

THE
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THEIR SECRET.

I LEARNED a secret years ago,
From birds and bumble-bees;
The soft winds told it to the grass,
The robins to the trees.

And where the water trickled o'er
The pebbles in the creek,
The minnows knew it, too, I think;
They were too shy to speak.

I'd lie all day in the long grass,
Down in the meadow-land,
And bees would tell the blossoms,
Till I learned to understand.

Then all the summer air seemed full
Of the sweet song they sang;
And birds and bees and butterflies
Laughed till the bluebells rang.

I paused to-day in the long grass
Beneath the same old tree;
The blossoms nodded as I passed,
The robins called to me.

I felt the air, and heard them sing,
But it seemed just as sweet
Without the little cricket's voice
I crushed beneath my feet.

I picked him up and looked at him,
But yet I must confess,
He was not dead to me, as once,
But just one cricket less.

The bees and butterflies forgave;
The robins tried to tell
Their secret, but I could learn
What once I knew so well.

EDITH STOW.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH has been called the "Modern Athens," and by Lord Tennyson, "the gray metropolis of the North." Its site is one of the most picturesque in the world. It consists mainly of heights and hollows, acclivities and ravines, in much diversity of character, and commands, from numerous vantage grounds, brilliant panoramic views of sea and islands, extensive plains and lofty mountains. Of its castle Burns wrote:

"There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,
Like some bold veteran gray in arms,
And marked with many a scar."

Edinburgh is less a place of manufacturing activity than the majority of modern cities; and the impression of repose it creates suggests ideas of culture rather than of rough-visaged, rough-handed industrial life. Its university has more than European fame, and its schools have sent out some of the greatest men the century has produced. It is the city of David Hume, of Sir Walter Scott, and, in a sense, of Thomas Carlyle.

Our approach to Edinburgh was over the great Firth of Forth bridge, which looked particularly imposing in the later twilight. It loomed up in wonderful proportions, and seemed to stretch away to an unknown world.

Although we visited nearly all the chief places of interest in this fine city, the two that seemed most enjoyable were Holyrood Palace and The Castle. This fact is due largely to the many historic associations that seem to wrap them in mystery. To saunter leisurely through the quaint old rooms is an indescribable delight, particularly if one allows his imagination to people once more these now deserted places with the famous ones of history. Queen Mary's apartments form the most interesting portion of the palace buildings—that portion where the loveliest woman of her age, whom no man ever beheld without admiration, and whose history none can read without sorrow, spent the most eventful years of her chequered and unhappy life. The audience chamber is the first of the suite of rooms entered. The ceiling is divided into paneled compartments embellished with the initials and armorial bearings of royal personages, and the walls of which are hung with ancient tapestry. It was into this room that Queen Mary frequently summoned John Knox, when he would be commanded by her to recant some statement made in the pulpit of St. Giles.

In one of the very last interviews, in May, 1563, a strikingly characteristic scene occurred here. Knox having been summoned to answer before the Queen for some remarks he had made in reference to her marriage with Darnley, was brought after dinner into her presence by Erskine of Dun. After a brief interview, in which the reformer wildly defended himself, but in doing so gave utterance to some rather uncourtly truths, Mary, in a passionate outburst of tears, commanded him to leave. He approached near to a number of ladies of the Queen's household sitting near in their gorgeous apparel, and in a speech,

in the very vein of Hamlet, said, between jest and earnest: "Ah, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with this gear! But fie on that knave, Death, that will come whether ye will or no; and when he hath laid on the arrest, then foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can carry with it neither gold, garnishing, pearl, nor precious stones!" And having said this, he departed.

On the north side of her bed-chamber is a small door which opens on the private staircase by which the assassins of Rizzio ascended to the royal apartments; and close to this door is the entrance to the supper-room, where, on the night of the ninth of March, 1566, the unfortunate Rizzio was dragged from behind the person of the queen, to whose garments he had clung for protection, and after being dragged through the bed-room and ante-chamber, during which he received nearly fifty wounds, was finally despatched at the head of the staircase by the daggers of the Earl of Morton, Lord Ruthven, Lord Lindsay, the Master of Ruthven, and "divers other gentlemen." Some dark stains, said to have been made by the blood of the ill-starred Italian, are still pointed out at the head of the stair.

The Castle, perched on the summit of a rock some three hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, forms the most prominent feature in all views of the city, and, next to Holyrood Palace, is the place which most interests strangers. This rock was the site of a stronghold long before the authentic records of Scottish history; but none of the present buildings, with the exception of the little Norman Chapel of Queen Margaret, date farther back than the fifteenth century.

This small Norman chapel was built by Queen Margaret, the Saxon wife of Malcolm Canmore, who died in 1093, and may be regarded as the smallest and most ancient chapel in Scotland, measuring only sixteen and one-half by ten and one-half feet within the nave.

The royal apartments were on the east side of the interior quadrangle. On the ground floor is a small room, irregular in form, in which Queen Mary gave birth to James I. of England, on the 19th of June, 1566.

However prolonged the stay in Edinburgh, the visit would be incomplete were the tourist not to see Rosslyn chapel. This is one of the most highly decorated specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland, and was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney, and Lord of Rosslyn. "The building," says Mr. Britton in his *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, "may be pronounced unique, and I am confident it will be found curious, elaborate, and singularly interesting. * * * It combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decoration of the latest species of the Tudor age. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given or familiar term."

The interior is bold; the pillars and arches of the side aisles display a profusion of ornament, particularly observable in the "'Prentice's Pillar," with its finely sculptured foliage. It is said that the master-builder, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome to prosecute his study there. During his absence the apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and the master, stung with envy at finding the work completed on his return, struck the apprentice a death-blow with his mallet.

The superstitious belief that on the night before the death of any of the Lords of Rosslyn, the chapel appears in flames, is the subject of Scott's fine ballad of "Rosabelle:"—

"Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslyn's Chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply."

Our return to Edinburgh marked the close of a memorable day. After dinner we sauntered forth upon Princess street, the favorite promenade of the citizens, and one of the fine streets of the world. Directly in front of our hotel—the Royal—stands the famous gothic monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It is too well known to require description, and is readily recognized, though seen at a distance.

From Calton Hill we took our last extended view of the city, each one wishing that some time in the future other such days may be passed in that charming city.

JAMES ROBERT WHITE, Ph. B.

WHAT EDUCATION DID.

THEY were children together. Flora, since the death of her mother, had been the only idol of her bereaved father, and had grown to be at once comforter, daughter, and housekeeper. Often as a child had she sat on the father's knee with her soft little arm around his neck and narrated her childish romps with Frank. They had been nutting one October day and she was cheering the lonely parent with the day's story. "O, papa, we've been nutting, Frank and I, way up under 'Old Broken Top,' where you and mamma used to crack and eat butternuts on the big rock, and Frank has been telling me about what he learns in school. He said that long, long ago there were beautiful queens and they wore wreaths of leaves on their foreheads, and then I made a wreath of

beautiful red and yellow leaves and Frank fastened it around my forehead and hair and called me his little queen, and we talked about what he would do when he became a big man." The father drew the child closer to him and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Don't cry, papa dear, cause I told Frank I was your little queen now since mamma died." Innocent trusting childhood caressing age bruised with sorrow.

* * * * *

Ten years have gone by, Frank is just home on his long vacation at the end of his sophomore year, feeling, as most college youths do at that stage, like one who stands upon a mountain top, and at first dazzled by the sudden widening of his horizon, imagines that he looks into a different world instead of a small extension of his own. The child we left on her father's knee is now a maiden of eighteen, the nurse and companion of her feeble father, who guides her education. She sits by her window studying as best she can. The day had been one of those days in June when the sun, after a long rain, seemed half unwilling to consent to Nature's rejoicing, and occasionally showed his reluctance by hiding himself behind a cloud. As the young man for the first time in a year came up the walk, often so eagerly trodden before, an eager face came out to greet him. Just then the sun sank gloomily under a cloud and the youth and the maiden met; the lovers parted a year before. The student returned to his studies; while the loving but, sad-faced daughter nursed her father all the more affectionately during the remaining year of his life. After his death she took the pittance left her and took up the work of nursing in a large city; but no one knew exactly where.

* * * * *

In the office of a hospital especially devoted to the insane, the physician in charge is in consultation with a young doctor from a neighboring country town. "This case," said the younger man, "at first attracted my attention from the direction in which the patient's mind runs. He seems constantly to reproach himself with the thought, 'If I had only done.' His home and business life are apparently happy, but it is understood that in early life he formed an attachment for a young lady with whom he afterward broke the engagement. Soon after she suddenly died. I cannot tell you why the case appeals to me so strongly, but I am very desirous of curing the man. Thus far I have had no success. Whether his trouble is purely mental, or is caused by an injury he is supposed to have sustained some time since, I cannot tell."

"A very interesting case," said the elder man, "but there are many obstacles in the way of recovery. However, I should advise consultation with a lady physician who has been making a special study of such diseases with us for a year."

In a few moments one might have heard him say, "Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Flora——" Just then he was called away, and at the same time the sun, coming from under a cloud, sent a cheering beam through the office window. Love, like truth, crushed to earth will rise again.

L. M. D.

THREE things I ask for Christmas day,
To wit—a heavy fall of snow,
My Phyllis with me in a sleigh,
And then a bunch of mistletoe.

—Life.

HE wished to be an orator.
And studied hard for years;
At last he grew so eloquent
He moved the seats to—tiers.

MORALIZING IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL
INSTRUCTION.

THE besetting sin of religious teaching is, as every one knows, the vice of inappropriate and impertinent moralizing. Every lesson, it is thought, must end with a moral, just as it used invariably to begin with the time-honored question, "What was the subject of our last lesson?" And there are signs that it is still commonly believed that the more morals you can extract from a single passage the better. It is the principle of the old commentators, who seemed to think that you don't learn unless you know you learn and know what you learn and can say it in terms, and that whether you have learned or not is of less importance than to be able to state what you ought to learn or have learned. In these days, however, it is counted a mark of pedagogical good breeding *not to display in the presence of children morals that are insufficiently clothed in their proper habiliments of imagery and human interest.* It is to be said for these lessons that they sin against these principles less than most. There is but one personal application in each lesson. The points for the most part follow naturally from the subject of the lesson, and particularly from the "lesson hymn," which is almost always well chosen. But, on the whole, the impression created by a careful study of these lessons is that they deal too much with words and too little with imagery; they do not find the child where he is and work out from him. There is the effort to adjust him to something, rather than to adapt something to him. The law of self activity is violated. And the truths inculcated, having no depth of earth and being so many, have the less chance of taking root and bearing fruit.—From "The Sunday-schools: Their Shortcomings and Their Great Opportunity," by President WALTER L. HERLEY, in December *Review of Reviews*.

A DREAM.

THE muster ground of dreams was once peopled by a strange army. Regularly arranged into divisions, brigades, regiments and companies, fully equipped for active service, it was an army of punctuation marks. There are the .'s, a large division; people who place themselves not at the beginning—those are Capital people—but at the end. Whatever the movement, it halts when it reaches them. Such people in the right place are useful, to be sure—policemen are periods—but why do they appear in an aggressive army! Continually stopping movements, they are the end. They station themselves for the purpose of calling a halt. To them the world has advanced quite far enough. Yet, dream voices say, they have a place even in this army.

Here is a large brigade composed of the : ; and , regiments. With a few characteristics in common with the .'s, they are in all quite unlike them. All things do not end with them, yet some delay is demanded. A delay which says, "make haste slowly"; be thorough; confusion must not be tolerated. But for such regiments, order would become one great tangle.

Next appears a brigade of ?'s. Members of these regiments are never satisfied. No investigation is ever pushed far enough. Everywhere they insist that things must be known. This great body is not without its impediment. There belong to the regiment companies who seem out of place. They are not eager for new attacks; rather opposed. They are never sure of old conquests, in short they never would be sure of anything. Their fellows give them the name, Doubtters. Yes, they belong to the ? regiment, but their early training has been neglected.

Another body in this general muster is the !'s. What a brigade this is! Nothing that does not surprise them; their hands are continually held up in wonder. No attempt at investigation, none at classification, they never know further than that it is wonderful.

As a small company of aides appear the ()'s. They see no connection between events; they themselves seem to have no relatives. They make good messengers for they can bear a thought without adding to or taking from, and it does not become entangled in their charge.

Before this great array of force proudly rides General Advance, in whose command the army had been placed.

Over against them is the stronghold of Darkness and Ignorance. Scarcely has the roll-call ceased before the action begins.

From the camp advances first the !'s. What wonders greet them! What strange sights! Of course their advance is followed by retreat, and nothing is accomplished. Next move forward the ?'s. Aroused by the astonishment of the !'s, they rush past the line and fight their way right into the midst of the opposing Darkness. Soon the solid mass begins to divide. Question here, Question there, Question everywhere; no feeling of awe can for a moment check them. Not a single part of the great Unknown that does not feel the shock of this persistent attack. The victory is sure. The followers of Advance will certainly win the day. Nothing can check the attack, and the stronger points still existing are assailed with the greater vigor. Yet unimportant would be the result if these ?'s were allowed to proceed unattended. The skillful General awaits only until his ?'s have made that headway which assures success. Immediately the more trusty, though perhaps less ardent, : 's ; 's , 's are ordered forward. Now it is that

portions overcome by the ?'s are brought into submission. No longer a solid mass of Darkness, so they are no longer a medley of information as left by the advancing ?'s. They fast become collected, organized and related parts of one body of knowledge in the following of their conquering general. But the great Commander has forces still in camp, and he knows how to use them. There is in this great stronghold of the Unknown a division which must not be assailed. The ! 's have advanced toward it and returned. The ?'s, in the elation of victory, must not be permitted to make an attack there. Here are stationed the . 's, and true to their nature, no advance is made beyond them. At first not noticed, yet during the whole engagement doing very effective service, are the ()'s. Assisting here, aiding there, now with the ?'s, now with the , 's and : 's, their service tells.

So the great strife goes on. Under the efficient leadership of so great a general, progress is sure. The ! calling attention to, the ?'s assaulting, the , 's ; 's and : 's reorganizing, and the . 's checking all effort along unfruitful lines, the great opposing force is gradually driven back and General Advance is marching on.

“? ;”

FAITH VICTORIOUS.

BY AELLA GREENE.

FAITH can change the night to morning,
 Faith transmute the dross to gold,
 Faith fulfill the brightest visions
 All the bards have seen and told
 Of a barren changed to verdure,
 Of a desert glad with springs,
 Of a land where goodness blossoms,
 And where hope triumphant sings!
 Faith empowers, faith ennobles,
 Brings contentment and brings peace,
 Brings assurance that the blessing
 Shall forevermore increase;
 Sings of heaven and brings it nearer,
 Makes the earth like heaven to seem;
 Prophesies the Consummation,
 Brings us where its temples gleam!

THE AIM OF EDUCATION.

IN these days when we hear so much about the end, aims, value and other phases of the question of education, we naturally are led to ask, what is our aim, and how shall we accomplish it? To be a good citizen, a bread winner, a wise father; these are all noble aims, but underlying all we find something still broader. The greatest thing in life is life — life in its fullest and broadest sense; consequently, if education is to fulfill its mission, its aim must be to promote true living.

Although man must be prepared for the activities of life, and to this end trained for special work, his education should not be thus narrowly restricted. What we need to do is to bring our pupils into the fullest and broadest relations of life, that is, with nature and man, to put them in the way to live and get the most out of living; and so we may define education as the “unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit.”

Some may say that it is impossible to reach this ideal. It may seem so, but the more we strive for it the nearer we shall come to it.

We have learned in this age to read the old ideal of the pagan world not precisely as it was formerly interpreted, that is, to see all things as they are and in their proper relation. We now say, to see some things as they are and principally in relation to the progress and conveniences of the times.

Our method of education largely fails in the carrying out of our aim in that the school deals only with the intellectual life and leaves the emotional to the home. These two should not be separated. In so far as we separate them, we fail in reaching our aim.

When we stunt the child's emotional nature we are deadening the child's intellect, depriving him of his future hap-

piness, taking from him that fullness which his life should have.

There is but one approach to the mind of a child. “It is the approach to action through feeling and to thought through sensation. The causal chain is very distinct and should be noted, feeling, action, sensation, thought.” So it is readily seen that we cannot take thought alone at school, but must arrive at thought through the feelings.

In Physics we learn that all things tend to remain in the state in which they are, unless acted upon by some external force. We must, then, give some stimulus to thought, else the child will remain in the condition in which we find him. Now, the force which we apply to the child must be one which appeals to him, not one that appeals to us alone. It is his desire which appeals to him, so we must make his desire ours.

We must put the child in the position in which he will want to learn. We may force him to learn, but force without desire will kill, and not nourish the very spirit which we wish to develop.

In order, then, that wise play may be given to the emotional nature, in order that great and good desires may be inspired, education must be intrusted to those who combine in their character the greatest strength, the most beauty, the highest culture as well as the most skill and the best information.

J. A. D.

“The bells ring clear as bugle note,
Sweet song is thrilling every throat;
’Tis welcome Christmas morning!
Oh! never yet was morn so fair,
Such silent music in the air;
’Tis Merry Christmas morning!

“Dear day of all days in the year,
Dear day of song, good-will and cheer;
’Tis golden Christmas morning!
The Hope, the Faith, the Love that is,
The Peace, the Holy Promises;
’Tis glorious Christmas morning.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

CHRISTMAS, THEN AND NOW.

SPENT our Christmas this year down to
 Joe's, Joe
 Lives down t' the city, mile er so
 'Bove Fifth Avenew, an' Sue,
 (Sue's Joe's wife, pretty as a picter tew),
 Sue fixed up things there tew beat the band,
 How she does it I could never understand.
 Joe used to come t' ar house Christmas day,
 'N bring us presents, 'n make us quite a stay.
 But, since he married Sue, t'would never
 dew,
 But we must go 'n see him—me 'n my wife,
 Sall, tew.
 So Sall, my wife, she fixed up her 'n me,
 'N we tuck th' train fur Joe's, as happy 's could
 be.
 Joe lives in a mighty fine house there on the
 avenew,
 I tell yeu, 's better 'n anything we've got here
 'n Perlew.
 But 'twant no house fer Christmas, 'tall,
 Wa'nt no fire-place, 'n no big hall,
 An' maybe ye wont b'lieve it, but I swan,
 There wa'nt no Yule log there, not one.
 An' when we come t' dinner—'twas right in
 style,
 But 't kept me fidgitin' 'most all the' while,
 Fer fear I'd use my knife, 'an Sall, my wife,
 Couldn't eat her soup with a fork to save
 her life.
 'N they didn't have no boar's head on a plat-
 ter.
 Allus tho't we'd got to, but I s'pose 'taint
 much matter.
 But, 'spite of all them new styled notions of
 Sue, an' Joe,
 They couldn't have their Christmas 'thout a
 mistletoe.
 An' Joe's gals, style er no style,
 'Uld sort a edge off under that mistletoe,
 every little while,
 An' them spruce young fellers with long hair,
 Somehow 'uld be around each time th' galls
 was there.
 You can talk all you want to 'bout yer nine-
 tenth century gall,
 I tell you you've got to win her same 's I won
 Sall.
 An galls likes to be kissed now, jest as well
 s ever,
 (Sometimes, though, a feller's got to be
 mighty clever).
 'N you can talk all yer mind to, 's I told Sal,
 'n Sue, 'n Joe,
 Christmas aint no Christmas 'thout a mistle-
 toe.

THE ATHLETE OR THE SCHOLAR—
WHICH?

IN the fall of '84 two young men from
 the same town, a prominent city of
 eastern New Jersey, were registered as
 members of the freshman class at Harvard
 University. Though coming from ad-
 jacent wards, they met for the first time
 on the day of their matriculation. This
 statement will not appear at all strange
 to the reader who is familiar with the
 different phases of life in our large cities.
 Even our democratic republic has its
 strata of social life as distinct as the
 geological formations upon which the
 cities stand. John Appleton, Jr., was
 the son of a wealthy banker and broker.
 He had been fitted for college in one of
 the best private institutions of the state.
 John Appleton, Sr., was so intensely ab-
 sorbed in business that he paid but little
 attention to the education of his only
 son and heir. He always paid "Jack's
 bills," as he called them, gave him a
 liberal allowance for spending money,
 and considered his obligation as a parent
 discharged when he placed the lad in a
 first-class private school for boys. No
 doubt he acted wisely in leaving the
 matter with experts. Fortunately for
 both father and son Appleton's
 teachers were thoroughly qualified for
 their position. They succeeded in stim-
 ulating him to a fair degree of mental
 exertion, and more than that, developed
 in the young man a strong regard for
 upright, manly conduct. When he was
 graduated from the school he was in
 every sense *prepared* for college. He
 passed his entrance examinations credit-
 ably and, what is equally essential to a
 young man about to enter upon a uni-
 versity life of peculiar temptations, he
 possessed a firmness of character rare
 for a young man of his years. He was
 not what the boys call a "grind." On
 the contrary, while he mastered the es-

sential principles of his studies, he never was ambitious to stand at the head of his class. There was one phase of school life, however, in which he manifested great enthusiasm, and that was in athletics. He had a wholesome love for manly sports. The track and the foot-ball field were his delight, for on them he found an outlet for his superabundance of animal life. The gold medals he won were valued more for the victories they symbolized than for their intrinsic value. He was, in short, a fine specimen of manly boy—genial, kind-hearted, robust, impulsive and mentally powerful. He left school with the hopes and affections of his instructors, and the love of his schoolmates.

Frank Stanton on the other hand was the son of a poor mechanic. He had not the opportunities of Appleton, but such as fell to his lot he improved with singular faithfulness. His father could not afford to send him to a private school, but this did not in the least seem to discourage Frank. He studied hard at the public high school, and showed such an eager desire to secure a college education that the principal of the school kindly offered to supplement the course by instruction after school hours in the subjects demanded by Harvard for entrance to the academic department. Frank gladly embraced the opportunity to prepare for college, although at the time he saw no way by which he could meet the necessary expenses of a four year's course of advanced study. He was graduated from the high school at eighteen, and could have passed his entrance examinations easily, but he found it necessary to go to work. Through the recommendation of his teacher and the influence of a prominent business man, he secured a lucrative situation in New York, and at the end of three years had saved enough to pay

his way through college. During his three years of business life he kept up a constant review of his studies, but this was more of a pleasure than a task since he was a natural student.

We do not intend to trace the careers of these two young men through college. The college does not of itself make the man. Life in it is simply the opportunity for growth and development. What these two young men were upon entering they remained, essentially to the end of the course. Appleton studied sufficiently to pass his examinations fairly well, but he was the college hero in athletics. Stanton was not known on the field, but he was a shining light in the classroom. He was the intellectual pride of his class. They were not in any sense rivals for they conquered different worlds. When Appleton won gold medals on the field, Stanton was among the first to congratulate him, when Stanton took the double prize in Greek and Mathematics Appleton shook him heartily by the hand. They graduated on the same day, leaving college with an honest respect for each other and carrying with them the good wishes of their respective *coterie* of admirers. Once again they passed into a larger field of opportunities, that of actual life and contact with humanity in the aggregate.

Ten years later, in December, 1894, to be exact, President Cleveland wanted a young man, college bred, to fill an important government position. The situation called for a man of tact, one possessing a knowledge of the ways and motives of men, and a person of mental aptitude and vigor. The President's attention was called to these two young men, Appleton and Stanton. Which, think you was called upon to fill the position?

MILTON QUAY, PD. D.

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EDITORIAL.

“ON EARTH, peace, good will toward men.” To school teachers particularly.

THANKSGIVING vacation is now two weeks past, and most students have nearly if not quite recovered from its effects.

BEFORE we see you again, you will have made a lot of new resolutions. What for? Don't you know how you forgot those of last New Year's?

AS WE celebrate the anniversary of His birth, ought we not to think of how Christ taught, as well as what He taught. If more of us should teach as He did, in method as well as spirit, we would have infinitely more occasion for happiness at this season of the year.

WITH the next issue we lay down our pen.

THANKS to President Milne, our College students are permitted to enjoy the Camera Club exhibits for another year.

PRESENT yourself with a lot of new zeal, you will need it all before June. Then when June comes do not forget to attend the Alumni Reunion.

A SCHOOL teacher in a New York town recently, was so impressed with the beauty of the poem "Little Boy Blue" in our October number, that she caused one of her pupils to commit and recite it in public.

THE *Review of Reviews* for December has an excellent article, setting forth the work in child-study, done in several well known institutions. The impression one gets from reading the article is that to become a teacher one should devote himself to studying pedagogy as a science regardless of the art of putting it into practice. The record of the State Normal College proves rather that those who have studied with us and have acquired some skill in practicing their art are better able to meet the conditions that exist in common schools than masters of pure theory.

THE story of the recent campaign furnishes an object lesson in dignity. The opinion has often been expressed that, however much he may have loved the common people, Mr. Bryan did not manifest that dignity before the American people that one in his position should. Many teachers likewise can find profit in this criticism. Although the pupil should consider the teacher his friend, he must ever be taught to regard the distance between them, must be inspired by this difference, rather than pleased at its absence.

THE ECONOMY OF TIME.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, economy and extravagance often go hand in hand. Men practice economy that they may enjoy extravagance, not in the sense that forbids all but the smallest outlay, but that makes the expenditure yield the greatest possible return.

In many lines the matter of economy has been reduced to a science; in politics, in a measure in school management, and even in the matter of foods; yet all these are largely dependent upon the right use of time, the least practiced of all. It seems in the present that time is cheap, it comes to all, and in some cases is hard to get rid of, but on sober reflection, if a man lives his allotted three score and ten, he spans but 25,000 days approximately, while the chances are that a smaller number will measure his life. Every day that is wasted means one of the above number of equal parts of a person's capital stock squandered, never to be regained. In addition to this it must be remembered that several hundred of these days are necessarily gone before their owner possesses the power to use them most profitably. Thanks to the kindergarten, many of those days are now turned to good account, and we hope that same agency will render many more profitable in the lives, not only of those who have already enjoyed its benefits, but of those yet to be brought under its influence.

It is thus evident that at the most man is "of few days," whether he be "full of trouble" or happy, and it is likewise plain that if he would succeed each hour must serve a purpose. It does not mean that he should become what is termed a "grind," but it means that whatever is done must be done with earnestness, and that the ways of spending the hours be judiciously chosen. It

is a common complaint "I haven't time," but the fact often is that that person had too much time. When the mind is brought exclusively to the consideration of one subject, if it has any material upon which to work, it is bound to form new associations of some kind, ideas that from being born under intensity cannot be as readily forgotten as though carelessly formed. Under such intense work the mind is, of course, more exhausted than it otherwise would be, but it can now be economically turned to something else.

Work and recreation, when carefully analyzed, are not unrelated, although it must be confessed that the relation depends upon the character of the latter. Persons, as a rule, should recreate as they work. If they dawdle in their habits of work, a similar mode of recreation will suffice; but those who work intensely need intense recreation. We have suggested before that intensity of thought produces conditions to which the mind is more likely to recur, and so it is in recreation. If a story is listened to with great interest and enjoyment, it is more readily recalled. If one throws himself into the spirit of a foot-ball game, does not that game produce a more vivid impression, and can it not be more readily recalled when it becomes usable? We are apt to forget that each experience we have leaves its effect, and that, even though it may never come into our consciousness in its original form, its effect may be seen in other thoughts. When we have a new thought, so much more is added to our mental stock. If of the best kind for our aim in life, if the best for our own recreation, if in each case it appears under intensity of feeling, then we have made the most of our time. We have gained not only power, but new material. After all, the economy of time means simply its judicious use under concentration.

SCHOOL MASTERS' CLUB.

A NUMBER of men, prominent in the educational circles of Albany and vicinity, met this morning in the High School to perfect the organization of an association among the school-masters, the object of which is to cultivate social and fraternal feeling, and to discuss in a complete and thoughtful manner important educational questions. This movement was started some weeks ago, but it was not until this morning that the first meeting was held.

Dr. H. L. Taylor, principal of the Troy High School, opened the meeting, and, on motion of Mr. R. S. Keyser of the Regent's office, Prof. O. D. Robinson was chosen temporary chairman of the meeting. Mr. Keyser was selected temporary secretary, and a temporary constitution was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Taylor, Downey, Keyser and Hailes.

The organization of the association was deferred until after the discussion of the topics of the day, and Dr. Charles Davidson, of the Regents' office, read the first paper on "The Aims and Methods of Work in Composition and Rhetoric." Dr. Davidson's paper was a clear, concise and forceful one, and as the discussion which followed showed, voiced the sentiments of those present. He condemns the insufficient amount of time given to the subject of composition in the schools of the State.

The paper was discussed by Profs. Wetmore of the State Normal College of this city, Stevens of the R. P. I., Hale of Union College, Farr of Glens Falls, Sandford of the Albany High School, Franklin, principal of School No. 7, Onderdonk of the High School, Hood of Hudson, and Robinson of the High School.

Professor E. W. Wetmore of the State Normal College in this city read an ex-

cellent paper on "The Place of the Text-book and of the Laboratory in Science Teaching," which was discussed by Profs. Richardson of the Normal College, Davidson of the Regents' office, Stevens of the R. P. I. and Onderdonk of the High School.

The following officers were then elected by casting one ballot: President, Prof. O. D. Robinson, Albany; vice-president, Prof. James Winne, Poughkeepsie; secretary, Dr. R. S. Keyser, Albany; treasurer, Prof. H. L. Taylor, Troy. An executive committee of seven also was elected, consisting of the officers of the club and the following three members: W. J. Milne, Albany; Sherman Williams, Glens Falls, and T. R. Kneil of Saratoga. The organization will be known as the Hudson River Schoolmasters' Club, and will hold two regular meetings, which will be social in character, a year, one in the spring and one in the fall, power being given to the executive committee to call a business meeting at any time.

The first social event of the club was a banquet held in the Kenmore hotel last evening. Covers were laid for 65 persons. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, New York city, was the guest of the evening, and after the dinner spoke entertainingly on various educational subjects.—*Albany Journal, Dec. 4.*

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

"And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little Child in the cradle lay—
The Child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

"His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

"They laid their offerings at His feet;
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying."
—From "The Three Kings," by Henry W. Longfellow.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF TEACHING.

IN OUR deliberations upon the education of children, doubtless, all agree with me that the time for hair-splitting differences in reference to mere opinions are unprofitable, and that we must devote our time and energy to some wider and more comprehensive scheme of work than we have hitherto done, if we wish to be leaders in those great movements which have for their object the general improvement of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of our State and country. While we see clearly the two conflicting opinions now held by people concerning the nature of education as to whether it is a practical or theoretical art—those of means and ends—and whether the child, in passing through the preparatory stage of its existence, is to be made into a practical, shrewd, calculating machine, that by dexterously manipulating human forces can secure a competency by his wits, and destitute of a conscience, presents a problem which has to be worked out like any other question of business.

If this be the end of our work, then we should see to it that we educate for shrewdness, trickery, rascality, ingratitude, and all those ignoble qualities of mind which stigmatize man's nobler faculties. While we agree that the intellectual natures of our children should be developed in order to know things correctly and to pass judgment on the various issues that arise from association with others, and to exercise large foresight in the management of affairs, yet the highest acme of human greatness is never reached through the intellect alone.

The intellect is the region of cold abstraction. It touches life in seeking ways and means of action, but without reaching the better side of nature, — sympathy — it is cold, hard, cheerless

and oftentimes cruel. Thus, are we brought face to face with the question, what system combines the greatest amount of good for the child with the least evil? To find what is the best teaching, and to persuade others to adopt it as the best, is part of our mission. No elaborate argument is required to demonstrate that there is much selfishness as well as much goodness in the world. Sorrow and suffering, misery and wretchedness, are everywhere. Shall these ills be lessened by our work? Is it better to alleviate the sum of human woe or contribute to it? Is it better to instil into the hearts and consciences of our boys and girls respect for truth and the rights and happiness of others than to seek advantages by resorting to cunning and sharp practice? Shall we educate to form noble characters? I imagine which of these theories you believe to be more important among people whose cardinal doctrine has ever been on the side of those higher virtues extolled in history and song.

No one believes that all who are called teachers are capable of giving instruction on the very highest plane of intelligent skill. The material to be worked with may be of a low order, and no institution can be worked up to its most advanced ideals. All the conditions should be favorable, and then the worker sees clearly enough what must be combined advantageously to approximate good results. Knowledge and skill, here as elsewhere, play a not unimportant part in the interaction of those forces called education. Schools and systems of education are the work of the human will. Human agency makes them what they are. Like all things human, they may be good or bad. When they incorporate low ideals, and have no means within themselves of correcting them-

selves, progress has been retarded and the human mind stunted in its growth. No school or system of schools can work itself. Like all other human agencies, it has to be directed — perhaps by persons of very ordinary ability. But, by virtue of the laws and the executive head of a school system operating under such authority, it is reasonable to suppose that those who plan and execute the work entrusted to them will acquaint themselves fully in regard to the duties that they are chosen to perform. They must be able and willing to fulfill all the conditions of thought and action necessary to accomplish the purposes of the institution. To subdue violent passions, to place judgment above pride and arrogance, to practice forbearance, to forego private conflicts, the avenging of supposed wrongs, are some of the results to be reached.

But if one be more disposed to connive at questionable acts, or to injure property and character, then such a one cannot be expected to look forward at life as it is projected into the future. While these moral influences are operating all the time in the formation of character, other insuperable difficulties frequently lie in the pathway to success. The amount of hindrances in every community is always an indefinite quantity which cannot be estimated in precise terms. It may be so great as to render any high form of work impossible; but this hindrance, be it much or little, should never come from the actual teaching force itself. To take advantage of the existing habits and feelings of a community is the first step in the line of progress; to educate the children by and through the aid and positive influence of the parents and of the community, and not in opposition to the community, is the first care of the educator. There

is no limit to the capacity of people to do new things or to attempt new experiments. This is shown in a thousand ways in this country. One with a belief that he can do something to benefit others, is a stronger social power than a score who are governed by no fixed principles. History proves the strong social force a powerful mind becomes in shaping the destiny of a nation, when it works for the accomplishment of great ends. We are to work for the spread of deep moral convictions, and for that steadfastness of character that prefers death to dishonor. It is what men think that determines how they act. Low thoughts generate low planes of action. If the teacher's motives are not elevated, the blight spreads over the school and moral debasement ensues. Our theory of education must depend upon those social elements which constitute good society one in which reputation, property and life are protected. The interests of life are complex — oftentimes jarring. The ideal school is for the purpose of reconciling these diverse interests. Then let no dark spots of hatred, malice, envy, or jealousy be found lurking in the heart of any one connected with our system of public schools, and if there should be one unfortunate so distressed, let the foul stain be wiped out or smothered forever. — I. M. GREENWOOD in *Public School Journal*.

The Normal Forum for November is filled with short paragraphs which contain much good common sense.

The October number of the *Quarterly Bulletin of the Alfred University* is very interesting. It contains the pictures and a brief account of the members of the faculty of that university. Among these we find one of our graduates.

DE ALUMNIS.

- '74. Through the influence largely of Mr. Elwin S. Piper, Brooklyn is to have a High school in its eastern district. Mr. Piper, as a member of the Board, fought nobly for the cause. His speeches, two in number, printed in recent issues of the *Brooklyn Times*, are very telling arguments.
- '94. We clip the following from a North-plainfield, N. J., paper: "The North Plainfield Board of Education made a wise selection when they secured Prof. A. D. Warde to assume charge of the public school. He is a man of attainments and ability that constantly reflects credit on the school." The *East Syracuse News* has the following to say: "Through the courtesy of Prof. A. D. Warde, we have received a copy of the annual catalogue and courses of study of the North Plainfield, N. J. Public High school. It is indeed a model of its kind. We do not remember to have seen anything quite equal to it in that line of work. We congratulate Prof. Warde and extend our thanks for a copy of the same. Mr. Warde was the principal of our school the first year in the new school building, and laid the foundation for the excellent order that has been characteristic of our school since that time."
- '94. We are glad to note the success of Supt. Samuel Slawson, of Frankfort, N. Y. At the head of 600 pupils, he expects, in addition, to occupy next year a new buiding with all modern improvements.
- '45. The following extract from a letter kindly sent us by a graduate of

1845, explains itself: "Whenever I take up the NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO, I am reminded of a certain spring morning in 1845 when the writer stood, with a number of Normal students, at the head of State street, in front of what was then the State Normal School building — discussing the location of cheap boarding houses. Among those of us who had met there for the first time, I remember Charles D. Lawrence, the mathematician; John R. Webb, the author of the 'Word Method;' and Thomas Slater, all of whom, with most of those comprising that happy throng, have crossed the bridge that spans the narrow river that separates the two worlds. Success to the NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO. Sincerely yours,
J. M. ROOT."

PERSONALS.

MARY S. HAMILTON was at the college, Dec. 12.

Mr. DeVoe, '98, spent Sunday last at New Salem.

Miss Mellor, of Emma Willard School, Troy, called Dec. 7.

School Commissioner Miller and wife, of Cortland, called Dec. 3.

Miss Eckerle, '97, spent Sunday, Dec. 13, at her home in Newburg.

The Christmas decorations in Prof. White's department are particularly attractive.

Miss Allen, '98, who left recently on account of illness, is recovering, and expects to return after the holidays.

Mr. Fox Sponable has been elected to the position of Principal of the Nelliston Public school. Next time we shall be able to speak of his success. His work will begin Jan. 4.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'51, Mrs. Harriet Newall Palmer, of Lakeland, Minn., died at Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 31, '96. Mrs. Palmer taught for eighteen years in the schools of New York, Indiana, Minnesota and Wisconsin. In each she was principal of grammar department, she attended the Semi-Centennial Reunion of graduates in 1894.

'77, Millard F. Agor has been re-elected school commissioner of Putnam county.

'80, Robert R. Felter has been elected school commissioner of Rockland Co.

'89, Cora A. Davis has been elected school commissioner of Oneida county.

'88, Miss Mary K. M. Lynch married Bernard F. Lynch Nov. 24, '96.

'53, Hon. Abram P. Smith, of Cortland, N. Y., called at the college, Dec. 3, '96.

'76, Prof. Willard N. Whitney, of Athens, died at his home, in that village Dec. 1, '96, after a long and painful illness. He was principal of the lower school at Athens for many years, and was a man highly esteemed in the community in which he lived. He leaves a wife and several children. Prof. Whitney was nominated for school commissioner, on the Republican ticket, and elected by a large majority at the recent election.

'95, Miss Hattie E. Burdick is teaching at Little Genesee.

'92, Miss Inez Maxson is visiting in Chicago, enjoying a well-earned rest.

'92, F. B. Morse is teaching at East Glenville.

'76, Dr. H. L. Taylor, of the Troy High School, suffered a fire in the school building November 14. He had his school transferred to new quarters, however, the next morning.

AN EVENING OF ENJOYMENT.

THE sisters who wear a pin bearing the Greek letters, Delta, Omega, have every reason to be proud of their success Nov. 20. The event to which we refer was an entertainment given by them to their friends in the college and city, in the form of twelve tableaux representing the twelve months in the year. These were concluded by a very pretty fan drill by eight of the sisters.

To specialize in mentioning the different parts would be too difficult, so well was each rendered. The decorations of palms, the red fire, the costumes of light green and pink, all heightened the effect of the scene, while the music added particularly to the enjoyment of all. Below we give a cast of the different parts :

JANUARY — Miss Margaret Gibb, Miss Jeanette Robertson. Skating Scene.

FEBRUARY — Miss Bennett, Master Harold Wooster. Valentine Picture.

MARCH — Miss Pertha Bagg. Storm Scene.

APRIL — Miss Sarah Collier. Easter.

MAY — Miss Bessie Senior. May Queen. Assisted by Misses Jessie Sewell and Edith Close.

JUNE — Miss Clara McClintock, Miss Helen Montfort, Miss Lilian Kibby. Three Bridesmaids.

JULY — Miss Florence Foote, Miss Charlotte Bancroft, Miss Edith Stow. Statue of the Republic.

AUGUST — Miss Alice Lynch. French Peasant Girl.

SEPTEMBER — Miss Lila Pickens, Miss Helen Montfort, Miss Harriet Disbrow. Harvest Scene.

OCTOBER — Miss Fannie Huntley. The Month of Chrysanthemums.

NOVEMBER — Miss Clara Palmer. The Season of Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER — Miss Ruth Norton, Miss Louise Gibb, Miss Sarah Collier. Christmas.

FAN DRILL — Misses Burlingham, Eva Stafford, Bennett, Robertson, Merlin, Montfort, Disbrow, Stewart.

ORCHESTRA — Messrs. Wentworth, violin Arnold, clarinet; Phillips, trombone; Catrein, bass; Miss Hintermister, pianist.

ALL SORTS.

TEACHER — "Can you name ten animals peculiar to the Arctic regions?"

Pupil — "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher — "What are they?"

Pupil — "Five polar bears and five seals." — *Ex.*

You can ride your horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink,
You can "ride" your little "pony,"
But you cannot make him think.

That "History repeats itself,"
A saying oft I've heard,
But when in class I'm called upon,
It never says a word. — *Ex.*

Mr. Q. to hired man. "John, have you greased the cart?"

John — "No, sir."

Mr. Q. — "You may go and do it now and come back when you get through." (John returning after a long time.) "Well, did you get it greased?"

John — "Yes, I greased it all over except in them places in the wheels. I couldn't get at them." — *Ex.*

On the principle *cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore, I exist), some people have very slight justification for living. — *Ex.*

Examination question — "Give the feminine of *bachelor* and *beau*?"

Pupil's answer — "The feminine of *bachelor* is *old maid*, of *beau* is *best girl*."

Servant — "There is a man without."

King — "Without what?"

Servant (explaining) — "Without-outside."

King — "Oh! show the man with the exposed interior in." — *Ex.*

Office Boy — (to the editor) — "There's a man down stairs with seven starving children wants to see you."

Editor (absent-mindedly) — "Tell him we don't need any to-day." — *Ex.*

Percy — "We had a fire in our house last night."

Harold — "Get out!"

Percy — "I did." — *Ex.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

TWO Chinese girls who came to America three years ago, hardly knowing a word of English, stood the highest in the recent medical examination at the University of Michigan. — *Ex.*

Hon. Garret A. Hobart is an alumnus and trustee of Rutgers College. — *Ex.*

We have found it stated that one-sixteenth of the college students of the United States are studying for the ministry.

A commission of New England college professors met in Boston last July to consider plans for having a uniform system of college entrance examinations. Resolutions were adopted favoring the plan. — *Ex.*

Princeton gives a prize of \$1,500 to the person entering the Sophomore class who passes the best examination in Latin and Greek subjects. — *Ex.*

Helen Kellar, the blind, deaf, scentless and tasteless girl, has passed the entrance examination to the freshmen class at Radcliffe college. She is but sixteen years old, and, therefore, enters at an earlier age than most of her classmates. — *Ex.*

Police Justice D. L. Harriman, of Brooklyn, has rendered a decision that corporal punishment within reasonable limits is entirely lawful. He holds that it is more conducive to the public good than to expel the culprit and send him forth to ruin. Justice Harriman is not a "rough foreigner," but a college-bred, Christian gentleman.

Question. Did you ever see a person for whom Cornell & Dickerman of 67 N. Pearl streets, had made a photograph otherwise than delighted? We guess not. Their work is perfection.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

EMERSON says: "If you would have success, succeed." That is, it matters not how small or how great the undertaking, or in what business or profession we engage, we will have to work if we succeed, or even make any improvement.—*Ex.*

"Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence."

Self conquest is the greatest of all victories.—*Plato.*

Do not engage in any work unless you expect to do your best. No work is well done unless it has heart in it.—*Ex.*

The young person who is worthy of an education can educate himself. We admire the pluck and ambition that enables a young person to work his own way through school. It is better for a young person to graduate at the age of twenty-five, and pay his own way, than to graduate at twenty at some other person's expense. The value of an education is not in the knowledge obtained, but in the habits of thought acquired and in the character found. The spirit of self-reliance is almost invaluable to young persons. No one should ask opportunities or aid that cannot be granted to all. It is better to borrow money to attend school than to accept it as a gift. Those who overcome difficulties gain strength and make a success of life.

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave."
John Milton.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

EUGENE FIELD.

I COUNT my treasures o'er with care,
The little toys my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,
My little one — my all to me —
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the Merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright,
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise,
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
He asked the boon with childish grace,
Then, toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer
For in the morn, with rapturous face,
He toddled to the chimney place,
And found his little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide
The angel host so fair and white,
And singing all that glorious night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
All watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back to me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain!

THE lasting influence of a school is not the facts learned, but the inspiration which accompanies correct methods of instruction.

HIGH SCHOOL CLASS SOCIAL.

THE class of '97 held their first class social Saturday afternoon, December 12th, in the High School chapel. Dr. Jones, Miss Sherrill and Miss Husted were present as honored guests.

The following program was well rendered:
 President's address..... Mr. J. F. Putnam
 Violin solo..... Mr. W. B. Rosecrants
 Accompanist, Miss May Crawford.
 Declamation — "Old Ace"

Miss Charlotte Du Bois
 Vocal duet..... Misses Littell and McClare
 Original rhymes Mr. L. T. Hunt
 Illustrated ballads..... Mr. J. A. Thompson
 Accompanied by Miss May Crawford.
 Piano solo... .. Miss Florence Jones

The company then adjourned to the library where refreshments were served.

Both the chapel and the library were tastefully decorated, and the whole affair was a decided success.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

MUGH interesting information may be gleaned from *The Polytechnic*.

To Daniel Webster belongs the honor of being the editor of the first college paper in the United States. We have always thought of Daniel Webster with due respect and admiration, and here is something more for us to admire and to make us thankful for this great American.

The Hermonite contains an interesting article entitled "Revelation of Christ Through His Names."

The Souvenir contains an excellent philosophical article entitled "Our Trials." From it we quote: "As the rarest flowers often need to be crushed before they give forth perfume, so the trials and adversities of life often reveal

their brightest lustre. It is not the magnitude of the deed, but the magnanimity with which it is done that lends the glory to it."

The Vidette contains an excellent article upon "The Qualifications of a Voter." The closing paragraph is as follows: "The strong man, having so long enjoyed the right of suffrage (and we do not say he deserved it not), must now claim it no longer to the exclusion of others. Physical strength alone must step aside. Intelligence is on the ground; her guns are strong, her ammunition box full, and her aim true. Not woman suffrage, not man suffrage, but give us intelligence suffrage and our government of an intelligent people, by an intelligent people, and for an intelligent people, will not perish from the earth."

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

"'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind);
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind!'

"'To you in David's town this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign.'

"'The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.'"

Nahum Tate.

Has it ever occurred to you

That the Normal College Echo is from our press.
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