times housed the Normal School — as he searched even for the street and number where with some classmates he used to board. It was profitable to hold converse with him, while from his large experience he gave his views on education and other important matters of life. And it was good to learn afterwards of thoughtful kindnesses shown to some of the hardest-worked members of the committee. Helpful, keen, inspiring, he himself, together with his wife and daughters, formed for some of us a good part of a never-to-be-forgotten Normal College reunion.

After returning to Michigan, Mr. Root's family still remembered the new Normal friends they had made. A pic-

ture, a book, a newspaper, a letter, frequently made its way eastward. But one day last June, just at the close of the term, there came a newspaper telling that Mr. Root was dead! As we gazed upon one another in astonished grief, we said to ourselves, "No, he is not dead; he has passed away from sight, but he did us good, and good lives on and on."

From the Evening Press of Jackson, for June 16th, the following facts have been gained: Mr. Root was born at Fort Ann, Washington county, New York, April 21, 1824. His early education was obtained at the Granville (N. Y.) Academy. After graduating from the Normal School he taught for a time, and then removed to Jackson, Michigan, where he again took up the work of teaching. Soon he was appointed clerk in the general dry goods store of his brother, Amos Root, and in 1856 and 1858 was appointed register of deeds for the county. He served as alderman in the city council for two years, and was deputy postmaster for four years, during which time he had entire charge of the post-office. When the People's National Bank was organized in 1856, he was chosen its first cashier, a position he held for five years. He was then elected president, and for twenty-eight successive elections he was the unanimous choice of the board of directors for the same responsible position. During this long period not a question was ever raised regarding either the integrity or the judgment of Mr. Root.

For nearly six years, in addition to his own business, Mr. Root had the management, as executor and trustee, of the large estate of his brother, the late Amos Root, and in the performance of this trust he displayed rare judgment and fidelity. He succeeded Amos Root as

president of the Green River Valley Railroad Company.

Mr. Root's refined tastes led him to an acquaintance with the best literature. In American literature Horace Mann and Ralph Waldo Emerson were his favorite authors. He kept in touch also with the foremost writers of the present who discussed social and industrial questions from an altruistic point of view. In home and social life his advice, not only to his own children, but to all young people, was: "Be honest, be true to yourselves and you will do no wrong to others."

Though not at all intolerant, Mr. Root, through his great integrity of character, was a hater of shams — whether of a business, a social, a political, or a religious nature. He believed in a religion of right conduct. Integrity was his test of manhood. He believed in upright endeavor, in the home made happy, in the daily life made better and better. He believed in the religion of liberty, love, and truth.

Such was the man, who, in the midst of offices, honors, and trusts, with all their attendant cares, preserved for fifty-four years his interest in and his loyalty to an old school, where he had spent but two years of the formative period of his life. And surely as long as that old institution shall continue to live, so long will it proudly and reverently treasure the memory of this man, the noble John M. Root, of Michigan.

Mary A. McClelland.

Serio-Comic.

What tragedies are enacted all about us every day! Not tragedies in which men take part, but tragedies in which the dumb creatures of field and stream are

actors. It was on a beautiful morning, late in June, that we were enjoying a row up the river. The splash of the oars, or insect hum, or song of birds broke musically in upon the silence amid which we enjoyed the beauty of field and sky and river. The tall June grass was just beginning to make obeisance to the mower, and the click of the mowing machine and the whetting of the scythes lent just enough of the music of industry to add human interest to the idyl of the morning.

Fleecy clouds were weaving the most delicate lace work over the blue above, and everything seemed at peace. Suddenly the quietude was broken in upon by the alarm note of a mother song-sparrow. What panic was in her breast? We were not long in finding out, for on a slender branch of a low willow bush which hung far out over the water was a young fledgling song-sparrow. He had evidently just followed the mother bird from the nest for the first time and was clinging for dear life on the slender willow branch. Foolish little mother! A sudden breeze set the branch to swinging violently and a watery grave for the little bird seemed inevitable. We turned the boat and started to the rescue, but, alas, too late. The untried feet could cling no longer and down fell the little song-sparrow into the water.

I have never heard that birds, except the water fowl, could swim, but to our great surprise, this little fellow began to paddle, and before we could reach him, had swam more than three feet, and crawled, frightened and panting and wet up the muddy bank. We rested for a moment on our oars to see what he would do, but the next actor — a large, green frog — got his cue at this point and popped up out of the water as promptly as though he had rehearsed

his part many times. I never saw an animal more stealthy. His actions much resembled those of puss in search of a mouse. He crouched close to the ground and began to crawl cautiously toward the baby bird. Such a cry of pity as the mother bird sent up to heaven for help! The little one was so wet that he could hardly move toward the willow bush. We hurried as fast as we could until, with our oar we endeavored to scare away the frog. He was so intent upon his prey, however, that he paid no attention until we pushed him back into the water. He resisted the oar fiercely, but never showed any thought of hopping away.

The heart of the little bird was beating cruelly against his unfledged breast, and we placed him high up on the bank among the higher branches of the willow. Mr. Frog was soon on hand again with a very much abused and disappointed look, only to find that his bird had flown.

I had never known before that frogs would attack birds, nor have I ever heard of a similar instance. It was a queer tragedy that was averted on that beautiful June morning, and I dare say that one little mother bird, at least, will be more careful in the future where she goes to teach her little ones to fly.

C. S. G.

Aspiration.

Longfellow speaks of "the instinct that enjoys and the more noble instinct that aspires." Is there any more convincing proof of man's supreme exaltation over the brute than just this power so natural to him, the power to aspire? To this faculty of man is due the effectiveness of many appeals that would

otherwise be irrational as, "hitch your wagon to a star." To this faculty of man is due the discontent which will not let a soul rest with a victory or an achievement which had seemed the very goal of all effort. We hold it true that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what is a heaven for?" We recognize in this power of aspiration and in the possibility of its endless gratification, the most beneficent design of the Creator.

To whom shall we look to voice this truth concerning man's spirit, if not to the poets, who have not only "given to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," but have revealed man to himself by holding up the mirror to his spiritual nature.

Is not aspiration the very key-note of *Excelsior* and the *Psalm of Life*? You will all recall the last words of the "Chambered Nautilus"—"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul," and of Lowell's "Present Crisis:"

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

There is no greater tonic to aspiration and exertion than Browning, who "ever marched breast forward, never doubted clouds would break, held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." Tennyson has the same ringing call to progress: "Forward, forward let us range," and Arthur Hugh Clough asks, "Where lies the land to which the ship would go. Far, far ahead is all her seamen know."

Thus these and all poets reflect the summons and teaching of nature. On a certain page of *Foundation Studies in Literature* you may read these admirably chosen words:

"The mountain tops with prophet beams are
bright;

The eagle soars aloft with jubilant cries;
Thou, too, unto the hills lift up thine eyes,
To some new throne these sacred signs invite.
Learn thy own strength; and if some secret
sense

Of power untried pervades thy low estate,
Bend thy soul's purest, best intelligence
To seek the mastery of time and fate.
Courage and deathless hope and toil intense
Are the crown jewels of the truly great."

If this that we find thus expressed is a truth, then only in proportion as a man can thus rise to an ever growing, ever advancing ideal, can he fulfill his destiny, in Emerson's words, "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how mean a thing is man."

This truth that is the expression of nature and of the greatest minds is also the central thought of the church and of revelation. Is it not the center of Christian doctrine that man's life is an endless growth, the development in the coming life to begin where it has left off in this?

Let us observe the bearing of this truth upon our life and work. We are told that teachers as a class cease to grow when they have completed their course of special preparation. The teacher that ceases to aspire will cease to grow, and the teacher that ceases to grow ceases to be useful.

The thought occurred to Daniel Webster, while standing on the plains of Abraham, that somewhere in the British possessions the sun never sets. He liked the thought, prepared it, and when the time came delivered it in the Senate of the United States, when all the world applauded him for originating, on the spur of the moment, such a marvelous conception. Our preparation at the close of our college course bears the same relation to our future work that the first sug-

gestion in the mind of Webster bore to the majestic utterance which years after fell from his lips.

Let us observe the application of this truth to the teacher's work for the pupil. We forget that men are moved by their feelings rather than by their intellects. Says W. T. Harris: "Literature reveals the human heart first as the seat of feeling; then the rise out of this dim unconscious realm of feeling into that of clear conviction and insight into principles, then last the realizing of these ideas in action. Feelings, convictions, deeds, this is the order of human development. If the development of the race is to serve as the model for the development of the child, we must give heed to this order."

Would you call forth all a pupil's energy, use not a goad of any kind, but enkindle ambition, implant hope, arouse his aspiration, these alone reach the soul's springs of action.

The Germans have a saying, "Without aim, no will." May we not supplement this by saying without aspiration, no aim. When for every youth "revery spreads always its bed of roses on the one side, and practical work summons to its treadmill on the other," the guarantee for his accomplishment of any high purpose will be not alone in his possession of a clear mind and a firm will, but quite as much in his possession of a passionate aspiration toward what is high and true.

The warrant for emphasis upon this truth of human nature is found in the lack of anything to cause aspiration or afford inspiration in the lives of many pupils who enter the schools. If the teachers cannot supply this need, cannot afford the impulse to aspiration what can we expect in the lives of our future citizens. Let us as teachers especially rea-

lize this truth that man's highest power is his power to aspire. Thus may we insure our pupils' greatest development.

William M. Strong, June, '98.

A Morning Stroll.

We stumbled along, in the obscure light, through the fields on our way to the cliffs where the lighthouse stood. Its light was still burning, the stars were shining and the moon had not gone down. We walked in silence, for there is something awesome even in familiar scenes at early morning, without the connecting link of humanity between us and nature.

At our approach sleepy sheep started up from among the wild rose bushes, and bounced away on their "woodeny" legs like progressive rocking horses; here and there a cow in wonder watched us on our way. The scanty grass was gray under its lacework of beaded cobwebs, and all nature was dripping from a bath of fog and dew. As we crossed the narrow ridges, the sides of the cliffs beneath us showed dark purple with many blue-bells; the water's edge was deeply fringed with a brown band of wooly brown seaweed. All was quiet, save the great ocean, here sullenly booming on the rough and rocky coast, and there, its children laughing and playing with crevice and weed. From our position on the end of the promontory the ocean stretched all about us to the horizon, broken only by the narrow strip of land along which we had come. We were the center of the universe, there on that atom of land — all the rest was sea and space.

The east was growing grayer, a faint tinge of purple and crimson showed along the horizon, and then was hidden

for a moment by a bank of fog which floated over it and vanished. While we were perched on the edge of the cliff, an early fisherman put off in his dory from the beach in the distance and soon rowed out of sight in the gray. The lighthouse keeper mounted his tower to put out the lights, and smiled as he caught sight of us huddled together on the cold, damp rocks below. Upon descending he beckoned us up. We climbed the narrow stone steps, and were soon at the lighthouse door. He welcomed us heartily and made us comfortable and at home in a cosy, round room. Then, excusing himself, he went out to signal a passing vessel.

The furniture was somewhat worn and antique, yet tidy. A few pictures and paintings hung upon the wall, some toy ships were upon the mantelpiece. At the opposite side of the room was an old-fashioned bedstead, surrounded with drapery. In short, everything had the appearance of neatness and taste. For a few moments all were silent and then there was a squirming and nestling behind the drapery. The little occupant, in his fairy dreams, had gotten too near the edge; there was a tumble and a bump. At this the watchdog, crouched before the fire, arose, stretched himself and looked over in wonder as if to ask "Are you hurt?" The little fellow picked himself up and scrambled along on hands and knees to where the dog sat, looked up with his bright eyes, as the dog put out his paw to shake "good morning," and then placed his little arms around Fido's neck, as if almost inclined to kiss him, when the door opened and in walked "papa."

As the keeper seated himself before the fire, his little treasure climbed upon his knee, and Fido gazed wistfully up at

both. They all seemed so cheerful, so happy, that it made us cheerful, happy and at home. Then he told us of the terrible storms, the many wrecks, how his wife had been drowned the year before, and how they two and Fido had lived alone ever since.

On our return all nature was awake and everything astir. Lighter and lighter the world had grown. Outside, off over the sea, the rising sun gleamed upon the gray bend of a war ship gently pitching upon the ocean swell. The sky was cloudless, no gray streaks varied the solid masses of purple, crimson and gold which rolled along the sky in successive waves. The changing hues of sky and tide, the lichen-spotted rocks and shadowy pools varied like a kaleidoscope in our admiration. But in spite of all these we could not forget that scene of happier and homelier life at the lighthouse on that gloomy, barren shore.

Burtis Erwin Whittaker, '99.

At the Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H.

Nature Study.

(A Tiny Mother and Her Family.)

There is a large oak tree in a quiet valley, close by a little brook. All along both banks of the brook are smaller trees, leaning over and shaking hands with each other across the stream. The willows dip their branches in the laughing water and thank it for bathing their roots so refreshingly.

Flowers and ferns, too, grow there; these are rather shy of their big neighbors, the trees, and try to hide behind the great mossy rocks. In a bend of the stream opposite the oak tree, one poor little rose bush has grown up. Its branches are slender, and its roses pale from being so long in the shade. But

the brook has been kind to the bush, and has let it drink of its nice, cool waters, so it could keep on growing.

The big gray squirrels and the little striped chipmunks like to play tag in the old oak. They like it better than the other trees, because there is so much room in its branches, and besides, it gives them so many fine big acorns for the winter store. The squirrels have found a safe place for their acorns in a hole in the side of the trunk, but the chipmunks hide theirs under the stones at its foot, where the ferns can watch them.

All the birds who live near come every morning to get a drink from the brook, and to make their morning toilet. Then they alight in the oak and sing a little song of thanks before flying away. The fly-catchers always find a good breakfast here, and the snipes can easily make a meal of the water bugs in the brook.

One spring when the birds came, there was a pair of humming birds among them that thought the oak tree too pleasant to leave, so they decided to build their nest in it. These birds were not much larger than the acorns which the squirrels carried off. The back and wings of the female were a glossy green that glistened like emeralds in the sun. The downy feathers of her breast were a velvety gray. Her bill was as long as her whole body and about as thick as one of the brown needles which lay under the pine tree across the brook.

The little bird told her mate about the big oak and soon they had chosen a place in which to build. It was on one of the lower limbs, for they thought that if a baby should fall out of the nest by and by, he would not get hurt. How busy they were, gathering scales of lichen and tiny fibres, and even the bits

of fur which had been pulled from the squirrels in their scurry through the branches. The birds worked so hard and flew so fast that their wings looked like a film of gauze in the sunshine. Even the squirrels wondered at them, for they would fly from the nest and out of sight before the squirrels could turn their heads to watch.

The pale roses across the brook had just opened to drink in the summer sunshine when the nest was finished. And what a tiny soft nest it was! The walnut that had fallen from a tree near by would have more than filled it. Though so light and airy it was firmly glued to the branch with saliva. The outside was covered with pieces of gray lichen from the trunk of the oak. All the other little birds except the wren who peeped inside thought the nest was only a knot which had grown there. The wren was sure she had found a fairy's home, the bed was so neat and dainty and soft.

Soon there were two eggs no larger than peas in the nest, and now came the hardest work of all. But Mr. Hummer was getting lazy. He seemed to think when the nest was finished his part was done, and even in building the nest his mate had done nearly all the work — the more shame to him. He would not sit on the eggs, not he. He had a tuft of red feathers on his throat, brilliant as a ruby, and they must not be ruffled, so Mrs. Hummer must sit there fourteen long days, while Mr. Ruby Throat was doing nothing.

The chipmunks told each other that the little mother must be sick she sat so still. But when they came too near to look at her she darted at them so savagely that they went scampering down the limb. They did not know how sharp that long bill of hers might be. Even

the big birds kept at a respectful distance when they saw Mrs. Hummer.

The little mother was so afraid lest she should ruffle her feathers that she could not sit still more than fifteen minutes at a time. She would start up from the nest and hover above it, looking down at the eggs. Then she would alight on a bare twig, for she liked to have the squirrels watch her, and plume her shiny feathers. Every feather of her wings must be carefully drawn through her long bill, and all the downy plumage of her breast daintily arranged before she was ready for work again. When this was done and she had viewed herself from every possible angle in which she could twist her head, she would go back to the nest again. If Ruby Throat came near he was promptly chased away by his mate.

Mrs. Hummer wanted more than three meals a day and meant to have them, too, regardless of hatching eggs. A dozen times a day or more she would fly over to the trumpet vine or clover field to get a sip of honey, and any little insect that might be so unfortunate as to stick to her long forked tongue.

One day a big gray squirrel was running along a branch above the hummer's nest when he happened to look down. The eggs were gone and there were two fuzzy little things in their place. They must be alive thought the squirrel, for they moved. Then he gave a sharp "chirp," laid his great bushy tail flat on his back and ran down the tree. He told the other squirrels that there were two gray caterpillars in the nest. The squirrel would have had to look much more closely than he did to see that the tiny creatures in the nest were really birds. Their heads were scarcely distinguishable, and three rows of gray hairs down

their backs made them look much like caterpillars.

Every day the squirrels watched the nest to see what would become of the two fuzzy little things in the bottom. They were sorry for Mother Hummer she was kept so busy feeding them, and they would gladly have dropped their biggest nut into the nest for her, but they were afraid she would not know how to eat it.

The little rose bush woke up early every morning to see the baby birds get their breakfast. It watched at night, too, as long as it could see, for after nearly all the other birds had gone to bed Mother Hummer was still busy feeding her little ones. There was one thing, however, which the rose bush could not see, and that was just how the mites were fed.

Mrs. Hummer had learned from the bees which she so often met about her favorite flower, how they made their honey. So, when she gathered the honey-dew for the children, or snatched up tiny insects with the little forceps at the end of her tongue, she swallowed them first. Then, after they were partially digested in her delicate laboratory, the meal was ready to be served to her babies. And this is the way it was done: The mother would thrust her long bill away down one of the little one's throats until the squirrels feared she would strangle it, and give it a swallow of the "prepared food for infants." The other was then served in the same way, then the first again, and so until each had been served several times.

How the little hummers thrived on their "prepared food!" Before long they had shiny green feathers and long bills almost like their mother's. They still wore part of their baby-garb — the

three rows of gray hairs which stuck up through the glossy feathers on their backs. Soon the nest grew so crowded that the little birds took turns standing on each other's backs; one, more brave than the other, even dared perch on the edge of the nest for a few minutes at a time.

One day there was a great disturbance in the oak. One of the baby birds had fluttered out of his cradle and was sitting, an awkward, dumpy ball, on the branch above. He was only three weeks old, but had learned to move his wings so rapidly that they looked like a spider's web on each side of his body when he tried to fly. He was so frightened at being out of the nest that he dared not move again, but clung desperately to the twig with his tiny, wiry toes. The mother was so proud of her brave birdie that she gave him double his share of food and neglected the other for several hours.

Three days afterward when the squirrel went to look into the nest it was empty. They shook their heads and climbed slowly back to their own nest to watch.

Both birds had left the nest never to return to it, but they still lived in the oak. They soon learned to fly a little and to play a great deal. They would chase each other about through the tree, but would never leave it to alight on anything else. When meal time came they were always on the outermost branches of the tree. Their mother fed them here three weeks longer until the long, hot days of midsummer came.

When the flowers began to turn their faces from the scorching sun, and did not hold so much honey as they once did, and all the flies and bugs had crept away into the shade, Mrs. Hummer took the

little birds to the rose bush to learn how to get their own living. The roses trembled with delight, and were glad to give up all the honey they had. The young Hummers liked the brook and flowers too well to leave them. They darted about through the trees and among the clover and lilies so swiftly that the ferns called them "living sunbeams." The larger birds slighted them because they could not sing, but they liked being left alone.

By and by, when the sun did not shine so brightly and the brook was too cold to bathe in, the birds began to disappear one by one. First the blue birds went, then the orioles, and then the little humming birds. The trees leaned further over the brook and whispered to each other. Then they put on their brightest dress to coax the birds back. The maple tried to have its dress as bright as the feathers of the little Hummers it loved so well.

The squirrels and chipmunks were too busy gathering their winter store of acorns and nuts to be very lonely, though they missed the birds. All the flowers were so sorry the birds were gone that they hung their heads and would not look up again. The little rose bush, too, thought of the Hummers that had visited it so often and turned each rose, where they had been, into a big red berry, for she thought that if they should come back when she was asleep they could easily find her. But the birds did not come back, and the trees and flowers were all glad when their nice, warm blanket of snow came so that they could go to sleep, and there they slept all winter.

Clarence H. Eckerson, 1900.

A teacher without enthusiasm is a loaf without leaven.— Learning by Doing.

The Evening Pow-Wow.

A JINGLE.

They have organized an "Injun band,"
The thousand boys upon our street;
I'm sure no Indians in the land
Our little Indians can beat.

They all come out at six o'clock,
And whoop it up till eight;
The biggest "copper" on the block
Can't keep those "Injuns" straight.

Their list of tawny braves is full,
They have no use for pale-face laws;
The chieftain's name is "Sitting Bull,"
And all the little girls are squaws.

The street repairer came last week —
Italians, roller, brick and sand;
And every urchin on the street
Turned out to join the Indian band.

Each setting sun brings some new joy —
They gave the Pow-Wow dance to-day;
Took prisoner a minstrel boy,
And bade the corralled minstrel play.

* * * * *

'Tis late! I miss the noisy prance,
The dim old lane in quiet rests;
And wearied of the Pow-Wow dance,
Sleep mimic Injuns in their nests.

— C. M. S.

"'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth the while,
Is the man with a smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is the aim that makes the man, and without this he is nothing. The strong gusts and currents of the world sweep him this way and that, without steam or sail to impel, or helm to guide him. If he is not speedily wrecked or run aground it is more his good fortune than good management. We have never heard a more touching confession than these words: "My life is aimless."— Spectator.

CURRENT VERSE.

Glamour.

O wonder days when heart and I were young,
 And all the world was radiant and new;
 When every little common flower that grew
 Interpreted to me an unknown tongue,
 Or seemed a fairy bell that late had rung
 Its silver peal across the morning dew;
 When skies were tapestries of living blue,
 And stars a mesh of jewels overhung!
 Now is my happy youth fulfilled, and I
 Am come to mine inheritance of pain;
 Yet does the brightness of the days gone by
 Still cast a glory over hill and plain;
 Still can I go beneath the open sky
 And feel the old world young and strange
 again!

— Elizabeth Wilder, in *The Atlantic*.

Hymn.

O li'l' lamb out in de col',
 De Mastah call you to de fol',
 O li'l' lamb!
 He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
 Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin still,
 O li'l' lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepad fo'f;
 He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
 O li'l' lamb!

He wandah eas', he wandah wes';
 De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',
 O li'l' lamb!

Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide;
 He want you walkin' by his side,
 O li'l' lamb!

He know you weak, he know you so';
 But come, don' stay away no mo',
 O li'l' lamb!

An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah,
 De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah —
 Sweet li'l' lamb!

He ansawah f'om de brambles thick,
 "O Shepud, I's a-comin quick"—
 O li'l' lamb!

— Paul Lawrence Dunbar, in *The Century*.

Genius.

It has no standard but its own;
 It must pursue its path alone,
 Through woods unblazed and fields unknown.
 — Edward Gilliam, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Unappreciated Promptness.

(TO AN EDITOR.)

My writings you return so fast,
 I've always had a dread
 That you remailed them, first and last,
 Before they had been read.

Last winter you grew quicker still;
 I fancied this must mean
 You sent them back, with wondrous skill,
 Unopened and unseen.

This spring they all came back so quick
 I almost think it true,
 You start them toward me, by some trick,
 Before they get to you.

If your dexterity should be
 Increased to some extent,
 My poems will get back to me
 Before they have been sent.
 — Edward Lucas White, in *The Century*.

Endeavor.

Each human thing can something do,
 To help the work along;
 God hears the chirp of the cricket,
 As he hears the angel's song.

— John J. à Becket, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

The Night That I Proposed.

The night that I proposed to her, how well do
 I recall

The way the maiden looked, and how she acted
 through it all;

She did not seem one whit disturbed; her
 cheeks did not turn pale,

Nor did she blush or wring her hands as in
 some lover's tale;

Not sweetly parted were her lips, nor yet too
 tightly closed;

She did not heave one gentle sigh, the night
 that I proposed.

She did not catch her breath, nor start, nor fall
 upon my neck,

Nor tremble like an aspen leaf. She was no
 total wreck,

Nor was she yet too self-possessed; but just a
 maiden sweet

Who acquiesced in what I said as if it were a
 treat

To leave her home and go where we could have
 a quiet talk—

The night that I proposed to her that we should
 take a walk.

— Tom Masson, in *The Argosy*.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Grace D. McGregor. Florella Hawkey.

Miss Stoneman Honored.

The Woman's Journal of Boston, has the following notice of Miss Stoneman:

Miss Kate Stoneman, of the New York State Normal College, has received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from Union University. This degree is given by the University to those who have been admitted to the bar and have afterwards taken the prescribed course of study in the Albany Law School, a department of Union University. Miss Stoneman was the first woman in New York State to pass an examination for admission to the bar, May 6, 1886. When she afterward applied to the Supreme Court for admission she was refused on the ground of "no precedent." The New York Legislature was in session at the time, and before the close of the term of court, a bill to admit women to the practice of law had been passed in both branches and had been signed by the Governor and Secretary of State. On the last day of the sitting of the court, May twentieth, Miss Stoneman again presented her request, this time reinforced by the new law, was admitted, and "established precedent." The Constitution of 1894 incorporated the law, thus removing the danger of repeal.

Miss Stoneman prepared herself by the study of law in a law office, as the Albany Law School did not then admit women. Two years ago the door was opened and Miss Stoneman was the first woman student, as also the first woman to graduate and receive the degree LL. B. from Union University. During the time she has continued her work as teacher in the New York State Normal College, where she has been employed since 1866. Her

work has for motive the advance and multiplication of opportunities for the higher education of the young women of the Empire State.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Mildred Patterson, '97, is teaching at Bath-on-Hudson.

Miss M. Agnes Taylor, '93, is teaching in Central Valley.

Miss Anna M. Crans, '91, returns to Cornell this year.

Mr. George E. Atwood, '74, has been elected principal of a Grammar School in Newburgh.

Miss Mary B. Williams, '94, is teaching at Spring Valley.

Miss Laura B. Stafford is teaching at Bennington, Vt.

Miss Helen E. Pratt, Pd. B., '96, is preceptress at Lowville, N. Y.

Mr. Evans S. Parker, A. B., Pd. B., '96, is professor of mathematics at the High School at Johnstown.

The degree of Doctor of Pedagogy has been conferred on three graduates of this College: Mr. Carlton M. Ritter, '72, principal of the State Normal College at Chica, Cal.; Mr. James A. Foshay, '79, superintendent of schools at Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Calvin Patterson, '67, principal of the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Alice M. Jones is teaching the languages in a private school in Trenton, New Jersey.

Principal Frank J. Stanbrow, '93, called at the College Saturday, September 24, 1898.

Miss Sherrill, '93, who is teaching in a private school at Irvington, N. Y., called at the College Monday, September 26, 1898.

Miss Williams, '93, called at the College Monday, September 26, 1898. She is about to return to Cambridge to complete her course at Radcliffe.

Frances Snyder Nelson, '97, visited the College Monday, September 26, 1898.

Miss Arietta Snyder has a position as critic in the State Normal School at New Paltz.

Miss Ella M. DeWitt, '95, formerly teacher of science in the High School at Johnstown, has accepted the position as teacher of the training class there.

Annie R. Kingman, '91, has secured a position in a school at Prince Bay, L. I.

Died.— At Denver, Col., September 1, 1898, Aaron B. Pratt, '53. Interred at Albany September 26, 1898.

We are sorry to record the death of John V. Swartwout, '93, at Cherry Valley, July, 1898. He had occupied the position of principal of a graded school there.

Where the June Graduates are Teaching.

Collegiate Course.— Miss Mary L. Baker, Chatam, N. J.; Miss Sarah Annie Barker, Howard University, Washington, D. C.; Miss Emeline Bennett, Hudson, N. Y.; Miss Grace M. Bickford, Watertown, N. Y.; Miss Augusta M. Britton, Lawrence, N. Y.; Miss Letta B. Burns, Lawrence School, New York city; Mr. Vernon E. Duroe, Chappaqua, N. Y.; Miss Gertrude E. Hall, Walton, N. Y.; Miss Mary J. Leete, Utica, N. Y.; Mr. Holly W. Maxson, Ashaway, R. I.; Mr. Junius L. Meriam, Akron, O.; Miss Ella M. Osgood, Akron, O.; Mr. Wm. M. Strong, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Arthur B. Vossler, Crown Point, N. Y.; Mr. Herbert E. Wilford, Andes, N. Y.

Classical Course.— Mr. Edgar W. Ames, Clarence, N. Y.; Mr. Charles W. Armstrong, Sag Harbor, N. Y.; Mr. Charles V. Bookhout, Whitesboro, N. Y.; Miss Edith M. Brett, Flushing, N. Y.; Mr. George E. Brownell, Pine Plains, N. Y.; Miss Laura C. Cassidy, Hudson, N. Y.; Mr. Walter S. Clark, McKnownsville, N. Y.; Miss Sarah A. Collier, West Winfield, N. Y.; Mr. Edwin Cornell, Parish, N. Y.; Miss Ella B. DeWitt, Warren, O.; Mr. Howard G. Dibble, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Alice E. Donnelly, Hudson, N. Y.; Miss Helen C. Fritts, Oneonta, N. Y.; Mr. Edwin F. Green, Richford, Vt.; Miss Gertrude E. Jones, Wellsville, N. Y.; Miss Annie E. Karner, Jamaica, N. Y.; Mr. George C. Lang, Athens, N. Y.; Mr. James S. Luckey, Millerton, N. Y.; Miss Olive Lyon, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Miss Edith H. Nichols, Elizabeth, N. J.; Miss Edith C. Race, Richburg, N. Y.; Miss Lenna E. Reed, Stamford, N. Y.; Miss Elizabeth W. Schiffer, Rensselaer, N. Y.; Miss Eudora N. Wylie, Athens, N. Y.; Miss Lucy G. Young, Woodside, N. Y.

English Course.— Miss Bertha W. Bagg, Flushing, N. Y.; Miss Elizabeth Behler, Millerton, N. Y.; Miss Mabel E. Brookman, Akron, O.; Miss Helena M. Buckley, Maspeth, N. Y.; Miss Ella L. Comfort, Peekskill, N. Y.; Miss Henrietta C. Erhardt, Locust Valley, N. Y.; Miss Edith R. Esselstyn, Ballston Springs, N. Y.; Miss Margaret J. Fawcett, Rondout, N. Y.; Miss Georgia M. Griesbeck, Maspeth, N. Y.; Miss Florence E. Henry, Hoosick Falls; Miss Sara F. Goodman, Granville, N. Y.; Miss Jennie L. Griswold, Peekskill, N. Y.; Miss Minerva E. Hess, Gloversville, N. Y.; Miss Norine B. Keating, Staten Island; Miss Nora M. Lahey, Laurel Hill, N. Y.; Miss Annie G. Lander, Rich-

mond Hill, N. Y.; Miss Emma R. Leonard, Frankfort, N. Y.; Mr. Edgar S. Martin, Tully, N. Y.; Miss Margaret T. McCabe, Lenox, Mass.; Miss Winnifred M. Moir, Mariner Harbor, N. Y.; Miss Clara B. Palmer, Akron, O.; Miss Mary G. Regan, Great Neck, L. I.; Mr. Walter L. Shubert, Peekskill, N. Y.; Miss Edna Steenbergh, Akron, O.; Miss Edith L. Stetson, Hunter, N. Y.; Miss Mary L. Telfer, Flushing, N. Y.; Miss Cora Timmerman, Oyster Bay, N. Y.; Miss Margaret V. White, Walton, N. Y.; Miss Harriet E. Wilcox, Stapleton, N. Y.

Special Course.—Miss Emma J. Bainbridge, Plainfield, N. J.; Miss Frances A. Brown, Akron, O.; Miss Grace E. Chapman, Naugatuck, Ct.; Miss Jennie A. Cowles, Fabius, N. Y.; Miss Mary L. Truman, Saratoga, N. Y.; Miss K. Eloise Kinnie, Syracuse, N. Y.; Miss Ida M. Smith, Wellsville, N. Y.; Miss Martha E. Smith, Newark, N. J.; Mr. William M. Wood, Oriskany, N. Y.

Kindergarten Course.—Miss Nettie M. Breakenridge, Fort Plain, N. Y.; Miss Harriet W. Chapin, New York city; Miss Edna A. Halsey, Southampton, N. Y.; Miss Hattie L. Lamp, Rensselaer, N. Y.; Miss Anna B. McBride, Hollis, N. Y.; Miss Margaret F. Powers, Cohoes, N. Y.; Miss Alice L. Smith, Rockville Center, N. Y.; Miss Anna H. Stewart, Little Neck, N. Y.; Miss Charlotte E. Tennant, Akron, O.; Miss E. May Tennant, Akron, O.

Class of '99.

At a regular meeting of the Class of '99, the following officers were elected:

President, Raymond B. Gurley; first vice-president, Fannie Pendleton; second vice-president, Inez Vinton; secretary, Sadie Wilson; treasurer, Louise Orcutt.

Institutes.

Miss Ida M. Isdell attended an institute held at Babylon, L. I., the twenty-first of September.

Dr. William J. Milne attended an institute at Guilderland Center September twenty-seventh.

Prof. White attended this same institute Friday, September thirtieth.

Dr. William J. Milne attended an institute at Athens Wednesday, September 28, 1898.

Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney will attend this same institute Thursday, September twenty-ninth.

Miss M. Harriet Bishop will also attend this institute Friday, September thirtieth.

Delta Omega.

According to her custom, the Delta Omega Society is the one to begin the social gatherings of the College by giving a reception to the faculty and entering students. On Saturday afternoon, September the twenty-fourth, from four to six, a merry company chatted over their tea cups in the main corridor of the College building. The guests were received by the president, Miss Robinson, and the vice-president, Miss Norton, assisted by Miss Husted and Miss Hyde. All seemed to enjoy this opportunity to get acquainted with each other outside of college routine.

High School Notes.

The reopening of school caused the continuation of the Quintilian and Adelphi literary meetings. There will be many new members received into each society.

The Class of '99 met on the twenty-second of September. The purpose of

the meeting was to get the names of the graduates in order to form the alphabetical list for daily recitations. This purpose was very favorably received by the class.

Mr. Hills has left school. He is missed by his many class friends.

The relatives of the late Mr. Briggs have kindly given a photograph of him to each member of the committee that sent a letter of sympathy to his home.

Married — In Watertown, N. Y., August 31, 1898, by Rev. Tobias Glenn, Mr. Curtis Weaver, of Millerton, N. Y., and Miss Mary Pauline Kelley, Class of '97.

Marriages.

Miss Maud Darling Seaton, '90, and Mr. Junius Thomas Hooper, Wednesday, July 20, 1898, at twelve o'clock, in St. John's church, Richfield Springs, N. Y. At home after September tenth, 510 Front street, Ashland, Wis.

Miss Luella Galation, '92, and Mr. James Walter Terry, on Thursday, July 14, 1898, at 61 Courtney avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.

Miss Mary Millard, '98, and Mr. Franklin Hatch, Monday, June 20, 1898, Albany, N. Y. At home Mondays at 84 Maple street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Isabella Brown and Mr. William Seymour Twitchell, '89, Wednesday, August 31, 1898, Paterson, N. J.

Miss Louisa May Coughtry to Mr. Frank Lester Damon, Wednesday, July 20, 1898, Slingerlands, N. Y.

Miss Eloise C. Whitney, '94, and Mr. James Worthley, of Michigan, June, 1898.

There is much rejoicing over the \$50,000 gift of Andrew Carnegie to the town of Dumfries, Scotland, for the purpose of building a public library.— Ex.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Fannie M. Pendleton. Gertrude M. Vroom.

Among the Colleges.

The department of naval architecture has been transferred from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which now has the fullest and most complete course in that subject to be found anywhere in this country.

Wellesley College began the year with an unusually large class.

The entering class at Tuft's Medical College numbers seventy. The total registration is 250.

The first college base ball game of note was played between Syracuse University and Cornell at Ithaca, September twenty-first. Score, 28 to 0 in favor of Cornell.

Rush Medical College, Chicago, is to be affiliated with the University of Chicago. This will add a faculty of seventy members and 700 students.

The Teachers' College of New York city has become a department of Columbia University. The college was founded in 1887, and its buildings represent gifts amounting to \$1,000,000.

Notes for September.

This is the time for the blue gentian.

September is the squirrel's delight.

The Virginia creeper is the first plant to change color in September. It becomes a bright red.

Have you been cocoon hunting?

Butterflies are now numerous. The yellow butterflies are the last to leave.

The sparrows enjoy the feasts of September.

Sumachs are rich in berries.

Insects are happy in the early Sep-

tember evenings. They are numerous and very lively.

The witch-hazel is in bloom; it is also in fruit. The blossom and the ripening nuts may be seen side by side.

The golden rod is at its height.—*American Teacher.*

The educational advantages we have make further advancement necessary. When the ideal of yesterday becomes the reality of to-day new ideals rise upon this foundation. Each achievement calls for others that are still grander. Improvements in modes of communication, of travel, of manufactures, in the conveniences that make life more and more worth the living have come in rapid succession, and still greater surprises are in store for us. These marked advances in so many lines, which are so well adapted to promote our well being, call for greater mental alertness, broader comprehension, a higher ethical and intellectual culture, and this demand must be met if we would make our progress symmetrical. It can be met only by the more liberal education of the masses. The duty in hand is to remedy existing inequalities by extending as rapidly as possible the advantages of our High School system.—*Ex.*

There is a story told of a little boy who, on being taken to a kindergarten was disappointed. "Why," said the little fellow, "it isn't a garden at all." Let us who are to become teachers of kindergartens, pledge ourselves to remove this reproach by bringing flowers and having the children do so, by having plants growing in the windows and on the piano and by encouraging the children to plant and bring the flowers to their school rooms.

In the Realm of Pedagogy.

It is better to teach the child how to find out facts than to teach him the facts themselves.—*Learning by Doing.*

Philosophy is to be judged upon its own merits and entirely aside from the philosopher. Nothing is more common than to find men who are philosophers in theory but fools in practice.—*Learning by Doing.*

"Power and skill in teaching and governing are developed by teaching and governing. Hence the need of opportunity for practice."—*Selected.*

Professional teaching can only be done by professional teachers. Professional teachers are those who take time to prepare themselves for the work.—*Ex.*

We believe that those who study boys and girls for the love of child study, for the love of science, rather than for the love of children, will in time be obliged to confess that they have lost the power to appreciate the highest and the best that is in the child.—*Ex.*

The teaching of law in the elementary schools is being seriously discussed in Germany.—*Learning by Doing.*

One of the most potent factors in a man's life is habit. This goes hand in hand with character, or it is even better to strengthen the statement by saying that character is the result of habit.—*Hamilton Review.*

Massachusetts has the first law prohibiting vivisection in the schools.—*Ex.*

Music is a branch of culture which has come to stay. It is an expression of feeling that cannot be lost without human life, as we live it, being diminished. The greatest minds of modern times have poured out the best they had for the world through its means. It has passed

the experimental stage; it has found for itself a message, and it has delivered a portion of it.— Ex.

The following is a copy of a sign in a remote Georgia county: "A Few Bright Scholars Takin to Lern Writin, Spellin an Figgers." A traveler, noticing the sign, asked the principal where he had graduated. The principal pointed to a cotton field near by and said: "Right over thar, in under a July sun."— Ex.

The aim of education is to so train the pupil physically, intellectually and morally, that he may become the highest type of an American citizen.

The object of education is to develop the physical and mental faculties of the pupil, thus enabling him to better perform the duties and meet the responsibilities of life.— Ex.

Worry is the child of unbelief; it is the child of distrust.— The Best in Print.

A good teacher is sensible; a sensible teacher is sympathetic; a sympathetic teacher is humane.— Educational Gazette.

A teacher who has forgotten how he felt as a child, lacks an essential for a good disciplinarian.— Ex.

Because a child is slow we must not count him dull. Slow boys and girls have made quick men and women.— Ex.

Faith, love, courage, patience, sympathy, self-control, enthusiasm and common sense are the avenues that lead to the children's hearts.— Ex.

Do not make tug boats out of yourselves to pull your pupil through the wave. Act as a rudder to guide them. If patient, the storm will soon pass.— Ex.

Let every child have access to the school library. Lending the books to

those only who obtain high rank is bad. Often the ones who need the books most never get them.— Ex.

A system of public schools similar to our own is to be organized in Cuba, but the English language instead of the Spanish will be taught. There will soon be a call for teachers for this work. Here will be an opportunity to escape the rigors of a northern winter.— Ex.

If things seem to go altogether wrong in the school room, see if the physical conditions of the room are what they should be.

In teaching never repeat a pupil's answer, and never be a visionary educator. Never suppose mental activity and never be a reckless adventurer. Never be a crooked conservative and never set yourself up as faultless.— Ex.

There should be almost as many methods as there are pupils. "'Tis they who with all are just the same, more often than their pupils are to blame."— Ex.

Children soon learn to wait for the "thunder clap." Never, then, begin by trying to startle a class into attention. Attention thus gained is not healthy.— Ex.

The literary man may be careless in his dress and habits but the teacher must not be. He is patterned after as is no other professional man.— American Teacher.

The teacher whose influence never crosses the threshold of the school room door may find her work torn down outside of it as fast as she builds up inside.— Ex.

It has been said that the teacher who trains our children rightly is training our grandchildren, and that the influence of a noble teacher will be felt for eternity.— Ex.

In Lighter Vein.

"Jokes of all kinds, ready cut and dry."

"Laugh and be fat, sir."

—Ben Jonson.

A shrewd little fellow who had just begun to study Latin, astonished his teacher by saying: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man-trap."— Ex.

"How goes it now at college, John?"

A father thus petitioned,

Quickly came the answer back,

"I'm very well conditioned."

— Ex.

"Johnnie," said his papa, "who is the laziest boy in your class?"

"I dun no."

"Why, surely you must. Who is he, who, when the rest are studying, sits idly gazing about the room?"

"The teacher."— Ex.

Teacher — "Compare ill."

Smart Volunteer — "Ill, sick, dead."

— Ex.

Customer — "Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me?"

Photographer — "I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir."— Pic-Me-Up.

Absent-minded Professor (in the bath tub) — "Well, well; now I have forgotten what I got in here for."— Fliegende Blatter.

According to a Missouri coroner's jury, the deceased "came to his death by being struck by a railroad train in the hands of a receiver."— Crypt.

Teacher — "What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Smart Boy — "He has cold feet, ma'am." — Yonkers Statesman.

"Put me down as one who loved his fellow-men," murmured the cannibal on his deathbed.

"What do you regard as the most reliable weather report, professor?"

"Thunder."— Best in Print.

Said a member of a household economic association to a lady of society: "The city water is so full of animalcules. I wonder you dare drink it as it is. We always boil ours."

"Dear me!" returned Mrs. Mundane, "what a distressing thought. I'd rather be an aquarium than a graveyard, so I drink mine raw."— Judge.

Subscriber — "Why is my paper always damp?"

Editor — "Because there is so much due on it."— Ex.

"Why, Teddy, dear, what is the matter? Don't you like asparagus?"

"Yes, Mrs. Birchum, but the handles are so hot."

"That remains to be seen," said the boy when he spilt the ink.— Ex.

Raw Recruit (on duty) — "Who goes there?"

Answer — "A friend."

Raw Recruit — "Advance, friend, an' gie's a pipe o' baccy."— Ex.

The Court — "Now, gentlemen, let us take up the disputed points in the case."

How does this strike you? "May I have the exquisite beatitude of escorting thee over the intervening space between thy permanent domicile and the edifice erected for the worship of the Divine Being, while the nocturnal luminary is shedding his bounteous rays from the starry ether?"— Ex.

Punctuate the following in a way that makes it true:

Every lady in the land

Has twenty nails on either hand

Five and twenty on hands and feet

And this is true without deceit.

— Selected.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

M. Louise Watson.

Edna M. Fisher.

Selections from Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, edited, with introduction and notes, by George Stuart Collins, Ph. D., professor of the German language and literature in the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. Flexible cloth. 12mo. 163 pages. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This book is intended for students who have attained a certain mastery of that language. While the selections are such as a mature mind can better understand and appreciate, yet their mere difficulty should not discourage the reader. His sentences are often complicated and he is prone to interrupt the plain course of argument with some simile or metaphor drawn from his vast reading. But notwithstanding these faults, he shows himself master of a clear, forcible style and scarcely a sentence fails to reward the reader for his pains in conquering its meaning.

The parts chosen for this volume do not show the difficulties of his style at their worst, although those who can read them with any degree of ease need not fear the perusal of other and longer writings. The general and special introductions and linguistic notes will be found very helpful by the student.

It is the earnest hope of the compiler of this publication that it may incite in some a desire to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with one of Germany's great authors, once so deservedly appreciated and now, apparently, as undeservedly neglected.

"A Short Course in Music." Natural Music series, by Frederick H. Ripley, principal of the Longfellow School, Boston, and Thomas Tapper, examiner in

theory, American College of Musicians. Book I, for Elementary Graders, price 35 cents. Book II, for Advanced Grades, nearly ready. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

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Hezekiah Butterworth, who has written several popular juvenile books, has in press with D. Appleton & Co. "The Pilot of the Mayflower," which should have a permanent historical value besides its interest as fiction. Mr. Butterworth describes the scenes preceding the sailing of the Pilgrims and attending the voyage, and he pictures the early days at Plymouth. The illustrations will include views of Plymouth Rock and other actual scenes at Plymouth, together with pictures which aim to reproduce glimpses of life of the first settlement.

The Review of Reviews for September contains articles of special interest for all. Mr. Henry McFarland writes interestingly of the rapid rise to prominence of Secretary William R. Day. We rarely find a man so little known as was Mr. Day before the war, to rise so rapidly to world wide prominence. It is one of the instances where the occasion shows the real man.

The two articles on Prince Bismarck by Charles Lowe and William T. Stead have more than a passing interest. They are both funds of information for the student who would know well the Grand Old Man of Germany.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. send an advance copy of their fall announcements. The list contains four illustrated holiday books of interest — Lew Wallace's "The Fair God," Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," and Dickens' "Child's History of England." Other noteworthy features are Cambridge editions of Tennyson and Milton, several new volumes of fiction by Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Burnham, Arlo Bates and a new book of short stories by the late Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward;" biography and reminiscences, by Dr. E. E. Hale and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will shortly issue "A Concise Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," edited by F. Warre Cornish, M. A., vice-provost of Eton College. While based on Sir William Smith's famous work, it is not a mere abridgment, but is thoroughly up to date, and gains in compactness by combining several smaller articles of the parent work under new headings. The

book will be a very light, handy 8vo. of about 800 pages, and contains about 1,100 illustrations.

The Holy Cross Purple, published by the students of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., is primarily a society number, but the articles which will attract the attention of the general reader are those on "The Lawyer" and "Popular Fallacies About Lawyers." The first article shows that in the court room the lawyer displays character and not simply his ability to plead. One point that is very well put is that while jurymen may not know the sciences and the classics, they are withal presumably men of sound judgment and common sense. The lawyer who thinks that these men are not charmed by a poetical or an historical allusion is in error, but more than all else they will be most impressed by a plain, fair and honest argument. The lawyer who speaks after the manner of Othello, "speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," generally carries the good will of the jury with him, while the opposite effect is produced by the lawyer who, in the words of Portia, says "the court awards it and the law doth give it."

The article on "Popular Fallacies About Lawyers," is a scholarly paper. The fallacies may be summed up in these words: Lawyers, "for a consideration," are ready to make the worse appear the better reason. And we might add, lawyers "are regarded by some as human vultures that feed upon the quarrels of mankind. * * * By others they are looked upon as men who, having no hope of happiness in the next world, make the most of the opportunities in this." Those most charitably inclined regard them as "necessary nuisances."

The author is himself a lawyer and it is needless to say that he has strongly defended the integrity of his profession.

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