

# THE NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL DEVOTED TO EDUCATION.

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No. 2.

## HOWE'S CAVE.

IN the fall of 1842 Lester Howe, a somewhat eccentric gentleman, while hunting foxes on a spur of the Catskills, in Schoharie county, accidentally stepped into an opening, seemingly bottomless, in the side of the mountain. Upon further investigation Mr. Howe found the opening to be about eighteen feet in depth, and leading into an underground cavity, the extent of which he was then unable to explore. Satisfied, however, of its great extent and value, he purchased the farm which he thought covered the main portion of the cave, explored the cavern carefully, and thereupon opened it to the public. Mr. Howe subsequently disposed of this property advantageously, and at present it is owned by the Howe's Cave Association, of which Mr. C. H. Ramsey is general manager.

The Pavilion hotel, a spacious building, stands near the entrance, which is at the west end of the hotel.

This cave is on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Company's railroad, thirty-nine miles west from Albany, N. Y.

An admission fee of one dollar for each individual is charged, and for this nominal sum a guide and a suit of clothing are furnished.

After donning the suit and looking

at each other, we are strongly impressed with the idea that we resemble the yeoman as he goes "plodding along his weary way."

The guide has come, and we are ready to follow him into the dark recesses of this wonderful cave.

An irregular circular opening forms the entrance. Passing down a stairway of lime rock, we enter a doorway leading into the cave.

The rays of the universal lamp are shut out, and as we attempt to gaze into the distance we are led to exclaim: "Darkness there and nothing more." However, we do not find the "stately raven," but flitting about just ahead of us we discern the ominous bat.

The next object that attracts our attention is a narrow-gauged track. Our guide, Mr. John Kiggins, informs us that it was built for the purpose of taking out clay which was made into pressed bricks, but as the clay contains more or less limestone, it was found impracticable, and the project was abandoned. We also observe two iron pipes along the side of the cave. One is used to supply the hotel with pure spring water; the other was formerly used as a gas pipe, but as large quantities of gas escaped, this plan of lighting the cave was given up, and the pipe is now used

to supply water to the Hydraulic Cement Works. These pipes extend into the cave a distance of one mile.

A sensible change of temperature is felt, at first slight, but as we proceed it gradually lowers until we find ourselves in an atmosphere of about thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. This produces a temporary chill which soon gives place to a delightful sense of coolness.

Our eyesight, at first very dim, has become somewhat accustomed to the darkness. Raising our lanterns and looking around we find the roof and sides of the cave to be of a limestone formation, and the floor, clay and broken fragments of limestone. On further investigation the average width of the cave proves to be about twelve feet, and the average height fifteen feet.

"Barryat's Mine" is the first point of interest, and, as we stand upon the bridge and peer down into the dark gulf below, we are told that the workmen, in tunneling into the mountain for clay, dug under this part of the cave, and later on the floor sunk, hence the mine.

A short walk brings us into the "Reception Room," some forty-five feet wide and fifteen feet high; a wonderful room indeed, its walls ornamented with pilasters, its roof with stalactites, and its floor with stalagmites.

A little ascent and we find ourselves in the "Bridal Chamber," where the romantic marriage of Mr. Howe's daughter took place. On the walls are two huge pilasters, one called "Washington's Epaulet," the other "Lady Washington's Hood," from their striking resemblance to these ob-

jects. An exceedingly high dome is in one part of this chamber, so high that it is impossible for the light of the torch to penetrate its darkness.

The "Giant's Chapel" is a spacious cavern 100 or more feet high, and from fifteen to forty feet wide. It is situated on a slight rise. After leaving the "Chapel" we pass through the "Harlequin Tunnel," a distance of about 200 feet. Here the cave turns abruptly to the south. A short descent brings us into the "Straight and Narrow Way." This is a triangular passage three or four feet wide at the base, and so narrow at the top that a man standing erect can scarcely pass through. The "Chimney to the Old Lady's Smoke-house," a dome shaped opening in the roof twenty-five feet high and ten feet in diameter, is near the end of this passage.

A strange roaring sound is heard, and listening intently, we discern it to be a stream of water. We find ourselves at the "Pool of Siloam." A whirlpool is formed, and the water disappears in some cavity below.

Nearby and overhead are three depressions in the rock, two close together, the other a few feet distant.

These depressions are called "The Giant's Eyeglasses." A little further on is "Grandmother's Spectacles," a natural formation bearing a very striking resemblance to a huge pair of spectacles.

A little rise, a few feet on the level, and then a descent of about twelve feet, and we are in "Washington's Wine Cellar." To the right is the cavity called the "Indian Dugout." A few large pieces of limerock are scattered promiscuously over the floor, and underneath, the "wine" is

heard trickling down through the rock. On ascending the stairway we enter the "Meat Market." The refrigerator on the left has a large "leg of mutton," a stalagmite, suspended from its side.

A low narrow passage admits us to the "Tower of Babel," a huge stalagmite which partially blocks the way. Passing around this we enter "The Tall Man's Torment," where one has to stoop very low in order to pass through. In "Union Hall" we find the "Keel of Noah's Ark," "Register Rock" and the "Turtle Shell," the first named a stalactite; the others, stalagmites.

We enter "Echo Hall." Here the guide makes a series of noises. The walls take up the echo reverberating the sounds from hall to hall until they die away in the distance.

A clay stairway forms the entrance to the "Haunted Castle," a semi-circular chamber having two niches in the side and a small room in the corner extending back about ten feet. It is in this corner when the lights have been extinguished, that the ghost appears.

"Music Hall" is but a short distance beyond. Low musical sounds produced here will echo and re-echo until one almost fancies he is listening to the siren voices of the fabled mermaids. On the left, at the entrance, is a shelving rock upon which the orchestra may form and discourse their music. At the other end of the hall is an amphitheater where the audience may sit and listen to the delightful strains of music as they come echoing and re-echoing through the vaulted chamber. This part of the chamber is called "The Grand Stand."

The guide raises a large plank and lets it fall heavily upon the clayey footpath. The sound echoing through the rocky cavern resembles a peal of distant thunder.

Proceeding, we hear a roaring sound, and presently we come in sight of the falls at the foot of "Crystal Lake." We are now one mile from the entrance. "Crystal Lake" ranges from seven feet to eighteen feet in depth, from twelve feet to eighteen feet wide, and is one-eighth of a mile long. Taking a boat we pass the "Natural Pier," where a stalagmite and a stalactite have joined forming a pillar. Stalagmites, stalactites and pilasters ornament the sides of the cave, and many fantastic shapes resemble diverse objects. "The Eagle's Wing," "The Egyptian Pyramids," "The Owl," "The Elephant's Ear," "The Old Fashioned Church Organ," "The Magic Lantern," "The Washington Monument," "Howe's Vegetable Garden," full of stalactites resembling beets, carrots, etc., "The Three Monks," "The Baby Elephant," "The Crocodile's Back," the stalagmite bearing a striking resemblance to the number 811, "The Lady of the Lake," her face turned to the wall, "Dan Rice's Circus Horse and Rider," and "Pulpit Rock," are among the most impressive formations. As we leave the lake a huge stalagmite more than thirty feet high entirely blocks the way. Nature, however, has provided a low narrow pass called "The Devil's Gateway," around the blockade. As we pursue our journey for more than a mile, we hear the enchanting music of a little brook as it goes babbling along "to join the brimming river."

and we are reminded of Tennyson's "The Brook."

We pass rapidly through the "Fish Market," taking a hasty look at the "Sea Serpent's Head and Wings," and then go down to "The Bottomless Pit," a small but deep hole of unknown depth. This pit is about thirty feet beyond "Cataract Chamber," which abounds in many beautiful stalactite formations.

"The Giant's Study" is a large and interesting chamber. Piled up promiscuously around his study table are his books and manuscripts. These are limestone, having a cleavage, and tilted at an angle of about 39 degrees.

Passing the "Swallow's Nests" we descend into the "Yosemite Valley." We walk along the edge of this valley, and below us twenty-five feet we dimly discern the "Babbling Brook."

We approach a huge stalagmite appropriately named "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has a small stalagmite upon the roof resembling a chimney. The spacious "Geological Room" is full of many beautiful specimens. We arrive at the foot of the "Rocky Mountains," and before us is "Pike's Peak," while at the right we behold the "Leaning Tower of Pisa." Two miles from the entrance is "The Tower of Babel," a very large stalagmite.

"Pirates' Cave" is a small chamber full of rocks and hiding places. A short narrow passage introduces us into a more spacious one called "Jehosaphat's Valley," from which we ascend a stairway and enter the "Giant's Causeway." Here the cave divides, one part going to the left about thirty-five feet, the other to the right for more than half a mile. A

few feet below us a large stream of water issues from an opening in the solid rock, and supplies the lake. Ascending to the right several feet above the foot path just passed, we find ourselves standing upon a large flat rock named "The Lover's Leap." Just back of this is the entrance to the "Winding Way," a long narrow passage barely wide enough to admit a large man. The first part of it forms a capital S. Here the water has done its work so beautifully that the roof appears to be smoothly cemented. We pass quickly through the "Dungeon," the "Needle's Eye," the "Lemon Squeezer," and come to "Pier No. 2." "The Straight and Narrow Way" leads us to the entrance of "The Fat Man's Misery." This is about seventy-five feet long, and in order to get through we are obliged to crawl on hands and knees.

We enter a circular chamber twenty-five feet in diameter and more than three hundred feet high, and beyond is the "Giants' Chapel." The circular chamber is called "The Rotunda."

How much further this cave extends no one knows. Quicksand stops further exploration. Our journey ends in the "Giants' Chapel," three miles from the entrance.

The mountain in which this cave has been formed is an immense mass of limestone. This formation occurred during the latter part of the corniferous period of the Devonian age.

At the close of the Upper Silurian, the greater portions of North America were almost wholly submerged. The Devonian witnessed many radical changes. It was a period of powerful igneous activity, during which "new lands were upheaved; great

shallow, muddy and sandy flats were deposited around them; the domains of corals and sea-weeds were contracted."

During this powerful disturbance a crevice was perhaps formed in this mountain. The crevice was enlarged by the surgings of the oceanic waters, and had not the water subsided this action would probably have worn away the mountain. After the subsidence of the water erosion was continued by the stream of water flowing through the cave, and this action is still taking place.

The stalagmites, stalactites, pilasters and pillars were formed by the surface water percolating through the lime rock.

This wonderful creation forms not only an interesting study, but it reveals to us the master hand of the Great Author of the Universe. S.

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#### RELATION OF THE BUSINESS MAN TO THE COLLEGE.

IT is a familiar truism that "there are two sides to every question;" and none the less true that we are prone to consider and destined to have, as a rule, but one side.

So, while we grant due honor to those large-souled philanthropists—whether great or small—through whose beneficence our higher institutions of learning are endowed and supported, let us discern whether their gifts partake of the nature of alms or repaid obligations.

That there should arise such a question is due, in part at least, to two causes:

First—In the minds of many, not particularly informed nor interested,

the college is regarded as a luxury—if not necessary, yet perhaps desirable—to be enjoyed by the fortunate few; a place "where brickbats are polished and diamonds are dimmed." Various causes may have engendered and perpetuated this impression.

One is the impractical training—from the business man's point of view—which the average college-bred man has received. "Ten thousand men, with diplomas in their pockets, walk the streets of New York, who cannot, with all their learning, earn a dinner," said the famous founder of the "Tribune." While we find such financial leaders as our own Henry Clews maintaining that he would not have a college graduate in his employ.

Another cause may be the self-conscious attitude of the young alumnus as he comes forth into active life from the seclusion of his little world. More than most other forms of social living, the college is a world within itself; with its own characteristic public sentiment, its politics, its prejudices, and its body of traditional notions, maxims and usages. These, although the product of a universal human nature, have and yield their peculiar coloring to the natures by which they are fondly cherished and prolonged.

A third reason for this unrecognized connection or interdependence of our higher educational institutions and our business men, is that the fierce competition of business life gives little time to its devotees to consider aught save the survival of the commercially fittest. Intensity precludes broadness, both in the physical and mental world. The microscopist, searching with his little lense

for deeper truth may miss the charming beauty of the clustered flowers. The ambitious astronomer may squint his life long to discover another spot upon the sun, and overlook the marvelous glory of the fading "king of day." A phlegmatic German may spend his life upon the Dative case, and never catch the inspiration of the muse.

So the unrelenting law of compensation has robbed many of our industrial and commercial leaders of the beneficent influence of some truths lying just without their pen. In fine, the mass of successful business men do not seem to feel that the college is an institution which concerns them in any way whatever.

Let us see! It may be acknowledged that the college is indebted to the business man. Is the business man indebted to the college? We may pass over the debt which society as a whole owes to education in general, such as the culture—as far as it may—of a sound, mental and spiritual life as the foundation of good citizenship, and consider rather the special indebtedness of the business man to the college.

First, with his intense appreciation of the practical training of the elementary schools, let him remember that they are but the offspring of the college. Before they were, it was. If there had been no college there would have been no public school. Historically, the university has preceded, and both indirectly and directly, has helped to build up the public school. In France, Germany, England and America, everywhere, this has been the general order of growth. And, in the future, while the college will look

to the lower schools for its recruits, the latter will get their direction and inspiration through the colleges. And this debt of the present generation to the college of the past is as real and equitably binding as though collectible through an order of the court.

Again, the college fixes the ground gained by society in its progress. 'Tis little use to reef the sail unless the halyard is belayed. Gain means loss of energy, unless the acquirement is retained. The college might be called the "complement" of the business world; one stands for push and advance along national lines; the other for conservatism. One discovers new methods; the other scrutinizes, perfects, establishes and inculcates them. The people, striving in industrial, commercial and administrative activities make our history. The scholar compiles it, and draws therefrom lessons for the warning and instruction of future generations. The work-a-day world struggles to give birth to a thought or feeling; the college world formulates and fixes the idea.

But it is not alone as the conservator of the world's progress that the college becomes creditor of the former, but also as itself the source of material prosperity and advance. Have the different branches of astronomy, geology, chemistry, biology nothing to do with progress in the commercial world? To say nothing of physics, especially electricity, the applications of which, as results of labor by such men as Morse, Gray, and Henry of our own city, has set every corner of the mercantile world a-tingling, and enlarged its borders. While men of great natural power,

though of limited advantages, have wrought well for humanity, it is not necessary to overlook or deprecate the work of others in order to give these sufficient praise. Take from the business world to-day the appliances and sciences which have come to it from college halls, and you would turn back for centuries the hands on the dial of the world's progress. Speaking, concerning this matter, Prof. Phelps says: "It is no uncommon thing for men to forget their benefactors in the very enjoyment of their benefactions; to feel quite independent of the fountain because of the very richness and copiousness of the draughts which they drink from the stream—thus, too, the excessive utilitarianism of our age denies her obligations to literary and scientific institutions, while at the same time she is rioting in the wealth and luxury which literature and science are pouring into her lap. Let the fountain be cut off and they would soon, though too late, discover their error."

Then again, the college gives an experience and training to the individual character that is not and cannot be got from the lower schools; a training better fitting for worthy citizenship; and hence furnishes another bond of peculiar obligation of the business man with his multiplicity of wide-reaching interests. The energy of earlier years is consumed in the acquirement of facts and powers; the attention is engrossed by the fascination of novelty; no room is left for thoughtful scrutiny. This acquirement only comes with broader view and more advanced conceptions, gained from the associations and inspirations of college life. Despite the

terrible accounts of "hazings," who is it that compose the riotous, socialistic, anarchistic hordes that infest our land? The college men? The case of the educated unemployed is a vastly different problem from that of the ignorant. In the development of man, three characteristics mark its three stages: consciousness distinguishes the first; the next is marked by feeling, and the last and highest is controlled by thought. So with the race; for the untutored and those of elementary education "consciousness" and "feeling" alone can be predicated. While the habit of discriminating thought makes blessed the man of truly liberal culture.

Finally, as a fitting summation and a natural climax to this resume of obligations comes self-government, with all its attendant advantages, as the product of the college. Mexico and Peru were rich when the "iron-bound coast" of New England was the cold and stormy heritage of a few barbarous Indians. Constantinople was the center of a splendid civilization when the sites of Berlin and London were uninhabited wastes. Rome "sat on her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world," when the Hudson rolled its mighty floods to the most stately harbor of the world, vexed by no commercial keel. Why do the moneyed men of the whole world now look to London, Berlin, New York, instead of to Turkey, Italy, Mexico and South America? Simply because the religion and the college have builded modern states, and the lack of them has destroyed the empires which have perished. Kings founded colleges and their thrones were overturned by them.

The Saxon race has led the world in the struggle for the rights of man, and the Saxons themselves were led by a little group of school men. We need but recall for a moment the illustrious names of Wyclif, Knox, Calvin, Luther, Hampden, Hancock, Adams, Sumner, Gladstone, and hundreds of others—men eminent in church and state—to discover the worthy host to whom our modern material prosperity and its representatives owe so much. Out of that college planted with toil and amid poverty by our heroic forefathers, and which had over its door this motto: "For Christ and the Church," came that one man who stood for the integrity and proclamation of our beloved "Declaration," when others faltered and would turn back. All these, and many others, children of the one great, common Alma Mater—the Christian College—labored together as partners in the work of establishing free institutions, and have either stated or maintained the truths which are the foundation on which the liberties and organizations of one hundred thousands of Anglo-Saxon freemen rest to-day.

E. T. VAN DEUSEN, '97.

#### THE POET AND THE BOTANIST.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

**Y**ET many a royal bloom or modest flower is saved this fate by blossoming beneath a poet's tender touch. For men who pass with unseeing eyes the tiny flower in the grass, while they praise the lily flaming near the stream, forget the bright-hued lily when some one more wise commends the blossom at their feet as the flower

of which their favorite poet wrote. Just as a man, striding with reckless feet through a meadow blue with gentians, has none but an idle admiration until he is told that these are the flowers which incited Bryant's "The Blue Fringed Gentian." As he muses over the familiar verses, this lover of poetry for the first time discovers the exquisite beauty of the long neglected flower.

The botanist toils for years in his chosen work, growing more and more absorbed in the mysteries of nature, and freely giving to the world his observations and discoveries. And his life-work is eagerly seized upon by the wise men and the sages, but never reaches the tired man in the great battling metropolis, who lays aside his ledgers and steals a moment to read Lowell's "New England Spring," which sends him off to sweet dreams of boyhood days.

The poets have paid more tribute to the rose and the violet, the daisy and the primrose, than to any other flowers. Long ago Chaucer praised "the daisie white and red," and Spenser sang of "roses red and violets blue." But Shakespeare, above all other poets of old England, loved the flowers of field and forest, and those that blossom in his verse might fill a book on botany. Unlike those careless friends of Emerson, who

"Love not the flower they pluck and know  
it not,  
And all their botany is Latin names."

Shakespeare shows a loving knowledge of flowers, and his use of them is that of a master. For he scatters his garland of flowers with a wise hand, not only borrowing their subtle influence to beautify his words, but



endowing each with a poetic significance. Poor Ophelia distributes her posy with this sweet wisdom, as she says

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;  
pray, lose, remember: and there's pansies,  
that's for thoughts, etc."

Wordsworth is another lover of the daisy, though he proclaims his favorite flower to be "the little celandine." This favored flower is not even related to the celandine which gilds our banks and roadsides in early summer, although more than one lover of poetry has doubtless admired our humble flower as that which Wordsworth praised. But I believe Wordsworth's celandine was also yellow, though with odd consistency he cries

"Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours."

forgetting the wealth we would lose if his wish were fulfilled. For in spite of Miss Dickinson's remarkable statement that

"Nature rarer uses yellow  
Than another hue."

yellow is a favorite color with the Great Artist. Think of the golden-rod, the buttercups, and marsh-marigolds—the dandelions, alone! Some of the light would be gone from the world should we lose these little reflectors of the sun, which spend their gold with such impartial lavishness that not even the city urchin is denied his share.

Shelly dreamed of delicate, poetical flowers, binding them together with an ethereal thread of sweet mystery; while Emerson looks below the beauty he admires, appreciating that "there was never mystery, but 'tis figured in the flowers," marveling

"Why nature loses the number five,  
And why the star-form she repeats."

Lowell, like Wordsworth and Emerson, was both poet and botanist, though he seldom sang of nature.

But even Whittier's bare-foot boy who knew

"Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine."

knew no more than Lowell of the secrets of the wood, and has any botanist done half so much for the unappreciated dandelion as Lowell's tribute to the "dear common flower?"

Many who love the beauty of one wild flower dislike anything suggesting technical botany. The systematic analysis, ruthless separation of sepals, petals and stamens seems unnecessary to them, and they scornfully compare the enthusiastic botanist to the small boy who beheads his sister's doll, takes apart his engine, boat, etc., "to see how they are made." Yet if the poet were to follow in the footsteps of the botanist, his verses would be none the less beautiful because of the accuracy of his statements. We are told that Bryant was a dreamy man, musing for hours as he roamed the hills and meadowland, his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes seeking the blue heavens above. "Thanatopsis" and "The Forest Hymn" were inspirations of a sublime character; and what wonder is it if the poet erred in some little botanical detail concerning the flower at his feet? But these insignificant mistakes of the great poets show us that the botanist is not only of great educational importance in the world, but that his knowledge is needed by the poet of the flowers.

Though the botanist's heavy tome is eagerly scanned by the scholars, the love in the hearts of the people is born rather of the musings of the poet than of the deep researches of the botanist.

"And well do poets teach  
Each blossom's charming mystery; declare  
In clear melodious speech  
The silent admonitions pencilled there,  
And from the Love of Beauty, aptly,  
taught,  
Lead to a higher good, the willing  
thought."

ANNIE G. LANDER.

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Contributions, especially items of interest concerning our alumni and students, are earnestly solicited from all friends of the college. All matter intended for publication the same month should reach us not later than the tenth of that month.

In accordance with the United States postal law THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid, and notice of discontinuance is received.

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### EDITORIALS.

WE, the new editors of the "Echo," extend to all of our readers a hearty greeting. It is with a feeling of trepidation and weakness that we take up this new line of work, and we ask one and all not "to view us with a critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by." It is our aim and intention to keep the paper up to its present excellent standard, and in order to do this we must have the hearty co-operation of every loyal student, both past and present. You can aid us by helping to increase our subscription list and the frequent contribution of meritorious articles.

VACATION is past, and time, in its never ceasing flight, has brought us to the beginning of another school year. The time for work, for thought, and for study has already come. Most of us, being refreshed and benefited by the rest and pleasures of the summer, are ready to take up our work with a renewed energy and spirit. In a great measure, the year will be what we resolve it shall be. With the determination with which we carry out our work, and the persistency with which we form and execute our plans will depend, far more than we now realize, the final results obtained.

THE class of '97 has gone, '98 is here in all of its pomp and glory, and '99 is just entering upon an unknown career, and seeking for newer and broader fields to conquer.

EVERY student is earnestly invited to attend the Normal Prayer Meeting, in the model chapel, at 4 P. M., Sundays. This meeting draws us into closer fellowship as students and teachers, and creates in all a noble desire for a better and higher life.

WE trust that the athletic spirit which was so prominent during the last quarter of the past year will not be allowed to die. We have a large number of new men with us this year, and there is no reason why, with proper and energetic management, that athletics of all kinds should not become a permanent feature of our institution.

PHI DELTA is certainly to be congratulated upon its choice of such an unique design for a Fraternity pin. All graduate members desiring to procure one should address E. S. Martin, 189 Hudson avenue, Albany, N. Y.

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WE extend a most hearty welcome to the new students entering college, and sincerely hope that they will become interested in our paper.

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THIS, the beginning of another school year, is the very time when the teacher feels the need of professional training. She has an entirely new class to deal with, and is almost at a loss to know how to secure their respect and confidence, how to interest and instruct them in a way in which they may be benefited both mentally and morally. Professional training is largely a matter of spirit, and one must know something of it in order to judge correctly of its many benefits. The decided increase in our registration this year, particularly of college-bred people, is a convincing sign that there is a prevailing desire to elevate the standard for teachers throughout the State.

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WHATEVER opinion the students may hold in regard to the Dingley bill, the Cuban affair, or the Lynch law, they certainly ought to believe in reciprocity. To this end let each and all, as far as practicable, patronize those who have advertised

with us. We cannot expect them to continue their "ads." unless we give them a share of our trade. Do not forget to mention the Echo.

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#### ATTENTION.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER desires to call your attention to the following: All subscribers attending the College are expected to call at the office and get their papers. If your name has ever been on the list of subscribers, and you have not ordered it taken off, it is there still, and it is expected that you receive the paper, and you will also be expected to pay for the same. If you do not receive the paper, and wish your name removed from the list, please call at the office and attend to the matter at once.

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## COMMENCEMENT.

WHILE a few expressed disappointment at not hearing the "sweet girl graduate" read from the stage her carefully prepared essay, the majority of people were highly gratified by the change that the authorities of our institution saw fit to make in regard to the program for the day. It was in full accord with the custom now followed by all of our leading institutions, and we hope that it is henceforth to be an established custom here. The address by Dr. Mabie was a most scholarly one, and below we append a brief extract clipped from the "Albany Argus:"

"Young men and women, I want to speak to you to-day out of my soul to your souls. Education is for liberation; not only for this, but for salvation. I believe the only safe man in the industrial world to-day is the trained man. There are two kinds of wages—the wages of money and the wages of life. Only that man is successful who earns both. The tragedy of to-day is not of the bad man and the bad woman, but of the half-trained man and the half-trained woman. They come to us every day and say: 'Give us something to do,' and we say to them: 'What can you do?' and they say: 'Oh, we are willing to do anything!' These are people of pluck, good character and willing arm. There are still places where people of good character and willing arm can slip into the flood-tide of prosperity, but when the ebb-tide of adversity sweeps out, the surplus man and the surplus woman, who can be spared, are carried out on the waves and there is the tragedy. The only man to-day

who commands his position is he who holds it with the right arm of mastery. The only man who is sure of his place is the man who cannot be spared.

"Let me tell you that the men and women who are the elect of fortune are those who are five years in advance of their opportunities. But, oh! the tragedy of the fine-toned woman and the man of fine instincts who are swept aside in the fierce competition of the times, willing to do anything, but lacking the trained mind and hand to do it.

"But you have no right to be satisfied with the success of business or the wages of money. Education is a door. I wish I had time to tell you splendid stories of men and women let out of humble into high places through this door. And I do not speak in the material sense. I speak of spiritual romances of noble issue. Here Dr. Mabie then told in eloquent phrase of the life and service of Edward Palmer, of Suez canal fame. Continuing:

"We are all born into certain limitations and slaveries. We are born into the nineteenth century, and the newspapers say it is the greatest of all the centuries that have been, but unless we can get out of this century and into the sixteenth or the eleventh, or beyond, into the wonderful realms of memory by which we are that which we are, we can never, to the full, understand the richness of life or the glory of the world. History is all about us, and none so poor as the man who stands on sacred spots and knows not their significance. You are born into the limitations of a place, and whether that place be Albany or the smallest of country hamlets, unless you get out of the place you live,

you are a provincial. Travel, you may say. Yes, travel is educative, but unless you know the memories that underlie the shrines of Europe, unless you know the history that speaks in the famous galleries, the associations that are eloquent in the palaces and cathedrals, travel will not make you less provincial. There are, then, the limitations of your own personal experience. It is only as you escape from them that life becomes rich. You have to spend most of your life with yourself. It is worth while to make yourself interesting. Think of spending forty or fifty years with a numb skull!

"There is only one thing you have to give the world. That is yourself. Fortunately that is the most priceless gift. Nothing amounts to so much to humanity as the sacredness of one's self. The only success for an individual is not to make a fortune which makes individuality insignificant by contrast, but to be so much in one's self that it makes any fortune seem significant."

#### CHANGES IN THE COLLEGE BUILDING.

THE one subject of conversation among the returning pupils this fall is the alterations in the College building. Without an exception the changes made meet the hearty approval of all. Rumors were afloat last spring to the effect that things would not be entirely as they were, but so extensive changes were not anticipated.

As one enters through the main entrance now, it is not by means of dark, narrow ways and crowded

doors. Glass panels admit light, and the doors will swing lightly to the touch of the incomer. The entrance no longer leads to the narrow hall and bewildering stairways. The old outer court entrance has been done away with, and the two projections into the court which inclosed the separate main stairway have been joined. This takes the room from the unused court and adds to the main entrance hall. Skylights admit light from above. The floor of the hall is laid in alternate black and white stone. The enlarged main hall is the first new feature to impress itself upon the attention. The main stairway is now reached directly by passing through the entrance hall instead of treading the bewildering passageways heretofore used. These stairs lead from the first floor to the third direct and will greatly facilitate the changing of classes.

Over the main hall the opening extends to the second floor, with a balcony admitting to the office and library. The balcony is reached by two single stairways, leading from either side of the hall on the first floor.

The general style of finish is Grecian, and all the stairways are of iron frame work with stone steps. The work has occupied nearly all of the summer, and is not at this, the opening week, complete. The sessions are held as usual, however, and a few more days will suffice to complete the finishing off. The advantages can hardly be realized except by those who knew the building before and have seen it since. The work has had the close supervision of Dr. Milne during the entire summer, and no point of improvement within the possibility of the building has been omitted.

**S. N. C. NOTES.**

THE Misses Florence Bennett and Cleo Casler, who were obliged to leave school last year on account of ill-health, have resumed their course this fall.

Prof. E. W. Wetmore was called to Detroit, Mich., by the sudden death of his mother, on Sunday, the 5th inst.

Charles Wurthman, the janitor, looks happier than ever this fall on account of a little boy that came to his home the fore part of July.

Miss Ruth Sherrill and Miss Eliza D. Payntar severed their connection with the college at the close of the last school year. Dame Rumor says that the latter is to be married the 30th of the present month.

C. S. Gager and G. G. Groat, of the class of '97, are this year numbered among the Faculty.

The main question of the day among the graduating class is, What do you teach?

Miss Jessie McAuliffe, '94, who is teaching a kindergarten at Fort Edward, visited the college Friday, September 10.

G. S. Rosecrans, S. N. C., '97, and J. F. Putnam, N. H. S., '97, were welcome visitors at the College the opening day of the term.

**THE FACULTY.**

THE Faculty spent the summer as follows: Dr. Milne, at home; Prof. Wetmore, Cayuga Lake; Prof. Husted, Spencertown; Miss Husted, Spencertown; Dr. Jones, at home; Prof. Richardson, Albany; Miss McClelland, Canaan Four Corners;

Mrs. Mooney, Watertown; Miss Hannahs, Alexandria Bay; Miss Russell, Massena; Miss Pierce, Broome Co.; Miss Isdell, Point Vivian; Miss Sewell, Thousand Island Park; Miss Hyde, Poughkeepsie; Prof. White, Adirondacks and Great Lakes.

**HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.**

MR. HUNT has secured a school in Johnstown.

Mr. Putnam will soon enter upon his duties as teacher in a Starkville school.

The Class of '97, N. H. S., have a few representatives in College this year.

Miss Van Slyke, the valedictorian of '97, N. H. S., has been fortunate in securing a school at her home in New Baltimore.

SIXTY-FIVE members of the Class of '97 have obtained positions for the coming year. Their names and locations are as follows:

Charles Stuart Gager, A. B., Albany.  
George Gorham Groat, A. B., Albany.  
Clara Maria Harnish, B. L., Athens.  
Otilia M. Beha, Port Leyden.  
Amanda W. Bibb, Akron, O.  
Mary A. Buttles, Deposit.  
Leon J. Cook, Middle Granville.  
Jennie A. Delin, Norwich  
Florence S. Foote, Lima.  
Cornelia Esther Gayler, Fort Plain.  
Eugenie N. Hintermeister, Tottenville, S. I.  
Alice M. Jones, Deposit.  
Jennie E. Lee, Flushing.  
Clara E. McClintock, Mt. Vernon.  
Charles T. Mac Farlane, Ypsilanti.  
Lila Pickens, Flushing.  
Margaret A. Kelly, Newburgh.  
Lucia Miller, Rensselaer.  
Helen G. Montfort, Rhinebeck.  
Anna A. Morey, Springfield, Mass.

Eleanor G. Nichols, Wallkill.  
 Mildred V. W. Patterson, Ravena.  
 Josephine Perkins, Amsterdam.  
 Kathleen R. Pierce, Utica.  
 Lunetta M. Pratt, Fonda.  
 Mary A. Quinn, Winfield, L. I.  
 M. Jeanette Robertson, Albion.  
 Elizabeth L. Senior, Rhinebeck.  
 Myra K. Smith, Schenectady.  
 Henry W. Van Allen, Locust Valley.  
 Etta M. Veeder, Johnstown.  
 Edna H. Ash, Flushing.  
 Emeline Austin, Dongan Hills.  
 E. Gertrude Bishop, Albany.  
 Helena A. Bishop, Albany.  
 Susan M. Cutter, Montclair, N. J.  
 Anna E. Hazelton, Atlanta.  
 M. Eva Pratt, Oyster Bay.  
 Clara M. Porter, Niagara Falls.  
 George S. Rosecrants, Springs.  
 Edith E. Sherwood, Ballston.  
 George B. Sime, Little Neck.  
 Wilbur B. Sprague, Troy.  
 Edith Stow, Matteawan.  
 Margaret P. Sullivan, Brooklyn.  
 John V. Swartout, Cherry Valley.  
 Elizabeth Bergen, Wallkill.  
 Kittie E. Bradshaw, Wolcott.  
 Katharine G. Breen, Shelter Island.  
 Josephine L. Burlingham, Cooperstown.  
 Anna Clark, Deposit.  
 Lillian M. Cook, Manhasset.  
 Jane A. English, Mechanicville.  
 Emma L. George, Newton.  
 Irene L. Gregory, Woodside.  
 Mabel E. Harris, Cohoes.  
 Fanny B. Huntley, Amsterdam.  
 Clara D. Jones, Woodside.  
 Laura E. McDowell, Jamaica.  
 Lillian O. Sprague, New London, N. H.  
 Charlotte E. Bancroft, Port Henry.  
 Elizabeth Selden, Rensselaer.  
 Julia A. Maxwell, Fort Edward.  
 Royal Lee Cottrell, Mystic, Conn.  
 C. S. Deming, Malden.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Robert G. Patrie, '93, has secured a position as professor of the commercial department in the High School at Jamaica, L. I., at a salary of \$800 per year.

Prof. Carl M. Ritter, '72, has been recently elected president of State Normal School, Chico, Cal. Prof. Ritter resigned his position as professor of mathematics, which he had held for eight years, to become president.

Dr. E. T. Pierce, '72, who was principal at Chico, is now president of the State Normal School at Los Angeles, California.

Prof. James A. Foshay, '79, was recently elected superintendent of schools in Los Angeles, Cal.

Sherman W. Knull, '96, has accepted the position of principal of one of the public schools in Akron, Ohio.

Lucy Lake Barrett, '54, died at her home in Ukiah, Cal., February 8, 1896.

Prof. De Volson Wood, '53, of Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J., died June 27, 1897.

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#### Married.

Mary Wilcox, '94, to Mr. Lynn J. Harrington, July 7, 1897, at Oxford.

Oscar E. Coburn, '93, and Mary L. Duncan, '95, June 30, 1897. Prof. Coburn is principal of a public school at Saratoga.

Jessie I. Marble, '93, to Mr. Charles G. Curtis, at her home, South Bloomfield, June 2, 1897.

Miss Martha S. Putnam, '95, to John W. Armstrong, at her home, Johnsbury, June 30, 1897.

Thomas James Gowling and Miss Eleanor E. Sutphen, of the class of '91, were married June 10, 1897.

Miss Florence Lockwood, '97, was married to Josiah Talmage, Jr., at her home in Port Jervis, N. Y., September 8, 1897.

**OBITUARY.**

IT was with very deep regret that the many friends of Mr. C. V. Bookhout, of the Class of '98, learned of his sad bereavement in the loss of his wife, soon after the close of the College last June. She was afflicted with typhoid fever, but had not been considered dangerously ill, and when the end came it was entirely unexpected, for she was thought to be doing well and in a fair way to recover. The death of Mrs. Bookhout is very sad indeed, under the circumstances. She was young, bright and hopeful, with a life full of promise and usefulness, and possessed of many rare Christian qualities. Her daily life afforded an excellent example of noble Christian womanhood. She was a loving wife and fond mother, devoted to her home and loved ones to whom she was greatly endeared. Her afflicted husband and little child have our profound sympathy in this their sorrow. Her funeral services were held at Vega, N. Y., June 26, Rev. F. M. Turrentine, her pastor, officiating, and were attended by a large company of sympathetic neighbors and friends.

**EXCHANGES.**

DON'T talk too much, nor too loud, nor threateningly, nor "goody-goody"—especially the last. If there's any thing the average child loathes, it is mental and moral emetics.—The New Education.

From those of every land who now grope in the darkness of ignorance the cry arises for more light. To enlighten these is the work of the missionary. But to us, as teachers, the

call comes from the children still in the twilight of intellectual dawning from which we have just emerged. It is ours to lead them gently out of this twilight into the marvelous light of day. It is ours to contribute to the greater light which we hope for the race in the generations to come by kindling in the young minds which shall be committed to our charge a love for truth and righteousness, for in this way we shall increase a thousand-fold the light we bear.—The Normal Badger.

A bill was last year introduced in the Nebraska legislature to abolish Greek letter fraternities.—The Baldwin.

A Japanese graduate of Yale Law School has been admitted to practice in the United States Circuit court at New Haven.—The Baldwin.

"The New Woman," a drama in "The New Education," is worth reading.

We hope to welcome many new exchanges this year. Let us see.

"Wide-Awake Nature Studies" in "The New Education," are of value to all science teachers.

Students interested in student life at Yale will be pleased by an article in Scribner's July number.

An exceedingly good article on Lord Byron appears in Scribner's for September.

The Union School Quarterly has a very good "Samantha" among its contributors.

The Normal Review is one of the best of the exchanges which come to our desk.



## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

## Schools in Alaska.

ALL eyes are now turned to Alaska, and the stories that are daily told of the fabulous amounts of gold found in the land of clear skies and long twilights read like the wondrous tales of the "Arabian Nights." Alaska's educational interests are also especially suggestive, as a contemporary, says, for the pioneer educators have had much to do with the growth of the country. According to the statement of the commissioner of education, for the past year, seventeen day schools have been maintained in Alaska under the immediate supervision of the Bureau of Education, with nineteen teachers and 1,068 pupils. In addition to this system there are about twenty schools and mission homes under the management of various missionary organizations of the United States, and these are still further supplanted by a few day schools of the Russo-Greek church, which are supported by the government of Russia.

The natives take kindly to the public schools, and are said to be apt and cunning.

A school was established many years since at Point Hope, 310 miles south of Point Barrow, on the Arctic coast. The village of Point Hope has a population of 300, and during the winter of 1890-91 the attendance at the Protestant Episcopal missionary school numbered sixty-eight. Schools are also flourishing among the Eskimos at the village of Cape Prince of Wales on the American side of Behring straits.

The Alaskans are a fine race physically. They are tall and muscular, and are powerful athletes. The

women enter into many of the athletic contests. Men, women and children are inveterate smokers. The native dress is of fur, but they are fond of the ready-made clothing found in the trading stores.

Oot-ki-ah-re, ten miles south of Nuwuk, the most northern portion of land on the continent, has nearly 400 inhabitants. The New York Tribune states that the United States Bureau of Education gave a contract for the establishment of the school at Oot-ki-ah-re to the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian church for the woman's executive committee of home missions. A wealthy woman of New York city gave the money necessary for the establishment of the school, which opened in 1890.—Hillsdale College Herald.

Literary Americans cannot but take an interest in the fortunes of the great English public school, Christ Hospital, familiarly known as the Blue Coat School. It is some years since the governing body determined to sell their valuable premises in the heart of the city of London, and, like the Charter-house School, to go into the country. It is now arranged that the Prince of Wales shall lay the foundation stone of the new buildings at Horsham on the 23d of October. The transfer of the school will hardly take place before two years.—The Nation.

Principal Prior of the James Lick School has a special pride in the fact that the children keep the desks, the floor, their faces and clothes clean and bright, and he knows their minds are clean, too. A few months ago he dropped into a room at 10.30 A. M., and was surprised to find no teacher.

The pupils had arrived at 9 o'clock, and began their studies and kept them up, and were as quiet and well disciplined as if the teacher had been there. She was sick, but her influence was in the room.—The Western Journal of Education.

#### ALL SORTS.

On the Sick List.—Notice in a Swiss pass: "No echo to-day."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A man never knows what he can do 'till he doesn't get the chance.—New York Press.

"De trouble 'bout er man's makin' a reg'lar practice o' findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "is dat as he gits mo' an mo' expert in 'is business de demand foh 'is goods gits less an' less."—Washington Star.

An Attempt.—"How would you define ennui?" "It's when you're tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something."—Puck.

"Spell ferment, and give its definition," requested the school-teacher. "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded the diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the school-house," returned the small scholar, with such decided frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.—Philadelphia Times.

First Boy—"I don't like Caesar."

Second Boy—"Why?"

First Boy—"Too much Gaul."—Ex.

#### For Gentlemen Only.

If she has to stand on her head,  
For she's sure to get at it somehow,  
This poem she'll always read,  
Now we'll wager two cents to a farthing  
If she has the least kind of a show.  
But she's bound to get at it somehow  
It's something she ought not to know,  
If there's anything worries a woman,

Dean Hole while traveling in this country heard the following rhyme. Afterward he said that he considered it to be the best bit of American humor he ever heard.

"Little Willie had a mirror,  
And he licked the back all off,  
Thinking in his childish error,  
It would cure the whooping-cough.  
At the funeral Willie's mother  
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:  
'It was a chilly day for Willie  
When the mercury went down.'"  
—Ex.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

UNDER the title of "The Observations of a Foster Parent," Macmillan Company is about to issue a very interesting series of papers dealing with a variety of educational subjects. The question of the place of the classics is discussed, as also the disputed question of entrance examinations; the field of the preparatory school and special methods in teaching the common branches, such as reading, arithmetic, history, geography, etc.; secondary education and the universities, athletics and many other questions dealing directly with the welfare of the people are written of in a charming half conversational style. The book contains a great deal of mental nutriment for the young teacher, especially for those who are interested in a comparison of English and American Educational methods.

"Curtiss's Semi-Vertical Copy Books." A new system of Freehand Writing. By C. C. Curtiss, late principal of the Curtiss Commercial Colleges of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Six books. Price per dozen, 96 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. This new system of semi-vertical freehand writing combines the legibility of vertical writing with the ease, speed and beauty of slant writing. Some of the distinctive features of the system are: The exercises and copies are arranged so as to present one new feature at a time and to make each lesson a preparation for the succeeding one; each lesson constitutes a review of the preceding one, thus insuring the acquisition of a simple, plain and automatic handwriting; a systematic and progressive series of movement exercises upon letters and their various combinations are arranged to be practiced in the writing books, thus saving the pupil the expense and annoyance of a separate book, and insuring that training of the hand and arm so essential to rapid and legible business writing. These new copy-books will certainly commend themselves to the great body of teachers who have been seeking a "golden mean" between the vertical and common systems of writing.

The Macmillan Company announces for early publication an edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," ed-

ited with introduction and glossary by K. M. Warren. It is to be published in six volumes, each containing one book of the poem, and is an attempt to supply the need of a pleasant, handy and inexpensive edition for general use, that is, for those general readers who use books more for pleasure than for business. It is convenient in size and attractively bound in blue and gold. The glossary is full and excellent; the analysis of the story told canto by canto is a useful feature, and the general introduction is judiciously written.

The third edition of James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Choir Invisible," is now in press, although the first one was of exceptional size, and the second even was double the number of volumes technically considered an edition. There are those who claim that Mr. Allen's work is "caviare to the general," but this would seem to show that one need not be a poet or an artist to appreciate the poetry and beauty which so strongly characterize all Mr. Allen's work.

The new Tariff Law which has just been signed by the President, may be considered an Industrial Declaration of Independence. An official text of the law has just been published by the American Protective Tariff League, and should be carefully examined by every citizen. Protectionists ought to have a few copies of this law for distribution. Five copies will be sent to any address for 10 cents. Ask for Document No. 30, and address W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West Twenty-third street, New York.

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