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### NIGHT.

A Sonnet.

AH! fair is the dawn of the purple morn,  
 When dew and bud await the sun,  
 And the spirit, revived through the silent hours,  
 Is eager once more life's race to run.  
 Ah! sweet is the day, the still June day,  
 When nature to her children speaks  
 In whispers, telling secrets fond  
 And loftier aims each true heart seeks.  
 But sweeter is the hour when night  
 Bends gently down and soothes each child  
 With all a mother's tender ways;  
 When moon and stars, with heavenly light,  
 Guide the soul through waste and desert wild  
 To heights untouched by poet's lays.

EDNA A. BLISS.

### POETRY AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

THE character of man is of a composite nature. In youth his susceptibilities are of the keenest, and, when he arrives at maturity, he bears the impress and reflects the coloring of every influence under which he has passed from his earliest infancy. His true being is created of God, and in the exact image of the Divine One, but its temporal growth and development are in accord with the prevailing educational principles, and the spirit of the times in which he lives.

To-day man views his surroundings from the standpoint of utility. The age is materialistic. In all phases of life and effort mankind is clamorous for utility—for visible, tangible utility. We are swallowed up in schemes for gain, and engrossed with contrivances for bodily enjoyments, as if this particle of dust were immortal—as if the soul needed no aliment, and the mind no raiment.

It has been conceded by the wise of all times that the true glory of man is his intellectual and moral life. That the true glory of a nation is its men and women. It consists, not in the extent and grandeur of its possessions, but in the scope of its mental power—the majesty of its intellect—the height and depth and purity of its moral nature. It is found not in the world around us, but in the world within us; not in the circumstances of fortune, but in the attributes of the soul; not in the corruptible, transitory and perishable forms of matter. True greatness is the greatness of the mind—the true glory of a nation is the moral and intellectual preëminence of its people.

It is an acknowledged fact that it is to literature that we must look for the ideal element which is needed to counteract the harsh influ-



ences of materialism, but to which department of literature? Science classifies; history records; philosophy investigates; but it is left to poetry to create and to stimulate the power of imagination.

If the schools make use of poetry as a factor in education the tendency will not be to disgust men with the work which they have to do in the world, of whatsoever nature that may be. It does not elevate man alone, but all things ascend with him. His daily employment, which without it would be a cold and hopeless task, becomes blended with and colored by this ideal; his commonest recreations are exercises of the heart and the fancy.

Poetry adapts itself to the capacities of all. Man's conception of Deity has ever been influenced by his ideal of perfection. One of the chief functions of poetry is raising the ideal of man above the smoke and din of his surroundings and placing it in the clear, unobstructed light that surrounds the throne.

A human being without an ideal is like a ship afloat on a shoreless sea, driven by tempests, and with no port at which to land its precious cargo.

"What is it to be a poet," says Hawthorne, "but to see what others cannot see and hear what others cannot hear." He looks around upon the wonders of the universe; he penetrates the recesses of the human heart; and every good thing speaks to him of a wondrous intelligence and an exhaustless love. Poetry is coëval with creation, for it is the likeness of God reflected in his works.

But we are now confronted with the statement that these poetical ideals are false because the facts are not true. But what facts can be truer than those that are felt and recognized as *truths* by the human heart? Are the heroes of poetry less real to us than are the heroes of history? Are Lear, Othello or Hamlet any more fictitious characters than are Alexander, Charlemagne, or Napoleon? Nay, they are truer because they are fastened by subtler and stronger ties to the heart and the imagination.

The study of poetry opens our eyes to the hidden beauties that are all about us. We are

surrounded by objects that are beautiful, grand, wonderful, sublime. Poetry is the talisman that opens them wide to our view. Until we live under this magic spell, we are surrounded only by cold and lifeless forms. As Emerson has said: "The orator bred among country scenes does not lose these lessons in the roar of cities or the broil of political life. Long after in public agitation and terror, in the hour of revolution, these solemn images reappear in their morning lustre as fit symbols of the thoughts which the passing events awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the hills as he saw them in his youth. With these forms the spell of persuasion and the key of power are put in his hands."

But it is not only the beauties of nature that the poet reveals to us, but his interpretation of the motives of the human heart, and the springs of action within us. These two things give his teachings their highest value. The great dramatic poets have shown this.

Poetry is an emancipator of men. It takes them out of self — out of their daily toils and strifes — out of the rut of self-conceit and bigotry. It tears off the outer husk and reveals the germ of humanity within. It expands them, thus bringing them into closer relations with their fellow men.

It also has a consoling power. As the sweet singer of Israel drove away Saul's evil spirit, so does the simple beauty of a poem rest the soul of the weary, charm the ear of the troubled, and bring peace to those in distress.

Poetry reflects life; it runs as a river through its own age, and all the currents of thought and of action fall into it. As the river shapes the valley, and the valley gives bias to the river, so the poet is at once moulded by the general current of thought and feeling prevalent in each age — and he himself aids in moulding them. Poetry stands as a mediator between man's heart and mind and the world in which he moves and exists. If Greece could be imagined without Homer, Rome without Virgil, Italy without



Dante, and England without Shakespeare, not only would each nation have lost one of its highest sources of personal, and, as it were, private wealth, and the present age with it, but the absolute current of its history could not have followed its actual course.

We have now hastily noticed the influence which poetry exerts in building up the character not only of a man but of a nation, and the actual need which is shown for it. Therefore, it now remains to consider the time, place, and means of exerting this influence aright.

The periods of childhood and youth are the formative periods — times of the greatest development. It is then that we, as teachers, may hope to do the most in moulding the character and directing the current of thought of the more mature years.

During these periods the child's life is divided between the home and the school. In the former the mother's guiding influence is all-sufficient, and so we shall consider the latter alone as our field in which to labor.

From the very beginning of school life — from the first day when timidly the little one enters the kindergarten, golden opportunities are offered for introducing this factor for both the pleasure and profit of the learner. As through the various grades the pupil advances, assuming more and heavier duties, so ever at hand with equal pace appears this chance for using to great advantage this powerful factor. I cannot feel that it is making too strong a statement, when I say that there is no subject embraced in our present curriculum into which we cannot advantageously introduce poetry. How much more lasting will be memory's picture of the journey in imagination through the many countries of the world; the appearance and customs and occupations of the people, if we can use some gem of poetry into which the facts have been woven, and thus awaken and hold the fancy of the child. History and the sciences furnish an ever open field into which to introduce this delightful element, and the wise teacher certainly must fully realize the great results of slight effort in this direction.

This factor has been widely introduced into the school work of other countries, and with great results. Wherever we find that attention has been bestowed in this direction, there do we find the most cultivation — the happiest people. We are now only sowing the seed, while our trans-Atlantic friends are already enjoying their harvest. However, we are now living in a time when a great reform movement is being made for introducing the best literature into our schools. The old-time reading-book is fast becoming unknown, and the masterpieces of our literature are put into the hands of the pupils instead. Let us rejoice that such a movement is well under way, and let us be proud to perform our share of duty in furthering its advance.

We cannot complain of an insufficient amount of usable material, for even now children's books are numerous and replete with just what we most need. Our literature is an exhaustless store of the choicest and best selections that can be used for all ages. If we fail to find enough material for our use, the fault is with us. We do not open wide our eyes to the abundance about us, and select as much as we require. It abounds on all sides. It is ever within our reach. Let us be alive to this question. Let us put to proper use this wonderful aid in our work, this worthy factor in education.

J. R. W.

#### AN IDYL OF THE SEA SHORE.

BY A. TENDERFOOT.

I SPENT last summer by the sea, or in  
 Mid-ocean, to speak correctly, upon  
 An isle, that gleams an emerald on the breast  
 Of hoar old sea, its lord. Hither I came,  
 A college man, brain sick and seeking change.  
 And thither came to spend the season, she  
 Who was and since has been my dream.

She had such remarkable eyes,  
 Such modest, dark lashes above them —  
 Twin clouds over twin summer skies,  
 I couldn't resist it, I loved them.

And her voice rippled out with a sound  
 That water o'er ridges of sand makes,  
 And my heart gave a terrific bound  
 When she asked me to pass her the pancakes.



For she sat on the opposite side,  
 Filling me with wonderful visions,  
 And filling her plate, well supplied  
 With the best on the bill of provisions.

And I thought as I gazed on her there,  
 Should wings blossom out on her shoulders  
 And bear her away thro' air,  
 Astonishing all the beholders,

It wouldn't be strange, for she looks,  
 With profusion of hair dark and wavy,  
 A creation of light — not of cooks  
 And muffins and truffles and gravey.

And I envied the cream on her lips  
 And the napkin she wiped it away with,  
 And longed to be bacon and chips  
 To be pressed and carressed, loved and played with.

Those beautiful teeth in a mouth  
 That only its pearls half discloses,  
 Just as the stamens peep out  
 From the half-opened lips of the roses.

But never a look nor a sigh  
 Betrayed her my deep lying passion  
 Whenever I helped her to pie,  
 Or passed her the dish with the hash in.

That never would do, for I wore  
 An apron before me ; a crater  
 Could not have divided us more,  
 For I was only *her waiter*.

But I could love her just the same, and so  
 I wrote a song, " To Lilly," 'twas her name,  
 And set it to the music of the waves  
 That sounded thro' her window from the sea :

" Oh sea, sea,  
 Surge, surge and break  
 Upon the sands and make  
 Sweet melody  
 For her ear and woo and win her form ! I must silent be  
 Forever, tho' I die.

O tell her, sea, and thou hast sympathy with man's  
 Distress, say to her when next upon the sands  
 She sits beside thee, or dost yield her sweet form to thy  
 clasp  
 A swimmer fair, that caste  
 Nor waiters' jackets are no lets to love,  
 That heart-tides rise and fall and followed her in me  
 As thou, O sea  
 Dost follow thy fair moon above.

O say to her beneath this waiter's bib a wealth of love  
 Awaits her, rich as Croesus, pure

As light, and fathomless as thou.  
 And call attention to my classic brow,  
 When all else fails, O sea, and say I speak  
 Six languages, some Greek  
 And Latin know, can woo her  
 As she wishes, quoting Kant  
 Or Bacon, Plato  
 Lucretius, Cato,  
 Confucius — such heavy fellows, or can chant  
 Her sonnets from the Provincial or classic sources,  
 (Which of course is  
 A great accomplishment when, complete with the power  
 to weave a madrigal at will,)  
 Can talk or dance the German ; row or run a race, and  
 show a manly bicep, make a speech  
 Or teach  
 Of motion and the law that guides it —  
 In brief, my light.  
 In maiden's sight  
 Might shine a galaxy, but that this cursed apron hides  
 it.

That sort of thing ad infinitum ; but  
 I only set a few lines here, enough  
 To index my condition, that is all.  
 You see how I'm fixed. Well, when she left  
 She dropped a quarter in my hand and smiled  
 And said: " Good bye." That's all. Forlorn of heart  
 I walked beside the loud-sounding sea,  
 As Homer puts it, and with my finger in  
 The sand I wrote:——

A million eddies break upon the beach !  
 A million lights are flashing in the sun !  
 Nor forty million suns, nor eddying sea  
 Can flash one half the sounds or lights thro' me  
 That this big quarter does !  
 Oh, 'tis the universe !  
 Within the palm of my right hand it lies  
 And shuts me in as do the bending skies  
 Alone with her !  
 Alone, alone with her.

And that sweet smile that flashes from it still,  
 It's soundings thrill my heart and fill  
 It with an ecstasy of joy.  
 And I will wear it, as a child a toy,  
 About my neck, and feel her fair  
 Round arms forever twining there.

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 IN CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Teacher—If you were told to go to the laboratory and make nitrogen, what would you ask for ?

Pupil—I would ask for an excuse.



## FROM VENICE TO THE ALPS.

## PART II.

AFTER crossing the frontier a very decided difference is observable in the general appearance of the people and of their dwellings. The people, although not beautiful, like the Italian peasants, are well-fed and well-clad, no rags, no bare feet; every cottage is in good repair; a general look of prosperity prevails. In two hours more we reach *Cortina*. A church with a handsome campanile, four excellent hotels, a town hall, a public school, a manufactory and sales-room for gold and silver filigree (the principal industry of the place), a few straggling houses on either side of the high road for the space of about half a mile—that is the village proper. The road on the right is bordered by lovely fields which ascend abruptly, on the left by grassy slopes descending to the bed of the river. There is not an acre of level land, all sunny hillsides crowned with the white Dolomite peaks. The river *Böita*, which accompanied us from *Pieve* is at this season a mere mountain torrent, which foams and frets and roars in a succession of cascades through a delicious ravine. On the sides of the ravine for the whole length of the village are numerous splendid shade trees with comfortable seats underneath; this we dignify with the name of "The Park"—and a more charming spot to while away a summer's morning could not easily be found. As I take my seat on a grassy eminence what beauty surrounds me on every side; all the green slopes dotted with cottages—real Swiss cottages with gable fronts, overhanging roofs and encircling balconies; each cottage half embowered in trees and surrounded by rich pastures and corn fields. Beyond the line of cottages is a broad fringe of pine forest; beyond that again, the bare mountains, their high peaks still covered with snow. At a little distance from my seat the river is spanned by a fairy bridge: close to the bridge, on the opposite side, a lady is sketching: she does not know what a pretty picture she makes herself, as she sits under the shade of a group of dark pines, in a gown of light blue and a little sailor hat. A little farther off I see a manly form approaching,

perhaps he seeks the artist. I feel sure she is young and pretty. Perhaps two heads will soon be bending over the sketch, and then the work will go on better.

Again, under another group of friendly trees, I see the gleam of a scarlet shawl. On looking closer I perceive a young lady sitting on the grass with an open book in her lap. Beside her sits a youth who distracts her attention from the "storied page."

Besides sketching and love-making, the great business of the place is Alpine climbing. We have here a young, beautiful widow, from Holland, who, I am told has made the ascent of every mountain in the Dolomite region. A young English girl has performed the same feat. The place is crowded to its utmost capacity; the hotels are lodging out their guests in all the cottages. I don't think there is a room unoccupied anywhere. The homes of the peasants are very clean and nearly all of them have rooms fitted up for summer travelers. The class of tourists who come here is superior to that one meets in other places (Cook has not got hold of this part of the Tyrol yet).

There is one hotel where an interpreter is kept for English; the proprietress assured us that her house was always full of "*Duchi, Lordi, Vexori, Membri di Parlimenti, et Americani.*" (Dukes, Lords, Bishops, Members of Parliament and Americans.) I don't think she exaggerated; the *monde* here is decidedly good: the Italian nobility is well represented—I saw some of the most distinguished names in history on the hotel register.

Baron de Rothschild, of Vienna, was here for the whole season, with his servants, dogs and horses; he is an indefatigable Alpine climber. The hotels are remarkably cheap; there is no competition, the same price in all, three and a half florins a day for room and board—excellent.

Charming excursions can be made by carriage or horseback to many points of interest; it is a paradise for good walkers, however. The Lake Miserrina is reached in about four hours; all the way lies through most romantic scenery, and



when the lake is reached, the views on every side are magnificent. Interminable chains of mountains appear to close the valley, the great *Cristallo* towards the west; southwards, *Antelao* and *Sorapis*; east and south-east, the *Drei Zinnen*. Another interesting walk is to the *Belvedere*, a pavilion and *Albergo* on the height which dominates the right bank of the river. The sunset, as seen from this point, is grand in the extreme.

The lake *Ghedina* can be reached in about two hours on foot. It is a beautiful sheet of water in the depths of a pine forest, difficult to find without a guide. The air in *Cortina* is most salubrious, said by physicians to resemble the air of Mt. St. Moritz. The inhabitants of this favored region deserve a word. They are most interesting; all peasants, there is no superior class. All live in the same picturesque cottages; all wear the same costume. They live in a state of primitive virtue. Longfellow's description of *Evangeline's* village of *Grandpré* would fit exactly this village of *Cortina di Ampezzo*. It is a pretty sight on Sundays and holidays, when the bell from the *Campanile* rings for mass, to see them streaming down all the green hillsides in their bright costumes. They are a truly religious people, happy, industrious, contented. The women and aged men do all the field work; the young men are off on the distant Alps herding cattle or acting as guides to tourists. One day as I sat outside a hotel at the entrance of the village, I saw an extraordinary sight. A load of hay—a pretty large load—was coming towards me along the high road, and I could not make out what kind of animal was drawing it. As it came more within the range of my vision, I could see it was a biped; as it came nearer, it proved to be a young girl. She drew that cart-load of hay with as much ease as a child would draw her doll's carriage. I have seen the same thing so often since that it has ceased to be a wonder.

The summer begins here about the middle of July (then the rose-trees are in bud), and does not last quite through August. On the twenty-seventh of the latter month the snow was lying

far down on the slopes almost to the plain, shrouding in white the meadows even before the harvest was gathered in; icy winds came shrieking up the valley; fires became a necessity. We had enjoyed immensely the short Alpine season and now took our course to the southern slopes of the Tyrol where, in the beautiful city of *Botzen*, summer still reigned.

E. MACAULIFFE.

#### THE FALLEN LEAF.

WITH a quivering rustle of sadness,  
Breaking the silence profound,  
The wind stirred the brown naked tree-tops,  
And the last leaf fell to the ground.

Not glowing in tints of scarlet,  
But withered as if with grief;  
With none to lament at its falling,  
Descended that lone sere leaf.

All around was the garnered harvest,  
Ripened fruit and wheaten sheaf;  
For the year was slowly dying,  
When fell that last brown leaf.

Its mission, forever over,  
Unheeded its message brief;  
How many a friendship fades and dies,  
And falls unseen, like the leaf!

When flattering crowds surround us,  
We are wrecked on folly's reef;  
True friendship is severed forever,  
And falls like the last dead leaf.

Alone, then, we brave life's battles,  
Till sorrows gather fast;  
When we call on the friendship of former days,  
But, 'tis buried, alas! in the past.

When our truest ties are severed,  
Alone we must bear our grief;  
Till down the past's dim roadway,  
Withered hope falls like the leaf.

JESSIE E. STALEY.

CERTAIN German schools compel all the pupils, who attend, to learn, outside of their school work, certain occupations which will be of use to them. This is especially noticeable among the girls. They are taught to cook, sew, crochet, etc. It works admirably and makes better men and women of the pupils.



## THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

## PART II.

THE early summer is the best time to make such a trip, since there is less occasion for fearing a sudden shower. However, in Ireland one can never be sure of a fine day. No matter how pleasant the morning may appear, with not a sign of a cloud, yet, in all probability, before eleven, one will be treated to a few unwelcome drops of moisture. While the rain may not continue possibly for more than a few minutes, or for an hour at the most, you are glad to find refuge even in the thatched home of the humble laborer.

You must not be surprised if you find the ever-present pigs sheltering under the same roof.

A few miles' walk from Coleraine, along the banks of the beautiful river Bann, brings one to the bold Atlantic.

The Bann, by the way, is noted for the superior quality, as well as great quantity, of the salmon taken from its waters.

It is considered quite a large river by the Irish; although its length of thirty-five miles, and breadth of one-quarter of a mile, makes it appear quite insignificant to us.

The shallowness and continued formation of sand-bars at its mouth renders navigation, except for quite small steamers, out of the question; and even then a vessel can only go to Coleraine.

From the mouth of the Bann to the Giant's Causeway we pass Portrush, a great watering-place, and Stewartstown, a smaller, yet more restful, because less bustling one.

We now are near enough to catch occasional glimpses of the Causeway, as the turning of each bend brings it into view.

The columnar structure of the trap-rocks is plainly visible.

We pass by the Causeway hotel, walk down a steep declivity, and here we are among the famous basaltic columns.

Of course, guides accost us on every hand, eager to direct our footsteps, for the small matter of a shilling.

We first pass a wonderful spring, whose waters, according to the story of the old woman, can make the old young and the young younger. A penny buys a glassful.

Hurrying on, we eagerly seek the wishing-chair. This is one of the columns, surrounded by others, several feet above it. On one side is an opening, so you can enter and sit down.

Whatever you wish *always* comes true.

Then the Giant's organ is visited. The columns are so arranged as to resemble the pipes of an organ.

The Giant's face we also see, pictured in stone.

In fact, there is hardly an arrangement of the rock that does not suggest to the highly imaginative Irish some form in connection with this wonderful Giant.

They never fail to tell you that he wished to cross, back and forth, from Ireland to Scotland, and so placed these rocks here as stepping-stones.

B. J. M.

## AN ARGUMENT.

LONG years ago, so we are told,  
There crossed the sea a sailor bold

Whose manly form and gallant ways  
Had won for him the royal praise.

His quest was gold — those fabled mines  
He'd read about in distant climes.

But though he searched, his search was vain.  
With broken spirits, troubled brain,

Sir Walter sat him down and wept —  
Not long, howe'er, for soon he slept.

And when from "nature's balm" he woke,  
His griefs had vanished into smoke.

What was it in that strange, wild land,  
Not found within the palace grand,

That nature's greatest boon could grant? —  
It was the sweet tobacco plant.

And now, like him who sailed the sea,  
Whate'er it is that troubles me, —

A fickle maid, or some Greek verb, —  
A friend I find in thee, sweet herb.

C. A. WOODWARD.



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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHY does not some enterprising Albanian start a Normal boarding house?

WE are pleased to note an increased interest in the ECHO shown by the number of contributions received.

STUDENTS OF LITERATURE will be pleased at the announcement that "Foundation Studies in Literature," by Mrs. Mooney, is just out from the press of Silver, Burdett & Co.

THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS take active interest in the ECHO and merit our appreciation. We feel that the bond between our departments is a strong one. Many of them are under our instruction and a fair per cent of each year's graduates enter the college to prepare for professional work.

CULTIVATE REPOSE of speech and manner, which is the outcome of stability of thought. Do not worry over your work; go to work at it. When you have done your best, lay aside all thought of study and seek recreation. Read the evening paper or latest periodical, or take a walk around the block with a friend.

When the gong sounds, say to yourself, "Be far from me, O worldly thoughts," and on entering the class-room door, bid your vagrant fancies

"Stay here till I come out." Concentrate your attention on the work in hand, and take no furtive peeps into note-books to assure yourself of the "next period's" work.

Unite singleness of aim to steadiness of purpose, and you have made one step toward attaining "that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere."

IN the busy round of college duties where each one is allotted a generous share of labor, how easily we become selfishly engrossed in our own pursuits. From thinking too much about our own affairs, we are prone to think too little of our neighbor's. It is only when one is removed from our midst that we realize how much that one was to us, and how much more we might have been to that one.

But let the lesson not pass unheeded. We are here temporary exiles from home, toiling together with a common aim; let us extend the hand of sympathy to our co-workers, and strive by kindly deeds to make our daily tasks the lighter, and instil a little more sweetness into our daily life.

THE GREATER NORMAL.

OLD TEACHERS are fond of the phrase, "Experience is the *best* teacher," but in order to arrive at the superlative degree, the experience must have been *positively good* to start with. What shall we say of evil experience? What results do they bring forth?

They say that a "wise man learns from experience, but only fools *have* to learn from experience;" we are fools indeed if we advocate each individual's starting in his own way and devising his own methods, instead of profiting by the advice of those who have been over the ground before us, who can show us the surest footing in the beaten track and warn us of the pitfalls which catch the ignorant and unwary.

If any one doubts the advisability of taking a course in methods let him visit any of the schools in which the teachers are "sufficient unto themselves" and despise innovations and modern ideas. Even the casual observers cannot fail to



be impressed with the difference, not only in the plan of procedure but in the spirit of the work between these schools and our model departments.

#### IDEALISM VS. REALISM.

NAPOLEON said, "The world is ruled through its imagination," and Napoleon ought to know, for at one time he ruled a great part of it.

And now in this Napoleonic era let us consider this statement, with reference to its bearing upon the doctrine of realism, so widely discussed at the present time.

After a diet of Balzac, Zola, Tolstoi, and even Mr. Howells and Mr. James, the reading public turns with a feeling of weariness from their scientific and accurate descriptions of persons and things, which, if not literally true, are all highly probable, stifles a yawn and flings the book aside.

Yet, this is *life*, the critics tell us,—“life, just as we find it.” Ah, perhaps that is the very reason it wearies us!

The common-place and the immoral are around us on every side, but the one bores and the other disgusts. Why, then, should we seek an acquaintance through letter of those whom we would not bow to?

Zola and the rest of his school aim not to correct, but merely to photograph life.

“But,” we ask, “what is the value of these series of snap-shots between which there is no real connection? Kinetoscopic, their rapid succession endows them with a sort of galvanic life, but they make no distinct nor lasting impression; they are unreal, unsuggestive. There is a lack of harmony, of unity, of artistic merit in such writings.

Contrasted with them a work inspired by the genius of the creative imagination impresses one like a beautiful painting, in which the past and the future are suggested by the significance of the present.

The poet once sang—

“O would some power the gift to gie’ us  
To see ourselves as others see us.”

May that day never come. For what is life with its toil, its struggles and its petty downfalls

and triumphs, if in themselves they constitute all?

Take away our fancies and illusions, our ideals to which we approach much nearer than our friends would believe, and what is left?—a cold, gray, dreary round of commonplaces.

Yet this is what the realists would do.

And what is to be gained by holding up this side of the picture and saying, “This is life.” It is life only in the sense in which Frankenstein was a man; the body is there but the spirit wanting: it is monstrous.

The realists hope by going into details to produce an effect of reality. They multiply words and pile up descriptions, yet in the end fail, because they discard imagination, the very faculty by which man is enabled to behold reality.

One novelist in describing his heroine enumerates her charms from the “texture of her hair to the arch of her slender foot incased in a 5½ A. A. boot,” and even describes “the cut of her gown, her hypnotic smile, and thin, narrow teeth.” Strangely enough, we experience difficulty in conjuring up this Venus.

Compare the effect with that produced by Homer when he tells us, that on seeing Helen approach, the old men about the gates of Troy marveled not that nations should war over such rare loveliness.

We *feel* the surpassing beauty of Helen, and this without one word of actual description.

By appealing to the imagination he suggests more in a single line than pages of scientific description could furnish.

Why is childhood the happiest period of life? Because at that time the imagination is most active. The child stands looking into the shop-window and all the bright array of glittering ware is his: he is a millionaire. He goes for a day’s outing into the country—his mossy stump is a throne; his willow switch, a sceptre; the crickets and grasshoppers, fairy elves who do his bidding—he is a king.

Can actual possessions ever afford the happiness of these visionary splendors? What actuality can the world ever give which will equal the dream-  
riches of early years.



But contact with the world soon robs us of the power to idealize, and the details of every-day life, grim and barren enough at their best, quickly dispel our rosy visions.

Still, in many respects, we are but grown up children and nowhere is our childishness more apparent than in our amusements and recreations. When the actualities of life weary us and the mind craves relaxation, the cry, old as the world rises to our lips, "Tell us a story!"

And, in the telling thereof, we care little for description or dialogue, less for plot or scene of action. What we want is a story of real people who stand out from the page and walk and talk before our very eyes, carrying us with them, and making us forget our interests in their alternate joys and sorrows.

We like stories which we are anxious to finish, yet cannot bear to be through with, stories whose climax we are desirous of knowing, yet in which we are too absorbed to turn to the last chapter and learn the outcome.

We give a sigh of mingled regret and satisfaction when we close the book, but the story is not finished yet for the characters stay with us for days and work out an entirely different plot from that which the author intended, before they will consent to be dismissed.

We may flatter ourselves that we have outgrown novel-reading, that our tastes have advanced to essays, criticisms and descriptive writings, but we chance upon a story-book, open hap-hazard, a word or phrase catches our eye, we look again and are undone. The imagination is let loose and we revel in its freedom. We love the writer who can thus lift us out of ourselves, and this is why Scott, Dickens and the elder Dumas come out in new editions, why Conan Doyle is fast becoming famous, Marion Crawford is accumulating a fortune and the whole reading world feels that it has suffered an irretrievable loss in the death of Robert Louis Stevenson.

M. G. M.

A QUERY.—Doth it pay the busy Normalite to squander hours of leisure, sit up all night, and then retire, to sleep at a high pressure?

#### THE ELECTRIC PLANT.

IT seems not to be very widely known that the State Normal College possesses a complete electric-lighting plant. It has had one, however, for the last two months, a distinction enjoyed by but few normal schools in the land. It was obtained after a great deal of work, and persuasion by Prof. Wetmore was brought to bear on the local directors of the college.

There are a motor and a dynamo, both made by the Holtzer-Cabot Company. The motor works with 20 amperes at 220 volts, and has a speed of 1,600 revolutions per minute. The current for it is furnished by the city electrical company.

The dynamo is smaller. It is a constant-current machine, and when driven by the motor at a speed of 2,040 revolutions per minute furnishes a current of 20 amperes at 50 volts. The current thus obtained is used for many scientific experiments, and especially for furnishing a light for stereopticon projection. Those who have witnessed the last two exhibitions of the Camera Club well know the efficiency of it for this purpose.

The two machines are fixed on a long table, stationed against the wall on one side of the physical laboratory. Just above this is the switch-box, which is so arranged that, if desired, the city alternating current at 220 volts can be sent through the wires instead of the current from our dynamo. The wires leading from the plant are conveyed to both the rear and side of the science recitation room and to the rear of the Normal Chapel. To the right of the table is the Watt meter of the city. On the left are the rheostat, volt meter, ampere meter and the necessary switches, placed on a heavy slab of slate. Over these are two 16-candle power incandescent lamps, and there is still a third over the switch-box. These lights are so arranged that, as one enters the laboratory door, he can turn a switch placed beside it, and the lights at once flash forth, giving sufficient light to attend to every detail of running the plant.

Everywhere is shining brass and lacquer and glittering glass. Everything runs so smoothly



and easily that no sound is heard beyond the laboratory itself. It is needless to say that Prof. Wetmore is proud of this new and valuable acquisition, and that it is cared for and petted enough to spoil it if it were susceptible to such things.

F. W. BROWN.

#### IN THE MODEL CHAPEL.

THE morning exercises in this department, always interesting, are especially so of late, since the introduction of the "bulletin board," by which the principal news items of the day are discussed. Besides encouraging an intelligent reading of newspapers and periodicals, this system cultivates in the pupils the power of expressing thought with ease and readiness, and fosters a spirit of self-confidence, which is an important factor of success in life.

#### ECHOES.

#### SPRING.

Who wore a green ribbon on the 17th?

There is an oppressive silence in the halls between classes.

The Glee Class are hard at work on the music for commencement.

Speaking of the Glee Class, who took that dollar?

Why is a shoemaker like a minister? Because he's always drawing souls (soles) together.

The question that interests many of our number at present: Will there be a spring vacation?

On February 27th the exhibit of views of the new Capitol by Hon. H. D. Cunningham was well attended.

These are the days when the student with neglected note-books begins to count the weeks before examinations.

While the present weather continues, any person who sends a "Spring" poem to the ECHO will — will — well, will wish he hadn't.

The first hand organ has discoursed sweet strains within hearing distance of the ECHO office, and we are convinced that spring has come.

The Camera Club gave a most interesting exhibition on March 14. One hundred and sixty views of the San Francisco Mid-winter Fair were shown, together with one hundred views by the Minneapolis Club and the Franklin Club of Philadelphia. On March 28th an exhibit of views from the London Club and others will be given.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED, at St. Johnsville, N. Y., March 13, 1895,  
Jessie H. Scudder.

She fell asleep to wake again in the presence of her Master, she so dearly loved. While we are unable to see why God does so afflict His children, may we learn from the life of our departed friend and classmate to put our trust in Him who giveth and taketh away this temporal body. Then shall we be able to say

"O Death, where is thy sting!  
O Grave, where is thy victory!"

Flowers from members of the college expressed our sympathy and sorrow. Dr. H. C. Farrar assisted in conducting the funeral services, which were held at the Methodist Church of St. Johnsville, Saturday, March 16.  
J. H.

At a meeting of the Class of '96, March 18, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from among us our classmate, Jessie H. Scudder; and,

WHEREAS, Her death has caused us deep grief, for her relations with us as fellow-students were most pleasant and cordial,

*Resolved*, First, that we, the Class of '96, do hereby express and record our sincere feeling of sorrow in the sudden removal of our classmate and friend.

*Resolved*, Second, that we hold her cheerful ways, genial temperament and hopeful, courageous nature in kindest remembrance.

*Resolved*, Third, that we tender our sympathy to her family in their bereavement, and trust that the Hand that smites may comfort them.

*Resolved*, Fourth, that these resolutions be published, a copy of the same be sent to the family, and be placed upon the minutes of the class.

CHARLES M. FROST.

L. LOUISE ARTHUR.

MARY C. N. DEANE.

#### PERSONALS.

GEN. MERRITT, president of the local board of the Potsdam Normal school, was in chapel March 6.

Mr. William McNeil, of Argyle, on his way to Atlantic City, called on his sister, Miss McNeil, '95, on March 5.

Mr. J. W. McDonald, Williams college, '89, New York State manager of the publishing firm of Allyn & Bacon, called at college Feb. 26.



## PERSONALS.

MR. ROBERT HOTALING was at chapel March 8. Mr. E. Woodard has returned to college.

Miss Thomas, '96, is ill at her home in Saratoga.

Miss Bradshaw, '96, spent March 2 in West Troy.

Mrs. Gatchell and Miss Gatchell called February 26.

Miss Willard, '96, spent Sunday, March 10, in Glens Falls.

Miss Siple, '95, has been ill for some days with the "grip."

Miss Husted, '95, attended a wedding in Chatham, March 15.

Miss Jessie Smith, of Albany, spent the day at the college, March 14.

Mr. Charles M. Frost spent March 1-3 at Coeymans with Geo. C. Lang, '89.

Mr. S. Center was detained at home for a few days by a sprained ankle.

Dr. Milne attended an Institute at West New Brighton, Staten Island, March 15.

Miss Katherine Toohey, '95, spent March 10 at her home in Schuylerville.

Dr. Milne addressed a meeting of citizens in Utica on the evening of March 19.

Miss Davidson and Miss Berrigan, of Saratoga, called at the Echo office, March 12.

Mr. Alfred Birch, of Union College, visited his sister, Miss Evelyn Birch, March 2.

Miss Hunter, '96, was absent for several days this month on account of illness.

Miss Tarr, '96, recently spent three weeks at her home on account of sickness.

Miss Minnie Waite, '95, spent March 10 with Miss Theodora Ehman, '94, at Chatham.

Miss McClosky and Miss Gorman, from Saratoga schools, spent February 26 at the college.

Mrs. C. H. Bradshaw, of New York city, visited Miss Estelle Bradshaw, '96, on March 4.

Miss Snyder, '96, was obliged to spend two weeks at her home this month on account of sickness.

Miss Amelia L. Cass, teacher at the Union Classical Institute, Schenectady, visited the college, March 18.

Mr. Bartholomew Kelly, of Troy, visited his granddaughters, Miss Margaret and Anna Morey, March 18.

Prof. White read at Greenbush March 18, and is to give an evening of readings at Mt. Upton, Chenango Co., March 22.

Miss Hintermister, a last year's student, at present teaching history and modern languages at Chittenango High School, is visiting Miss Holliday, '95.

Dr. S. R. Wilcox, of Bennington, Vt., with his daughters, Miss Julia and Miss Carrie, visited his niece, Miss Wilcox, '96, on March 15.

Miss Jennie Lee, who has been absent for the past ten days on account of illness, called at the Echo office March 8. She will return to college at the beginning of the next quarter.

Miss Bishop and Miss Pierce attended the annual meeting of the Harvard Teachers' Association, March 16, at Harvard University, and spent several days visiting schools in the vicinity of Boston and Worcester.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'46 DR. DARWIN G. EATON, formerly professor of natural sciences at the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, died at his home in that city March 17, 1895. Prof. Eaton was born in Portland, Chautauqua county, N. Y., 1822. He graduated from the State Normal School at Albany in 1846, but he continued to teach physiology in the institution until 1851 when he accepted a professorship in the Brooklyn Female Academy, which later became the Packer Collegiate Institute. He resigned from that position in 1883, owing to ill-health. Dr. Eaton received the degree of Master of Arts from Hamilton College in 1850, and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the same college in 1870. He became a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1870, and in 1874 was elected a fellow. He took a deep interest in the study of astronomy, and also gave much time to the study of volcanoes. His public labors in these fields gave him high rank among educators and scientific men.

'91. Miss Mary D. Driscoll called at the college March 20.

'92. Miss Mary Frances Lukens was married to Mr. Sherman Wickliffe Belding at her home in Lansingburgh, Feb. 13.

'93. Mr. George R. Greene visited college on March 19.

'93. Miss Eliza A. Tuttle, who is teaching at Hoosick Falls, called on February 23.

'93. Mr. C. A. Woodard, teaching at Fairhaven, Vermont, visited college on February 23 and called at the Echo office March 20.

'94. Mr. Wilson R. Failing, of the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, was at college on March 18.

'94. Miss Harriet J. Carpenter and Miss Sarah E. Forsyth were among the visitors on March 20.

'94. Miss Eloise C. Whitney has accepted a position at the Ypsilanti Normal School.

'95. Mr. H. P. Orchard is at present engaged in the office of the Appraiser of Merchandise, Port of New York.



EXCHANGE.

IT required four years of my early youth  
To master my A, B, C;  
But now it is worse, for to tell you the truth  
It requires four years for A. B.—*Ex.*

Conundrum: Why is a lady on skates like music?  
Because if she does not C sharp, she will B flat.

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are  
these: The same lesson again.”—*Ex.*

Question in Geog. — By what are tides caused?  
Answer.—Tides are caused by the reflection of the  
moon on the water.—*Ex.*

“Every evening you can see him,  
Carry home a pile of books,  
Is this boy extremely studious?  
Oh, no; it's just for looks.”—*Ex.*

My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness  
depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it  
gets it.

Hereafter the exchanges will be put on one of the  
shelves in the Library, where they can be consulted by  
anyone desiring so to do.

How it pleases us to have such papers as the “Rep-  
resentative,” Argus, Satellite, College Review, and  
Normal News on our exchange table. They all are  
very well planned and helpful papers.

“Sic semper tyrannis,” shouted the orator. “Six  
serpents and a tarantula,” yelled Pat, who could trans-  
late the classics without a pony.—*Ex.*

“Quid est hoc?” asked the instructor of the boy  
whom he found chewing tobacco. “Hoc est quid,”  
answered the boy.

TALKING IN THE HALLS.

Of all the occupations  
Within the college walls,  
To charm the heart there's nothing like  
Talking in the halls.

You meet a little co-ed,  
Your mind just then recalls  
A bit of news,— you pause awhile,  
Talking in the halls.

Upon your ear unheeded  
The class-bell's warning falls,  
For lectures can't compare with this  
Talking in the halls.

Just outside the class-room  
You pause, tho' duty calls,—  
The door flies open,— there you are  
Talking in the halls.

Consternation, tableau,  
Exit, curtain falls;  
Bless me, but its dangerous  
Talking in the halls!—*Anon.*

Dejected Junior,  
Face of woe,  
Flunk in Latin,  
Big round O!  
Jubilant Junior,  
Face of glee,  
Studies on horseback,  
Way up in G!—*Ex.*

Here's something very suggestive: Freshman year,  
“Comedy of Errors;” sophomore year, “Much Ado  
About Nothing;” junior year, “As You Like It;”  
senior year, “All's Well That Ends Well.”—*Ex.*

Our exchange table lately added to its list some re-  
cent copies of “The Monitor of Public Education,”  
which is published at Buenos Ayres, South America.  
It contains many useful and instructive articles.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

MISS MAY HILTON visited this department March  
13th.

Mr. Cole is absent on account of illness.

Miss Emma Archer visited the school March 15.

Miss Hungerford has been absent on account of ill-  
ness.

The friends of John Cooley are grieved to learn of  
the death of his father.

Miss Blanche Murphy's absence of several days was  
due to her mother's illness.

Miss Nettie Breakenridge was absent March 14 and  
15 on account of “la grippe.”

Several of the High School people tried the teachers'  
examination, which was held in Greenbush, March 7  
and 8.

Miss Eleanor Nichols, Vice-President of the class of  
'95, has the sympathy of her many friends on account  
of the death of her mother.

The following members of the Adelphoi Society were  
made officers at the last election:

President.....H. Moak.  
Vice-President .. . . . . . J. Fay Putnam.  
Secretary.....C. Vandenburg.  
Treasurer.....R. A. Garrison.

Miss Dangerfield, of New York city, a Cornell gradu-  
ate, has just passed the required examinations success-  
fully and been admitted to the bar.



## COLLEGE NOTES—(Ex).

A LACROSSE squad has been formed at Harvard.

Beloit College has adopted the system of co-education.

Vanderbilt recently donated \$350,000 to Columbia College.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have a new atheletic field.

Seventy new members have been added to the faculty of Brown University.

Professor Dana, the celebrated geologist, has resigned from the Yale faculty.

The new Japanese minister to this country is an American College graduate.

Efforts are being made to form a Civil Service Reform and Antispoils League at Princeton.

Chicago University was presented with \$175,000 as a New Years' gift by J. D. Rockefeller.

For the first time in 20 years, a week's holiday vacation was granted at the University of Virginia.

Williams College gets \$20,000 from Hon. Horace F. Clark. This is to be used to aid worthy students.

Chicago University is the only large educational institution in the United States that has no College colors.

The Vassar girls debated this question: "Resolved, that the higher education unfits man for matrimony."

Holmes College for colored girls, which was situated at Jackson, Miss., was entirely destroyed by fire recently.

The faculty of Andover has voted to abolish the Valedictory and Salutatory addresses at their commencement exercises.

Four million dollars to the new American University at Washington, besides a site given by the city equal to \$500,000.

The Army and Navy departments have issued orders prohibiting the play of foot ball either at West Point or Annapolis.

The University of Pennsylvania now offers a two years' course in newspaper practice to Freshman and Sophomores.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a member of the class of '29 at Harvard. Since his death only five members survive of this class.

Cornell offers more fellowships than any other college, except Columbia. Two are worth \$600 each, and twenty others \$500 each.

Elmira College was opened in 1855; Vassar in '65; Smith and Wellesley in '75; and Byrn Maur in '85. What college may be expected to join the list of 5's during this year?

The Columbia College have received the plans and specifications for a new library building. It will be Pantheon style and valued at \$750,000. There will be a grand entrance 325 feet wide and a dome 300 feet in height.

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

A RISTOTLE affirms that the true nature for riches consists in the contented use and employment of the things we have, rather than in the possession of them.

Its object is to promote a professional spirit among students and graduates.

The University of Michigan boasts of a society composed entirely of Japanese.

The prize is to be presented immediately after Commencement exercises, next June.

Amherst was awarded the diploma for the best College exhibit at the World's Fair.

One-sixteenth of the College students of the United States are studying for the ministry.

Eleven of Harvard's prominent athletes were among those who received honors at commencement.

Twenty-eight foreign countries and every American State and territory except three, are represented in the University of Pennsylvania.

The richest educational institution in the world is the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; endowment \$20,000,000. It has a campus of 8,000 acres.

Dartmouth College has graduated forty College presidents, two hundred professors, sixty members of Congress, and twenty-four governors.

Harvard has again beaten Yale in debate. It is about time Yale does something, or else throw up the bucket. Harvard's supremacy seems to have been established.

In the early days of Yale College and until 1776, the names of the graduates were arranged, not alphabetically, but in order of the social rank of the family to which they belonged.

T. S. Clarkson, of Potsdam, N. Y., has donated \$100 to the Potsdam Normal school, to be given to the one of the present graduates who writes the best thesis on pedagogics. The work must be type-written and must be handed in under a fictitious name. This is to avoid partiality on the part of the examiners.

On the evening of March 8, 1895, the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical League of New York State held its second annual contest at Schenectady. Mr. Simpson, Rochester '95, Mr. Cooney, Syracuse '95, and Mr. Potter, Union '95, represented their respective Universities in the contest. Mr. M. E. Driscoll, of Syracuse, Prof. White, of the State Normal College, and Prof. Robinson, of the Albany High School acted as judges. The contest was thoroughly interesting and enjoyable, the oratorical ability of the speakers as well as the literary excellence of their orations provoking most favorable comment. The prize, a gold key, was awarded to Mr. Potter, greatly to the satisfaction of an enthusiastic audience. This victory adds another honor to Old Union's brilliant record, and the wearers of the garnet feel justly proud of it. We extend congratulations to the College of our sister city.



REVIEWS.

Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co., 110-112 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Announce that they have now in press "Foundation Studies in Literature, by Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney, of the State Normal College, Albany.

Graduates and students will be interested in this book which has been prepared for the use of students before they are required to study the history of English Literature.

The name indicates the scope of the work, but it does not give an idea of matter.

Every subject treated in it, however, will be found of permanent literary value.

J. W. Mac Donald's Primary Algebra:

Contains what is supposed to cover one of our grammar school year's work. The book is meant to be used in the grammar school, as it is evident from the title which the author has given the book.

The book is published in two parts, the one part especially a guide to the teacher and the other part for the use of the students.

The former contains explanations and definitions, etc., which are to be brought in by the teacher only as circumstances require it. The latter part furnishes examples for class drill and for the work of the students at home.

This arrangement enables the teacher to arouse the interest of the pupils, stimulate inquiry, and develop the principles in logical order. Allen and Bacon, Publishers, 172 Tremont st., Boston.

The book entitled "State Education for the People," published by C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y., deserves the careful consideration of every one interested in educational matters.

The book contains articles on ancient and modern civilization and education, taking up the different state and national systems of different countries and colonies.

It also compares the systems of the United States with other countries.

Clippings from this book, at least, would be valuable to all as teachers, and it would be advisable for every teacher to add this book to their collection.

It is as accurate a description and treatment as it is possible to give of this subject at the present time.

The book deals with the subject on a broad and impartial point of view.

"How to Teach Natural Sciences in Public Schools: "

Is a book published by C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y., but written by Wm. T. Harris. It takes up the scope and method of teaching the natural sciences. The value of the study is carefully discussed and very favorable conclusions are reached. The order and course of instruction is given in the natural order and would meet with good results.

The North American Review for March, '95.

Contains the much discussed question "Is an Extra Session Needed?" It is written by Representatives Tracey, of New York; Storer, of Ohio; Patterson, of Tennessee, and Cousins of Iowa.

Following this article are several articles of an interesting character: "Two Years of Democratic Diplomacy," by Senator Cushman K. Davis; "A New Departure in English Taxation," by the Rt. Hon. Lord Playfair; "The Old Pulpit and the New," by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss; and "Mark Twain and Paul Bourget," by Max O'Rell.

"Nagging Women" is the next article which claims our attention. It is written as a reply to Dr. Edson's former article on the same subject by Lady Henry Somerset, Harriet P. Spofford and Marion Harland.

In the articles which follow Elbridge T. Gerry discusses "Must We Have the Cat-o'-Nine Tails?" Frederick Villers, "The Truth About Port Arthur;" Frank Podmore, "What Physical Research Has Accomplished," and Hon. R. P. Bland, "The Future of Silver."

The third article on "The Personal History of the Second Empire" is discussed by Albert D. Vandam, the author of "An Englishman in Paris."

Following this article are the notes and comments: "How to Prevent Strikes and Lockouts," by Stockton Bates; "The Political Importance of Hawaii," by Lieut. John A. Harman; "The Danger of the Federal Judiciary," by Henry Wollman; "Past Extra Sessions," by Charles M. Harvey; "Banks for the People," by Lee J. Vance.

In the music class:

Professor—Where is the minor found?

Student—Underground.

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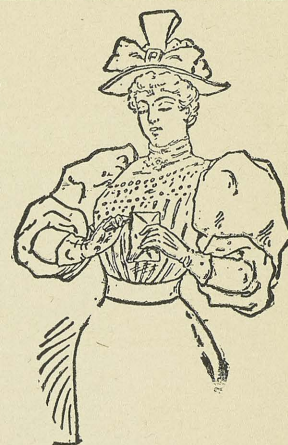
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