

Vol. 12.

June, 1904.

No. 10.

The Echo

— AN —
EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE JOURNAL

Sexagesimal

Reunion Number

STATE
NORMAL COLLEGE
ALBANY, N.Y.

JOHN H. KATTREIN

ENGRAVER
PRINTER
AND STATIONER

COLLEGE
WORK

45 MAIDEN LANE

Buy the
REGAL SHOES

\$3.50

at

MILLER'S

34 and 36 Maiden Lane

EYRES

SOCIETY
... FLORIST ...

ROSES====ROSES====ROSES

THOUSANDS OF FRESH VIOLETS DAILY AT EYRES'.

GRADUATION BOQUETS AND DECORATIONS.

BOTH PHONES 208

11 NO. PEARL STREET

THE ARGUS COMPANY

BOOK : AND : JOB

PRINTERS

BROADWAY AND BEAVER STREET
ALBANY, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1827

34 S. PEARL ST.

JAMES MIX

ALBANY, N. Y.

Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches, Sterling Silverware
Rich Cut Glass and Bric-a-Brac

SOCIETY PINS, ETC.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

THE ECHO.

VOL. 12.]

ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE, 1904.

[No. 10.]

Silent Prayer.

The evening prayer at my knee had been said,
And I tucked my wee girlie all snug in her
bed.

We exchanged "Pleasant dreams;" it was
this way, you see,
I told her what to dream of and then she
told me.

I wished her a dream of a gay fairy band,
Coming down on a moonbeam from moon
fairyland,
And dancing about near her crib in the way
That fay children do when their ring games
they play.

And she wished me a dream of two big
Christmas trees,
Full of all sorts of playthings, (the kind that
would please
A small child like herself), then closed her
bright eyes,
To await the dream fairies' joyful surprise.

But opened them quickly again as she said,
"I want to go over and kneel by your bed,
And pray the way you do; may I, Mother
dear?"

I nodded permission, quite curious just here
To see what would happen. The little bare
feet
Pattered over the carpet, so noiseless and
fleet,
And the dear baby clasped her small hands
and knelt down,
A cherub, with white robe and fair shining
crown.

She knelt there in silence for some time, and
then
Hastened back satisfied to her own crib
again,

"And what did you say, little girl?" ques-
tioned I,

"Why, nuffin, of course," came the ready
reply. — F. W. B.

A Western "Early Service."

A bright Sabbath "morning climbed
the world's great side with light," and
the sun's warm rays began to melt the
diamond dewdrops into fine atmos-
pheric moisture. It was the hour when
on other days "Labor with its hundred
hands, is knocking at the golden gates
of the morning," but on this morning
the profound hush of silent night was
still undisturbed save by the numerous
wings of great hosts of honey bees
a-wooing among a million orange blos-
soms and countless roses in the sur-
rounding yard.

As I took seat on the porch, the early
service of silence and thanksgiving was
in progress and became profoundly im-
pressive. The clear, pure atmosphere
was unclouded by the smoke of break-
fast fires, and the early birds were
shaking themselves into wakefulness.
The bees seemed unusually active, as
they discovered that the lusty and am-
bitious young oranges were pushing
aside their infantile surroundings, and
their long white blossom robes were
falling like large snowflakes slowly
down through the stillness. On a near-
by window sill an industrious little lin-

net was earnestly trying to get some pieces of soft string which were tied to the fixtures of the window blinds. She needed the pieces of string in her nest-building enterprise. After tugging with great energy at one piece after another, she became a little discouraged and flew away to consult with her mate. Soon both came and renewed the effort but without success. They flew away again for further conference and soon returned in eager determination. During their absence I quietly cut the strings loose and into convenient lengths so that in their third attempt they were most joyfully successful and all the pieces soon disappeared. Let no one even whisper to them that their final success was not wholly attributable to their own individual determination and persistence.

But I had interrupted the worshipful early service of silence by helping to build a linnet's nest in an orange tree. Other interruptions soon followed. Now, the subdued but reproachful call of a maternal hen to her wandering chicks,—now, a robin in the tree top changed the program and led in singing. In the sweetest tremulous voice she shook her noisy throat in quaint melody, and a score of other early birds with chirp and twitter joined in the lively orchestral chorus. And now Sir Chanticleer struts to the front, boastful and proud of his following flock, and interjects a rousing "*Glory Hallelujah.*" I stepped in to the piano and gave them a resounding doxology, and with uplifted hands, a silent benediction, then retired to the library.

Thus ended an early Sunday service on a May morning in a Sutter county, California, home, May 8, 1904.

T. C. Estee, '53.

Further Evidence.

On the crest of the protecting levee along the Feather river, and near Yuba City, California, a good old Dutchman has lived for years, employed as watchman on a section of the levee, and with him his wife and child. Their home was a rude shanty. Not long ago his wife and child left for the great beyond, and he, with his faithful dog, became the only occupant. He was an exemplary man usually, but did not live a professionally religious life. In his lonely isolation he became moody, reflective and reminiscent of his life's errors. Growing more and more despondent he soon gave additional testimony corroborative of accepted theories concerning a future life.

A few weeks since "a storm came out of a cloud by night," and at a forty-mile pace came upon him. It rushed upon him and his shanty with all the potential energy of the storm king. Infuriated, it shook his rickety shanty, rattled on his roof and pelted him with hosts of liquid bullets. The good old Dutchman almost saw himself with his faithful dog and shanty in the torrential river. The sleepless and terrifying night was followed by a quiet, serene morning, with a few straggling clouds which could not keep up with the storm lazily floating by and dropping their scattered bullets down through the sunlight, an unwelcome and unworthy contribution from the skyloft gallery, like the buttons in the country church contribution hat.

The experiences of the riotous night brought an exceeding moody spell upon the good old Dutchman, who fell into soliloquy as he laid down his pipe, about as follows: "Vatch, Vatch," whereupon the dog raised his head, pricked up his ears and turned his in-

quiring eyes to his master. "I say, Vatch, I vish I vas you and you vas I. You see, Vatch, ven you die you vas ded, don'd it? I baid you two tollars of dot." Vatch twisted his neck, scratched his ear with his hind foot and rose to listen more attentively. "But ven I die it vas different. Ven I die I don'd vas ded yet. I must go to hell alretty, und shday a long time, und neffer coom back to mine home any more, don'd it? I baid you two tollars of dot, too. O, mine gracious."

T. C. Estee, '53.

The Pedagogy of History in Secondary Schools.

History, in the usual interpretation of the term, is thought to be made up of a series of events closely related by time, place or other external conditions. This idea is fast giving way to the new and more fundamental conception of history as a process of growth. Underlying the events, which stand out as landmarks, are ideas and institutions, which must be studied before the events themselves can have any real significance. The pupils must be made to realize that the event is but the expression of an underlying principle or idea. This conception must be gained before the fundamental principles can be recognized.

These principles, especially those of continuity and differentiation, while not given their respective terms, may be shown to be those underlying the entire growth of history. Further than this, the five lines of institutional development, viz., political, religious, social, industrial and educational, under which all events may be classified, as to causes and results, must be discovered and made a part of the pupil's concept of history. The important place which dates held in

the old method of teaching history has been supplanted by a realization of the actual importance of cause and effect and the only relative value of time. All of these and many more may be said to be the fundamental principles which must be considered in all history works. It would not be, however, until the pupil has reached the latter part of his high school course or even the first part of his college work that these principles would be given technical names and studied as such. For example, in tracing the development of architecture from the crude hut of the savage to the "skyscraper," palace or cathedral of to-day, a child in the grades would not be told that the principles of continuity and differentiation were involved in this, but would simply be led to see that one and the same idea was the impelling force, while the apparent changes simply marked the expansion of that idea.

Before the matter of how history shall be taught in the schools can be taken up, the teachers themselves must be considered. There has been, and still exists in the minds of some principals, school boards and even teachers, the false notion that history can be taught by any one competent to teach at all, and that special preparation is not necessary for this branch of work. In this day of specialties along all lines of the teaching profession history should have a prominent place. Is there any other subject as broad and comprehensive in the entire curriculum of our school to-day? Is there any other subject which is so closely related to and interwoven with all other branches of work? If this is granted, and it can scarcely be gainsaid, ought not the teacher of history to have very careful preparation? A high school course in history, however com-

plete, cannot in itself furnish sufficient preparation. From two to four years at least of collegiate work should be required of any applicant for a history position. Time is absolutely necessary in which to take up the different branches of this great subject and thoroughly study them. Original investigation and research should form a part of this preparation, for until the teacher can weigh and determine the relative values of different authorities and sources he cannot lead the pupils to do so. No more can he induce them to do any research work, which is indispensable in high school, if he is not familiar with the method of doing this. So we claim as a necessity a thoroughly trained student of history as a teacher of the same.

In turning our attention to history as taught in the schools, we find that one of the most fundamental defects in the history work of the grades below the high school is its lack of unity. Even in one grade the work is apt to consist of a series of lessons having no relation to one another, while that of the grades, as a whole, is entirely disconnected and lacking in unity. The work should be progressive, that of one grade leading up naturally and logically to that of the next. If, as is very often the case, primary work in history is along the line of American history only, the children have no basis for their work and fail to grasp its true significance.

It is claimed by many authorities that the life of a child corresponds with that of the race. He passes through the stage of the primitive Aryan, where the physical world puzzles and mystifies him, and where superstition, built upon a vivid imagination, holds sway. The next stage seems to be that of the

Spartan and Roman, physical prowess and the law of right and justice standing out as the most prominent factors of his life. Later, the age of chivalry appeals to his desire for romantic adventure, and his life for the time has as its ideal the "Knights of the Round Table," etc. This is followed by the love of stories of actual discovery and adventure. If these various phases or stages of the child's life could be met by corresponding phases in the world's history, a foundation, firm and sure, would be laid, upon which could be built, with a comprehension of its meaning, the history of this new world of ours. The pupil can be led to understand that it is not so much the natural as the moral and intellectual environment of the chief nations of the earth which has made their history what it is. This idea of adapting certain epochs of history to corresponding periods in a child's life is based upon the "Culture Epoch" theory. Primary work should be given in the form of stories. These should be interesting and should appeal to the imagination of the child. To do this, they must be in concrete form and possess the qualities of unity and simplicity. The language, also, should be adapted to the age of the pupil. History in the story form may be used to advantage up to the eighth and ninth grades, where it must begin to assume the form of study and work.

In the eighth and ninth grades American history can be taken up. With the foundation of European history already laid, it will not be difficult to lead the pupils to see why the colonists came to America. The work of these two years should be largely that of the class room. A text-book

may be used to supplement the classroom work and for reference, but it should not be made the basis of the work. The teacher should map out the work in advance, taking into consideration the environment of her pupils and on what grounds she can appeal to their interest and make best use of facts of local history. Some home work may be assigned in connection with the work of these grades, such as brief sketches of the lives of famous men, stories of local history, map work, etc. Frequent tests are desirable to keep the chief points in mind, while tabulation of data is of great assistance to the pupils. The children should be encouraged to bring illustrative material such as pictures, Indian relics, stories, etc., for use in class. From the work in the eighth and ninth grades, the pupils should be led to see some of the more difficult problems which grow out of the nature of history itself, as well as the methods of its investigation.

When the high school is reached, "History," as some one has phrased it, "must partake of the nature of general information, but must also be concrete enough to develop a certain amount of historic sense." Many authorities offer curricula of history work in the high school, in which they agree for the most part on the work of the first and fourth years, but differ as to that of the intervening ones. A course which offers as few objectionable features as any, and many points in its favor, is the following:

First Year.—Greek and Roman History.

Second Year.—Mediaeval and Modern History.

Third Year.—English History.

Fourth Year.—Advanced U. S. History and Civics.

The Greek and Roman history of the first year lay a basis for that of mediaeval and modern, which in turn is a foundation for English history. The latter certainly ought to precede any advanced work in American history, as that of our mother country, from which so many of our ideas of government are derived. In speaking of United States or American history, the word "Advanced" is used because the elementary work was taken up in the eighth and ninth grades. It is for the first time, in the high school, that a text-book is used for the subject-matter of the class work, but even here that is not sufficient. A choice, even though small, collection of books on history should be placed at the disposal of the pupils for reference work, and frequent assignments should be made requiring the use of these books. The use of blue prints, Perry and Cosmos pictures will make the notebooks of the pupils a source of interest and competition. There are many such devices to be made use of in securing the interest, enthusiasm and co-operation of the pupils.

The results of such courses of history work, from the primary grades up through the high school, are not difficult to see. Primary history work forms a basis for language work, and can be correlated with the geography work, to the great advantage of both. It is also closely related to the other subjects taken up in high school. The development of character is greatly influenced by the study of history. A pupil invariably has one historical character whom he conceives a great admiration for and whom he attempts to imitate. The demand for the use of judgment in the re-

search work of the high school also tends toward the development of character, as it affords training in justice, liberality and many other desirable traits. A breadth of view is obtained in this work which is unsurpassed by any other study. Thus we find arguments in plenty to plead for a systematic course of history work throughout the schools.

Gene Ethel Markham, '04.

Report of the Sexagesimal-Year Reunion of the Alumni Association of the State Normal College, Albany.

One of the most enjoyable reunions in the history of the College was held Thursday and Friday, June nine and ten. Despite the fact that all schools were in operation at the time, a good representation of graduates registered the first day, and an unusually large number participated in the reception and the banquet Friday evening. This fact alone speaks volumes for the loyalty and interest felt by the alumni of this Alma Mater. A special feature of the occasion was the class reunion of the decennial classes of '54, '64, '74, '84 and '94.

This is a somewhat new departure on the part of the executive committee in planning successive reunions, and splendid results are looked forward to in future efforts, as it already is looked upon as an established and worthy custom.

On Friday afternoon at three o'clock the literary exercises were held in Normal Hall. The following program was rendered.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

COLLEGE HALL, 3 P. M., JUNE 9.

Greeting song, by Miss Mary A. McClelland, '68.

MELODY, "AMERICA."

Now thanks to God above,
That through his watchful love
We meet once more.

We come from valley wide,
From rugged mountain side
From ocean's surging tide,
From rocky shore.

To grasp a schoolmate's hand,
Make strong old friendship's band,
We've gathered here;
To tell the deeds we've done,
The honors fairly won,
O'erlook the race we've run,
Each other cheer.

For His own guiding hand,
Through drear and desert land,
Through wilds untrod;
For stars in darkest night,
For skill to yield aright
The sword in fiercest fight,
Thanks be to God.

If we have taught the eye
To read in earth and sky
Thy art divine —
Have taught the heart to feel
The love Thy laws reveal,
Thy care for human weal —
The work was Thine.

If error's bonds we've riven,
The noble impulse given
To do the right;
Then hear us while we raise
The voice in joyous lays —
To thee ascribe all praise,
Thou God of might!

Forgive us that we've strayed,
Pardon the failures made,
Our prayer receive.
Ere yet the day is done,
Ere sinks the western sun,
Forgive, thou Holy One,
Do thou forgive!

Prayer, Rev. Wm. Prall, Ph. D., LL. D., D. D.

Part song, "O Lovely Month of Roses" (Gaul), Elizabeth F. Stevens, Mabel Cary, Elizabeth C. Tucker, Florence B. Haviland, Clara E. Ball, Lavina S. Cole.

Address of welcome, Wm. J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D., President of State Normal College.

Solo, a "When Love Is Gone" (Stebbins), b "The Violet" (Jennie P. Black), Miss A. Rose Markham.

Address, L. M. Burdick, '80, President of the Alumni Association.

Solo, "Burst Ye Apple Buds" (Emery), Miss Mabel Cary.

Address, Beverly A. Smith, '79.

Part song, "Carmena" (Mildenburg).

Solo, "Sing On" — waltz song — (Denza), Miss Elizabeth F. Stevens.

Benediction.

A very pleasing feature of the program was the music rendered by young ladies of the glee class, who did efficient work under the direction of Prof. Belding.

Following the introductory numbers Dr. Milne extended a hearty welcome in the following words of greeting:

DR. MILNE'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Milne delivered the address of welcome to the large number of graduates of former years who assembled in the hall for the exercises of the Alumni Association. He congratulated the association on the prospect of such a successful reunion of members of former classes.

He reminded them of the fact that the sixty years during which the Normal College had been in existence were the most strenuous and progressive of any similar period in the world's history, and that more has been done to civilize mankind, to develop its power and to increase its comfort than in any century of the past.

He reminded them, too, of the fact that the Normal College had kept pace with the progress of the years; that the advancement in scholarship and the devotion to professional study had increased as rapidly and as fully as had been the advancement in the fields of science, industry and the mechanic arts. He said that the 5,000 graduates and an

equal number of under-graduates who had been teaching throughout this State and other States had done an immense work in the line of educational advancement; and the inspiration of the years spent here had developed into a zeal for learning that made the graduates conspicuous wherever they had been.

More than fifty of them had been college presidents and professors, two hundred of them had been principals and teachers in normal schools; a large number of them superintendents of city and other schools; and the large list of principals of high schools, grammar schools and other schools contains names that are in their special lines of work among the famous in our land.

He referred to the fact that more than fifty men and women had been authors of repute, mostly in the lines of education.

He emphasized the fact that now more scholarship was required for admission into the Normal College than was required for graduation thirty years ago; and he announced the important change that is likely to be wrought in the future in that the conditions for admission are to be increased, and the scope of the institution greatly enlarged, so that in a few years the efficiency and rank of the Normal College will be equal to, or greater, than that of any similar institution in America.

He referred to one striking matter, namely, the proportion of men and women who have been graduated during the sixty years of the institution's existence. Dividing the period of the College's existence into periods of fifteen years, he said during the first fifteen years forty-five per cent of the gradu-

ates were men; during the second period only twenty-eight per cent were men; during the third period only twenty-seven per cent were men; during the next period, which includes the graduates of the last fifteen years, only fifteen per cent are men. This shows the tendency of the age to turn education into the hands of the women.

He referred to the report of the Moseley Commission, which condemns our school system because of the lack of the influence of men upon the young, and suggested that at present there was no indication of any serious loss because of the predominance of women teachers, but rather he commended the character of the American youth in our schools and believed that the spirit displayed by them was far more manly and gentlemanly than that discovered in the schools of similar grade in England.

He said that there had been eight men in charge of the institution during the sixty years, and that he had been at the head of it for one-fourth of that time, and Dr. Alden had also held his position for a similar period. That during his own administration one-third of the whole number of students had been graduated, and that probably one-half of the living ones were persons to whom he had given instruction and with whom he was acquainted.

He assured the association that there would be no step backward, that the demands for higher scholarship would be insisted upon, and that a more comprehensive and scholarly study of the principles of education and of methods of teaching would be exacted, and that the development of the highest character would be an end in the future as it had always been in the past.

President Burdick's address was as follows:

I have a confession to make. I am not what I seem. I am a mistake, a fraud, an accident. Let me explain.

At the last business meeting of this association two men, whose whitened locks bore evidence of years of discretion and wisdom, were making up a slate. I believe that's what it is called. They had proceeded as far as — For President, Marcus Weed, of Brooklyn.

Now note the occasion of my temptation and subsequent trials and tribulations. These two came to me and asked me to accept the nomination for vice-president. They painted its advantages to me in roseate colors. They explained the amount of free advertising I would get with no labor connected therewith.

It so happened that I am afflicted with a sort of vice-presidential mania. I have been vice-president of countless numbers of associations of various kinds. Dr. Milne will, perhaps, remember that when he recently attended a dinner of the Male Teachers' Association of the city of New York, my name appeared as vice-president. My wife says she thinks there is a vice-presidential microbe, and that I am especially susceptible to it.

With due reluctance, therefore, I accepted the nomination, and was elected with the others on the slate. After several months of fancied security, rumor came to me that Mr. Marcus Weed declined with regret. I added mine, and that made a pair of regrets. How many more the members of the executive committee added to this pair I had no means of finding out.

You see the members of the execu-

tive committee were in an embarrassing position. The question was, "Shall we allow a vice-president to preside, or shall we exercise our prerogative and elect a president?" Finally they decided to "try it on the dog." They elected me president.

Hence, as I said in the beginning, I am only an accidental presiding officer; a victim of circumstances. I hope you will bear with me and forgive the committee.

Besides, those two men who tempted me were to blame. One of them is a State officer and the other a prominent physician of this city, but I refrain from mentioning their names because I have known and respected their families for many years.

Prof. William James says: "The outward organization of education which we have in our United States is perhaps, on the whole, the best organization that exists in any country. Having so favorable an organization, all we need is to impregnate it with geniuses to get superior men and women working more and more abundantly in it and for it, and in a generation or two America may well lead the education of the world. I must say that I look forward with no little confidence to the day when that shall be an accomplished fact."

This sounds optimistic; but, coming from a man like Professor James, it seems worthy of thought. That giant strides have been made in the right direction during the past generation or two, I believe all will be willing to admit.

The educational qualification demanded of the teacher to-day, even in remote districts, is much higher than formerly, and is constantly increasing.

Many of the teachers who kept school when some of us were pupils, and who to this day are painful memories in more respects than one, could find no place in the schools of to-day. The man who worked his little farm in summer and taught the district school during the winter months for four or five dollars a week, and boarded himself, is seen no more in all the land.

The Normal School has been a most potent factor in working this change. The people were not slow to recognize the fact that the young man and the young woman who had been trained in methods of instruction made the more successful teachers. Institutes held throughout the country and presided over by able conductors, and associations of various kinds where teachers have met together to discuss methods of instruction and the multitude of class room problems which have confronted them, have proved of great value.

This has continued. Our State Normal Schools have increased in numbers and efficiency, State Normal Colleges have been established, city Normal Schools have been founded with special practice departments; also training schools for teachers, until now our schools are well supplied with teachers professionally trained.

But this is not the end. After preparing themselves in the subject-matter which they are to teach, after becoming conversant with fundamental psychological laws and methods, and broadening their intellectual horizon by a large fund of general information, these pedagogues themselves are not satisfied. The results which they obtain do not meet their expectations; they look for better things.

To meet this new situation extension courses have been established in colleges

and universities. Think of the thousands of teachers in New York city and vicinity who are taking special courses in Columbia University, the University of the City of New York and other extension centers. Courses in education, psychology, domestic science, economics, fine arts, nature study, music, natural science, history, etc. Think of men and women spending their time, money and energy taking this labor upon themselves while teaching, or spending their vacations at summer schools — sometimes both. Surely the way of the school teacher is easy.

It may be that the motive which actuates some of them is not the ideal one — the love of the knowledge itself; it may be that their real motive is the hope of material advancement and consequent higher salary. No matter. The result is the same — a multitude of teachers better able to cope with the educational problems of to-day.

To me one of the most favorable symptoms of educational progress is what I shall term the educational union. The time was when we had primary schools, grammar schools, academies, high schools, colleges and what not, without once thinking of the relation of the one to the other. They were all units in themselves instead of forming as they should a unit. The greatest gap was that existing between the college and university and the secondary schools. If a young man wished to enter college he was obliged to go to a preparatory school or get a private tutor. I see no reason why a boy or girl should not be able to enter the elementary school, passing through kindergarten, primary and grammar grades; thence to the high school, and from that to college and university without a single break. Some

progress has been made toward this end, and in time it will be worked out.

All these things are hopeful and tend to justify Prof. James' optimism. But there are dangers in the way. I have time to mention only two or three.

First, we are still in the experimental stage of the science. I know no people who ride hobbies so fast and so furiously and change their mount so often as teachers. I have had vertigo several times myself in attempting to "follow my leader." Prof. James writes fourteen hundred pages on psychology, then in the last chapter says he doesn't know much about psychology — that the science is in its infancy. If it has grown to fourteen hundred pages in infancy, what shall we do with it when it reaches the adult stage?

The increase in population in this country is confined largely to cities until they begin to count their people by the million. In New York city over half a million children are in the public schools. What an army! What a factory! What millions of miles of red tape are produced annually! How great is the system and how infinitely small is the individual teacher who does the work! I believe an educational system can be too large for one head; I believe a school can be too large for one principal. A school with more than two thousand children in it is such a one.

Then the foreign element. Think of the thousands upon thousands of foreigners who enter our gates each year to find permanent homes. Some schools in our cities are filled largely with the children of foreigners, many of whom are outcasts from their native land. And these children are to be made useful citizens of this great commonwealth.

One thing more and I am done. It is

a sad thing that so few young men and young women begin teaching with the professional spirit. So many men look upon teaching as a genteel way of earning a little money to prepare themselves for some other profession or to gain a little capital to begin business with, and so many women use it as a stepping-stone to matrimony. I do not wish to discourage the young man in his desire to become a lawyer, a physician, or a minister, neither do I wish to throw a wet blanket on the young woman's ambition to enter that which has been called "woman's sphere," but I do wish to see the teaching profession looked upon and looked up to as a real profession.

To this end, as I quoted to you in the beginning, "All we need is to impregnate it with geniuses, to get superior men and women working more and more abundantly in it and for it."

We look to such institutions as the Albany Normal College to furnish us with these geniuses. Give us teachers filled with professional enthusiasm; teachers with interest in their work, with tact, power of leadership and common sense; teachers with a knowledge of fundamental psychological laws and good methods, and with the further knowledge that there may be — aye, is a difference between theory and practice — between the ideal and the real. When in contact with the real, strive for the ideal.

Do this and we will rest and hope.

ADDRESS OF BEVERLY J. SMITH, '79.

I have a distinct recollection of the day when I received my sheepskin in the old building at the corner of Lodge and Howard streets. I recollect that my heart was in my throat, is there now, and has been there ever since, but I took it

and said "Thank you." I remember a great many things in connection with that particular occasion. I remember what life looked like to me that day, and I have some sort of a conception of what life looks like to me to-day, after twenty-five years have gone by.

There are men and women of that famous Class of '79 no longer living, and I drop a wreath of memory over their graves. There was a man in the faculty, a man whose life influenced mine, a great teacher and a great man, who was cut off early in his career, and yet impressed men and women with the nobleness of the cause, and that man was Joseph S. St. John. He is gone, but his memory is with us. A prince of men, a rather magnificent man, for there can be such things, an acute, enthusiastic, happy-hearted, progressive, cheerful, charming, chivalrous gentleman was Joseph S. St. John, and on this occasion it is but just that this little word might drop to his memory.

There are four persons in this faculty that lead me to the school, and as long as they live and are associated with it I shall feel it a delight to return, and I think of those four persons with the highest degree of respect. They know it, and I declare now publicly that the men and women who have influenced me most in whatever success I have had in life and whatever I have performed in promoting to some degree happiness and joy in the lives of others are Professor Husted, Professor Jones, Miss McClellan and Miss Stoneman. I have not yet had the opportunity to take dear Uncle Billy by the hand, but I hope to do so before I leave here. I would just like to use the other names of Miss Stoneman and Miss McClellan, but I have not the heart.

But it is past, ladies and gentlemen, and

the future is before us, and we are bound to determine what the future shall be by the use the past has been. In connection with men and women who want to be teachers I have had a feeling that somehow or other the teacher is an out-cast among men and women; that is, that in political questions the teacher, it is thought, ought to stand aside and have nothing to say. I would protest against that. I am a teacher. I glory in it. There is no other profession that makes so much for the future of the race, for the future of mankind, and for our city and State as this work of teaching. We who come from the city of New York have to weld and mold into some sort of a form more than three thousand people every year, and in some sort of a way teach them that this country is the place where they ought to be; that this is the place where they can best give their service to God and the human race and themselves; a place where they can be made human beings in the right sense, capable and self-controlled. This is the duty we have in the city of New York; this is the obligation that is laid upon us, and there are many teachers there to do that work. I consider that profession as the highest, the greatest, the best kind of work in which men and women can be engaged, and we ought to bind ourselves together. We ought never to go into our shells and feel that the fact that we are preparing our work for the next day excuses us, and that is the only work we have to do.

I wish to pay a tribute, as far as I am able, to the graduates of this school; some that went before that famous committee on cities and that pleaded that there might be set aside out of the public funds a sum of money that might be entirely and exclusively devoted to the pay-

ment of teachers; that the schools of the city of New York should not be left until prisons and other public needs were provided for. This is the policy we have been preaching for a number of years. We asked the Legislature to set aside a fund to be used exclusively as teachers' salaries, and I am happy to say that in that movement there were men and women, graduates of the Normal College in the city of Albany, who stood shoulder to shoulder to bring their influence to bear on the Legislature, and that a large sum of money in the city of New York is set aside exclusively for the teachers.

That tribute is to be paid to the graduates of this school, and I am glad to say that I look upon it as what may be called a true professional spirit of teachers. You cannot estimate the work of the professional teacher in the same way as that of the lawyer. You can estimate what the lawyer can do. I say, "Here is the situation; defend it and if you succeed in winning this case I will give you so much." But with the teacher's work it is different. You cannot determine in dollars and cents in a fixed amount the result of one teacher's work against another. Who can estimate the influence of Dr. St. John or Dr. Milne? Their worth cannot be computed in dollars and cents.

It is hard to impress upon the public the amount that shall be paid for teachers' salaries, and until the amount is adequate the profession of teaching will not attract to it men and women who want to make it their life work.

Those of you who have been taking up training and instruction, preparing to take hold of pedagogic training, know that this system, this practise, this science is the thing that makes you more valuable as a teacher in the future than

those who graduated from this institution thirty, forty or fifty years ago. Now I plead for that professional spirit; that determination of service by contributions to the public press, by any form of influence that you possess, that you use your influence upon this one point—that the amount of money which shall be set aside for your support shall not be left to the determination of local authorities, but by bringing your influence to bear upon the Legislature of the State of New York secure an amount fixed by law, and as in the city of New York, secure a degree of independence and sense of security that will permit the highest professional work with the least possible friction.

I have been somewhat struck in reading this little extract from Ian Maclaren, the prayer of the Scotch schoolmaster: "Lord, deliver them from lying, cheating, deceit and stealing. Be pleased to put common sense into their hearts, and give them grace to be honest men to the best of their knowledge." This is the secret of the teacher's work. This is the real substance of the work we have to perform in this world. It does not make any difference whether we are professional teachers or not—that is the work of any person who in any way comes in contact with human beings in his daily work. That prayer is full of good sense and philanthropy. The last line is the most impressive—the charge to be true.

As I review the history of the work of the forty-one men and women who were members of my class I find that in a very large degree they have fulfilled that purpose. They have been imbued with common sense.

I would like to say something that might be paternal from this class of '79 that I represent. I am not here to give

you any words of admonition, but out of the experience of life's years it seems to me there ought to be something to be said to those who are about to leave this institution, and I do not know of anything that is of more value than the prayer of this Scotch schoolmaster. First, its admonition that we shall be at least honest to the best of our knowledge, and second, that above everything we shall be absolutely true to whatever ideals we have for our future usefulness. Our ideals may not always be the same; there are surroundings in life that will change our ideals. I do not know anything that is of a higher degree of value even to those of greater years than that they in their work shall be true to their ideals. It will have the tendency to make them more valuable, and, second, perpetuate so far as is possible for human beings to perpetuate, the usefulness and the future of this institution.

I am glad, ladies and gentlemen, to have had the pleasure of standing here this evening. It has been an honor. These words have come out of a heart that is very full of love for this institution. Here I got whatever of education I possess. Here I received the incentive to do something in this work. Here I tried at least to be true to my name and to my teaching, and here I tried to form some sort of an ideal of life. Whatever I have been able to do I owe entirely and exclusively to the influence that was here exerted on my life.

The following alumni registered at the College during the reunion exercises: Henry B. Pierce, '50; Thomas G. Smith, '52; Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, '52; Mrs. Lucy S. Hoy, '54; Miss Buckelew, '54; Miss Harriette E. Ab-

bott, '54; Lyman G. Wilder, '54; Rensselaer Howell, '54; Mrs. J. M. McRoberts, '55; A. N. Husted, '55; H. A. Wilcox, '57; Mrs. A. N. Husted, '60; Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney, '61; Miss Minnie K. Adams, '63; Mrs. Sarah C. Cameron, '63; C. K. Judson, '64; Daniel F. Payne, '64; Adelaide M. Sheak, '64; Ernestine Stockwell, '66; Kate Stoneman, '66; Frances A. Westover, '67; W. W. Westervelt, '67; William V. Jones, '68; Mary A. McClelland, '68; H. E. Mereness, '69; Mary E. Chase, '71; Mrs. W. V. Jones, '71; Mrs. Edgar Miller, '71; Mary M. Shaw, '71; Mrs. Sherman Williams, '71; Sherman Williams, '71; Mrs. Donald Watson, '72; Lydia C. Chase, '72; Annah T. Lewis, '72; Mrs. W. E. Snyder, '72; Mrs. Anne Hyland, '73; Mrs. Joel C. Van Horne, '73; Eleanora Wark, '73; Sarah A. Carey, '73; Kate A. Sawyer, '74; Mrs. Walter Van Vorst Marsh, '74; Mrs. Mary D. Hinds, '77; Herbert C. Hinds, '77; Imogene Adams, '77; Isabelle Miller, '78; Mrs. H. E. Gorham, '78; Belle MacKinnon, '79; Mrs. William Campbell, '79; Mrs. Frank E. Warner, '79; Mrs. Charlotte E. Lartee, '79; Byron M. Child, '79; Mrs. William G. Drake, '79; Mrs. Ella B. Hallock, '79; Mrs. George H. Fort, '79; Beverly A. Smith, '79; W. A. E. Cummings, '79; Dr. C. S. Edsall, '79; Mrs. George H. Brown, '80; Mrs. Mary A. McGraw, '80; Loron M. Burdick, '80; Charlotte Middlebrook, '81; Mrs. Emma A. Ball, '81; Mrs. Lina G. Clark, '82; Katharine A. Cullen, '82; Mrs. G. E. Cary, '83; L. J. McMullen, '83; LaMott Day, M. D., '84; Mrs. Cornelia M. Day, '84; Mrs. Charles G. Moak, '84; Mary E. Berns, '84; James M. Edsall, '84; Mrs. Julia R. Ashmall, '84; Walter A. Wood, '84; E. Helen Hannahs, '84; Ida M. Isdell, '84; Anna E. Pierce, '84; Mrs. Arthetta R. Blessing, '84; Lynn J. Arnold, '84; Ida M. Babcock, '84; Ellen Sullivan, '86; Lillian I. Phillips, '86 and '04; Mary A. Riley, '86; Mrs. R. W. Wickham, '86; Helen L. Sewell, '86 and '87; Mrs. W. B. Van Allen, '86; Edith Bodley, '86; Agnes Ruthven, '87; Lucy E. Bennett, '87; Edna H. Howard, '88; R. W. Wickham, '88; Mrs. J. H. Gardner, '88; Mrs. Martin L. Griffin, '89; Thomas E. Finnegan, '89; Grace O. Kyle, '90; Mira Snider, '90; Dudley Howe, '90; M. Irene Austin, '90; Mrs. Ella P. Easton, '90; Mrs. George E. Lilly, '90; Mrs. Mary E. Cameron, '90; Franklin C. Downing, '91; Minnie A. Grandey, '91; Mrs. Lillian B. Jennings, '91; Lillian Templeton, '91; Isabelle Hoppman, '91; Luenda Gregory, '92; Frances M. Crawford, '88 and '92; Henrietta R. Lyon, '92; Mrs. Sophia A. Cramer, '92; Harriette A. Lacy, '92; Alice H. Hall, '93; James R. White, '82 and '93; Stella E. Whittaker, '93; Frances M. Coleman, '93; Nellie H. Blood, '93; Mary Eccleston, '94; Mrs. W. B. Matterson, '94; Mrs. William M. Strong, '95; Aurelia Hyde, '95; Lucy H. Osborn, '96; Isabelle S. Barrett, '97; Mildred V. W. Patterson, '97; C. Stuart Gager, '97; Julia T. Ast, '97; Grace H. Cook, '98; William M. Strong, '98; Mrs. B. D. Snyder, '98; Helen C. Fritts, '98; Mrs. Bertha B. Gager, '98; Edith H. Nichols, '98; Sarah A. Collier, '98; Junius L. Meriam, '98; Anna L. Cameron, '98; Gertrude E. Hall, '98; Harriet C. Parker, '99; A. R. Coulson, '99; Harriet Bushnell, '00; Grace A. Jones, '00; Erasta M. Mealy, '00; Mary C. Robin-

son, '00; William B. Aspinwall, '00; Mrs. Florella H. Underwood, '00; Winifred R. Wright, '00; Eunice A. Perine, '00; Margaret Aspinwall, '00; Edith L. Blake, '01; Mary H. Knight, '01; Elizabeth V. Colburn, '02; Ada M. Kelly, '02; Caroline Ruth Horne, '02; Mabel Gordon, '02; Helen M. Balcom, '02; Fannie F. Brooks, '03; Arabella M. Welch, '03; Edith McCabe, '03; Ida M. Harrington, '03; Georgietta Willetts, '03.

On Friday morning, at ten, class reunions were held, and at eleven a business meeting.

A spirited discussion disclosed the fact that this seemed the most appropriate time of the year for the Association meeting, and all seemed to favor a banquet as an important closing feature.

A nominating committee was then appointed, consisting of Mr. Meriam, '98, chairman; Mr. Aspinwall, '00; Miss Babcock, '84; Mr. Smith, '79; Miss Miller, '78.

Appropriate resolutions were then introduced and adopted, in which all who co-operated to make this meeting a success were recognized by vote of thanks.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:

President — Beverley A. Smith, '79.

Vice-Presidents — First, R. W. Wickham, '88; second, Harriet Burton, '95; third, Miss Cornelia Jenkins Day, '84.

Secretary — Anna E. Pierce, '84.

Assistant Secretary — E. Helen Hannahs, '84.

Treasurer — Byron M. Child, '79.

Members of Executive Committee for Three Years — Dr. Henry E. Mereness, '69; Kate Stoneman, '66; Mrs. Ella Sloan Cameron, '90.

Friday evening, June tenth, at 7.30, Dr. and Mrs. Milne tendered a reception to the alumni and friends at Hotel Ten Eyck. The spacious ball-room was thronged with a brilliant company of more than 300. Most of them were graduates of this College, some dating back more than fifty years.

At 8.30 about 260 sat at the banquet tables, which filled the great dining-hall. Music was furnished throughout the courses by Holding's Orchestra.

Following the coffee, and just preceding the introduction of the toasts, Mrs. Lillian Burr Jennings, '91, delighted all with her rendition of two selections, "Yesterday" and the "Flower Girl," to the second of which she played an accompaniment in a finished manner.

The toastmaster then introduced the following speakers, who responded in appropriate words, elaborating the following suggestive thoughts.

Before introducing the speakers Mr. Burdick recited Scott's poem on "Patriotism" as the keynote of the attitude that the Alumni should take toward its College.

The first speaker was Rev. Herbert C. Hinds, D. D., who responded to the toast "To the Front." Superintendent James M. Edsall, of Brooklyn, spoke on "Educational Development;" Dr. Sherman Williams responded to the toast "Our Normal Schools;" Dr. William J. Milne spoke briefly on "Higher Ideals;" Dr. Albert Vander Veer on "The Regent;" Dr. Henry E.

Mereness on "Medicine;" Dr. Albert N. Husted on "Education;" Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney on "The Veterans." Other speakers were Mr. Junius L. Meriam, Miss Eunice A. Perrine.

CLASS OF '54.

The secretary, acting for the Class of 1854, reports that she sent out fifty-three notices. In response to this call to celebrate the golden anniversary of graduation from the State Normal School in Albany letters were received from fourteen members of the class. Of this number, four accepted and were present at the reunion banquet given at the Ten Eyck on the evening of June tenth. They were: Miss Sarah F. Buckelew, New York city; Mr. Rensselaer Howell (Mrs. Howell accompanied her husband), Newburgh; Mrs. Lucy M. Smith-Hoy, Albany, and Mr. Lyman C. Wilder, Hoosick Falls.

Letters of regret were received from the following-named members: Mr. Henry C. Baker, Hudson, Wis.; Mrs. Lydia K. Keyes-Becker, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Clara L. Baldwin-Cross, Toungoo, Burma; Mrs. Harriet Gorsline-Dingman, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Mary A. Ford, Delavan, Wis.; Mrs. Julia Abbott-Foster, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Cornelia M. Fitch-Parmelee, Piney Flats, Tenn.; Mrs. Julia Collier-Reynolds, Stockport, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen L. Taggart-Newland, Lawrenceville, N. Y.; Mrs. Cornelia T. Wilbur-Young, Fanwood, N. J..

For diverse reasons these graduates were unable to be present, but the letters sent by them showed loyalty to their Alma Mater and a touching interest in the surviving members of the class and warm affection for them.

Some recalled pictures of their classmates of half a century ago, pictures unfading even after this flight of so many years. Others gracefully paid tribute to the memory of their dearly-beloved president, Professor Woodworth, whose words, so often quoted in his petition, "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," seem still to be heard. Professor Plympton, too, the personification of gentlemanliness, as the class all felt, was lovingly remembered.

Mrs. Fitch-Parmelee sent a photograph of the old log church and its congregation in Piney Flats, Tenn. Mrs. Parmelee is superintendent of its Sunday school and has taught many of the children the three R's.

Mrs. Keyes-Becker sent the following verses, which she composed for the reunion:

The varying years, like shifting sands
Within the simple hour-glass,
Have hastened on to reach and turn
The fiftieth mile-stone of our Class.

Hail to the members, near or far
In spite of distance,—weather!
A truce we bear to Father Time
For just one hour together.

We fling the score of fifty years
For anyone to ponder,
And challenge Fate to duplicate
Our members here or yonder.

My mind a glowing picture holds
Of more than fifty graduates,
All pink and white and tender green —
Enthusiasts and infatuates!

They went, equipped to lead the strife —
To conquer, as each felt he must,
The hydra-headed monster, Wrong,
And lay him vanquished, in the dust.

And some fulfilled their mission bold —
Finished their work and passed from sight
Resplendent in heroic deeds
And doubly crowned by Love and Right.

Subscription Blank

Enclosed find.....Dollar

for Subscription to Normal College Echo for year 1904-1905.

Name.....

Address.....

Date of graduation.....

But other some, learned slow, toiled hard
 And strove, nor always gained;
 They saw the swift advancing years
 And little else by them attained.

Although for each the horoscope
 Of mingled shadow and of sun —
 Not one but had a proffered chance
 His finest race to run.

Now, garners filled and cargoes launched
 The toils and ills of life subdued,
 We wait with grateful hearts to join
 The throng with larger life imbued.

Hail, and farewell! if never more
 We meet upon this hither strand; —
 The shore we once discerned afar,
 Is nearing now — is close at hand.

Hail, and farewell! a generous freight
 Of heart-felt wishes forth I send
 To every mate of fifty-four,
 And blessings, — without end.

— Lydia Keyes Becker.

The four members of '54 present at the banquet sat together, and with them were Mrs. M. Louisa Campbell-McRoberts, of the following Class of '55. Mrs. McRoberts, who has lived in Pittsburg, Pa., for many years, shows her loyalty and interest by her faithful attendance at the reunions. Mrs. Howell attended with Mr. Howell.

The evening passed pleasantly, and this little group of the early days of the Normal separated, ready to sympathize with those of its ranks who had been in any way saddened, and eager to wish for all happiness and God-speed.

Lucy M. Smith-Hoy,
 Secretary for '54.

CLASS OF '64.

Both classes of '64 were represented at the meeting of Alumni this year, though the number was all too few, and this fact became more evident

after the meeting was over, and one could realize what keen enjoyment he had experienced, tempered only with regret, as one after another old faces and names came to mind that they were not all present, indeed.

Miss Sheak came on from Boston and entered into the affair apparently with as much interest as if she had just graduated.

Mr. Payne, from Essex county, was unable to remain after the first night, as his extensive power plant for generating electricity is being installed, and he is a hustler. He looks as if he had not got half way through life yet.

A most interesting incident was the report of Mrs. Whitlock M. Forfar, of New Rochelle, made in the persons of her two daughters — one doing work in the kindergarten at the College.

The class interest centers about the receptacle for letters and reports from the absent. They are plainly numbered according to the year and contain letters and photographs, clippings from newspaper articles, replies from friends, etc. Many of them are written from the far west and indicate at once the difficulty of having a complete reunion of the surviving members of the class.

It will be interesting to the '64's to know that there were more '54's present than '64's. Perhaps at their semi-centennial the '64's will realize their privilege of meeting.

The banquet was a grand success and ought to be a feature of every reunion. I wonder if the other classes would join the '64's in a proposal to make all graduates of ten years' standing eligible to permanent membership in the Alumni Association upon pay-

ment of a fee of five dollars? Five per cent of that would equal the annual fee and settle our interest in the Society for life, as well as provide a fund from which to draw for current expenses.

C. H. Judson.

CLASS OF '74.

School-land is joy-land,
 "When once you leave its portals,
 You can ne'er return again,—save at a
 reunion."

After thirty years some members of the Class of '74 met together in Room 207 of the College and read eagerly the letters in the drawer marked 1874—the drawer consecrated to the class and to which will be added the letters from some of the members received in answer to the invitation to attend the reunion. The letters from two of the members express so fully the feeling of the class that I send them to The Echo as embodying the sentiment of the Class of '74.

I am writing this letter because, though I have not sufficient self-esteem to keep alive hope that I am not forgotten, I do remember *you*—every one. You are as real to me as you were when it was our happy lot to meet in the dear old building at Howard and Lodge. I shall not name you, because I must make this letter too short to say what I would like. I haven't room for that nor have you the time to hear. But I *do* remember you all. Our relations were too close, our aims too unified, for me to forget those who trod the toilsome but pleasant road with me. So, accept this as my greeting and enjoy your brief association to the full, understanding that I am with you in spirit as I would I could be in the flesh.

Let me trespass upon your time and patience long enough to relate an incident. Since the days of '74 I have spent much of my time in the West. A few years ago business took me to New York. On my return I passed through Albany and remained there

a few hours. I spent the time walking the familiar streets. The first place I visited was the old school building. How many of you have done the same? I stood for some time gazing upon it, while memory brought before me scenes scarcely less real than those then before my vision. I do not know how you may feel under such circumstances, but what I felt has made me more charitable with the Hindoo at his shrine and the Mohammedan in his Sacred City. Far be it from me to decry progress; I know the new building and the new location, which I also saw, are far better than the old, but I am much mistaken if I have not the sympathy of the class of '74 in making of the old a shrine. Had I been sufficiently blessed by kindly fortune I would like to head a movement to purchase it for the use of those who, like me, cherish it for the good we accomplished there.

Once more, let me wish you a happy reunion. With best wishes for all until we shall meet for our final reunion above, whither some are already awaiting us, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Rounds.

I have deferred writing to inform you whether I can attend the reunion of the Normal College, hoping that it might be possible for me to do so. I find, however, that it will be quite impossible for me to do so. Our annual examinations are coming on, and it is not convenient for me to get away. There are a great many Albany Alumni in Newburgh, and I was in hopes the Board of Education would give us a day to visit our Alma Mater.

I send greetings to any of the '74 people who may be there. I wish I could see them all and take them by the hand. How quickly the years have gone! Most of us have done the greater part of our life work, and I feel sure that the '74 boys and girls have done it well. I have been true to my first love. With the exception of one year, I have taught continuously since I left the College. My life has been a busy one, for as many of my classmates know, I have written twelve text-books, Arithmetics and Algebras, which have been well received.

With best wishes for all.

Very cordially yours,

Geo. E. Atwood.

To be present at the banquet and to feel, by right of a bit of parchment, to rightly belong to a brilliant assemblage, to hear Dr. Husted speak in glowing and eloquent words of — sixty years ago; to meet Dr. Jones, who is, and always will be the same; to see Miss Stoneman looking so happy and so young that it seems but yesterday that you were in the class-room receiving a drawing lesson; to receive a cordial greeting from Miss McClelland, whose beautiful eyes are alight with remembrance, as her sweet, low-toned, cultured voice calls you by the name, so long unused you can scarcely remember the maiden to whom it belonged — thirty years ago; to hear Dr. Milne, the honored president of the College, to-day speak in eloquent words of the past and the present, is to be sure of the certainty of progress that will make the College of great renown in the future. To be an honored guest in the midst of it all is to have an experience not ever to be forgotten and to hold a memory gem priceless for thrice thirty years to come.

Secretary, '74.

CLASS OF '79.

The class of June, 1879, observed their twenty-fifth anniversary along with the other exercises connected with the reunion.

At the time of their graduation the class was composed of forty-one members, thirty-seven of whom survive. Mr. Beverley A. Smith, of New York city, and Mrs. Carrie Beattie Drake, of Newton, N. J., were the class secretaries. Letters were written to, and responses received from, every member of the class. Twelve members attended the reunion, some of whom

came back for the first time since graduation.

A pleasant feature of the occasion was the reception given to the class by Mr. and Mrs. Child at their home on Thursday evening.

The banquet table on Friday evening was specially decorated and cake was prepared and cut in commemoration of their silver anniversary. Taken all in all, it was an occasion never to be forgotten by those participating.

CLASS OF '84.

The reunion of the Classes of 1884 was celebrated by a dinner in the banquet hall of the Kenmore Hotel at ten o'clock on the evening of Thursday, June the ninth. Those who sat down to the table were: Arthetta Reed Blessing, Frederick S. Blessing, Julia K. Waldron Ashmall, George F. Ashmall, LaMott Day, Cornelia M. Jenkins Day, Ida M. Babcock, Ida M. Isdell, Anna E. Pierce, Lynn J. Arnold, Walter A. Wood, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Cameron, James Robert White and E. Helen Hannahs.

After the banquet messages and letters from twenty-four of our classmates unable to be present were read. The necrology was given by Miss Isdell. The original class prophecy by Emma Hard Mann was read by Mrs. Day. Several surprising fulfilments of Mrs. Mann's foresight amused the class and many interesting reminiscences were recalled. In spite of gray hairs and advancing years we succeeded in making ourselves "twenty to-night," and some were even younger. At the close of the evening all vowed to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary reunion in 1909.

A class meeting was held Friday morning at College, when four class children were present, Misses Wood and Ashmall, Masters Wood and Ashmall. At this meeting the photographs taken at our graduation were the subject of study and meditation.

On Friday evening, at the banquet at the Ten Eyck, special tables were assigned to the Class of 1884. Our number was increased by the attendance of Mary E. Berns, Mary E. Reid-Moak, Charles G. Moak and James M. Edsall.

Our only regret was that not more of our classmates could be with us. Those who came did so at the cost of much inconvenience and effort, but it was surely worth all it cost. Everyone who was here feels peculiarly enriched by this renewal of old associations and friendships.

E. Helen Hannahs,
Class Secretary.

CLASS OF '94.

It is a source of deep regret to me to be obliged to report utter indifference on the part of the Class of '94 to the reunion and its interests, for which the executive committee labored so faithfully and earnestly. Of the forty-seven to whom letters were sent asking, if unable to be present, that they would write a letter. Only one, Miss Eccleston, of Oxford, N. Y., was present at the reunion, and but seven others took the trouble to write even a few words. The names of those seven are as follows: Mrs. Laura Woodward, Wolcott, N. Y.; Mrs. May Baldwin-Streeter, Buffalo; Mrs. Harriet Carpenter-Radeker, Deposit; Mrs. Minnie

Hoyt-Conklin, Shelter Island; Miss Frances Hamlin, Newark, N. J.; Miss Helen Daley, Geneseo; Miss Jeanette Graham, New Paltz.

Perhaps the Delta Omega girls may be interested in a mention of the dinner held at the Ten Eyck Hotel June ninth, at which twenty were present, six of whom were alumnae. This was followed by a reunion at the College in the kindergarten, which was a very pleasant occasion, all the letters received by the secretary, in response to the invitation, being placed upon a table for perusal by those interested. Could the absent ones have seen with what eagerness those were sought out and read and the pleasure which they gave, I am sure they would never neglect sending their messages on another such occasion.

The reception and banquet Friday evening was certainly most delightful, for though there were but two of us of '94, there were many familiar faces of other classes, and all the honored faculty of ten years ago, so that, although the majority were strangers, we felt, nevertheless, drawn together by that ever strong bond of unity—loyalty to our Alma Mater—and our common interest in her welfare. After partaking of the good-cheer and listening to most enjoyable speeches from members of the faculty, Alumni and others we again left the pleasant scene, heartily agreeing that our absent classmates had missed a great treat and resolving that as often as possible we would be present at the reunions of the State Normal College.

Helma Curtiss Matterson,
Sec. '94.

Commencement — 1904.

June again and Commencement Day!
 One of many o'er all the land,
 But the only one to the happy band
 Who joyfully, laughingly wend their way
 Through the halls of the S. N. C.

The burning questions are not as of late,
 "Expect to pass?" "Did you get that
 'sup'?"
 "Is your essay finished?" "Are your
 note-books up?"
 "Do you think you are going to graduate?"
 Things have changed entirely.

Since the powers that be have settled their
 fate,
 Their brows have lost that anxious frown.
 And "How do you think I look in my
 gown?"
 Is the question; and "See, is my cap on
 straight?"
 As they saunter up and down.

Another year and another June,
 And the classmates scattered widely apart,
 Have various other interests at heart,
 But oft on their lips the same old tune,
 "Do you like my hat and gown?"
 — F. W. B.

Program of Anniversary Exercises.

Saturday, May 28th — Organ recital, by
 Professor Belding, at First Reformed Church,
 3 P. M.; Zeta Sigma reception to Class '04,
 High School, 4 P. M.

Wednesday, June 1st — Exhibition of work
 Primary and Grammar Schools, 3 P. M.

Saturday, June 4th — Eta Phi breakfast, 11
 A. M.; excursion of Grammar Department;
 class-day exercises, High School Class '04,
 3 P. M.; Quintilian Society reception to Class
 '04, High School, 5 P. M.; Psi Gamma Dinner,
 Hotel Ten Eyck, 7 P. M.

Sunday, June 5th — Baccalaureate sermon,
 State Street Presbyterian Church, 7.45 P. M.

Wednesday, June 8th — Closing exercises
 of Primary and Grammar Departments, 10
 A. M.; Kappa Delta luncheon, Hotel Ten
 Eyck, 1 P. M.; closing exercises of High
 School Department, 3 P. M.; Alumni recep-
 tion, High School, 8 P. M.

Thursday, June 9th — Class-day exercises,
 Class 1904, 10.30 A. M.; exercises of Alumni
 Association, 3 P. M.; Delta Omega dinner,
 Hotel Ten Eyck, 5 P. M.; Class reunions, from
 5 P. M.; Sorority reunions, 8 P. M.

Friday, June 10th — Class reunions, 10 A.
 M.; Alumni Association, 11 A. M.; commence-
 ment exercises, 3 P. M.; Alumni reception,
 Hotel Ten Eyck, 7.30 P. M.; Alumni banquet,
 Hotel Ten Eyck, 8.30 P. M.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

A new feature of Commencement
 Week was the Baccalaureate Sermon,
 which was delivered by the Rev. Dr.
 Lawrence, of the State Street Presby-
 terian Church, on Sunday evening,
 June fifth. The Class of 1904 attended
 in their caps and gowns. Many of the
 faculty were present in the large audi-
 ence which listened to Dr. Lawrence's
 eloquent sermon.

Class Day Exercises.**PROGRAM.**

1. Selection, "Prince of Pilsen" (Luders),
 orchestra.
2. President's address, Clarence D. Shank.
3. Class history, Emma A. Reith.
4. Solo, Mr. Ben Franklin.
5. Class essay, May Manning.
6. Class poem, May H. Whitcomb.
7. Idylle, "At Sunrise" (Bratton), orchestra.
8. Oration, subject, "A Great Teacher,"
 Ralph E. Wager.
9. Solo, Mr. Franklin.
10. Class Prophecy, Elizabeth F. Shaver.
11. Selection, "Babes in Toyland" (Her-
 bert), orchestra.
12. Presentation.
13. Intermezzo, "Vision" (Von Blon),
 orchestra.

Class Officers — Clarence D. Shank, Presi-
 dent; Frances Burlingame, Vice-President;
 Edith M. Hall, Secretary; Florence M. Bat-
 tle, Corresponding Secretary; Charles J.
 Campbell, Treasurer.

Executive Committee — Floyd E. Gilbert,
 Mabel E. Rose, Etta V. Martin.

The Class Day exercises, held in the Collegè Chapel Thursday morning, June ninth, were well attended by the faculty, the Alumni and members of the student body. The rostrum was tastefully decorated with palms and other foliage plants, and immediately in front of this was the orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Belding.

Preceded by two ushers, Misses Marsh and Markham, the class, attired in student cap and gown, marched in and took the seats reserved for them in the center aisle. A semi-circle of seats upon the rostrum was reserved for the class officers and those who took part in the program. After a selection from "The Prince of Pilsen" by the orchestra, the president, in a few well-chosen words, addressed his classmates and the audience, which had gathered to witness the exercises.

The class history, by Miss Reith, was enthusiastically received and caused considerable amusement among those who understood the allusions made to different incidents of the class career. Miss Manning's essay and Mr. Wager's oration showed thoughtful and scholarly preparation, while the class prophecy, by Miss Shaver, was exceedingly clever and amusing. Miss Whitcomb's poem was bright and original and was received with great applause. Mr. Franklin sang several solos, and, as usual, delighted the audience with his great talent, and the selections by the orchestra were all well chosen and well rendered.

The exercises closed with the presentation of a very handsome chair to Dr. Milne and the members of the faculty. Mr. Baldwin presented it in the name of the Class of 1904, saying that they wished to leave some slight

remembrance behind them as a token of their appreciation of the training they had received and of their love for their Alma Mater. Dr. Milne then thanked the class for himself and in behalf of the rest of the faculty. He said there was nothing on the program that called for a remark from him, but there was something on the rostrum. He said that the chairs for the College were purchased from states prison and they did not like to decorate the rostrum with prison-made chairs, but thought that future classes might follow their example, so that, in time, when they returned, they would see a row of such chairs. In conclusion, he thanked the class very heartily, and the exercises closed with a selection from the orchestra.

President's Address.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Guests of the Class of 1904.—In behalf of the Class of 1904 of the State Normal College, I bid you all a most cordial welcome to our class day exercises. It is a source of great pleasure to us and we deem it an honor that so many of our friends have gathered here to-day to witness these, our last ceremonies, as an undergraduate body.

Our College is ever happy to welcome to her halls those who are interested in her welfare. There is, however, one day during the year, which, owing partly to the season and partly to its pleasant associations, stands out pre-eminently as the 'day of days.' That is one which we are here assembled to celebrate—the Class Day of 1904.

The occasion is, in a sense, a very happy one to us, for our work here is

done. We are full of hope and eager for the great world in which we must take up our life work, not as here, under the ever watchful eyes of our faculty, but armed with that power which we have acquired by two years of honest effort under their direction. We are even now straining at our bonds to be free to take our part and do our share in the great conflict. But before we buckle on our armor it is well that we should pause a moment and review the circumstances which have made possible this culmination of our ambitions.

They have been happy days, very happy days, and it is not without a pang of regret that we enter the path which shall separate our college life from the broader unknown life before us. The exercises of to-day will, in a way, be a review of that life — a holding up of the mirror of our past. Therein you shall see reflected the associations and experiences which have bound us together into one body. Though our interests have at times been diversified, yet our purpose has been common, and this has formed among us a tie of allegiance which will not soon be forgotten.

Fellow classmates: To-day we meet for the last time as a class. It seems very fitting that within these four walls, where we first assembled on a pleasant morning in September two years ago, we should take leave of our Alma Mater. It is a moment of mingled joy and sorrow. Joy, that our goal is reached and our work here finished. Sorrow, that the pleasures of college life are over, that its pleasant associations must be broken.

For two years we have been actuated by the same hopes and fears. A

spirit of mutual respect and confidence has ever kept us harmonious, and united.

To the College we have been loyal and devoted. Every worthy effort to extend her influence, to increase her fame, has met with our earnest and enthusiastic support. In our record as a class we may justly take an honest pride.

As we separate to-day let each bear with him none but the pleasantest memories of our college life; if there is aught that is dark and bitter, may it be left behind; if the hopes and ambitions of any have not been realized, let it be forgotten. Let the same spirit which has characterized our college life here distinguish our after life. Let our Alma Mater never be forgotten; may we ever strive to maintain her honor and promote her interests.

The feeling of regret that comes over each one of us on this occasion is fittingly expressed in the following lines:

"My classmates, of the thoughts this hour involves,

The parting sighs and filial resolves,
No casual observer can conceive,
Nor any, who have never felt the pain
Of parting friends, who may never meet
again;

'Tis not alone at parting that we grieve,
But well we know, though some of us may
meet,

Some will be absent whom we used to greet."

In parting, classmates, I will not say good-bye, but farewell until we meet again."

Clarence D. Shank.

The History of the Class of 1904.

Ever since the time of Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon various histories have been written, but no ma-

terial, you will agree, has afforded better subjects for a history than this Class of 1904, of whom I'm about to relate.

Nature frowned upon us with a dreary sky and a rainy morning that 9th day of September, 1902, when this body of students, with inevitable mark of freshmen, assembled within these walls. After looking ourselves and everybody else over we slowly filed into the kindergarten room to see Mrs. Mooney, who was busily engaged in giving reference to boarding places.

How well most of us remember the strange feeling of the next morning as we slunk into the vacant seats in the Grammar Chapel, waiting to be sent to some other room, for we knew not what, but it proved to be registering. Then we drew our text-books and all felt thoroughly prepared for work, and on Thursday morning we felt pretty well established in all our classes.

After entering various class-rooms and after recess we found ourselves in Room 219, where we listened breathlessly for a number of minutes to the voice of the sage Dr. Hannahs, who occupied the seat that you still see occupied. From here we rushed to the College Chapel for music and with this rush our College course began, and, as we trace its rugged path through sunshine and shadow we finally emerge into the golden light of this commencement week, and our career will probably end here with a rush, Friday, after commencement.

To continue our discussion along the line of rushes, since that has come to be one of the most important elements that go to make up a liberal education, I might speak of the social functions. Well, most of our number shone

at spreads, receptions and luncheons, and, in fact, became as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times that we have several cases, since then, of chocolate dyspepsia, of bouillon on the brain and daggers at the heart. I might relate right here that at one of our society functions two members of our class, Miss H —— and Mr. W —— had the extraordinary experience of being treated to one dish of sherbet, with two spoons.

Our work may have seemed hard at times and almost impossible to accomplish in the time given, but, nevertheless, there has always been time for some pleasures. There were botanical trips, of course, educational in a way, but some of the party seemed to be more interested in other things than the specimens sought for, so much so that they tarried at Menands while the rest of the party were on their way to Albany.

During the study of astronomy Tuesday nights seemed to be the time for a visit to Dudley Observatory, usually under the guidance of Prof. Wetmore; but one evening one of our collegiates escorted the party and all seemed to have a delightful time — but imagine the surprise of all when they learned that said collegiate had already the "degree" of matrimony conferred upon him.

Excursions on the boat to Troy afforded much pleasure to many, but especially to the party who took the trip a few weeks ago. Unfortunately, the boat had long left Troy when the party realized that they must return to Albany. They spied a trolley and all boarded it, but who would think that our most prominent student-teacher in the Grammar Department,

together with our president and two other officers of our class, would allow the car to be delayed for at least five minutes until one of the party had gone for peanuts?

When our senior year began there seemed but few changes in our make-up, and those changes were in numbers. The year opened with great excitement, and with it our teaching began. One year of Normal College life had done us good; a great many rough edges had been smoothed down, and, although we embodied a great many of the peculiarities that accompanied our professions, we felt some improvement.

Criticisms in all departments on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at three o'clock, have become an important part of our history. They were really days to be remembered, especially those of the Grammar Department, as the most interesting events seem to have happened there. I wonder if anyone will ever forget the viewing of the remains of the material and the funeral processions. They were certainly impressive ceremonies.

Along with criticisms public lessons seem most natural to follow, because "mental states that have been in mind together before tend to return together upon the reinstating of one of their number." Visitors at these lessons usually caused much excitement, especially when the teachers' brothers were the only ones to appear.

The exhibitions of work in both the Grammar and Primary Departments were very profitable to those who have taught, and also to those who will teach, as they not only give ideas, but also afford great incentives to work.

College life has many different sides

that are not known to all, even a bit of romance ruffles the calm and even tenor of our way. I will bring in a "concrete illustration."

It is, indeed, very pleasant at times to seek a place calm and secluded, away from the busy world, where one cannot hear the clamor of voices, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rumbling of many busy wheels over the stony pavements. In such a place one has a chance to ponder over the more sunny side of life. Possibly it is in the spring time, toward the end of the month of May, the most pleasant and beautiful season of the year. Above the birds are flitting to and fro and singing among the leafy branches of the trees. Below the flowers are budding and blooming, the grass grows and everything seems to rejoice that Mother Earth is once more covered with nature's blessings.

Possibly it may be in the shadows of the evening when from above the silent moon looks down as if a thousand secrets might be revealed by her. This portion of our history deals with such a time.

The park had never been more beautiful. The night was calm and warm. The moon was full and high in the heavens. A solitary traveler wended his way through the shadowy avenues of the park. His footsteps grated harshly on the deserted graveled walks as he strode swiftly toward his home. The moon shone brightly through the openings among the trees, casting round, black shadows directly beneath each bush and shrub. All at once the attention of the traveler was called to two rapidly-moving objects, apparently following each other round and round, through the thick bushes which adorn the park. The traveler, without dread

or apprehension, approached nearer to the scene of activity, when all at once his steps were arrested by the snapping of underbrush and a startled cry of "O, my glasses!"

There was silence for a moment, and then a deep base voice said: "I haven't a match; wait a minute and I will get some."

The dark shadow from which the voice came glided out into the open, and in the shimmering moonlight took the form of a man, who started at a double-quick pace toward Madison avenue.

Soon the man returned laden with matches, and together the man and the maid groped about and gathered a quantity of half-dry twigs to light the dark recesses the moonlight could not reach. The twigs were heaped and match after match applied until the last match was burned to the finger tips of the man's eager, trembling hand, but the branches would not ignite. Sighs of anguish and despair rose from the now matchless man and the glassless girl, and they began to grope about on hands and knees for the lost spectacles. Long and diligently they searched without success. The suspense was terrible. The search was all but abandoned, when the joyous cry of an unseen hunter told that the lost was found and happiness once more reigned on earth.

The good angel who found the glasses vanished, but when the owner of them stepped into the full light of the orb of night the unknown traveler looked out from the dark spot where he was concealed and saw the radiant face of Miss M —, who graces Hudson avenue with her presence and who now spends her evenings writing a

book on "The Dangers and Difficulties of Playing Tag in the Park."

One of our collegiates seems to be bearing a double burden, for whenever anything is to be distributed among the members of our class Mr. C —, after receiving his own share, says: "I'll take those others." Upon being questioned for whom "those others" are for, he invariably answers Miss McCammon. We would like to ask this same young man why he tarries so long at his meals? If it isn't the after-dinner coffee, what is it?

I am requested to ask if two of our kindergarten teachers, Miss P — and Miss F —, are still on probation, or if they have already been initiated into the Nu Sigma Nu Fraternity?

Many other lines, aside from romance, form an interesting basis for discussion. For instance, it is said that one of our collegiates, Mr. G —, seems to have a very meagre idea of the Bible, for when asked if he knew where, "Whither of the twain, will ye that I release unto you," was found, confessed that he did not; but one of our juniors seems to know still less about it, for she asked if "Whither of the twain" was in the marriage service?

During our history the field of zoology has been broadened by the recent discovery made by Dr. Gager that the prothallium and the protonema bears the same relation to each other as the horse does to the calf. We hope Dr. Gager will clarify his views on domestic animals and see the value of a nature-study course.

Not only along scientific lines have discoveries been made, but also along the lines of amusements, for we learn that Prof. White has introduced a new



Vina J. Pierson,	George G. McEwen.	Elizabeth Stevens.	Clarence Shank.	Edmund Cocks.		
Irene Ibert,	Florence M. Battle,	May Whitcomb.	Mable E. Rose.	Elizabeth Shaver.	Florence McKinley.	Lillian Brown.
	Edith M. Hall.		Emma Reith.	Marion Moak.	Frances M. Bissell.	
			[BOARD OF EDITORS.]			

feature into the game of "pit"—that of a corner on pedagogy, which one of our collegiates, Miss M——, has so successfully learned to fill. We feel quite positive that this feature might be introduced into the social world by Miss C——, who always admirably fills her duties on social committees, but who never has been known to appear at an Echo meeting.

Another Miss C—— and companion of the aforesaid, quite surprised her society sisters when she refused to give her toast at the Eta Phi breakfast, was it due to bashfulness or was it a "roast" instead of a toast, in a silent manner?

Undoubtedly one of our number, Miss T——, will take up the study of French before a great while, because secrets concealed in letters would be so much more enjoyed, if a stranger were not needed to translate the most interesting part.

Probably our president and dignified Mr. B—— are already uneasy lest I may say something about them. I cannot desist, however, but it is hoped that these two members of our class will keep their engagements through life much better than they kept a dinner engagement with two other officers of our class a few weeks ago. Can you imagine the consternation of the two young ladies when they reached the appointed place at Minerva and saw the two gallants rushing from the hall? It is rumored that it will take more than two photographs to set this matter right.

To balance all the unfaithfulness among the men of our class, we have one, and only one, instance of that deep, true-hearted affection that will last until the end of time. When a

young man can withstand for two years the persistent smiles, wiles and guiles of over 200 young ladies and think of only one young maiden in the northern climes he deserves to be mentioned with the martyrs of our country. But, as the old adage says: "There is no great loss without some small gain," and mingled with our mournful song is the joyous echo from the northern maiden's happy song, "The Campbells are coming, O, ho, O, ho!"

We're glad to welcome in our midst the "Toosers," Miss H—— and Miss S——. Although we fear that after their absence on Sunday evening they will fail to appear at commencement, let us hope that Union affairs are almost over and that there won't be any more Pierce'd hearts.

Cousins have played no small part in the history of one of our number. She has discovered that she has several more than she ever knew of before she came to the Normal College. The one I have reference to is Miss W——, who comes to us from the college town of Clinton.

As for our youngest, as Shakespeare says: "Why should a man whose blood runs warm within his veins sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?" Yet that is the way Miss I. I. I. is sitting trying to look unconcerned. I don't know why she should be ashamed of her youth, but every day she wishes herself a happy new year, and makes believe that she is growing older.

After thinking over various events we call to mind now a very sad incident that occurred in Dr. Gager's room one day when Miss R's scientific knowledge overbalanced her and equilibrium was not restored until she found herself looking out from under the

table at our professor, who was the first to see the application of the incident to the subject at hand—that a body in unstable equilibrium tends to seek a state of stable equilibrium.

Still, the blonde in Psi Gamma wonders how Blick felt when she first changed her professional preference from eastern pharmacy to that of western law.

We must needs mention another member who figures largely in all the departments of the College, whose feet are frequently heard pattering down the halls, when, together with Miss Bodley, he helps distribute the mail. Long live Colonel. May his presence here ever prove to be of great value to the College, and may *his* be a lasting memory in the minds of those who leave our Alma Mater.

In the pages of our history there stands out as an important event the exercises on Memorial Day. The patriotic interest which was then shown in song, speeches and applause will long leave an impression on our memory, which time will fail to wear away.

Another among the valuable tracts which our College life has afforded us have been the seminars, which have been given by the different members of the faculty. We appreciate their kindness and feel that the instruction and pleasure derived from their talks will ever be of service to us.

One of the most important efforts which the Class of 1904 has witnessed is the organization of the Y. W. C. A. Knowledge is not all that is to be desired in this world, and the spiritual good which this Society offers is most beneficial and helpful to our College life.

A hitherto long-felt need is now sup-

ported in the form of a gymnasium. We congratulate both the faculty and students upon the possession of this new department.

It has also been our good fortune to be treated to several organ recitals given by Prof. Belding. These recitals have been thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all who attended.

One of our number is especially fond of music, and the latest report from the musical world is that Dockstader's Minstrels have been provided with our Van and frequent concerts have been given at Troy and elsewhere recently. But the continuous performance this week at 307 Hudson avenue shows the general interest of the public and the *staying* qualities of the players.

Another of our seniors has a great fondness for flowers, especially violets. They must be Miss M.'s compensation for giving German lessons.

You all know, undoubtedly, that I have related many facts to which I was not an eye-witness, but Mr. G. claims that most histories are written through hearsay. In this manner I have learned the fact that our vice-president is noted for her fondness for cake and argument, but that she never sacrifices the cake for the argument.

I might continue this narrative to greater length, but if I did so I should doubtless keep withdrawing from the truth, so I leave some facts to be revealed by our class prophet.

Our brief sojourn of the two years within the walls of the State Normal College is at an end. The dear associations we have formed we must sever; the faces we have seen day by day we shall see no more. When in after years we return to the College on an occasional visit and see only strangers where

once all were our friends and acquaintances, what wonder if we feel

“* * * like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.”

Emma A. Reith.

One Phase of Our Past and Present.

An article in a recent publication says: “There is perhaps no better indication of the civilization of a country than the books it reads.”

Conditions surrounding the early settlement of a country are not conducive to extensive reading. Our forefathers spent their days in toiling to prepare the new land that they might see growing the wheat necessary for their daily bread; they must provide firewood by chopping the tree down with the axe; they must secure the furs of wild beasts for use and for trading for store goods, such as sugar and tea.

The women of the household, kept busy by the endless round of cooking, cleaning, spinning, weaving and sewing found as little time as the men for reading.

The evenings were short, and the light given by tallow candles insufficient and unsuitable for reading, and there was very little to read. Take from your library all your editions of Cooper, Thackeray, Shakespeare and Dickens, take away all the books on modern science, take away the histories and books of travel, take away everything but a small, badly printed Bible, a similar copy of Pilgrim's Progress, an almanac and possibly a book of sermons, and you have all the books found in the homes of our early settlers. Illustrations were few in number, if present at all. The task of printing and binding, so tedious then,

made books too costly to be within the reach of any but the wealthiest.

But an increase in the number of writers, more leisure to read, the introduction of artificial lights which gave a more brilliant and steady light than the tallow dip, increased greatly the number of readers. Whittier, in his picture of his snow-bound home, shows that the supply of reading matter has been increased by a volume of poems and augmented by a weekly newspaper. That newspaper was sorely missed when delayed for a week, and when it did come, how much it meant, re-establishing the connecting link between this family world and the world of society, politics, foreign life and scientific thought. How completely this paper was read, not the headlines alone, but every article and every advertisement. Then, for a week, its contents were re-read, related to previous knowledge and appreciated in all their bearings. This re-reading was likewise given to every book in the house. All the imagery and suggestion of Pilgrim's Progress was fully appreciated, ideals were formed after the type of Christian and Greatheart, and an infinite amount of pleasure was derived from each reading.

The reading matter of early days was confined to the meagre home collections, and libraries for use in the better schools, public libraries were unknown.

Then an era of prosperity in the young country fostered the genius of Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson and Holmes, and the reading public grew in numbers and in breadth of interest. Volumes of sermons, formerly filling more space in publishers' catalogues than was held by books of any other class, found themselves crowded aside by a strong literature suited to the rapidly

developing interests along the lines of biography, science and humanity with its motives. Every year there is a great increase in the number of newspapers, magazines and books read. A librarian says: "The American people have doubled their consumption of newspapers and periodicals in the last ten years and quadrupled it in the last twenty. Libraries have more than doubled in number in twenty years, and have quadrupled the volumes on their shelves in the same time." America is becoming a nation of well-read professional men, business men, mechanics and farmers, each doing his work the better for the hours he spends in teaching and improving himself.

What is being read?

We are told that novels form seventy per cent of the reading, but this includes useful material in the way of historical, ethical and sociological studies. Books on social science are much in demand, because people are seeking to know their relations with the world of people. Books on nature are being produced, and children are eagerly reading these nature stories, learning of the joys and trials of the children of the forest, and forming habits of kindness and gentleness toward them. History, biography and travels fill out the list of books, and yet the scope and amount of reading grows greater. The magazine aims to cover all fields, religion, art, science, biography and fiction. Signboards, trolley cars, shop windows and passing wagons furnish us with further information, and we instinctively read everything presented for our inspection.

Yet there is a higher standard of taste each year; people are demanding books of a better class, because education is reaching out to all the people and be-

cause there is abroad such a spirit of eagerness for information.

But with all this reading are people assimilating what they read, thinking about it and making it their own, as in the early days? The majority of people read an article on telepathy to-day, another on the future of Africa to-morrow; a story of aboriginal life to-night, and a romance of a modern chafing-dish to-morrow night. From conglomerate building material an unrelated, unclassified mass results, half forgotten and wholly useless. If they stumble across a great thought, it is unnoticed in the mass of pettiness. America has her great thinkers, but they are few as they are in other countries. Of the majority, some one has said that all of us can read, but that most of us would rather lie down and die than to think. The article is read but once; it is crowded from the mind by the story on the next page; it is not apprehended in all its relations, and very little of cultural value is gained by the mind, which is fed by little scraps of knowledge, whereas it needs a full, rich, systematic food supply. Holmes said: "The foolishness of a book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow."

But America is happy in feeling that all her sons and daughters are becoming readers. The farmer and his family are deserving of our best respect, because they have the standard magazines on their tables, and while they work they think about what they have read and make it a part of their own related knowledge.

The business man is enlarging his knowledge of geography and history so that he may increase his trade, the mechanic reads technical articles to help him in his work, and professional people

make reading a most essential part of their life work.

Past and present, yesterday and today. Yesterday, in the scattered homes, a few books and perhaps one newspaper each week, poorly printed, unattractive, yet each great thought in them living in the minds of their readers, molding and influencing characters.

To-day, millions of readers in American homes reading the 4,000 different books printed in a year, and the thousands of periodicals, each book and each article made beautiful by its accompaniment of clear type and fine pictures.

But there is nothing static about the development of this reading habit; it is easy to foresee a further increase in books, periodicals and readers, and a higher standard of thought in what is read. Then will come discrimination, choice, less unclassified reading, more study of what is read, "plain living and high thinking."

May Manning.

Class Poem.

Class-Day morn has come again,
 Laurels all are won,
 Commencement follows in its train,
 Senior work is done.
 Method pass cards far and near,
 Honor marks and records clear,
 Tell us that success is here
 And student life is o'er.
 Each college year shall pass
 And each Senior lad and lass
 Into the world shall pass
 Alumni evermore.

This the day that fills our hearts
 And crowns our years of care,
 Happy are we, yet there starts
 A tear and a farewell prayer,
 Then a joyous song we raise
 For our coming holidays,
 Unto college giving praise
 And homage o'er and o'er.

So may we ever be
 Seniors loyal to thee,
 Alma Mater, to thee,
 When Alumni evermore.

Honored friends are gathered here,
 Rejoicing in our power,
 Teachers whom we love and fear,
 Are proud of this year's dower.
 But college work we soon shall leave,
 Professors, too — there's no reprieve,
 Our President's aid no more receive
 As in the days of yore.
 This college year has passed,
 We are its Senior class,
 Into the world we pass,
 Alumni evermore.

Class-Day morn shall pass away,
 Ebbing on life's tide.
 Commencement too, will not delay,
 Summer will not bide,
 And the coming fall shall say
 Vacation time has passed away
 In the light of autumn's day
 And duties lie before.
 Other halls we then shall pass,
 We of this Senior class,
 Not as the student mass,
 But Alumni evermore.

As teachers then we'll go our way,
 From duty ne'er recoil,
 As pupils' lives we bend and sway
 By our labor, love and toil.
 People then will rise to say,
 Normal College leads the way —
 Raise to her your joyous lay,
 Class of 1904.
 So let our watchword be
 Onward ever, brave and free
 Backward never, steps shall be.
 We're Alumni evermore.
 — May Whitcomb.

Class Oration.

A GREAT TEACHER.

In the year 1827 there came to the University of Munich a young Swiss student, scarce twenty years of age. He was prepossessing in appearance, of Herculean proportions, graceful and possessed of a peculiar dignity. The

calm assurance with which he did things soon attracted much attention. One day he betrayed the secret of his actions. When he saw his fellow students absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, he said to his friend, "Their motto is 'Ich gehe mit den andern;' I will go my own way,—and not alone. I will be a leader of others!"

Soon afterward, in a letter to his father, he said, "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time; a good citizen, and a good son, beloved of those who knew him. I feel within myself the strength of a whole generation to work toward this end, and I will reach it if the means are not wanting."

Surely, the investigations this great man made, the truths he discovered, the theories he advanced and successfully championed, the volumes that came from his pen, the enormous extent of his knowledge, and the profound respect accorded him by his fellow men, have rightly adjudged him the first naturalist of his time. But he was something more.

The hundreds of scientific associations bearing his name, the enthusiasm he aroused in the study of the natural sciences, and the rise of his pupils to positions of eminence, prove that he was something more.

The name of Louis Agassiz will be remembered as that of a great naturalist, but his real value to the world must be reckoned by this "something more."

After his death he was found to have described himself in his will as "Louis Agassiz—teacher." Great as a scientist, he was doubly great as a teacher of science! He regarded teaching as the noblest of all professions. It was a passion with him. He loved to learn

that he might teach, and to teach that he might learn. By his own efforts he became a great student of Nature, but Nature made him a great teacher.

Peculiar traits of character made him what he was.

His stalwart athletic body gave an impression of great strength, but his acts betrayed strength in gentleness. His hearty ringing voice and frank good nature bespoke a cheerful temperament; his ready sympathy,—a great heart. He was known as "the student's best friend." One loved him instinctively. Did he meet a stranger? He left a friend. Murchison said to Longfellow, "I have known many men that I liked, but I love Agassiz."

His great sympathy made him intensely democratic, both intellectually and socially. He was as easy of access by the poor as by the rich; by the ignorant as by the learned. But one thing must the seeker have—a desire to learn. He listened to the secrets of the stonemason by the roadside, the farmer in the field and the fisher by the sea. Then to the one he unfolded the wonderful story of the rocks, to the other, the secrets of the flowers, and to the other, the peculiarities of the fish. His enormous storehouse of knowledge was open alike to all.

Nor was his labor one for personal gain. Although in his youth he had often trod on the heels of poverty, yet the allurements of wealth never enchanted him. When asked by a wealthy lyceum to deliver a series of lectures, he declined, saying, "I have no time to waste making money." His aim was higher and nobler!

Neither did he seek position in high places. After coming to America in 1846, his scientific worth was generally

known and appreciated in Europe. Here he saw the unworked fields about him. Here he found his life work. Offers of professorships in Zurich and Heidelberg might tempt but could not persuade him to forsake his scientific duty to the land to which he had come.

He was always loyal to the land of his adoption. He came to America "in the spirit of adventure and curiosity," and he stayed "Because he liked the land where nature was rich while tools and workers were few and traditions none." Until the time of the Civil War he remained a subject of the Prussian king. In the darkest hour of that terrible conflict, he became a citizen of the United States, and cast his lot with the Union cause. If possible, he labored more strongly than ever to keep alive the coals on the altar of Science. Before the war was ended he received an urgent invitation to accept a position in the great Botanical Gardens of Paris at an enormous salary. This position carried with it a seat in the senate. He declined. Not long after it was more urgently renewed. He declined again, saying, "If I loved my adopted country too much to leave it when all was peace, I certainly shall not now that a shadow has come over its prospects."

He taught his countrymen a great lesson. Nature is a great book. He taught them to read it. From a meaningless record of a thing in books, he turned men's minds to the thing itself. His pupils had first to learn to see — and see aright. He made observers of them and not readers only. He led them to nature and taught them to discover her secrets for themselves. He made them independent in their acquisition of knowledge.

In his attitude toward nature he

divulged the secret of his inspiration. In his "Essay on Classification" he says, "All the facts proclaim aloud the one God whom man may know, adore and love, and natural history must in good time become the analysis of the thoughts of the Creator of the universe." Every living thing represented not so much animated matter, but a thought of the Creator, and the group to which it belonged, this thought working itself out through the centuries. For he believed in an evolution. But the evolution of Darwin did not exist for him. He did not believe in an evolution by transmutation. His was an evolution, not by organic forces within, but according to a great, intelligent plan without. Not by a change of one species into another, but by the substitution of one for another according to this great plan. His devout reverence for the things of nature made itself manifest in his work. He said, "I never make preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered, without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides his secrets from me." For him the laboratory was a sanctuary. The study of the things of nature, intercourse with the Creator.

His reverence and devotion were most beautiful. It was the dream of his later years to found a summer school for teachers. In the year before his death this was made possible by the gift of a wealthy merchant. The school was opened on the island of Penikese in an old barn. It was a strange scene. The rafters were festooned with cobwebs; the swallows flew in and out at the open windows; without the waves beat upon the shore. The students had assembled from all

over the land. Chosen for their zeal, they had come to learn of the great teacher. Realizing that at last his dream had come true, the old man arose before them, paused a moment and said: "I do not feel like praying before you, I do not feel like asking any of you to pray. Let us spend a few moments in silent prayer."

"Then the master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft air stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish on earth unsaid,
Arose to Heaven interpreted."

His was a reverent life. A life lived for a great purpose — the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. As some good mother by the fireside's glow, spreads out the new book upon her lap, and calling her children about her knee, points out and explains the pictures, so he, with sympathetic heart and radiant smile, gathered about him nature-loving spirits, and opening wide the book of the greater mother, page by page, pointed out its living illustrations,— explained their meaning, their history and their relations, their beauty and their use.

The ambition of his youth was realized. He was the first naturalist of his time. He was a good citizen. He was a good son. He was also something greater. His sympathy, his patriotism, his reverence, his unselfish devotion to duty, his love for the truth, his desire that all men should find it, and the inspiration he gave to others in their search for it, made him — "a great teacher."

Ralph E. Wager.

Prophecy of the Class of 1904.

Perhaps you are astonished to find on your program a prophecy. You may think that in this matter-of-fact age there are no prophets. I rather thought so myself when I found that I was called upon to prophesy. And yet I have prophesied with what success I will leave the future to answer. The way in which I obtained this power was as follows:

One evening as I sat writing a sketch for the morrow I thought how many people in our class were doing the very same thing. I wondered what we would all be doing ten years from then. I stopped work for awhile, and as I sat and mused over this question many strange thoughts came to my mind. How different the lives of the members of the Class of '04 would be. Even though many should follow the profession of teaching, what varied experiences they would have. Some might travel in far-distant lands, some stay at home, others be prominent leaders in society or politics, some never heard of outside their own village. I tried to imagine just what certain ones would be doing after so many years had elapsed, when suddenly I heard a voice close to my ear, a little voice as in my childhood days I had imagined a fairy's voice. It said: "You wish to know the future of your classmates?" I answered "Yes." The mysterious voice continued: "It is not well to seek to know the future and it is given to but few, but you are one of the favored few to whom the future will be revealed and you may read the future history of the lives of some of your friends and classmates. Only come with me." I arose and followed the leading of the

voice, but as I went a faint remembrance came to me of what my future would be the next day with an unfinished sketch, but deeming that I could endure it in order to possess this strange new power of prophesying, I departed. I was led by an invisible guide through winding ways and knew not whither I went. Suddenly I was stopped by a wall of rock. Not knowing what to do I started to retrace my steps when a door appeared in the rock and the same voice bade me enter. I stepped across the threshold, the opening vanished. I looked around, and truly methought this is an enchanted country and I knew not what to do. Again the voice, "Step boldly forward. Soon wilt thou be accustomed to this place." I obeyed, and seated in the middle of the cave I saw three beings. Have you ever seen the picture of the three Fates? I had, and surely, thought I, here are the realities. "Are you the Fates?" I asked, with trembling voice. "We are," they answered. "For long years, aye, centuries, have we dwelt here. Never since the days of Greece have mortal eyes beheld us. You are a favored mortal. What is your request?" Ere I could answer, the voice replied: "To read the future of her classmates of '04." The oldest of the Fates said: "Be it so; follow me." I obeyed, and having passed through a labyrinth of winding passages we stopped. Nothing was to be seen until my guide lighted a candle. Then I could see by the dim light that I was in a smaller cave, at the end of which was a large mirror. "This is the cave which conceals the magic mirror," said my companion, "and yonder is the enchanted glass itself. Look therein and listen carefully if you will try the future."

Breathlessly I waited. My guide took

a small basin and kindled a fire of aromatic herbs in it, muttering in a sing-song voice the while, placed it in front of the mirror and extinguished the candle. The mirror was now illumined brightly and the rest of the cave was in darkness.

Suddenly I saw a change in the mirror. I seemed to be looking into a hospital. Among the gentle nurses who hovered around the beds of suffering, alleviating the pain and soothing the patients; one looked strangely familiar. All these years had not changed her, she was still the same happy Louise Bonk, fulfilling the report known perhaps only to a few heard in the first year of college life at the Normal.

This vision faded, and I saw a large and brilliantly lighted hall, filled with an audience appreciative of good oratory. The speaker came forward and began his address. He held the audience as in a spell. Now they wept, then laughed. He turned them at his will. Who was he, do you ask? It was — well, I'll *Wager* you all know him.

Again the scene was greatly altered. A quiet study now appeared, in which a lady sat writing busily. Her back was toward me, but soon she turned and I saw Miss Whitcomb, who had entered upon her poetic career as our class poet. Several volumes of poems of which she was the authoress lay on her desk, and she was engaged in preparing another volume for publication.

Then I saw the interior of a book store. A school girl entered and asked for a copy of Manning's essays. The clerk told her he had just sold the last copy, but would have a new supply in the next day. He turned to a gentleman and I heard him say: "The schools are studying modern essayists instead of

the older ones, and Miss Manning is one of the best of the recent writers. Not until then did I perceive that our class essayist had pursued this vocation with such marked success after graduating.

As the book store still remained I concluded there was more to be seen if I waited patiently. Another young lady entered and by some intuition I knew she was a Normalite before she asked for the book of questions and answers for all sketches in drawing by Miss Grant. The book store vanished and my thoughts traveled back to room 402, but these memories were quickly dispelled by the sight of a large building with a bulletin in front which announced that a lecture would be given that evening on "The Art and Science of Questioning." I looked for the lecturer's name, and, would you believe it, it was the very same person who upon graduating from High school had a book presented to her to write her questions in, Miss Hollands, and I wondered if she was still willing to wait a year or two more.

Then I had a view of the Governor's mansion, and was not surprised to find the Governor's chair occupied by one who had formerly taught civics and was now practicing it, our President, Mr. Shank. The door opened and a portly gentleman entered, whom I recognized chiefly by his deliberate walk and careless arrangement of his hair. As soon as the Governor saw him he exclaimed: "Why, hello Campbell." From their conversation I learned that he was treasurer of a large bank and that he had received his first impulse in that direction from his position in the Class of 1904.

Next I saw a beautiful garden in which the principal flowers were violets. Immediately I had a train of associa-

tions; the thought words, "a bunch of violets," and a visual image of the young lady who was always well supplied. Soon a lady and gentleman appeared walking in the garden, and as she raised her head, I saw it was — well, she *was* Ethel Moseley in College, and I thought "she must be as fond of violets as ever."

This faded away, and I saw a room in which sat Miss Rachel Williams. She was talking to herself, and I heard her say: "Yes, I suppose I am fond of hobbies, I taught school, traveled, was a private governess, and I wonder what they'll say to this latest wrinkle," and I wondered if it was the same *Rinkle* that existed before she attended the Normal.

Quickly the scene changed to a doctor's office, and who should I see but Miss Fear. Now, don't misunderstand me. I do not mean that she was a doctor, but the doctor had conquered her fear so completely that she was no longer known as Edna Fear.

Next was a store with a large ticket in the window announcing that a demonstration would be given of the safety hat retainer. I then saw the interior of the store where Mr. Baldwin, the inventor of the patent hat retainer, by means of which gentlemen were sure to find their hats where they left them, was selling them as fast as he could hand them out. I presume he had profited by his experience with the medical students.

Then an art gallery appeared in which one of the small members of our drawing class was putting into practice the rules which had been developed by her assistance so many years ago, and I learned that Miss Chismore had become an artist and had her first picture hung "on the line."

Then I saw a Quaker meeting house. Within sat a quiet assembly robed in

gray. Among the audience I spied the familiar faces of Mabel Meeker and Dora Wallace. Next came a view of the "heavenly twins," known otherwise as the "kittens" or "pussy-willows." They were chatting with the *brothers* who attended a public lesson in the ninth grade once upon a time. As they conversed I found that Miss Rieth had become a well-known artist, and Miss Ibert, a sculptor, her inclination for that profession having started in modeling vases in the ninth grade.

Then I saw a beautiful field. It was after the haying season, and Miss McCammon was seated by the *Cocks* (not hay, however). He was a professor in one of the leading colleges and she assisted in the same department, especially when graphic representation was needed. I saw Miss Denslow coming across the field with a gentlemen, and as she always did *Loveland* in Iowa, I concluded that this was the state in which the scene of action was laid. She called him Russel, and you see now why she enjoyed teaching physiology in the high school. Next, I seemed to be looking into a class room, and there sat Miss Markham teaching history of pedagogy, which had been her pet subject at the Normal. She also taught history, and I saw another class in which they were discussing Mr. McEwen's new work of history which was no hearsay volume, but he had been an eye witness of every event recorded therein.

I then stood before a boy's school and saw some of the teachers approaching. As they came nearer I saw among them two familiar faces, Miss Hall and Miss Battle, and I wondered if Miss Hall was satisfied now with nothing but boys.

The interior of a church next caught by attention, and, would you believe it, the minister in the pulpit was Mr. Gilbert. I was surprised for I could have imagined him delivering a lecture on "Hot Air," or sounding the praises of Omega Oil, much more easily than in his present position.

This, in turn, gave place to a large concert hall, where the attraction of the evening was the distinguished pianist, Miss Stevens, who had played before the crowned heads of Europe.

Now several views quickly passed showing school rooms of every description from kindergarten to high, and among the teachers were some familiar faces, as Miss Ayers, Miss Burns, Miss Wood, Miss Ford, Miss Martin and Miss Winterstein.

Then I saw a beautiful reception room filled with talented and learned people. The hostess was Miss Talbot, a great society leader, and it was considered a great favor to attend her social functions.

The center of attraction this evening was Miss Clarke, one of the best of the recent mineralogists. She had just returned from abroad where she had been collecting specimens for her already extensive collection.

Next came a great contrast. I was in darkest Africa, and who should I see but Miss Rose, who had gone there as a missionary.

The following picture took me to Italy: A gondola floating on the canals of Venice. In it was Miss Brainard. She had gone abroad, met and married and Italian count.

An Old Maids Hall formed the next picture. Here that happy group of girls who used to come from Troy, now lived. Doubtless you all know them

The Misses Allan, Madden, Lenehan, Hunt and Kavanaugh. They had all settled down to a single state of blessedness, and as each had a pet cat, I concluded they had lost all hopes.

Another doctor's office appeared, and the sign read I. C. Wicks, M. D. I was not so much surprised for her inclinations had always turned that way.

I then saw a study in which Miss Rouse and Miss Kidd were compiling a new geography for teachers. It was right up to date, containing a full set of development questions for all phases of the work detailed descriptions of journey methods, etc. It was to be published in four volumes and would be welcomed as a boon by all teachers of this subject.

Miss Dolan was in the next picture busy in a laboratory, for she had proven to be one of the noted botanists of the day and was devoted to her work.

Next Miss Soule in such an environment that I concluded here were "two souls with but a single thought." She had settled out West and was enjoying life as much as she always had at the S. N. C.

A view of Union College which was now co-educational. Among the students were a few familiar faces. I noticed especially Miss Simms and Miss Haviland, who were taking special courses. They had always believed that in Union there was — shall I say strength?

Again I saw a large hall, where Miss Ball — who would ever have thought it — was presiding as president of a Woman's Rights Association. Among the members were Miss Breed and Miss Pierson, who were debating on the question, "Shall men be allowed to vote?"

A view of the Normal now claimed

my attention, and one thing seemed very familiar. Miss Thompson was still there assisting in grammar department work. She had plenty of other positions offered, but she preferred to stay there.

Another view revealed Miss Van Valkenburg as a noted singer. She was especially fine in Scotch songs, of which her favorite was "The Campbells are Coming."

Then came Miss Burlingame, who was teaching in a well-known high school, loved by all her pupils and highly esteemed by those with whom she was associated.

A large and attractive building next caught my attention. On the lawn sat Miss Robinson surrounded by a host of children. She was matron of an orphan asylum.

As this picture disappeared, I closed my eyes a moment. When I opened them I gave a start; I was in my own room and the clock was striking one. As I looked around I found that from force of habit I had taken notes of the pictures shown me by the mirror. When I discovered I did not have a picture of all the members I determined to try and find the magic glass again. But all my searching was in vain, so I decided to present the glimpses of the future of those I could, and to tell the others to wait patiently for what the future has in store for them.

Elizabeth F. Shaver.

Presentation Address.

Dr. Milne and Faculty:

From the moment of entering the Normal College we have looked forward to the goal which we have this week attained. During the time that we have been here we have learned to love our

Alma Mater with a love that neither time nor distance can efface; and though soon we enter upon new fields of work, we shall always hold the Albany Normal College in grateful remembrance. While we appreciate the instruction and the professional training that we have received here, we hold in still higher estimation the benefits and lofty ideas derived from contact with our instructors.

To you, Dr. Milne, we are especially grateful. We are deeply conscious of the zealously of your efforts in our behalf.

We hope to be remembered for what we have done. We know that we can confer no greater honor upon the institution of which we are all so proud than by conduct befitting the instruction received here; but we wish to leave some slight token of our gratitude.

Dr. Milne and Faculty, it gives me the greatest pleasure to present, in the name of the Class of 1904 this chair as a memorial to the Albany Normal College, together with our unspoken but heartfelt wishes for the continued welfare of our Alma Mater, whose interests we shall always have at heart.

Reverdy E. Baldwin.

Commencement Exercises.

The commencement exercises of the Class of 1904 were held in the College Hall on Friday, June tenth, at three o'clock. Upon the rostrum were seated members of the faculty, together with the Rev. William Prall, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., and the Rev. William Force Whitaker, D. D., while the class occupied seats reserved for them in the front of the hall. After a selection by the orchestra prayer was offered by the Rev. William Prall, of St. Paul's Church. The

address of the afternoon was delivered by the Rev. William Force Whitaker, of the First Presbyterian Church, who spoke eloquently upon the theme "The Ideals of a Teacher." After the presentation of the diplomas by Dr. Milne the audience was dismissed with the benediction, which was pronounced by the Rev. William Prall.

GRADUATES, JUNE 10, 1904.

Collegiate Course — Winifred Clare Benedict, A. B., Canastota; Edmund Cocks, A. B., Cornwall; Floyd Edgar Gilbert, A. B., Athens; Charlotte Loeb, A. B., Albany; Gene Ethel Markham, A. B., Herkimer; George Grattan McEwan, A. M., North Tonawanda; Mabel Estey Rose, A. B., Brooklyn; Cora Elizabeth Talbot, Ph. B., Stottsville; Ralph Edmund Wager, A. B., Round Lake.

Classical Course — Reverdy E. Baldwin, Cassadaga; Stella Agnes Brainard, Oriskany Falls; Faith Crosby Brigham, Solsville; Ruth Randall Brodhead, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Frances W. Brower, Troy; Frances Burlingame, Albany; Emma E. Chismore, Ilion; Blanche E. M. Cooke, Irvington; Julia K. Dolan, Albany; Samuel B. Fares, Selkirk; Edna Clare Fear, Holland Patent; Blanche I. Haddow, Bainbridge; Aurelia Helena Hallinan, Little Falls; Leah Hollands, Watervliet; C. Edward Jones, Albany; Maud C. Kelley, Skaneateles; Mary L. T. Kidd, Troy; Ruby Mary Lyon, Herkimer; R. Anna Madigan, Catskill; Margaret Marie Malloy, Newburgh; Norman Sayre Martin, Worcester; Ethel Allen Moseley, Cambridge; Grace Powell, Amsterdam; Elgrieda Henrietta Roth, Watervliet; Clarence Davis Shank, Jr., Auburn; Elizabeth Frances Shaver, Watervliet; Elizabeth E. Soule, Savannah; Stella Idylle Stebbins, East Hamilton; Elizabeth Frances Stevens, Albany; Mildred Walsh Thompson, Amenia; Helen S. Van Valkenburgh, Greene; Nellie Catherine Walrad, Herkimer; May H. Whitcomb, Batavia; Inez C. Wicks, Johnstown; Emilie Vaughn Wilson, Albany; Mathilde ZurLinden, Sag Harbor.

English Course — Bessie Louise Allan, Troy; Mary E. Ayers, Watertown; Florence M. Battle, Copenhagen; Iola M. Blackburn,

Matteawan; Mattie B. Brenzel, Cohoes; Mae Berchman Burns, Albany; Mary B. C. Byrne, Troy; Helen I. Campbell, Hoosick Falls; Elizabeth Mary Clarke, Watertown; Joanna V. Colbert, Cohoes; Elizabeth A. Delaney, Newburgh; Edith L. Denslow, New York Mills; Edith H. DuMond, North Tarrytown; Mary Madeleine Dwyer, Sandy Hill; Edith May Hall, Canisteo; Ethel Louise Harris, Newburgh; Mary Frances Higgins, Newburgh; Gladys S. Hitchcock, Mannsville; Margaret M. Hobbins, Amsterdam; C. Elizabeth Hunting, Albany; Irene Ida Ibert, Valatie; Ethel J. Jameson, Gloversville; Belle Jessup, Boonville; Evangeline M. Johnson, Pearl River; Mary Anna Kelly, Palmer; Margaret Gertrude Killian, Fort Edward; George William Klump, Pawling; Sara Marie Lahey, Newburgh; Edith Olive Lake, Eagle Bridge; Catherine Austine Larkin, Watervliet; Josephine Dawson Madden, Troy; May Manning, Harpursville; Lillian Agnes May, East Greenbush; Edith Alida McCammon, Little Falls; Anna Frances McMullen, Poughkeepsie; Mabel Meeker, Schenectady; Myra W. Morse, Brocton; Catherine Mary O'Connor, Waterford; Lina M. Pierce, Carthage; Vina J. Pierson, Ballston Spa; Mary Alice Pilling, Schenectady; Emma A. Rieth, Utica; Anna Lina Riley, Sandy Hill; Clara Belle Robinson, Cohoes; Sara Rouse, Stuyvesant; Harriet L. V. Vanderpool, New Baltimore; Jennie Van Hamer, Ellenville; Dora Thayer Wallace, Hoosick Falls; Mabel Edith Walton, Dundee; Arie Gertrude Webber, Albany; May Estelle Wellman, Rochester; Blanche L. Winterstein, Portville; Helen Marion Wood, Albany.

Kindergarten Course — Clara Emily Ball, Valley Falls; Bessie Evangeline Bishop, Tarrytown; Jennie D. Bryant, Greene; Anna Irene Dale, Little Falls; Kathleen M. Fitzgerald, Fort Edward; Lillie Jane Ford, Rensselaer; Florence Bertha Haviland, Glens Falls; Emma Hisgen, Albany; Margaret Marion Loudon, Troy; Etta Viola Martin, Albany; Lillian I. Phillips, Albany; Caroline Oakley Pingrey, Millbrook; Alice Louise Potter, Albany; Florence Etta Redington, North Wilbraham, Mass.; Lillian May Reed, Albany; Mary A. F. Rook, Poughkeepsie; Edith Juliet Williamson, Canastota.

Special Course — May Breed, Central Square.

Closing Exercises of Grammar and Primary Departments.

The commencement exercises of the Primary Department, held in Normal Hall Wednesday, June eighth, at ten o'clock A. M., were witnessed by a large body of people, who were much interested in the little people.

The principal feature of the occasion was an operetta, "Cinderella in Flowerland."

The characters were well chosen and the parts were rendered in a very pleasing manner by the little ones.

PROGRAM.

March, "The Jolly General," Maude Keith Giles.

Song, "Hunter's Song," (Kinross).

Recitation, "Thoughts for the Discouraged Farmer" (James W. Riley), Thomas Charles Stowell.

Poem, "In the Woods" (original), Gertrude Crissy Valentine.

Song, "Spring Blossoms" (Valentine).

Recitation, "Almiry Ann," Ethel Gale Everingham.

Vocal solo, "Springtide" (Edwin Greene), Jessie Louisa Sewell.

Recitation, "The Ruby-Crowned Knight" (Henry Von Dyke), Homer Irving Mesick.

Songs, (a) "The West Wind" (Barnby), (b) "Every Night" (Foster).

Recitation — "The Deacon's Courtship" (Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle), Saida A. McCarty.

Piano duet, "Scherzando" (Kullak), Adele Le Compte, Margaret Murlin.

Operetta, "Cinderella in Flowerland" (Marion Loder), Primary Department, Characters: "Cinderella" (Daisy), Ruth Robinson; "Proud Sisters" (Hollyhock), Geraldine Murray, (Tiger Lily), Harriet Tedford; "Godmother" (Nature), Marguerite Root; "Bonnie Bee" (Little Page), Edna Hedrick; "Butterflies" (Charioteers), Janet Brass, Katherine Rolfe; "Robin Red" (Prince's Herald), Florence Stevens; "Prince Sunshine" (of Sunshine Castle), Margaret Cox; "Guests at the Ball" (Poppy) Vera Retan, (Buttercup) Marietta Keenholts, (Pansy) Bessie Blair, (Daffodil) Harriet Patten, (Violet) Louise

Ogden, (Sweet Brier) Eleanor Patton, (Mignonette) Hazel Pearsall, (Lily Bell) Jeannette Brate, (Sweet Pea) Catherine McEntee, (Narcissus) Edith Dolan; "Sunbeams," Anna Wooster, Dorothy Roberts, Frances Kellogg, Marion Packer, Hazel Roberts, Marguerite Taylor; "Raindrops," George Goodwin, William Story, Wilson Carleton, Livingston McEwan, Albert Goodwin, Ralph Richmond, Irving Goewey.

Piano solo, "Moonlight Sonata" (Beethoven), Maude Keith Giles.

Song, "Song of April" (Fairlamb).

Presentation of certificates of promotion, Fifth Grade.

Song, "Voices of the Woods" (Rubenstein).

Presentation of diplomas, Ninth Grade.

Song, "Joy, Joy, Freedom To-day" (Bennett).

March, "The American Girl," Jessie Louisa Sewell.

GRADUATES.

Grammar Department — Emily E. Beale, Myron O. Bray, John T. Brennan, Mae Briare, Janet Elizabeth Bright, Bradley B. Dunham, Ethel Gale Everingham, Leroy Deitz Fowler, Loretta Magdalen Furlong, William Cheesebro Gaffers, Maude Keith Giles, Raymond C. Goodrich, Mary Greenman, Margaret Catherine Harlfinger, Clarence G. Kirby, Adele Le Compte, Saida A. McCarty, Homer Irving Mesick, Alice Hakes Moses, Margaret Murlin, Logan K. Palmatier, Philippine Pruess, Susie Emma Sambrood, Jessie Louisa Sewell, Thomas Charles Stowell, Edna C. Traver, Gertrude Crissey Valentine, John Van Salisbury, Jr., Robert Orlin Wheeler.

Primary Department — Bessie Blair, Janet Brass, Margaret R. Cox, Jack Goewey, Henry Hunter, William McChesney, Catherine McEntee, Geraldine Murray, Louise Ogden, Harriet Patten, Hazel Pearsall, Ruth Robinson, Katherine Rolfe, Marguerite Root, Florence Stevens.

The Exhibit of Work in the Primary Department

During the afternoon of Wednesday, June first, the Principal, assisted by the teachers of the Primary Department,

welcomed the parents and friends of the pupils, and took great pleasure in showing them what the children had accomplished during the past twenty weeks.

The work of each grade was so arranged that one might obtain a very good idea of the kinds of work presented during the term. It was arranged in such a way that an observer might pass from grade to grade and note the wonderful improvement made by the children of the different grades.

As a whole, the work in this department showed thoroughness and ability on the part of the pupils and reflected great credit upon both pupils and teachers.

In the first grade the drawing work attracted much attention, especially the color work in connection with the work on Holland, which consisted of drawings on delft charts, illustrated by blue paper figures of objects representative of Holland life, cut out by the children. Writing and language work, taken up in connection with the study of Holland, was arranged in booklets. The work was very good for such little people.

The color work of the second grade was excellent, the outlines for most of the work having been made by the pupils. The coloring of certain wild flowers was almost perfect. Reading, language and written work were arranged and illustrated in form of booklets.

The third grade work in drawing and nature study was good. The reproductions of the geography, nature study and reading lessons were well expressed.

In the nature study work the idea of pressing and mounting flowers as illustrations was a new idea. Good relief maps were drawn in connection with the study of Albany county.

The map work of the fourth grade deserves especial mention for their neatness and correct representation; the relief maps of New York State were done in black and white and in colors. Reproductions of the reading lessons which were attractively illustrated, formed neat booklets in this grade of work.

The work in the fifth grade was fine. Excellent relief and rainfall maps of the United States and production charts, as well as other charts, illustrating natural scenes in the Yellowstone region, were among the most interesting kinds of work shown. Nor must the exceptionally good color work in drawing be omitted.

An inspection of the work was of great profit to the visitors and also to the pupils themselves, who, seeing what others had accomplished, could not help but be inspired to do still better work in the future.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held on the afternoon of June fourth in the Grammar Department Chapel. Reports were given by the president, the secretary and the treasurer, reviewing the history of the Association since its formation, on January fifteenth. During the half year the Association has had 116 members, of whom 94 are active, 16 associate and 6 honorary. Regular devotional meetings have been held on Wednesday afternoons at four o'clock. Two receptions have been given, and afternoon teas have been held at the close of examinations. The treasurer has paid all bills and reports a balance of about twenty dollars.

The chief feature of the Association

work during May has been the canvass to raise money to secure the services of a general secretary for next year. That the Association has already become a valuable factor in the College life is proved by the ready response made by the students who have pledged over \$300 toward the necessary amount. Assistance has been rendered by the faculty and the friends of the College, so that the oft-repeated question, "Are we really to have a secretary?" was answered at the annual meeting when Miss Markham introduced Miss Jean James as the general secretary. Miss James is a graduate of Vassar College, and is well fitted for the work by experience and enthusiasm.

The officers and the cabinet of the Association for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Grace C. Codner; vice-president, Lillian E. Brown; secretary, Florence McKinlay; treasurer, Agnes Kilpatrick; chairman membership committee, Lillian E. Brown; chairman Bible study committee, Marion G. Moak; chairman devotional committee, Violet A. Parrish; chairman missionary committee, Julia E. Bent; chairman social committee, Elinor Marsh; chairman finance committee, Agnes Kilpatrick; chairman intercollegiate committee, Arabella Wilman.

Psi Gamma.

The regular meeting of the Psi Gamma was held May twenty-fifth, at three-thirty. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Frances Kimball; vice-president, Elizabeth R. Sherman; recording secretary, Eda B. Sherman; corresponding secretary, Anna Mariah Blessing; treasurer, Mabel M. Kingsbury; chaplain, Mary B. Johnston; marshals, Jennie Kemp and Margaret M. G. McGee.

Miss Ruth Seaman was suddenly called home on account of the death of her mother.

THE ECHO.

Published Monthly by the Students of the
New York State Normal College.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

MABEL E. ROSE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
No. 474 MADISON AVENUE.

Literary Department:

EDMUND COCKS. MARION G. MOAK.
ELIZABETH F. SHAVER. MAY WHITCOMB.

News Department:

IRENE IBERT. EMMA A. RIETH.
LILLIAN E. BROWN.

Alumni Notes:

ELIZABETH F. STEVENS.

Class of 1904:

EDITH M. HALL.

Exchange Department:

FLORENCE M. BATTLE. BARBARA SAMMONS.
FLORENCE MCKINLAY.

Review Department:

GEORGE G. MCEWEN. VINA J. PIERSON.
FRANCES M. BISSELL.

BUSINESS AND SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER,
CLARENCE D. SHANK,
No. 190 HUDSON AVENUE.

Contributions are solicited from alumni and undergraduates, the only requisites being merit and the name of the author accompanying the article. Matter must be in before the tenth of the month.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before January first; single copies, 15 cents.

In accordance with the United States postal law THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid and notice of discontinuance is received. Please notify us *at once* of any change in address.

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager, Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

EDITORIALS.

THE editors of The Echo have endeavored, as their contribution to the success of the sixtieth anniversary, to make this issue of the College magazine a complete record of all the events of the closing week that will be interesting alike to those who were present and those who were absent. It has been

their aim also to have this issue reflect the present life of the College so clearly that it will put the Alumni in touch with existing conditions at the State Normal College. The bond of sympathy which should exist between a colleges and its alumni cannot exist, unless the alumni keep themselves informed of changes in the college. The channels of communication between the College and its Alumni are the Alumni Association and The Echo. Many of the members of the Alumni Association are not subscribers to The Echo, and the names of some of the Alumni are not found on either list. We ask each one of them whether it is not worth their while to know what is being done at the Normal College? Send your subscription for next year at once to Mr. William D. Van Auken, Subscription Manager of The Echo, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y. You can make The Echo more interesting to your classmates and friends by sending information about yourself and by contributing articles whenever you have opportunity to do so. We cannot by letter urge each one of you to help us, but we are more than glad to receive and publish voluntary contributions. The weakness or strength of the Alumni Department depends upon the Alumni themselves, and when you say that you do not subscribe because The Echo contains no information about your friends and classmates, remember that you are yourself one of those through whom Alumni news must come.

WITH this issue there is sent as a supplement the photograph of the present board of editors. The names of most of them are enrolled with the Class of 1904, and hence their connection with The Echo is now con-

cluded. The editor-in-chief wishes to thank her associates for their hearty cooperation and their earnest efforts for the success of the paper. Whatever excellence the paper may have had during the last five months is due to the patient work of the editors and the help of a few students and Alumni. Thanks are also heartily tendered to all who have contributed to the magazine and to the members of the faculty, whose advice and help have been so willingly given. To our successors we leave the task of raising The Echo to a still higher standard.

A MEETING of the students was held on May twenty-fifth to elect a board of editors for The Echo. It was voted to leave a vacancy in each department, to be filled after the opening of College in September. The election resulted as follows:

Editor-in-Chief, Bertha E. Hall.
 Literary Department, Charles Bazzoni,
 Fanny Drevenstedt, Mabel E. Tucker.
 News Department, Lillian E. Brown, Jennie M. Anthony.
 Alumni Notes, Marion G. Moak.
 Class of 1905, Florence McKinlay.
 Exchange Department, A. Rose Markham,
 Anna Horth.
 Review Department, Ethel B. Hall, Caroline H. McFerran.
 Business Manager, Charles J. Campbell.
 Subscription Manager, William D. Van Auken.

BY the presentation of a memorial to the College the Class of 1904 has set an example worthy to be followed by other classes. Dr. Milne, in accepting the gift, suggested that the chair presented by the Class of 1904 would form such a contrast to the "states prison" chairs now on the rostrum that perhaps other classes would

be led to present similar memorials. Whether or not the same form of memorial be chosen, the practice of leaving some gift to the College is to be encouraged. We become interested in objects as we give of our money, time or labor for them. Each class receives something from the College. The class which leaves a memorial gift is likewise giving something to the College, not as a return for benefits received, but as a token of gratitude, and is establishing a bond between itself and the College.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

The new catalogue issued by the State Normal College shows several important changes from its predecessors. The courses are arranged to comprise not more than twenty recitation periods per week, and much of the work is elective. Many new courses are offered, such as history of philosophy, pedagogical literature, special schools, commercial subjects, methods of constructing and using scientific apparatus, etc. Thus the curriculum is much enlarged. A change in the length of the College day is made by the addition of two periods of work in the afternoon. Another attraction will be the new gymnasium, which was recently made possible by voluntary subscriptions from the High School and College students, and which is open to members of both departments.

Several months ago the Hon. Francis Burton Harrison instituted a contest among the Normal Schools of the State by offering medals for the best essays written upon the subject "The Teacher's Responsibility for Training in the Duties of Citizenship." One of these medals has been awarded to Francis W.

Brower, '04, to whom the congratulations of all are cordially extended. We regret that the essay is not available for publication in *The Echo*.

Mary E. Kennedy, '03, has received an appointment in the Schenectady schools for the ensuing year.

Frances M. Crawford, '88 and '92, is teaching in Public School No. 101, Bath Beach, borough of Brooklyn.

Faculty News.

From the "School Bulletin" is clipped the following item of interest to all our readers:

William James Milne, first president of the Albany Normal College, after graduation from the University of Rochester in 1868, taught in the Brockport Normal till 1871, when he became the first principal of the Geneseo Normal. In 1889 he became first president of the Albany Normal, which had been raised to the rank of College. His executive power is native and marked. In 1886 he was the candidate of the united teachers of the State for Superintendent of Public Instruction, and he has probably exerted a wider personal influence than any other teacher in the State. He is always welcome at associations and institutes, speaking in a familiar, off-hand manner that pleases and convinces. He is the author of an extensive series of mathematical textbooks that is in general use, the first volume having been issued in 1876. His brother, John M. Milne, succeeded him as principal of the Geneseo Normal.

The High School Department of the Model School will hereafter be under the charge of Dr. William B. Aspinwall

as principal. Dr. Aspinwall, as assistant in that department, has already gained the esteem and friendship of both teachers and pupils, who recognize his fitness in scholarship, professional ability and character for the responsibility of the High School Department.

The sincere sympathy of both faculty and students is extended to Miss Bishop, who was recently called home by the death of her father.

Organ Recital.

The thirty-second complimentary organ recital, given by Prof. S. B. Belding to the faculty and students of the State Normal College, took place yesterday afternoon at the First Reformed Church.

This has for many years inaugurated the commencement exercises at the College, and the event of yesterday was one of the most delightful ever given, and again illustrated Prof. Belding's artistic ability.

Assisting was Mr. Alfred Piccaver, who gave two tenor solos, "Far From My Heavenly Home," Rathbun; "For All Eternity," Mascheronie, in his usual creditable manner.

The program follows:

"La Gasso ladra" — the Maid and the Magpie — (Rossini).

"Largo" (Handel).

"Grand Offertoire" — St. Cecilia — F minor (Batiste).

"Cantilene Pastorale" (Guilmant).

Theme, "Variations and Finale" (Guilmant).

Overture, "Stradella" (Flotow).

Melody in F (Rubenstein).

Elevation, No. 6, Op. 23 (Batiste).

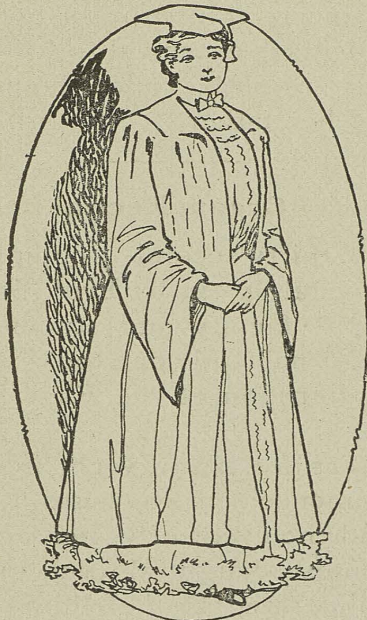
Fantasie, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi).

Tannhauser, "Transcription" (Wagner).

Albany Argus, May 29, '04.

IN CAP AND GOWN

BY
CYNTHIA GREY

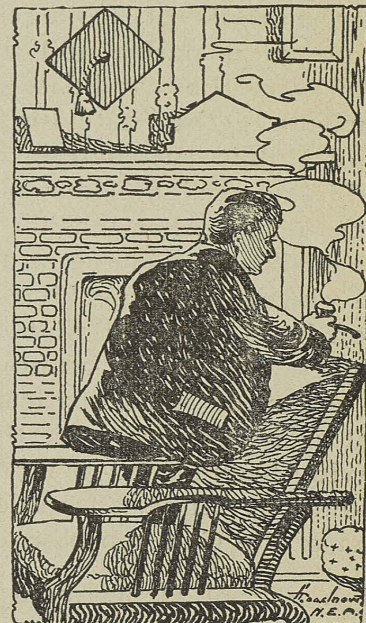


A feather and a ribbon and a roll of pretty lace
Will make a frame bewitching for 'most any maiden's face.
But when you meet the senior it is then
your heart is stormed,
The college girl in cap and gown is beauty unadorned.
Hat off, bow down!
You met your Waterloo
When the senior donned her cap and gown
And sweetly smiled on you.

The gown falls from her shoulders with a graceful, classic air.
The mortar-board can not confine the tendrils of soft hair.
The long sleeve folds about her arm like a protecting wing.
The tassel flutters 'gainst her cheek. The tantalizing thing!
Hat off, bow down!
You met your Waterloo
When the senior donned her cap and gown
And sweetly smiled on you.

And when in bach'lor reveries your cares
in smoke you drown,
There floats across your memory the girl
of cap and gown,
And in her eyes the courage that you saw
there years before,
And somehow single blessedness becomes
just then a bore.
Hat off, bow down!
You met your Waterloo
When the senior donned her cap and gown
And sweetly smiled on you.

At last content before the fire you sit in
study brown
And close beside you, quite demure, the girl
of cap and gown,
And high above the mantel hangs a treasure
that you hoard,
It is that irresistible, that saucy mortar-
board.
Hat off, bow down!
You met your Waterloo
When the senior donned her cap and gown
And sweetly smiled on you.



Died.

Miss Addie Duncan, who graduated from College in June, 1881, and was principal of one of the public schools of Detroit, Mich., for a number of years, died April eighteenth of tuberculosis.

For the past three years she has been in Denver seeking to better her health in that climate, but to no avail. Her remains were brought back to Saratoga for interment.

Miss Duncan was a highly-cultured woman, of rare charm and grace. Her patient resignation to her trouble was a lesson in cheerfulness to all who knew her.

SOCIETY NOTES.**Delta Omega.**

At the regular meeting of Delta Omega, held on May twentieth, the following officers were elected: President, Mary R. Patton; vice-president, Ellen Morse; recording secretary, Elinor Marsh; corresponding secretary, Fanny Drerenstedt; marshals, Laura Weaver and Elizabeth Burlingame; critic, Caroline McFerran; chaplain, Jennie Anthony; editor, Rose Markham.

The annual dinner of the Delta Omega Society was held at the Hotel Ten Eyck on June ninth. The table was prettily decorated with ferns and the Society colors, gold and white. The president, Miss Brainard, acted as toastmistress. Toasts were responded to by Miss Patton, Miss Vrooman, Miss Hoppman, of Schenectady; Miss Collier, of Oneonta, and Miss Perrine. Beside the active members of the Society there were present Miss Hyde and Miss Perine, of the faculty; Miss Collier, Miss Hoppman, Mrs. Strong, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Matterson, of Norwich.

Later in the evening the first annual reunion of Delta Omega was held in the kindergarten room of the College. A feature of the program was the installation of officers for the ensuing year. Among the alumnae present were two charter members, Miss Hoppman and Miss Whitaker, who spoke interestingly about the early days of Delta Omega, which is the oldest of the present societies at the State Normal College.

The evening closed with a joint reception of the four societies, at which Dr. Milne and several other members of the faculty were present.

Those present were: Mary Knight, Troy; Mabel Gordon, Watervliet; Isabelle Hoppman, '91, Schenectady; Stella Whitaker, '91, Troy; Sarah Collier, '98, Oneonta; Mrs. Anna Husted Strong, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helen Fritts, Painted Post; Mrs. Matterson, Norwich; Aurelia Hyde, S. N. C.; Eunice Perine, S. N. C.; Helen Balcom, '02, Saratoga Springs; Minnie Waite, '95, Brooklyn; Florence Lockwood Tallmadge, Albany.

Kappa Delta.

At an election of officers, held May twenty-seventh, the following were chosen: Florence McKinlay, president; Bertha E. Hall, vice-president; Marion Moak, secretary; Anna Horth, corresponding secretary; Jennie Shaw, treasurer; May Durfee, Elizabeth Thornton, marshals; Mary B. Lansing, chaplain.

The annual luncheon was held June eighth at the Ten Eyck. The table, prettily decorated with red carnations and ferns, was set in a small room adjoining the mezzanine gallery. Miss Mildred Thompson, president of the Society, presided as toastmaster. Toasts were given as follows: "Kappa Delta's Past and Present," Anna Horth; "The Kappa Delta Girl," Helen Van Valkenburg; "The Faculty," Clara Robinson; "Kappa Delta's Future," Florence McKinlay.

Among those present were Mrs. Underwood, of Minnesota, a member of the Class of 1900; Miss Pierce, Miss Isdell, Miss Sewell, Miss Horne, Miss Edith McCabe and Miss Florence Weast.

On the evening of June 9, 1904, the Kappa Delta Sorority gave a most enjoyable evening to the faculty, the Kappa Delta Alumni and guests in the Primary Chapel.

The room was tastefully decorated, and the cozy corners, gay with scarfs and pillows, were most inviting.

The pleasure of meeting different members of the faculty and the Alumni in the first part of the evening was enhanced by the rendering of the following program by members of the Sorority:

The retiring president, Miss Mildred Thompson, presided, and, with a few well-chosen words, introduced Miss Larima Cole, who gave an original address of welcome to the Kappa Delta Alumni. This was followed by a solo, "O, Wert Thou in the Cold Blast," Mendelssohn, rendered in a pleasing manner by Miss May Manning. The next number consisted of two recitations, (a) "The New Child" (b) "His New Brother," given by Miss Clara Robinson. No feature of the evening was more enjoyed or more heartily applauded than this one. Miss May Whitcomb then read a history of the Kappa Delta Sorority, prepared by herself. If special mention were to be made of any number, this is perhaps the one, as it gave to the later members definite ideas of its organization, its progress and the high standard the members have always striven to maintain. The program closed by the singing of the Kappa Delta Song, after which all adjourned to the general reception.

Announcement.

Rev. Benj. F. Jackson, '58, wishes to announce to his friends and co-graduates of the N. Y. Normal College, that he has nearly ready for the press, a volume that will make

about 500 pages, royal octavo, on "*The Messianic Reign.*"

That the revelations of this work will be new and startling to the American people we may well believe. Yet it is no human theory that I offer, which would be an impertinence in such a case, but a rigid review of the historic facts and events foretold by the inspired seers concerning the "Nation" of the Messiah, supposed heretofore to predict the "Restoration of the Jews" to world dominion in the last days.

But in the brighter light of this age this proves to be an error, and critical investigation shows that this *Promised Nation* is to be of *Japhet*, not of *Shem*, is to be *Christian*, not *Mosaic*, *i. e.*, under the sceptre of *Shiloh*, not of *Judah*. Also, that it is to be a Republican government, even the Union of the States being announced; planted by direct Divine agency, with a chosen and godly seed, in "The Wilderness." And that out of this "seed" an "elect," "covenant," "invincible" nation is born, destined to achieve planetary hegemony.

Even the exact date of its birth is foretold to a day. And into this "expanding" nation a resistless tide of immigration will flow, and find here "a Safe Fold and Fat Pasture," on whom will descend "showers of blessings," spiritual and temporal.

As old Israel must needs have "a nation" as a house and shelter for God's church in that age; so must Messiah have a "nation" for the same reason, in this dispensation. For the want of political protection the faith was exterminated on three continents, the church losing 200,000,000 martyrs in 1,700 years, giving significance to our Lord's words: "When the Son of Man cometh (to build his nation) shall he find the faith on the earth?"

The "Restoration" then will be a "nation" under Messiah, *i. e.*, under Christ as King. Not that he will be here visibly and have an earthly court; that was the mistake the Jews made; but he will be present; rule by his Spirit; and guide by his Providence, notwithstanding the obstructing "tares" which will temporarily infest "the field."

All this is repeated in a thousand forms, with a multitude of detail, forming a connected panorama of the most stupendous

events in the history of the world. Indeed the leading events in the career of this unique power are set forth in every form of art and literature, in prose and poetry, symbol and image, song and story; and everywhere it is the same image, the same form and features, the same people, the same resistless power, obedient to the Divine will, made invincible by the Divine hand, till it brings all nations and all sovereignty under its flag.

This is accomplished in the final great war of Armagedon, which occurs about A. D. 2101, when this "Israel" of civil and religious liberty is assailed by the whole confederate world of Absolutism. Then the corporate and visible kingdom of Satan is crushed under Messiah's feet, finally and forever; and "The Messianic Reign" will be victorious and universal "unto the ages of the ages." And under the protecting flag, the gospel will "be preached to every creature," and "all men shall see the salvation of God." The conquered nation finally come in as States, forming the United States of the World. Also the Jews are converted and restored to Judea at this time, as a State in the Christian World Union. That the church universal will accept this view, and join hands in this "day of his preparation" I am sure.—Indianapolis, Ind.



Beautiful

and as natural as life is what they say
of our

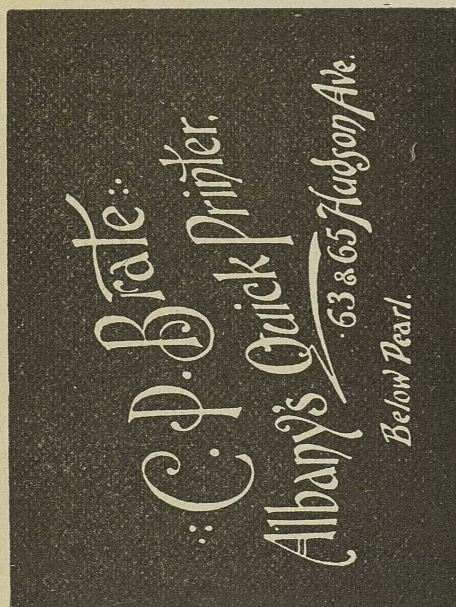
Photographs

after seeing them. You'll say so, too. We are masters in the art of posing, and our productions are objects of admiration. Do not try inexperienced photographers because they are cheap. Come here and get the best — which in the end is always the cheapest. If our pictures can't suit you, you can't be suited. We say the same of our prices.

ALBANY ART UNION

48 North Pearl Street

Both Phones.



WANTED

COLLEGE STUDENTS DURING THEIR VACATION
CAN EASILY MAKE \$20 TO \$30 PER WEEK

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

THE UNIVERSAL MFG. COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PA.

We believe

the Alumni of our college will make good neighbors, and in order to get a few we will give a deed of a beautiful building lot on our lake front, 82x325 feet, to any who will agree to build a house to cost not less than \$300, or plant it out to oranges or grape fruit. This place is a perfect sanitarium and a fruit growers' paradise. Write for particulars to

E. D. PUTNEY,

Avon Park, Fla.

Class of '79

GREETINGS TO THE CLASS OF 1904!

FROM THE

Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume

(Chartered 1902 by the Regents of the University of the State of New York)

LADIES' SUITS, WAISTS,
SKIRTS AND HATS.

MEN'S HATS, CANES,
GLOVES AND SUIT
CASES

AT REASONABLE PRICES



MAKERS OF THE

Caps and Gowns

*To the American Colleges
Universities and Normal
Schools from the Atlantic
to the Pacific.*

COTRELL & LEONARD

472-478 BROADWAY

-

ALBANY, N. Y.

LEVI MOORE



PHOTOGRAPHER

STUDIO AT 15 NORTH PEARL STREET

PORTRAITS OF STUDENTS,
CLASSES AND GROUPS.

SPECIAL RATES
TO NORMAL STUDENTS

The Fisk Teachers' Agency

Has filled more than **18,500** positions; **2964** in New York, **1575** in New Jersey. RECOMMENDS TO BEST SCHOOLS. We have placed several hundred Albany Normal College Graduates. Constant demand for good teachers. Send for Manual and Form

H. E. CROCKER,
W. D. KERR,
P. V. HUYSSOON, } *Managers.*

156 Fifth Ave., New York

Class and Fraternity
Jewelry
a Specialty

Commencement Invitations
Class Day Programs
Etc.

Engravers to American Universities

QUAYLE
ALBANY, N. Y.

Original Designers, Steel Engravers, Stationers

Makers of Class and Alumni Pins for Normal College

Correspondence Solicited

JOHN T. JOHNSON

✻ TAILOR ✻

35 Maiden Lane

ALBANY, N. Y.

VISITORS
TO THE
ST. LOUIS
EXPOSITION

Are cordially invited to inspect the
Exhibit of the

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

IN THE

PALACE OF EDUCATION

*This Exhibit Comprises All its Educational Publications
and Illustrates*

The Art of School-Book Making IN ITS
VARIOUS STAGES

Steeffel Brothers announce their entire readiness to serve their friends from counters now overflowing with smart, new clothes of the present season's effective styles.

"Summer, 1904" ideas in Suits and Light Overcoats fill this big store from end to end, and it is only fair to say that the "Steeffel" quality of distinctive smartness stands out, plain to be seen, in every garment included in the showing.

"Steeffel" clothes for youth's, ages 14 to 20 years, and young men, 33 to 38 breast measure, are designed especially for the High School chap, the Collegian and the Young Man in business. The garments have the character and individuality that appeal to the discriminating dresser.

**STEEFFEL
BROTHERS.**

80 @ 82 State St.

You can buy the best

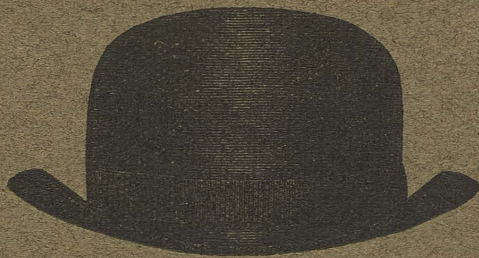
Note Books, Stationery,
Jelly Pads and Toilet
Articles at the

Scott Pharmacy

Corner Hudson Ave. and Lark St., Albany, N. Y.

ATTENTION — NORMAL STUDENTS

TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT ON



Hats, Caps, Rain Coats, Trunks
Suit Cases and Bags, Umbrellas
Gloves, all kinds for Men and Women

— AT —

BOYCE & MILWAIN'S

BETWEEN THE BANKS
66 STATE STREET

Only the best clothing is good enough nowadays, and the best is the only kind that finds its way into our store. Many of our Suits, Top Coats and Rain Coats are made by the famous houses of Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx. This clothing is the most durable, the most stylishly cut, the best tailored and the finest trimmed ready-made clothing in the world. Nobody, anywhere, produces anything to equal it, with the exception of the high-class merchant tailors, and they have to charge you like sixty to do it. Come in some day and see what handsome garments we have provided for the pleasing of our customers this season.

We show the largest and finest line of Rain Coats ever shown in Albany. Coats that have a style about them that you cannot find anywhere else.

You can depend upon our Hats, Neckwear, Gloves, Underwear, etc., as being just right in every respect.

BABBITT & CO.

Albany's Leading Clothiers

23, 25, 27 and 29 South Pearl Street,

ALBANY, N. Y.