

THE NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL DEVOTED TO EDUCATION.

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A PEDAGOGICAL ANALOGY.

A TEACHER is a sort of intellectual doctor.

The first thing for him to study is the mental anatomy, the laws of the mind, and how they govern mental action and development. This is called *Psychology*.

Bacon says : "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Nay, there is no stound or impediment of the speech that may not be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises, so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt."

The teacher must also have a very complete knowledge of the remedies to be applied. This is *subject-matter*.

All this knowledge is futile, unless he learns how to administer his doses. This we call *method*.

It is well to make the doses moderate, since very large and very small ones are both equally dangerous.

The wise doctor of the intellect knows it is best to give his pills a sugar-coating. This coating is called *interest*, or pleasure derived in taking the medicine.

It is essential to know just what effect you wish to produce and how to produce that effect. This is the

knowledge and accomplishment of the *aim*.

In medicine the doctors of the old school are called allopathists. But at the present time, homeopathy has caught up with allopathy and actually distanced it.

In education, just the reverse is the case. Our grandfathers and grandmothers took their medicine in homeopathic doses, if we may judge by the text-books that they used.

Now we, after the true allopathic fashion, cram the children with boluses made from Nature's simples, the herbs of Botany, the roots and stems of language.

In the day of the old regime, in order to make a seemingly stupid boy bright, he was first made more stupid by dosing him with facts which he could barely swallow, and could neither digest nor assimilate, with the hope, alas, too often vain, that these two minus qualities would equal a plus quality, namely—a *brilliant boy*.

In nine cases out of ten, the result was unsatisfactory.

A good many are following the old method yet, especially the general practitioners in the rural districts. There are quacks who practice mercilessly upon the sometimes deluded and much suffering public; but they are becoming fewer in number, par-

ticularly since special institutions have been established where not only instruction is given, but where the student may have actual practice with patients, under the supervision of capable doctors of pedagogy, who, for good work done, give him a degree.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when all practitioners will be Pd. B's.

The doctor of pedagogy should study his patient, watch the symptoms, and make a careful diagnosis of his case, administering the right remedy at the right time.

The age of the patient must also be considered. Particular kinds of medicine are best suited for certain ages.

Young children should be fed with fables, fairy stories, stories of personified Nature, to develop the imagination. They should practice daily easy mental gymnastics to develop the reasoning and memory muscles.

The menu for each day should be carefully considered, and simple, but nutritious foods given them, which their mental organs can digest; and not heavy courses of abstractions which produce a mental dyspepsia, too often chronic.

As time goes on, this diet needs change, to suit the needs of the patient.

Children should early be given science, especially the study of plants and animals. This is good for cultivating observation, judgment and expression.

It was once almost universally believed that geometry was poor food for young children, but it is now known that geometry is one of the first and most important articles of food. It is about the first thing that

children devour, but they do not eat it as it is commonly dished. They must first have it *a la concrete*; this gives an appetite for abstract geometry later and makes it more digestible.

Language well-prepared is excellent food for producing fine judgment and nicety of expression.

A tea made from Greek or Latin roots, well boiled down and sweetened, forms a very stimulating beverage.

Physiologists say that a child craves food needful for its growth.

The mind also craves different foods at different times.

We would do well to follow Nature's course and supply those wants.

Authorities declare that the best food for children, and even adults, is a condensed compound in definite proportions of all the elements which develop the mental faculties.

It is much better than single prescriptions given at stated times and intervals.

These foods given in their proper relations help one another in producing a symmetrical mind. Hence, a varied mental diet is best.

An ambrosia consisting of a study of the beautiful in Nature and in Art should daily constitute his dessert.

Let the doctor mix with this compound, called *correlation*, the salt of his own common sense, stirring in a large amount of enthusiasm, and best of all, a fine personality.

Thus, the faithful doctor of pedagogy will find in the improved mental condition of his patients an ample reward for his efforts in the application of modern methods in education.

A. ELSEY KARNER, '98.

“A PEDAGOGIC REVERIE.”

YEARS ago, near Canandaigua, lived a man bearing the not uncommon Christian name of Joseph, and the no less uncommon surname of Smith. It was before the anthracite age, and Joe Smith, in order to secure a little collateral, used to draw cord wood with his ox-team into Canandaigua and sell it.

It was his custom, invariably thereafter, to visit a rum shop. Indeed, it might be stated that while his special intention was to dispose of his wood for money, it was always in his mind in a general way to get whiskey. On one occasion, having imbibed too freely of what is called, by a metaphorical antithesis, tanglefoot, he fell asleep in his cart, en route for home. An acquaintance happening along thought it would be a good joke to loose the oxen, and did so.

Lacking the sensation which the impression from their driver's whip and voice produced, and the consciousness of being hitched to the cart, a new train of associations was started in the minds of the oxen by the pasture immediately before them. Following the line of least resistance, they passed by proper gastronomical processes, from the known to the related unknown, and were so delighted, and moved so rapidly that they were well out of sight ere dawning came to the beclouded senses of their driver.

Finally, the aforesaid Joe aroused himself, and staring vacantly about, remarked: “Wal, ef I be Joe Smith, I've lost a yoke of oxen, and if I be'nt, I've found a cart.”

After a few days in the Normal College, the student may still be tolerably sure of his identity, but he is in

somewhat the predicament of Joe Smith, in that he does not know whether to rejoice more that he is introduced to these new methods in education, or to regret more that his former instructors should not have known them so that he might stand as a product of the new system. He tries to imagine what the results would have been. He knows that the interstices of his universe are filled with worlds, alive with interest, which he has never been led to discover. He tests all his former teachers by his new standard. Not one of them stands the test. The idea that he possesses any knowledge or power fitting him for his chosen calling is now only a remembered delusion.

Just when he has come to this delightful state, he is asked to write an original essay on some educational subject. The shock of this announcement, coming upon a day's sudden sickness, induced in the writer a temporary lapse of consciousness. He seemed to find himself in a new environment, in which not a vestige of the old tread-mill ways of learning remained, and the new education had full possession. A city, and yet with parks and plots so finely kept, that the aroma which Nature distills was in the air. The discovery was made that here was a superior people, alert, but poised in movement, noble in appearance, with commanding brows and flashing eyes, whose depths reflected the glory of all the majestic and intricate beauty of Nature. To one of these gracious beings he approached, and asked: “Will you kindly tell me where I am?” I felt that he took me in with one kindly glance of his highly trained eyes. “This, sir, is the city

of schools. Have you not heard of our institutions? Yonder stands one." To my delight he invited me to visit the school. The building I had mistaken for the City Hall or Capitol of the State. Now it was thronged with youths of joyous, happy appearance, whose anticipation of a day's pleasure was very apparent. School began. I visited several rooms, of which I have not time to tell. The same quiet power was manifested by all the teachers, the same enthusiasm and brightness and method were found throughout. The last visit was to an elocution class. Here the same principle of method was exemplified, viz., that vivid ideas and many associations precede and stimulate clear expression. A young man was to recite some piece. Instead of first committing the words and then saying them with this gesture here and another there, as they had been given him, he was led to grasp the thought fully, by presenting the picture to his mind and calling his imagination to frame it, so that his mind being on fire with the ideas thus vividly grasped and associated, the expression and gesture were a matter of course. Upon meeting the principal, after expressing my thanks, I asked this question: "Your teachers accomplish great results. They all use the same methods. Is it the method only that makes them so successful?" He replied: "If you could know the results fully, you would know how truly wonderful they are, and the methods are the same because they are the best. They are essential to our results, but to answer your question: You remember how it was at Missionary Ridge. There were the

rifle pits ranged along and upon the mountain, and the orders were to take the first and then reform and so on. But somehow those soldiers got a vision of the summit resting among the clouds, and the idea that on that next night the stars and stripes must float and the Union camp-fires must gleam along that summit. They started in good order. They took the first rifle-pits. They forgot the order to reform. Thomas could not stop them. Grant could not stop them, all the officers together could not have stopped them, and all because they had had the vision of the summit, and had caught the inspiration of the upward movement to victory. So the inspiration of the true teacher, touching a young soul wakes it up and wakes it up for conquest."

A voice said to me: "By diligent preparation you may have a part in this great work." I thought of the words of the sage of Chelsea: "Blessed is the man who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness." W. M. S.

TO EDITH.

I wish for thee a life of joy,
But lightly dimmed by pain's alloy.
Thy youth shall be a sun-kissed dream,
And in thy heart the fruit shall gleam;
Nor care, nor trial shall be thine,
But from thine eyes shall mercy shine.

Thy womanhood must be a life
Less dreamy; yet no worldly strife
May mar the happy fireside,
Where to and fro thy loved ones glide;
With thee shall dwell both love and
health—

A heritage beyond our wealth.

And when the years have bowed thy head,
And o'er thy hair soft silver shed,
Thy busy hands may folded be,
For loving ones will wait on thee;
And when God calls thee to His skies,
A peace divine will close thine eyes.

—A. G. L.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING DAY

IT was the week after Thanksgiving, and, as I waited for my change in one of our large department stores, I overheard a bit of conversation between two ladies near by.

"And how did you spend Thanksgiving Day?" the motherly little woman asked her tall, well-gowned companion.

"I? Oh, I went to a dinner party at the Waldorf, given by Senator and Mrs. Grey."

To me it seemed almost a sacrilegious way of spending the "Harvest Day." My feelings were reflected in the face of the plain little woman, for, when her rich friend moved away, she turned to me and said:

"Poor woman! I wish I could take her up to mother's, and let her see what Thanksgiving means!"

How I wish she could! And all the other poor deluded society people, who have lost the true and kindly significance of the day. Have they forgotten their childhood days, that they are content to dine at a great hotel with comparative strangers about them?

An important factor in destroying the old-fashioned gatherings on Thanksgiving Day has been the inter-collegiate foot ball games held on that day for several years past. To the college men and their interested friends everything centered around the great game, and for the first time, perhaps, family gatherings were incomplete, for the long-haired youths must eat Thanksgiving turkey with their rollicking friends in town.

To the small boy—and to many a child of larger growth—Thanksgiving

means only a day of feasting. The dinner is, indeed, the pivot round which the day swings, but who will deny that it is the company assembled round the board which makes the pleasure of the day? Imagine yourself seated alone at a table groaning with dainties—would you not exchange the solitary feast for an humble repast shared with friends?

The night before Thanksgiving a year ago, I was in the Grand Central Depot, and, perhaps, I never before realized what Thanksgiving meant. While I waited, train after train from the west steamed in; and there, in the great noisy station families were united that perhaps had been separated for twenty years or more. The utterances of thanksgiving drowned the noisy clanging of the bells, as hands were shaken, tears were shed, and embraces exchanged. The hearty kissing of two burly Germans, who were weeping vigorously in each other's arms, did not seem ridiculous to the by-passers, for their own hearts were filled with the gratitude of the season.

Another class of travelers who appreciated Thanksgiving day were the school boys and girls coming home for vacation. Less touching, but more joyous were the greetings received and given, as their friends seized them and bore them away to the festivities of the season.

Thanksgiving is what our friends make it, not what the dinner turns out to be. And though we may find the happy, grateful spirit of the day, mingling with the fragrance of cabbage and onions of the tenement-house dinner, yet after all, the ideal day is spent at the old homestead.

Let me take you back to the dear

old days when, with common accord, we went countryward to join in the family gathering at grandfather's home. Even the rattling and bumping of the railroad train that speeded us on our way chimed with joyous tune that rang through our heads, and the sleigh bells — as we jingled over the bright, sparkling snow — rhymed with the gladness of the day.

How good it seemed to meet all the friends once more! The house seemed fairly swarming with children, who made the very rafters ring, while grandfather and grandmother only smiled contentedly, as they sat in state on either side of the great open fire.

The dinner over — and do not let us belittle that important event — the pleasures of the afternoon were manifold. Yet the sweetest part of the day came with the approach of dusk, when young and old gathered in the great hall to listen to the story-telling. The glowing, snapping logs with their fitful flames, filled the room with a changing, mysterious light, which made the little children cling closer to mother's hand, as their wide eyes watched the leaping shadows on the wall.

On the hearth the rosy apples sputtered and wrinkled from the warm kiss of the fire, while the busy little blasts from the popping corn punctuated the narrator's speech. Perhaps poor grandma fell asleep in her big chair, and the children dozed, as some more prosy tale was told, yet they wakened when the next story was begun, and this time the wild romance that was spun allowed no little trips to slumberland.

By and by someone would steal to the old melodion in the corner, and

soon a merry song would drown the tapping of the wind-lashed boughs of the willow-tree.

Quite as much a part of the day as the dinner, was the Virginia reel, which came after tea. Chairs and tables were pushed aside, and grandfather and grandmother sedately headed the long lines of prancing little people and their more dignified elders. What a merry time it was! The children were loath to stop, yet quite as happy in the games that followed.

But I must draw a tight rein on memory, or my pen will never cease to flow. Yet may this bit of reminiscence serve to make some one long for the old fashioned way of celebrating the harvest festival!

KNEE DEEP IN SEPTEMBER.

Did you ever any day,
Just to while the time away,
And cut clean loose from work and care,
And have some fun and country air,

Pack an old shoe-box with cake
And sandwiches, so nice to take,
And get a girl, and two or three
Other girls and boys, and flee

Off to some cool, shady nook,
By plashing lake or babbling brook,
And just do nothing — every one —
But eat, and laugh, and joke? What fun

We had one day in early fall,
When autumn's hues were over all,
And when it got so awful hot
None cared if school should keep or not!

'Twas just about sun-setting time
(I say it so to make it rhyme);
We took the trolley and our cake,
And girls, and pic-niced at Sand Lake.

How grand when just at setting sun
The moon rose over Albion!
How cautiously at first did she
Peer over on our little sea!

Coqueting with the clouds at first,
I really think she hardly durst
Look boldly down at where we stood —
(Coquets, I fear, were in the wood.)

Then we all sat down to eat —
A peanut sandwich — one of meat,
A joke, a pickle, laughter, cheese,
(Another peanut sandwich, please.)

O dear, who sprung that awful pun,
"Only did it just for fun?"
All right — please pass the chocolate cake,
Let's go rowing on the lake.

* * * * *

Ain't it heaps of fun to go
On picnic parties, and to know
You haven't got to be sedate,
And very dignified and straight!

—S.

AESTHETICS IN PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.

THE discussion a few years ago regarding the Sunday use of parks, galleries and museums, led to more practical results than the mere opening of those places. It strengthened a somewhat latent conviction that a love for the beautiful is a determining influence of character. To acquire a true appreciation of nature and art we must first become students of nature and art; and that study period should be while the soul is unfolding, expanding, receiving its earliest development. The environment of childhood tones the thought and work of all later life.

The instruction in our public schools it is said, should be devoted to essentials, not to accomplishments. True, but what are the essentials of education? The culture studies of two decades ago are now crowding close upon the so-called fundamental branches. Music must be taught, drawing must be taught. This work

may even encroach upon the time for grammar and arithmetic. The so-called accomplishments supply the means of livelihood for a large number of people, and form the recreation and highest pleasure of a still larger number. Our public schools cannot run the risk of dwarfing the finer instincts of man's nature. They cannot afford to give no encouragement to genius. In what ranks of life is genius to be found? Who would have looked for an artist in Murillo's slave? The boy waited upon his master during lesson hours, and slept in the studio at night. One morning when Murillo entered his studio he saw a bee upon the canvas he was painting, and walked up to the picture to brush off the intruder, when, to his surprise he found the insect had been painted there. In his anger he accused his pupils of the work. Investigation proved his mistake. The slave had put that bee upon the canvas. "Who taught you to paint?" Murillo asked. "You, master," was the boy's answer. "Impossible," replied Murillo, "I never gave you a lesson." "No, but I heard you tell the others."

That which determines a man's station in life, need not be the circumstance of birth. A few years ago a Swedish girl came to this country and hired out as a servant. Why should she be anything else than a servant? She was poor and friendless, and had but a meager education. One day the mistress discovered that this servant had a wonderful voice. Friends became interested. At the conservatory of music the instructors prophesied that an unusual career lies before this new pupil. To a locksmith's apprentice at eighteen, moody, stupid, was given a

position in a designer's establishment. Ten years later, he himself was at the head of an immense business, and his former master came to learn of him. In both these cases a certain amount of instruction had been given in the common branches, but nothing had been done to awaken latent talents. What are the essentials of education? They are the adequate materials, means and room for the proper development of inherited gifts — no less, whether the child be rich or poor.

Witness the effect in the grammar schools of Boston of "tempera" painting, or painting in opaque colors. The work done by some of the boys — small, uncouth and weak intellectually as many of them are — is simply astonishing. Color seems to be the only thing that stimulates certain pupils to work.

How great is the value, also, of a study of nature—of minerals, of birds, of insects, and of plant life. John Burroughs was hardly known as a banker, but as a writer on birds he is celebrated. George E. Davenport, one of the best authorities on ferns in this country, is a frame-maker in Boston. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the public schools gave these men and many others like them, no suggestion of what they by chance stumbled upon, and by which they have become famous.

A system of education that does not make a definite provision for the leisure periods of life is sadly defective. According to President Eliot: "It is always through the children that the best work is to be done in uplifting any community." Is it not, then, the duty of the public schools to prepare pupils for the enjoyment of their leis-

ure time? — to prepare them not only for a practical living, but for a complete living? to create among them a taste for an elevating, refining environment? to cultivate in them the love of good music, good literature, the beautiful in nature and art? — art which, as Froebel said, is the visible revelation and expression of the invisible spirit in man.

EDITH M. BRETT.

MOTHER NATURE'S DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT.

"MOTHER Nature's Dressmaking Establishment now Open. All the Latest Fashions" — was the advertisement which set the flower-folks all in a flutter. The advertisements were written on rose-petals, and the messenger who distributed them was Mother Nature's brother, the East Wind.

The flowers were each so anxious to be the first to attend that they nearly mixed spring and summer together. The plants grew as they never had grown before, but — would you believe it — the first ones to attend were the modest snow-drop and violets! They were soon suited, and came away, the little snow-drops in white and green, and the violet in a sober gown of purple.

Now the rose family came, dozens upon dozens, sisters, aunts, mothers, brothers, cousins, etc. They had the latest fashions from Paris, dresses of gorgeous red, brilliant yellow, soft pinks, and even a pure white dress was donned by the more modest.

After this families of all names and tribes rushed in and went away, look-

ing as fresh as the new moon. Nasturtiums in red, yellow, orange, yellow with velvet revers, red with black trimmings, pale yellow, dark yellow and medium yellow.

Geraniums, with the mother in a bright red dress, the father in a dark red suit, and the children in pink, white, and some in a Martha Washington costume.

The pansies' saucy faces looked up from dresses of yellow, red, blue, white and royal purple. One little dandy wore a waistcoat of yellow, and purple breeches, and was the envy and admiration of all the young ladies.

The petunias and marigolds came in hand-in-hand, the petunias in white, red, pink and purple—the latest dress being white silk, trimmed with a collar of red velvet, forming a star; and the marigolds, some all in yellow, like miniature suns, while their cousin marigolds with dark trimmings on their golden dresses, tried to rival the suns in being partial eclipses.

All the pretty wild-flowers would not stay in the city to spoil their health, but betook themselves off to the woods and meadows. Buttercups dressed in gold, the clover in pink and white, and the daisy with her yellow hair and a white dress.

The larkspur also blossomed forth in royal purple. Beautiful waxen lilies with their hearts of gold nodded in the breezes.

The sweet-peas had all their dresses made after the same pattern—but the colors. 'What combinations.' Pink and white, lavender striped and mottled red, and so many others, impossible to describe.

But I have left out one of Mother Nature's favorites, which should have

come first, but being so modest and retiring we passed her by. The delicate lily-of-the-valley, clad in her spotless robe of white, swinging on her emerald stem, like a chime of fairy bells.

Others came and were clothed. June, July, August and September passed, and October came. Now all the flowers but a few asters, sunflowers and chrysanthemums had gone to their last peaceful rest. The last-named flower blossomed out in red, yellow, white and pink—all from Mother Nature's establishment. Frost and snow came, but still they held their place, until at last, one November night, clear and cold, a heavy frost swept over the gardens, and the next morning the sturdy chrysanthemums were dead.

These flowers remind one of the sturdy pilgrims who endured all they could, but at some sudden trouble many of them sickened and died. Mother Nature's establishment was now closed until the next spring. But she would not clothe these same children of hers, but others, their offspring, she would clothe and cherish the same as these.

So the world of flowers will go on until all things pass away.

ELIZ. F. SHAVER (age 13).

My boy you are weary and wan,
 You are working too hard with your
 Greek,
 To try from construction obscure,
 Some plausible meaning to seek.
 "No, No!" he wearily said,
 "The meaning I plainly can see;
 But I'm worn out trying to make
 The text and the pony agree."
 —The Oneontan.

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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.

PROF. HUSTED received his degree of Ph. D. from Illinois Wesleyan University, not Seminary, as was stated in our last issue.

THERE is a slight break in our editorial staff this issue. Miss Ruth Norton has felt obliged to resign as news editor, and her place has been taken by Laura P. Stafford. The other news editor, C. L. Reed, has left school, and his place is taken by J. Archie Thompson. We welcome these new ones to our staff, and feel sure that they are well qualified for the duties they will have to perform.

WE wish each one of our readers a joyous Thanksgiving, and each of the students a pleasant vacation. Let it be for you a vacation indeed, and as you again renew the old home ties and associations, dispel all thoughts of work and care, and give yourself up to the obtaining of life's fullest enjoyment.

THE examinations of the first quarter are over, and we have entered upon the last half of the term with no break in the chain. Those who were successful with their work are jubilant, while those who failed are somewhat disheartened, and more than ever determined to do better for all future time.

WE are glad to see such an active society spirit manifested by all of the societies in the college. Great benefit is derived from society life, and if each member does all that she ought to do, she cannot fail to obtain a just reward for her efforts. The societies also, by their frequent receptions and entertainments, attribute much to the social life of the students, and thus lighten the cares of our busy, work-a-day life.

LET each and every student feel that he owes a duty to his college paper, and aid it all he can by the contribution of meritorious articles, interesting news items, and last, but not least, by his subscription. Only a small portion of our student body are subscribers as yet, and we need and want you all.

THE great outcry all over this country is, "Politics is a mass of corruption." The "better class" consider themselves too good (?) to attend the primaries and caucuses, or say, "It is useless for us to go to these meetings as 'the machine' has its slate made out and everything will be carried out as the 'bosses' direct."

Are you, as a teacher, one of those good citizens? If you are, throw off your false mantle and be a good citizen by showing your interest in your country's welfare. Teach your pupils patriotism, and set an example, if you are a man, by attending the primaries and caucuses, and all public meetings which involve the good of our glorious Union.

It is not necessary that one should be prejudiced by party affiliation in order to teach patriotism. Train the youth to reverence their country and respect the ballot-box. Train them to hold sacred their honor and freedom.

Esau, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright. It is sad to think that this country is full of Esaus, especially on election day.

The only way to eradicate an evil of such character is to train the youth to seek nigher ideals of life.

The teacher's duties and responsibilities cannot be overestimated in this particular.

AS the present month draws to a close there recurs a festal day which is a fitting prelude to the closely succeeding holiday season. For when is one better prepared to surrender himself to the cheerful greetings, the generous expressions of good-will, and the joyous festivities that are her-

alded by the bringing in of "ye yule log," than after careful, candid retrospect that is supposed to precede the time-honored Thanksgiving day. To different persons the day that was set apart by our forefathers as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, suggests different thoughts or feelings; and numerous are the ideas that germinate from a brief consideration of that peculiar time, or from the retrospects coincident with it. The "Normalite" who has successfully conquered the subjects of the first ten, and left them forever behind, will find a reasonable excuse for venting his enthusiasm on the poor turkey; while the one who has been unsuccessful will surely try to smother his regrets with an abundant portion of the royal fowl. So, in either case, the crest-fallen gobbler must bear the burden of our joys or sorrows. But doubtless, our ancestors had causes of thankfulness that much transcend the petty, yet important events of school life. Ah! our ancestors were a worthy lot, fearless and strong, and with such a fund of common sense and reverence as were better envied than dubbed with the would-be sorrowful term of "puritanical." We boast to-day of Nineteenth century independence; but we are bound, willingly or no, by our antecedents. No surer is the child father of the man than we feel the strength of precedents established a century or more ago; and well for us, if those tend to beneficence and truth. We ought to be thankful to-day that the foundations of our institutions were laid upon such a firm basis, and rejoice in the sense of right and justice which would concede an acknowledgment of benefactions to the Giver

of all good and perfect gifts. It needs but little pessimism to doubt whether the welcome proclamation, "therefore, appoint—a day of thanksgiving and prayer," would yearly greet our ears had its establishment been left for our end of the century political fathers to act upon.

But to us as American students comes an especial opportunity on this distinctively American holiday. The delights of the holidays cluster about the pleasures of home. The borders of our little school world are narrow. Let us at this Thanksgiving day look out into the great world beyond and note its events, review its triumphs and failures, its agitations and assurances; wherein it has advanced, and wherein it may improve; and thus get in touch with and learn to cherish and to aid that great throbbing body of which we must soon form a part, and which in turn has done so much for us.

S. N. C. NOTES.

"SOME Dominant Factors in Education," was the theme of Dr. Milne's address before the Hudson River Schoolmasters' Club, at their last regular meeting in this city. At the business meeting of the same organization he was chosen president for the ensuing year.

The following members of our faculty have been in attendance at the various institutes since our last issue: Miss Pierce, at Hoosick, October 14; Miss Bishop, at Phoenicia, Ulster Co., October 27, and at Highland, in the same county, November 10; Miss Russell, at Malone, Franklin county, October 28 and 29.

A. D. Arnold, '74, judge of Washington county, and his little daughter, visited the college October 28.

E. J. Gregory, '79, and wife, visited the college October 22. Mr. Gregory is now superintendent of the North Poudre Land and Canal Co., at Fort Collins, Colorado.

Miss Eloise Whitney, '94, visited the college November 8.

Miss Mabel Parker has returned to college.

Mr. Witton, of Rahway, N. J., recently entered the college for the year's work.

C. L. Reed, one of our editorial staff, has decided to choose some other vocation than teaching for his life work, and has severed his connection with the college.

W. B. Sprague, '97, of Troy, was present at the Kappa Delta reception and entertainment.

Miss Kibby has been obliged to return home on account of ill health.

The following have recently been on the sick list: G. C. Lang, Miss Delamater and Miss Frances Stearns. The latter has been quite seriously ill, and has not as yet fully recovered.

Mrs. Mooney was absent from college October 29 to November 4 on account of the death of her father, Thomas Sullivan, of Watertown, N. Y. His death was not unexpected, as he had passed his eighty-eighth birthday, and had been feeble physically for several months; but he retained his mental powers to the last.

Before paper and slates were invented, people multiplied on the face of the earth.—Ex.

ETA PHI.

THE members of the Eta Phi Society were "at home" at the college Saturday, the twenty-third of October, from four to six o'clock. The beauty of the new hall was enhanced by the palms and other decorations, making an ideal place for the assembly of guests.

The singing of Miss Patten and Mr. Van Woert added greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon.

Tea was served by Miss Suits and Miss DeWitt from a daintily decorated table on the landing of the new staircase. The President of the society, Miss Bennett, and the Vice-President, Miss Cook, received the guests.

DELTA OMEGA.

ON Saturday afternoon, October 30, Dr. Leonard Woods Richardson gave the Delta Omega Society and its friends a delightful literary talk on "Three English Poets—Keats, Shelly and Colridge."

Dr. Richardson did not weigh and estimate the works of these poets, as a critic, but as a friend and lover. He pointed out the sweetness and beauty of their songs in such a way as to make his hearers catch the very spirit of poetry.

After the talk all were invited to remain to meet Dr. Richardson and the members of the society.

The hall was prettily decorated with palms and chrysanthemums.

Misses Bennett and Hilt presided at the tea table, which was decorated with the society colors—yellow and white. Other members of the society served the guests.

KAPPA DELTA.

THE faculty and a large number of college students were enjoyably entertained by the Kappa Delta Society Saturday, November 6. A song by Miss Fawcett was followed by a short but interesting talk on the literary work of such a society, by Mrs. Mooney. After a piano solo by Miss Fairchild light refreshments were served. The rooms were attractively decorated, and the society is to be congratulated on the success of its first public appearance.

The Kappa Delta Society was organized June 16, 1897, and until very recently its existence was known to but few.

It was organized with fourteen charter members, and during the present year its ranks have been increased to twenty-five.

The chief object of the society is to promote social and literary advancement. Its deliberations are presided over by the following officers:

President—Miss Edith H. Nichols.
 Vice-President—Miss Edna Steenburgh.
 Secretary—Miss Mabel Eddy.
 Treasurer—Miss Margery B. Loughran.
 Director—Miss S. Mabelle Honsinger.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH.

AN unusually large number of the faculty and students were present at the First Reformed Church to listen to another of Prof. Belding's charming recitals. Themes both dainty and dignified, familiar and strange, passionate and measured, rendered the program one of sufficient variety to please the most critical. "Old Folks at Home" was especially pleasing with its delicate arpeggios

and sympathetic rendition. And no one of *these* recitals would be complete without the transcription of Wagner's "Tannhauser," which appeals to all as possessing all the qualities of truly classical music.

Prof. Belding was assisted by Prof. Holding, so universally recognized in our city as a master of the violin, and by Miss Sadia Claire Bailey, who has won high praise for her sweet singing. It is to be regretted that a severe cold prevented her from appearing at her best.

We wish to thank Prof. Belding for his effort to instruct and entertain us, and shall look forward with pleasure to the twenty-first recital. The following is the program:

Grand Offertoire (St. Cecilia) op. 9,
No. 3 E. Batiste
Overture (William Tell) transcribed
by Dudley Buck. Rosini
a. Cantaline Nuptial. Du Bois
b. The Village Harvest Home (in-
troducing rustic music) Spinney
Violin Solo — Andante Religioso, in
D. Thome
Tocata and Fugue (in D minor) Bach
March Funebre and Chant Ser-
aphique. Guilmant
Soprano Solos —
a. Your Voice (with violin obli-
gato). Denza
b. I will Extol Thee Costa
Fantasie (Il Trovatore). Verdi
Old Folks at Home (with varia-
tions). Foster-Buck
Nocturne op. 9, No. 2. Chopin
Tannhauser (Transcription). Wagner
Thunder Storm (requested).

INTER-SOCIETY AGREEMENT.

BELIEVING that each society owes a duty of loving service to the institution and to the body of students, and believing that each in its work and ideals performs a certain function in the

college organization, we must consider that whatever lessens her efficiency by introducing into the college life elements of discord and ignoble rivalry should be, if possible, eliminated. The question as to how the societies may learn to work together without friction, without jealousy, whether a mutually suspicious attitude is necessary to the preservation of their integrity and independence, is one of vital importance. To meet this problem, the following code of inter-society rules has been drawn up and adopted by the societies Delta Omega, Eta Phi and Kappa Delta.

CODE OF INTER-SOCIETY RULES.

- A. Invitations for membership.
 1. During the year invitations shall be sent only on the third Saturday of each month.
 2. All invitations shall be written and sent through the mail.
 3. Until members elect have replied to their invitations the exclusive right of communicating with them with regard to society matters shall be reserved to the President of the society.
- B. No society member, either honorary or active, shall attempt to discover in any way, or shall intentionally influence the society opinions or preferences of a non-society girl, with regard to any society.
- C. No student shall be invited to join any society until she has been in college one quarter.
- D. No change shall be made in these rules without the consent of all the societies.
- E. These rules shall go into effect when adopted by all the societies, and shall continue in effect until June, of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, when they shall be open to revision at the call of any one of the societies.

CLASS OF '99.

THIS is one of the largest classes in the history of our institution, and naturally the class spirit is quite rife. The following officers have been chosen to preside over its deliberations for the ensuing term:

President — R. B. Gurley.

First Vice-President — Miss Stoneman.

Second Vice-President — Miss Fisher.

Secretary — Miss McGregor.

Treasurer — E. S. Pitkin.

Assistant Treasurers — Miss Everett,
Miss Deyo.

Executive Committee — The Messrs. Bennett and Thompson, and the Misses Briggs, Merwin and Swarthout.

Social — The Messrs. Wendell and Smith, and the Misses Wilson, Hawkey and Bangs.

Program — The Misses Wheeler, Burnett, Coughtry and Walker.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Misses Ulman and Goldthwaite have returned to finish the term's work.

Much interest is being manifested in the election of officers in the Adelpi Literary Society. Besides the regular ticket there has been put in the field a strong opposition ticket. And in addition to these one gentleman has entered the arena on an independent ticket. Enthusiasm runs high, and the most spirited election in the history of the society is anticipated.

Some of the students are absent on account of illness.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'90 — Mr. Flint was recently elected school commissioner at Athens, Pa. Previous to his election he taught successfully at Sharon, Germantown and Athens.

'97 — Miss Alice I. Adams has secured a position in the High School at Hudson, N. Y.

'95 — Miss Daisy Stowe is teaching in the High School at her home in Clyde, N. Y.

'97 — G. P. Allen is now principal of the public school at Richmond Valley, Staten Island. This is the same place where Mr. Allen taught before entering school the second time. His post-office address is Tottenville, S. I., and he would be glad to hear from all old friends.

'45 — N. Warren De Wann died at Providence, R. I., October 25, in his seventy-second year. His life was spent in educational work; he was for a time superintendent of schools at Elyra, O.; he taught many years as a grammar school principal in Providence, more recently in Boston, until failing health compelled him to retire.

'48 — Emerson W. Keyes was born in Jamestown, N. Y., January 30, 1828, and graduated from the Albany Normal School in 1848. In 1857 he was appointed deputy State superintendent of public instruction, and in 1861 became acting superintendent upon the resignation of Superintendent Van Dyck. He was succeeded in 1862 by Victor M. Rice, but remained in the department as deputy till 1865, when he resigned to accept the position of deputy State superintendent of the banking department. In this position, which he filled until 1870, he exercised great influence on the organization of the present banking system of the State. Mr. Keyes was admitted to the bar in 1868, and during 1867 and 1868 edited an independent series of unreported cases of Court of Ap-

peals' reports in four volumes, published by W. C. Little. He was the author of an exhaustive "History of the Savings Banks in the United States," "The Code of Public Instruction of the State of New York," 1879; "Principles of Civil Government as Exemplified in the Government of the State of New York," 1875; and a "Special Report on Savings Banks," 1868, which was the foundation of the present law of the State, and is regarded as standard authority throughout the United States. For many years previous to his death he has been connected with the Brooklyn Board of Education. He took an active part in the arrangement of the educational chapter in the Greater New York charter. Mr. Keyes possessed a genial nature, which, coupled with recognized ability, gained him hosts of friends. Although he has passed, by nearly a decade of years, the time allotted to man on earth, and has received in that time far more than a proportionate share of the honors of this world, his friends and his fellow-citizens can with difficulty be reconciled to his departure, and mourn sincerely the loss of an earnest friend of education and an honored citizen. At the "semi-centennial jubilee" of the N. Y. State Normal College, June, 1894, he delivered the historical address, an able and comprehensive summary of educational progress for the preceding fifty years.

The beauty which old Greece and Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home;
We need an eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear!

—Whittier.

EXCHANGES.

THE best guarantee for success in teaching is the personality of the educator. Virtue can be taught only by virtue. A great deal may be done by means of methods and devices, but example accomplishes infinitely more. Whatever you want your pupils to be, you yourself ought to be. This is particularly important in the teacher of morals and manners. Grow better and your schools will grow better."—The Teachers' Institute.

The "New Education" contains a fine article on "Management."

The October Crucible has a long, well written article on "Literature in the Grades," by Elma Ruff Todd, which is well worth reading for its broad and lofty treatment of the subject. To the teacher of any grade it is suggestive; to the teacher of literature practical and valuable.

The same paper gives some practical results of child study from a lecture by Dr. Hall.

We are glad to receive "The Kalends" from the Women's College, of Baltimore. An attractive college paper of the first grade. It contains a number of bright well-written Hallowe'en stories.

The New York Normal College Echo contains a charming story connected with Major Andre and a little girl of eight, whom he met on his way to Tarrytown on that fatal September 22, and how, though a patriotic little American, "she loved him just the same" when he stood on the scaffold.

The purpose of all true science teaching is to lead the pupil to observe, think, and reason for himself;

this being true it is obvious that in teaching zoology, the object to be studied must be presented to the pupil. No amount of detailed description or illustration by the teacher can take the place of an actual presentation of the specimen to the pupil.—The Teachers' Institute.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Cornell University issues a daily newspaper.—The Baldwin.

Williams College is to limit its students to 300.—The Polytechnic.

Another gift of \$15,000 is announced for the Yale Law School. The donor is John W. Hendrie, of South Beach. He has now given \$50,000 to the institution.—The University Forum.

Of the undergraduates in this country, women comprise 55 per cent. It seems that in this respect the gentler sex are ever on the increase.—Ex.

Ten hours of study, eight of sleep, two of exercise, and four devoted to meals and social duties is what President Eliot, of Harvard, recommends to students.—Ex.

In number of students, the University of Paris claims the honor of leading the universities of the world. During the year '95-'96, her enrollment was 11,755, Berlin came next with 9,375.—Ex.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the Harvard class of '72 is to be celebrated by the gift of a clock for Memorial hall. The cost of the present will amount to \$6,000.—Ex.

Student self-government is branded as a failure at Northwestern Univer-

sity. The system of student advisers, student courts, and student councils has been found wanting, and is to be abandoned. President Rogers says the university stands as another witness to the fact that students left to govern themselves are not governed at all. For seven years a student council, organized by the students, of the students, and for the students, has been granted the privilege of advising the faculty before any action was taken touching student interests or affecting their personal freedom. For two years a student court has been nominally in existence to try all cases of cheating in examinations, and to recommend to the faculty punishment or pardon, as the culprit deserves. The council was organized at the faculty's suggestion, the court at the suggestion of the students. Both have failed. Hereafter the faculty will lay down the rules, and boys and girls will be expected to conform.—Ex.

DR. H. M. POLLOCK, the newly appointed professor in the City High School, is not only an accomplished scholar, but a fine writer and lecturer as well. This winter he is lecturing on "Germany and the Germans" to schools and Teachers' Institutes.

ALL SORTS.

Old Gentleman—"Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little Boy—"Never. We have moral suasion at our school." "What's that?" "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and

scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."—Ed. Gazette.

The following incident actually took place in a public school in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and indicates a natural aptness for English composition. Teacher — "I want each of you to make a sentence, using the word 'delight' in it." Small Boy (colored) — "De wind come in de winder, an' blowed out de light."—The Tattler.

Professor in Zoology — "What animals are characterized by their big heads?"

Students — "The seniors."—Rocky Mountain Collegian.

Prof. in History — "When was Papal Church established?"

John (after much earnest thought) — "About 5000 B. C."—The Spectator.

"That settles it," exclaimed Cupid, as he picked up an arrow that had failed to reach his mark. "That's the last time I shoot at a new woman. Why, the point is bent double."—Chicago Post.

"There is but one rule without an exception."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Why, that there is no rule without an exception."

Cleopatra — "Tell me Antony, do the nobles of Rome earn their living?"

"Nay, my lotus bud, they urn their dead."—Ex.

Tommy's Share — Tommy: "Papa, I want a bicycle." Papa: "Well, Tommy, and what will you furnish toward getting it?" Tommy (after thinking deeply for a moment): "I will furnish the wind for the tires."—Ex.

"The rich man becomes insolvent," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "the poor man dead broke."—Philadelphia Record.

"Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer on the street, "I have been reading some of your manuscripts. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be Youmoirs rather than Memoirs."—Puck.

A minister who used to preach in Somerville had a little boy. A few days before his father left the city to go to his new parish, one of his neighbors said to the little boy: "So your father is going to work in New Bedford. is he?" The little boy looked up wonderingly. "Oh, no," he said; "only preach."—Somerville Journal.

Pupil (translating Cicero) — "You have ensnared the youth by your art."

Teacher — "Alice, do you understand that?"

Pupil (absent-mindedly) — "Yes, I have done the same thing, myself."—Central Luminary.

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BOOK NOTICES.

"'Round the Year in Myth and Song," by Florence Holbrook. Cloth. 12mo. 200 pages. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. This is intended as a reading book for the third and fourth grades in school and for the home circle.

It is at once attractive in its appearance, and entertaining and instructive in its contents. Some one has said that inspiration and illumination must precede instruction. The myths as told here are as interesting as stories, and will not only awaken the child's imagination but furnish a key to many beautiful things in literature and art which will prove an unfailing source of delight in after life. They can also be used to awaken an interest in the study of various natural phenomena and other forms of nature study. The poetical selections are skillfully arranged to celebrate the seasons and the months, commencing with September, the beginning of the school year, and closing with Lowell's beautiful description of a day in June. The illustrations are most beautiful and appropriate. An intense love of nature, an enriched imagination and a strengthened ethical sentiment will result from the study of this book by children. No better book could be put in their hands, either at home or in school.

"Gems of School Song," selected and edited by Carl Betz, Supervisor of Music, public schools, Kansas City, Mo. Cloth.

4to. 190 pages. Price, 70 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. This is a choice collection of songs, suitable for children of all ages and for schools of different grades. Notwithstanding the numerous books of this class there is still a demand for good, fresh and tuneful songs for school use, and this book certainly meets this want the best of any we have seen. The songs represent a large and varied repertory, including those favorites of the past, which are ever fresh, and the latest and best of the present. Many of the songs are those which are used in the schools of Germany and for the most part have never before been published with English words. They are arranged topically, leaving the selection of pieces for particular occasions to the taste and judgment of the teachers. The following outline will give a good idea of the subjects, number, and character of the songs included in this book. Morning (10 pieces), Evening and Night (17), Lullabies (3), Spring (27), Summer (15), Autumn and Winter (11), Forest and Stream (15), Flowers (10), Birds and other Creatures (19), Home (30), the Hunter (6), the Soldier (5), Pleasure (19).

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
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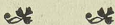
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