

# THE NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL DEVOTED TO EDUCATION.

VOL. VI.

ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 5.

## THE BORROWED CHRISTMAS.

IT was a week before Christmas and already the little ones were filled with the excitement and mystery of the season. Walter Browning paused to watch the antics of a boy and girl before a gaily-decked store window, and he wondered vaguely if their parents appreciated them. It was only a few days since he had stood by the graves of his two children, and there was a dull pain in the father's heart that would not cease.

The children at the window, unheeding the silent watcher, chattered gleefully on, choosing liberally from the attractive toys, in odd contrast to their shabby clothing and general appearance.

What soft wavy hair the little girl had, Walter thought. It was like his little Margaret's. And the boy! surely his big gray eyes resembled his dead son's!

"You would like the doll, Margaret?" Walter whispered to the ragged child, as he lifted a straying curl from her thin, red shawl.

The children stared frankly at the stranger, until Walter asked, "Wouldn't you like the big doll, little one?"

The girl's pinched face broke into a smile, as she fixed her eyes on the beautiful doll and nodded her head energetically.

"Come, we will go in and buy it, Margaret," and Walter led the way.

"Her name is Agnes and mine is

Johnny; and I would like the steam engine in the corner there," announced the small boy, pointing to the expensive toy, in utter disregard of his sister's shocked face.

Walter waited to watch the children until they were out of sight, the girl hugging her great doll, and the boy noisily dragging the iron engine over the flagging. Then once more he turned homeward, still wistfully watching the children he passed.

He sighed as he unlocked the door of the big stone house. The shades were still drawn down, and as he went up the wide staircase the whole house seemed to him to breathe "death." He opened the nursery door gently, for he knew his wife was there.

To-day, for the first time, the blinds were open, and the light streamed into the silent room. The floor of the nursery was strewn with little frocks, toys and games, while in their midst the mother sat. She raised a white, expressionless face to receive her husband's greeting.

"We have had a beautiful day, my dear," he said.

"Have we? I have forgotten. Walter, see, here are all the children's toys and things."

The father picked up a broken ship and gazed at it with eyes that saw not the

toy, but the merry little lad who had sailed it in the big bath-tub only the night before the fatal runaway.

"Walter, I have a plan. I want to do something, right away."

"What is it, dear? Would you like the European trip after all?"

Little Mrs. Browning shook her head impatiently. "No! No! But, Walter, next week is Christmas! and ——" swallowing a sob — "here are the things I had bought for the children, but now there isn't any Christmas. But I want to have a little glass box built, and have these toys, and some of the old ones that they loved, put in it, and set the box between the graves. Don't you remember that little grave in the cemetery at home? The child's doll is lying in a glass case?"

Walter looked at his wife in troubled surprise. His wife's idea was repulsive, almost sacrilegious, to him, and yet it seemed to mean so much to her. He did not try to check her tears, and finally she asked breathlessly, "Cannot we have the case all ready by Christmas morning?"

Walter sat down on the couch and buried his face in his hands. Finally he looked up and said gently:

"Can't we remember the children's Christmas some other way? Instead of this, suppose we give the toys to some poor children who have nothing?"

The wife looked in injured surprise at her husband. "Give away Margaret's and Arthur's things, Walter!" and Walter winced at the reproach in her voice.

"Wouldn't it be better, Alice? We can make so many little children happy, and — I do not like the idea of putting these things in the cemetery."

Alice did not reply, and Walter drew her down to him. The pretty face had lost its eagerness and was quite expres-

sionless again. Walter gathered her closer to him.

"If it will make you happier, we will have the box, Alice. God knows it is hard enough as it is, and I will deny you nothing that will make it easier."

That night they planned the little glass box, and set aside the toys which were to be its contents.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the day before Christmas and the first snow was falling in slow, steady flakes, which bade fair for the "white Christmas," so dear to young and old.

In the suburbs of the city the cemetery lay, the soft flakes falling with caressing tenderness upon the graves. Through the deepening snow two children struggled to the lonely little corner where the poor were buried.

"Ah, there it is, Mollie!" the boy cried. "And the snow is highest of all on mother's grave!"

Mollie smiled proudly as they stopped by the stoneless grave.

"So it is, Tommy! and just look at the tree—all over snow. It's like a big monnyment, isn't it? I think it 's grander to have a big tree for a monnyment than a high old stone, don't you, Tommy?"

"Sure, and the stone couldn't talk to us for mother, like the tree can, could it, Moll?"

"No, I guess not," Mollie replied, drawing the old shawl closer around her shivering shoulders. "Wasn't it lucky that we found out mother could make the tree answer us? Don't you remember, we were wondering, here over the grave, if mother would like a rosebush planted, and of all a sudden this low branch began to dance, just like it was saying 'yes'? and the tree has always answered us for mother since then."

Tommy nodded assent. "Where shall we put the ferns and things?"

"Right here," and Mollie planted the branches of dog-wood berries stiffly in the snow, and stuck the stems of the fresh green Christmas ferns firmly about them. "That looks good, doesn't it? Them red berries and the green look real proper against the white snow, don't they? Dear, how the wind blows! We must go, Tommy, but we'll come to-morrow morning and sing the song, you know. Now let's speak to mother. Put your hands together, Tommy, like you do in 'Now I lay me.' Now—mother, we've left your Christmas presents. We hope the snow doesn't make you cold. Your grave is the highest of all, mother, and looks just grand. Good-bye, mother dear. Did you hear us, mother?"

The two children—their innocent faces awed with their communion with the dead mother—fixed their eyes on the oak bough sweeping the grave, and waited breathlessly. Suddenly a little gust of wind swayed the limb, and the clinging oak-leaves rustled softly.

"She answered, Mollie! oh, she answered!" Tommy cried; but Mollie only smiled contentedly, her blue eyes a little dim, as she drew Tommy away.

The two children trudged through the snow, unbroken save for the tread of a lonely rabbit which scampered across their path. The snow was less dry now, and was clinging to their frail little wraps.

"Oh, Mollie! look at the new graves! just looker here, will you!"

The children paused in surprise by the two little graves less than a month old. To-day there was something new to note. Between the two tiny mounds stood a glass-case filled with toys and books.

Such an interesting case to two little poor children!

Mollie gasped as her quick eyes ran over the delightful contents.

"Did you ever! I never knew of such a thing before, did you? These things most likely belong to the little girl and boy that was buried. Oh, Tommy Jones, will you look at this doll!"

"Mollie, see this engine! oh, my, do you think it's the kind to go without a pulling her?"

"Tommy Jones, I bet you that doll is the kind that says 'mommer' when you squeeze her! I bet you she can!"

The two children admired and exclaimed, forgetting the cold and the gathering darkness. "Ain't it a queer idea, though! You don't suppose those little dead children play with the things, do you?"

Mollie shook her head. "No, I guess not. Oh, I wish we had them. Let's come up real often to look at them; shan't we?"

"Oh, Moll, look! I can git the cover off!" Tommy, his eyes bulging with excitement, pushed off the snow and in a minute had raised the lid, and seized the engine; Mollie was no slower, though she handled the beautiful doll with respectful care.

It was several minutes before Mollie stopped Tommy's chatter.

"We must put 'em back now, Tommy, and hurry home."

"Can't we take 'em home, just for one night? Nobody would know, and you said the children down there don't play with them. Oh, Mollie, can't we?"

Mollie grew pale, as the magnitude of Tommy's proposition dawned upon her.

"Oh, Tommy, no! we dassen't do it."

"Nobody 'll know! we'll take 'em home now, and bring 'em back early in

the morning. I do so want to set this engine going on the garret-floor. Oh, Mollie, please!"

Tommy paused for breath, as he jumped up and down in his excitement. Mollie was clasping the doll, a frightened little smile playing on her lips.

"You 'd like that doll-baby in bed with you, would n't you, Moll?" the shrewd Tommy urged.

"Oh, I wonder if it 'll be wrong?"

"Moll, I'll tell you! I'll ask mother if we can. If she says so, it will be all right, hey?"

The little girl looked relieved. "Well, maybe. But I'll ask her, Tom."

Cramped with the cold, Mollie stumbled along, shielding the great doll under the old shawl. The little upturned face was very earnest as she petitioned by her mother's grave.

"Mother, can we take the things home? We'll bring them back in the morning, when we come to sing. Can we, mother dear?"

Poor little Mollie! the slow tears rolled down her cheeks, and her blue lips quivered. Not a leaf on the old tree stirred, and the disappointed child was slowly turning away when a sudden gust of wind swept the drooping bough, causing the withered brown leaves to dance and rustle merrily. Mollie laughed joyously.

"Then it's all right, mother? And we'll bring 'em back early, sure. Oh, mother, just listen 'til you hear this lovely lady-doll talk," and Mollie gave her precious burden a vigorous, though tender squeeze. "Did you hear, mother? Wasn't it real! Good-by, mother dear."

The cold dark garret in the little house in the valley had never before held such joys as it held that night. Perhaps the joy was all the sweeter because of the

need of secrecy. Tommy stealthily ran his engine up and down the strip of carpet by his bed; while Mollie dressed and undressed her doll, and fell in pathetic little attitudes of worship above her.

The wind which swept around the eaves crept into the cracks, making the bit of candle sputter and flare, and chilling the children until they were glad to go to bed, where they fell asleep to dream of the treasures clasped in their arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. The soft snow clung to the bare trees, softening the angular outlines; and covering field and meadow with unbroken purity.

Over the snowy roads a sleigh was gliding toward the cemetery. The horses were stopped not far from the gates, and a lady and gentleman alighted, and followed the narrow little path which wound in and out among the graves, until they reached two little mounds on the sunny slope of the hill.

"Why!" Walter Browning's exclamation died on his lips, and the two stood in silent astonishment above the box which lay open and rifled between the graves. Then the mother burst into tears.

"Oh, Walter! Walter! where are the things?"

"They have been stolen." Walter answered quietly, as he dropped on his knees to examine the box. "And the lock wasn't picked, either. I do believe we didn't lock it, the other day."

"All the children's pretty things gone! To think some thief has been here by our darlings' graves!"

"Hush, don't cry so, dear. It is not so bad. It was wrong of us to place temptation in the path of some one. Prob-

ably some poor fellow who had no Christmas for his little ones saw these and couldn't resist the temptation of taking them.

"But you'll get a detective, won't you? To think of Margaret's and Arthur's things in the hands of some wretched children! or—oh, Walter, you don't think they are in a pawn-shop?"

"No, no! of course not, dear. There, I'll take the box away, and in the spring we'll have a pretty rose-bush planted. Now let's fix the flowers you brought."

"They will only be stolen, Walter. Could anything be more cruel than to steal from a grave—a child's grave, too! Whoever did it deserves ten years in the penitentiary," and the little wail changed to a harder tone.

"Don't say that, Alice. We need n't—what's that?"

Walter and his wife looked across the hedge. Two children were trudging along, each clasping something in their arms. The boy was crying heartily, and the girl wore a frightened, dazed look.

Walter called to the children, but the boy's sobs drowned his voice, so, followed by his wife, he strode after the children, who paused by a stoneless grave. They fell on their knees beside it, and the boy's sobs were hushed as his sister's voice, full of misery, burst forth—

"Oh, mother! mother! what'll we do! We've broke the engine, and the lady-doll won't say mommer when I squeeze her! We didn't go for to do it, and we meant to bring 'em back all safe this morning."

"I done it; I done 'em both, mother!" cried the boy, grinding his dirty little knuckles into his eyes. "I dropped the engine and her chimbley came off; and oh, mother, I was just trying to hear the doll-baby talk when I busted her.

What'll they do to us, mother? They won't kill us, will they, mother?—Oh, Mollie, suppose the tree says 'yes' for mother?"

"It won't, Tommy, it won't" Mollie answered hurriedly. "But mother, will we have to go to prison? We were going to take such care of them and bring 'em back early this morning. We didn't think the little dead children could play with them. Oh, mother, will we have to go to prison?"

Oh, the agony, the misery, in that little old young face turned toward the creaking bough! Tommy sniveled by her side, occasionally giving the machinery of the engine a furtive turn. But both children broke into a frightened cry as a quick breeze shivered through the rustling leaves and set the old bough dancing. Walter started forward—

"Don't cry, dear!" he exclaimed, with as much pain in his voice as though it had been his own little maid in trouble. He caught Mollie in his arms, and though she was frightened by this sudden appearance of a strange man and lady, the kind smile reassured her. "Don't be frightened. No one is going to send you to prison, or harm you in any way. Don't cry, little woman."

Mollie looked in bewilderment from the kind face above her to the beautiful lady who was questioning Tommy.

"But we took these things, and we've broke them. We meant to bring 'em back early, and we didn't mean to hurt them at all. Mother said we could take them, sir."

"Is this your mother's grave?" Walter asked.

"Yes, sir. Isn't it a beautiful grave, with the snow all over it?" Mollie asked, her pride struggling through her troubles. "And the tree—it's mother's

monnyment, you know—the tree talks to us for her. And mother said we could take the things—and now,” the frightened sobs rising again, “we’ve broke the things, and mother—she says—oh, mother says we’ve got to go to prison!”

“No, no, my darling! it’s all a mistake.” It was Mrs. Browning who was comforting the little girl now, the tears running down her face and mingling with Mollie’s. “No one would ever send a little girl and boy to prison! There, darling, don’t cry so. Why, you are half-frozen, dear child! Walter, we must get them to the sleigh and wrap them up in the rugs.”

Tommy’s eyes bulged in anticipation of the sleigh-ride, but he turned with an anxious inquiry to the tall gentleman.

“What will they do to us, then?”

“Nothing—nothing at all, my boy. I am sure of it, for I know all about it.” and Walter laughed—actually laughed—and his wife feebly echoed him.

Then they questioned the children, until the whole story was gained, and Walter and his wife were looking with tender eyes on the narrow, stoneless grave.

“Did mother make a mistake, then?” Mollie gravely asked.

“No, dear, it was you who made the mistake. Mother couldn’t make a mistake, you know! Oh, Walter, can’t we take the children home with us, for Christmas dinner? There, Mollie, the doll is yours to keep. And you shall have another, that will say—oh, ever so many words. Walter, isn’t she like Margaret? and the boy—he must be only a little older than Arthur. Come, let us go to the sleigh, children.”

Mollie and Tommy were in a high state of bewilderment and glee, but as they were turning away, Mollie, forget-

ting for a moment the presence of their new friends, drew Tommy back to the old tree.

“We must say good-bye, first, you know; and sing the song, Tommy. You know we promised mother.”

Walter clasped his wife’s hand closer, and they bowed their heads for Mollie’s prayer.

“Mother, dear, it is all right. The lady and the gentleman says so. And we are not going to prison, but we are going home with them—and oh, mother! the lady says we’ll have turkey! and the gentleman says the little dead children wants us to have the things to keep. And mother dear, good-bye. We’ll sing the song now.”

As the friendly old bough gently rustled its clinging brown leaves, the children sang in trembling, high pitched voices,

“Peace on earth, good-will to men.”

X.

---

#### “THE LITTLENES OF REALITIES.”

“NO mail — no post —  
 No go by land or ocean;  
 No inkling of the way — no notion —  
 No traveling at all — no locomotion.”

In the East, the falling snow flakes bring visions of coasting, snow-balling, and sleigh-riding. In Minnesota, as the flakes fall one after one, the homesick teacher sees visions of the Eastern mail snowed up among the bluffs thirty or forty miles away, of the Western mail in a similar condition among the Black Hills and of two or three dismal days before one can hear from any direction. A few snow flakes, some bluffs, a force in the shape of a good breeze which is seldom wanting and the inference is evident—no trains will arrive that day.

The 9:40 train was late on Christmas

eve, and I thought as I stepped to the platform that I should have just so many minutes less to wait at the Junction. In the half-gloom, the faces of the men standing on the platform seemed to take on a dismal expression not at all in keeping with the season.

As I hesitated for a moment, an official approached me and said, "Will you take a room in the hotel?" Oh, no, I answered, I am just waiting for the train from the West. A grim little smile came over his face as he replied—"The Western train is five hours late." I concluded to take a room.

The hotel proved to be over the station. Following the official up a dingy pair of stairs, along a dingier hall, I was ushered into a room which looked more comfortable than one would have expected from the general appearance of the building.

The reflection that I could reach my friend's home early in the morning, kept me from determining never again to teach where I could not go home for the Christmas vacation. Dropping down on a couch I prepared to sleep the dreary hours away. A blast of wind accompanied by a few drops of moisture wakened me and I found that the wind was blowing a gale and that the snow had drifted in through cracks in the window until the carpet around it was visibly white. Pulling the couch as far as possible from the window I experimented until I found that a table placed at the head of a couch, a chair rested on the table, and two pillows piled on the chair are a slight obstacle to wind.

When the breakfast-bell rang at eight o'clock the next morning, I descended the stairs in no very amiable frame of mind. The train was somewhat nearer than on the night before, but was prob-

ably blocked up somewhere in South Dakota.

After breakfast, the manager suggested my going to the parlor. Hoping to find less wind and more heat than in my room, I agreed. The parlor, I soon discovered, was on the first floor, opened into the station, and was merely a part of the dining-room partitioned off by a board fence about seven feet high. As the cigar stand was in another part of the dining-room I had the full benefit of all the conversation between the commercial travelers and the table-girls.

After showing me the room, the manager left me with the suggestion that I lock myself in as the junction was a rough place, and some rather dangerous characters hung around. I speedily locked the door and began to calculate how much force the lock would resist, whether the small amount of money I had would be a temptation to any one, and what were the chances of a robber appearing over my board fence.

The small stock of reading matter which I had with me soon gave out. Then, I recited to myself all the poetry and prose I could remember including "Twinkle, twinkle little star," and "Come on, my partners in distress." The only selections which gave me solid comfort were, "Its easy finding reasons why other people should be patient," and, "Oh, don't the days seem lank and long  
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong;  
And wouldn't life be exceedingly flat  
With nothing whatever to grumble at."

Next I counted the boards in the fence, the strips in the carpet and the figures in the wall paper. There were one hundred ten boards, eight strips and five hundred one spots.

When the manager appeared once more to see if I didn't want a book to

read my gratitude was too deep for words. I would have welcomed "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection," Bain's "Mental Science," or any other light work, and I received the Dutchess' last story with becoming modesty.

Since with reasonable mental effort, the reader can discover that the train must have arrived at last, I will not relate how it came about six o'clock Christmas night, and how I went on my way rejoicing, and am here to tell the tale. The rest of my vacation proved as pleasant as the whole-souled hospitality of the Western people could make it—the loneliness of the one day only serving to make my welcome and the pleasures which followed seem more delightful.

M.

#### A CHRISTMAS SONG.

HO! now for joys of Christmas tide!  
 The happiest time of all the year;  
 When all mankind his brother loves,  
 And friends become to friends more dear.  
 Each heart o'erflows with gladdest songs.  
 Earth is so kind, and life so sweet.  
 All sorrow sad, and envious strife  
 Stand far away, with faltering feet.  
 Dear Christ-child, 'tis Thy loving heart  
 That makes us glad; that makes us strong  
 To bear our griefs. Help us to live,  
 That life may be one grand, sweet song.  
 Hail! Hail! the Christmas bells ring out.  
 The frosty air resounds with joy.  
 Smile and be glad; let cheer abound;  
 Dull not life's gold with care's alloy.  
 —P. V. V. D., '98.

Teacher — "Johnny, what figure of speech is 'I love my teacher?'"  
 Johnny — "Sarcasm." — Ex.

WANTED — TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.  
 The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago.

#### CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON GRAVITY.

TAKE a pencil in your hand and let go of it. What made it drop? "Gravity," you say, "The earth attracts it." Yes, that is the way we usually speak of it. I wonder if the earth really does attract the pencil. Maybe the pencil is pushed to the floor by some force from above! Who knows? Place the pencil on a table and gravity acts upon it just the same. It presses on the table. In a vacuum, in the ocean, on a mountain, in a mine, night and day gravity acts on the pencil and on every particle of matter. We cannot shield ourselves from this influence.

How can we get this precious cargo of inland products to the ocean? No trouble about that. Load a vessel with the goods and float it on the river. Gravity will do the work for us and take the laden vessel to the sea.

How shall this big city get the power to run its street cars? Nothing simpler. Harness up Niagara and let gravity carry the crowds about the city.

Can we supply this large metropolis with water? Simply enough. Lay some pipes from the springs on yonder hills and let gravity carry the water to the houses. Nothing easier.

How shall we illuminate our homes at night? Turn on the gas and touch a match and gravity will do the rest. You do not quite see how? Why, gravity draws stones as well as suns and when one atom is oxygen we get our light and heat when gravity unites the atoms.

See that rolling ball. Then it was there, now it is here. Some have the idea of time. How shall we measure it? Let gravity do it. Hang up a heavy weight and keep it swinging by a spring wound up. To and fro it goes and a hand over the dial tells us how many

times gravity makes it fall. We should have missed the train that takes us home for Christmas time if it had not been for gravity.

What a magnificent landscape! Beautiful flowers, and verdant grass, shade trees, and grand and graceful mountain shapes. Who was the artist? Why, don't you know who paints such pictures? Gravity pulled the rain drops from the clouds and they refreshed the grass and trees and flowers, and carved the hills and valleys. That's how gravity paints pictures.

And sun and moon and stars all keep their place, and spinning, whirling ever on and on, and the sweet influences of the Pleiades is felt forever. How world-embracing and now how mindful of the tiny invisible atom! How constant and how sure, and true, and changeless is the force! We cannot escape its influence if we will.

And one appeared nineteen long centuries ago whose birth we celebrate at Christmas tide. And can we any more escape his influence and power? His love embraces worlds, and each of us, and makes each tiny sparrow in its fall. The world were darkness without Him, and charity, and faith, and hope, and "peace on earth, good will to men," were only empty words had he not lived.

Have gravity and love one source? Ask rather, "have they not," and learn to love, and, loving, draw all men and set them gravitating towards the Christ.

C.

We want every college student to make, as one of his new year resolutions, a firm resolve to subscribe for The Echo. The small number of subscribers among our students doesn't show the proper spirit of loyalty.

#### LIFE'S MIRROR.

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true!  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet.  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,  
You will gather in flowers again.  
The scattered seeds from your thought out-  
borne,  
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what we are and do,  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

—Demorest's Magazine.

#### CHRISTMAS CHEER IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

WITH cold weather and snow comes the thought of Christmas and to us as teachers the question, "How we carry the Christmas cheer into our school rooms?"

It is an acknowledged fact that every one is entitled to a happy childhood, even the Constitution recognizes the "pursuit of happiness" as one of the inalienable rights, and when can children be made happier than at Christmas. It is essentially the children's festival.

"Oh! thoughts of childhood do not die  
Like thoughts of man and youth;  
They change not like an April day,  
They live in lies or truth;  
And be they false or be they true,  
They work us good or ruth."

When has the teacher a better opportunity to direct the thoughts of the child

in the right channel than in the celebration of the birthday of our great Teacher?

All little people, and perhaps the larger ones, too, enjoy things more in anticipation than in the realization; so the longer this period of anticipation the more pleasure they receive. You remember James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Johnts" cried not because of the greatness of the surprise but because "I've watched you all the time and knew all about it."

Although it is "By a beautiful road our Christmas comes, a road full twelve months long," the special work should be begun immediately after Thanksgiving. Indeed it can be made to grow out of this day of rejoicing. Having received many benefits, the natural sequence is to do for others. With this in mind the children can begin their simple, little, inexpensive presents for father, mother, sister, or brother. The value of a gift consists not in the expense but in the loving thought back of it. The desire of children to work with their hands and to work for others is here satisfied, but the gifts to be prepared must be within their power of making easily or happily or else they become discouraged. The list of appropriate articles is long. It includes such as spectacle cleaners for grandma; case for grandpa's glasses; blotter for father; calendar for mother; laundry tablet for big brother; stamp cases, bookmarks, picture frames, match safes, Christmas cards and booklets. If the child can do nothing else, let him copy a few quotations in his very best style, tie them together to form a booklet to take home. We all know how these things are appreciated in after years.

Children have been too much in the habit of regarding Christmas as a time

of receiving and it is our privilege to help to realize the pleasure of giving, without receiving and thus strengthen the spirit of unselfishness.

Was there ever a child who did not like pictures? Now it is possible to obtain copies of the best pictures at a price that even teachers can afford a few of them. The children will learn to love these pictures of the Madonna, The Nativity, etc., because of their meaning. If you tell to them the old, old, but ever new story of the first Christmas.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Let the December songs, stories and quotations be of Christmas or illustrating the Christmas spirit. The pupils will not tire of the theme, nor will they enjoy their reading lessons less if they be furnished with supplementary matter on this same topic.

The decoration of the black-board opens a wide field for the teacher's ingenuity, fancy and imagination. Be the available space ever so small, room can be spared for a border, festoon or wreath of

"Holly true which retains his hue  
Nor changes like the flowers,  
But is ever seen in red or green."

Should a teacher think she can not draw sufficiently well she can easily obtain stencils to assist her. For small children a Christmas scene on the black-board is very fascinating particularly, if the outline be put on first and details added at intervals, as, when the pupils return after Thanksgiving they find the drawing of a tree in their picture corner. After a few days candles appear on the tree, soon the Star shines above it. Then as the children are making gifts these are

represented on the tree and so on until the completed picture shows the tree trimmed, decorated and loaded. As a final touch some pupil might light all the tiny tapers with a torch of yellow crayon. Much use could be made of such a picture. Number facts or drill words could be hung on the tree and the children allowed to receive or give as many of these imaginary presents as they can; the condition of the getting or giving being correct recognition of fact or word.

The last day of school before Christmas must be the happiest day of the whole year. In the rural districts and small towns trees and evergreens are easily obtained, and a Christmas tree is never below par with children. Once in a very poor city ward, a small salaried teacher asked her friends to contribute each a small quantity of home-made candy and pop-corn. Taking small portions of these, wrapping first in tissue paper, then covering with cotton, tying round with white thread she had charming snow-balls. Some small boys sang a winter song and snow balled their fellow pupils. This was not much for the teacher to do but how much do you think it was to the poor children who received the treat?

Let us then in some way

“At Christmas play and make good cheer  
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

M. E. S.

#### NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS POEM.

THE house was the oldest and most time-worn in the alley. Its outward appearance bespoke the fact that the world wagged but illy with its occupants. Shabbiness characterized its outward aspect as well as its interior furnishings, and poverty

was written over its door in invisible, though unmistakable letters. From its windows the only view to be had was a vista of the narrow and dingy lane, fringed by miserable apologies of houses, and ornamented solely by piles of rubbish now rendered less displeasing to the eye, than usual, by an immaculate mantle of snow. To this alley Fashion was a stranger, though Honesty resided there in circumstances which Honesty sometimes begets. Of no great people did this uninviting side-street boast, but proud was it of honest hearts and willing hands, yet of none more proud than of little Nell, who lived in the old house mentioned above, and who, like an angel of mercy, was giving her sweet young life to the attempt of transforming from a wail of misery and disappointment to a song of peace, contentment and thanksgiving, the last days of an aged grandfather.

Once more had the cycle of time brought round bleak December only to find depleted the stores of little Nell and her grandfather, spent their meager hoardings of money, and worse their circumstances in life than ever before.

Through the chinks in the house, wrought by the unstayed ravaging hand of Time, the wind sighed and moaned and chanted dirges of buried hopes. Cold were the rooms, void the larder and destitute the house of everything of worth, for all articles of value had gone to the money lender for what they would bring, and in this little house on Christmas Eve desolation and gloom were holding silent carnival. Darkness was coming on apace, and in a rickety arm-chair sat the old man alone—living o'er the past, conjuring up memories of happier times, mourning his present lot, dreaming of days that were no more. He seemed in

waiting for some one, as anxiety was pictured upon his furrowed face. He starts, a key is turning in the rusty lock, and a beautiful young girl bustles into the room.

"It is the same old story, grandfather," she said, in a pathetic voice of silvery tone. "There is no food in the house, and the grocer says he will not trust the poor. What are we to do?"

The aged man made no reply, and the welcome darkness hid the tears that trickled down his withered cheeks.

"'Twill be the worst Christmas we have ever had," the girl continued with a sigh, and then, noting the look of misery on the old man's face, and throwing her arms around his neck, she quietly said: "But cheer up, grandpa, for I have some wood, and we will soon have a crackling fire in this cold room."

"It was good of you, Nellie, to be so thoughtful," the old man replied, as he dragged his stiffened form to the hearth, and watched with satisfaction the dancing flames.

"Far better, though, could I have secured something to eat," she replied, in a desponding tone. "Grandpa, how happy I will be if the time ever comes when I can earn our bread by my pen."

"Yes, dear girl, but there is no use in talking of impossibilities, no use of building castles in the air, no use of wishing when wishing brings regrets, Nellie! But the hour grows late, so good-night, my darling child, my own little Nell, good-night!"

The old man hobbled painfully into an adjoining room, but not to rest, for his kindly heart, when he thought of his patient grandchild, ached as only the heart of a hopeless man can ache, while Nellie Arnold, the orphaned daughter of

highly respected parents, sat in the darkness and wept "sorrow's salted tears."

The fire burned low, and the dying embers flickered and smouldered and died away in gloaming, before she arose.

The brief inward battle had conquered her passion, however, and the feverish light no longer shone in her clear, dark eyes. "I will show grandpa that I do amount to something, after all," she murmured. "If heroic efforts will accomplish success, we shall have a Christmas dinner as usual, and I shall be the author of a new poem."

The tender twilight, the silence and the surroundings, seemed an inspiration to the girl, and ere long her deft fingers, aided by a faulty pencil, conveyed the graceful expressions of her fanciful mind to the paper she tremblingly held. "I wonder if it is really good?" she asked herself, lingering lovingly over the final line. "I shall read it and make corrections where they are most needed." In another moment her clear treble tones added music to the simple rhythm of the verses, and lent a charm to the lines she had written with care.

#### AT TWILIGHT.

The sun hath kindled in the blushing west  
The roseate watch-fires of departing day;  
And tenderly the shadows sink to rest,  
Like little children wearied of play.

The twilight deepens, and the silent night  
Appears in solemn grandeur on the scene—  
A monarch from celestial realms of light,  
In majesty intrepid and serene.

The darkness draws a diamond-spangled veil  
Of crystal dew, with filmy haze and mist,  
Athwart the earth; athwart the hill and dale,  
The reign of Night to murkily assist.

While, in the blooming gardens of the sky,  
Each silvery blossom nestles in the blue,  
Immersed in Heaven's parti-colored dye;  
God spoke; and, in their listening, they grew.

Like a silent harbinger of glad tidings, the full orb'd moon arose, and, casting its silver beams into the narrow room, served to distract the child's attention. "I know it is not very good," she sobbed, overwhelmed by a sense of failure. "But I am so young—only thirteen—and what can the world expect of that age?"

The moonlight flooded the apartment, and gilded the earnest face of the little poet with a strange beauty. Spurred by the angel of hope, she ceased weeping, retired to her humble couch, and was soon lost in dreams of poets who have written their names in golden letters on the scroll of Time.

The chime of tuneful bells pealing from a neighboring steeple, and proclaiming the hour of midnight, awakened her from troubled slumbers with a start.

With inspiration born of mingled hope and fear, Nellie arose. The stars were shining, and cast weird, uncanny lights upon the snow. The city was wrapped in the hush of a midwinter's night. The office of the "Morning Herald," a thriving daily, was but a few blocks distant, and the illuminations in the editorial floor were visible from the window of Nellie's home. Attired in her scanty wraps, the girl clasped her treasured poem, and stole noiselessly from the room.

She paused, in no little embarrassment at the office, but regaining courage, pushed open the heavy door, and stood—a weak, trembling little figure, on the threshold.

"What do you wish, my dear?" inquired a pleasant voice, and a sweet faced-lady extended her warm, soft hands to the little, cold one that Nellie outstretched.

"May I see the editor?" she asked in faltering tones, shocked at her own

temerity. "I have brought a poem which I have written to-night, and I hoped that he would look favorably upon it, and reward me with some money, be it ever so little."

"Come with me, little one, and I will take pleasure in presenting you to the editor," the lady said, reassuringly.

Her timidity increased as Nellie followed her guide to the spacious editorial room, where the editor was engaged at his private desk. The respectful "Pardon me, sir," of the stenographer served but to increase her trepidation.

"What do you wish?" the editor inquired, glancing wonderingly from her to the little one. "This is a poor child who has written some verses, and who hopes that you, sir, will accept them and reward her effort with a little money." The lady smiled cheerfully at the little stranger, as she spoke; then retired to a farther corner, an unobserved spectator of the scene.

"I am very busy," said the editor, with a clouded brow. "Speak quickly, child, and have done."

Awed by the imperative tone, Nellie produced her manuscript, and laid it before him, studying attentively his changing expressions, as she did so.

"I have no leisure to examine it now," he said, shortly. "Leave it with me, together with your address, and I shall communicate with you later."

Frightened into obedience, Nellie quickly complied with his wishes, and soon her shivering little form hastened again through the intervening streets; herself no little abashed at the attention paid her by the few belated pedestrians who looked in wonder at the little girl on the street at such a late hour.

Her humble home was soon reached, and an entrance noiselessly effected, but

the silent watches of the night brought no rest to the child. In hopeful expectation, she awaited, with sleepless eyes, the Christmas morn, occasionally offering a simple prayer to Heaven for success to her poem.

The welcome dawn had but scarcely smiled its greeting to the gladsome world when a sharp rap upon the door awakened the patient watcher to the fact that some one was in waiting without. Another moment, and in a transport of joy, Nellie flung wide the door, and fell with a happy cry at the feet of her newly made friend.

"I wish to be the first to say Merry Christmas to you," the editor said, as he smilingly assisted her to rise. "I found your verses quite acceptable. They were published this morning, and it is my privilege to offer you this gift as a reward."

All the crustiness which had frightened Nellie on the previous evening had vanished, and in her eyes he seemed as a great and good angel who had placed some roses on the thorny path she had traveled for thirteen years of her sad and troubled life.

"Do you think you can appreciate this?" he asked, laughingly, and placed in the arms of his youthful protege a hamper containing all the requisites of a Christmas feast.

For answer Nellie gave him a grateful look, for her throbbing heart was too full for speech.

"I thought it more acceptable than money, and as this is your initial poem the pecuniary profit would not be great. But, work on, my dear, and I can assure you of the bright and promising future in store," and then the editor bowed himself out, before the faltering words of thanks greeted his ears.

And thus! the twilight of little Nellie's youth brightened into the dawn of a womanhood which has seen her name enrolled as one of America's sweetest daughters of song.—Anna E. Williamson, prize story in Times-Union.

---

#### THE WINTER SONG OF THE BROOK.

WHEN Winter hails, I slip and slide  
 Adown the wind-swept mountain side;  
 Where many a flying flake of snow  
 Melts on my bosom as I flow.  
 Across the ledge where ivy clung  
 A fringe of icicles is hung;  
 And o'er my slanting walls of stone  
 A tapestry of ice has grown.  
 Oftimes the frosty winter air  
 Sweeps through the woodland still and bare;  
 And breathes upon my sun-flecked breast  
 Until a thin, transparent crest  
 Of purest ice bridged o'er me chill;  
 While underneath my waters still  
 Tunnel their way with laughing glee,  
 'Till the sun's warm rays have set us free.  
 —L.

---

#### A VOICE FROM LOUISIANA.

BEAUTIFUL is the land, with its prairies  
 and forests of fruit trees;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the  
 bluest of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the  
 walls of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden  
 of Louisiana.

Thus sang Longfellow, and the picturesque description loses none of its beauty by a personal investigation of its natural peculiarities. Perhaps in none of the Southern States is there such a culmination and completeness of natural features. Not the rugged grandeur of the mountain districts, nor the barren wastes of the "plains," but a rare blending of climate and productions, that might well have been taken for Eden itself. Add to the beauties of the natural landscape

the many quaint customs of the people—the earlier settlers of the country—and we have conditions as enjoyable as humanity may require.

The home of the rose, the sweet olive, and the sweet violet, where the fragrant magnolia and Cape Jasmin literally fill the air with perfume, and the peerless Camelia is the supreme “thing of beauty,” what wonder that the poet should pour out his heart in the divine raptures of song. But here, where nature has scattered her bounties with a lavish hand, man, “the architect of his own fortunes,” has failed to harmonize with the high ideals of creation, and we find conditions of abject misery all the more glaring because of the contrast.

Slowly the old South is passing away, and from the ashes of a dead past is arising a new South that shall soar higher—far beyond the realms reached by the old. Slowly but surely, the South, like a mighty giant, is beginning to feel the pulsation of a new life, and the quiver of a new power is being felt in the mental, moral and spiritual atmosphere. And this new vigor is expressing itself in vitalizing energy in every department of life. Scarce a generation since the carnage and bloodshed of the strife which left desolation and ruin in its track,—a few monuments of which are still left, like the scars of a great wound—yet the ideals of a better condition are budding on the tree of prosperity. But to reach the highest degree of mental and social success will be through the same slow processes which make such abiding impressions on the North and East. There must be a multiplying of “little red school house” through which the bleaching process for all mental discolorations may be accomplished. The necessity for this is understood more easily when it is

known that illiteracy has its greatest number of votaries in that section. Comprehend the startling fact that 50 per cent. of the people can neither read nor write, and you have the key which unlocks some of the mysteries surrounding the South. Add another fact: that in many counties in the “black belt” the percentage of white population is only one-half of one child of school age to the square mile, and you may appreciate the struggle the South is making to maintain its equilibrium, and at what sacrifices it is making progress.

Notwithstanding this, on no line is Louisiana making greater advancement than on the line of education. New plans are being evolved, new methods are being adopted; new schools are being established: The old “blue back” speller is relegated to the rear, and in its stead modern text books are introduced. Normal College ideas are being engrafted on to the growing bough of enlightenment, and the outlook is wholly promising. In the dense populations of the “black belt” the cry for more light is reverberating through the dark halls of ignorance and superstition. And with increased mental training will come increased intelligence, and that means an uplift to the plane of unity with the world’s advancing hosts. May the day hasten!

Baton Rouge, La.

---

First Junior (anxiously)—“What did you have in psychology this last period?”

Second Junior—“Oh, we had the ‘convulsions’ of the brain.”—Crucible.

---

Teacher—Give an example of something which is done without giving pleasure to anyone.

Pupil—Delivering essays.

## The Normal College Echo.

Published Monthly by the Students.

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

### CONDUCTED BY

EDWIN F. GREEN, - - - - -	<i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>
MISS EDITH ESSELSTYN, - - - -	} <i>Literary Editors.</i>
MISS A. G. LANDER, - - - - -	
MISS LILIAN KIBBY, - - - - -	
MISS ANNA E. KARNER, - - - - -	
MISS LAURA P. STAFFORD, - - - -	} <i>News Editors.</i>
MR. J. ARCHIE THOMPSON, - - - -	
MISS CLARA PALMER, - - - - -	} <i>Exchange Editors.</i>
MISS E. REED, - - - - -	
MISS GRACE COOK, - - - - -	} <i>Review Editors.</i>
MISS BERTHA W. BAGG, - - - - -	
E. S. MARTIN, - - - - -	<i>Business Manager.</i>

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

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

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

THE ARGUS COMPANY, PRINTERS, - - ALBANY, N. Y.

### EDITORIALS.

Merry Christmas to one and all.

A GREAT many have not yet replied to the gentle reminder that their subscription was long past due. In order to make the paper what it ought to be, we need the hearty support of every loyal student, both past and present. Manifest your loyalty to the college which was mainly instrumental in placing you in the position which you now occupy by sending the business manager the amount which you now owe up to date, accompanied by a renewal for another year. We willingly devote our time and efforts to the work and would feel more than compensated if it should meet with due appreciation by every present or would-be subscriber.

WE, as teachers, should take careful note of the frequent quotations and illustrations which from time to time adorn the black-boards in the several rooms, and let them serve as suitable models to us when we have charge of school rooms of our own. All the illustrations are appropriate to the season of the year and convey some new thought or inspiration to us every time we gaze upon them.

IT is a universal fact that we, as students, become so engrossed in our own affairs and interests that we are wholly unmindful of those of our neighbors. We never fully appreciate our friends until they are taken from us, and then we fully realize for the first time how much they really were to us, and how much more we might have been to them. We are gathered here as a band of students, temporary exiles from home, toiling onward toward the same goal. Let us make it one of our new year resolutions to strive to forget self and to extend the right hand of sympathy and fellowship to all of our co-workers, thereby making their daily tasks lighter. By so doing, we will instil a little more sweetness and happiness into our own lives, and realize more fully and forcibly the saying—that no man liveth to himself alone.

HOW often do students rise in class to answer questions or to volunteer information and speak in such a stumbling and halting manner and use such ungrammatical English as to be intelligible neither to themselves nor to anyone else. How often must the instructor, with knitted brow, say, "I beg your pardon, I don't believe I quite un-

derstood you." The pupil repeats with little better success and finally the teacher sums up the matter as best she can only to find that she has mistaken the meaning. Wherein lies the difficulty? One or more of three things may be the cause. It may arise from embarrassment. When one is a victim of this weakness he loses in a measure the control of his powers of expression. This tendency may be overcome by persistent exercise of the will and by the cultivation of a feeling of self-confidence.

Another cause may be careless and indistinct enunciation. There is no excuse for this fault. It is generally due simply to habit. Faithful practice and attention will secure good enunciation.

There seems to be another cause which lies deeper yet. It is found in the mental processes. Clear expression is the evidence of clear thinking. An idea occurs to us and we hasten to give it expression before we have analyzed it. If our mental processes are slow we should have the words to express the idea well in mind before attempting to communicate the thought. By this means time will be saved.

When these faults, or any one of them, is present, there is confusion for the speaker and weariness for his hearers.

---

**F**OLLOWING closely upon the day of universal thanksgiving, comes the day to which we all look forward with pleasure and delight. It is the day on which we celebrate the birth of the Christ child, who, born nearly nineteen hundred years ago in a lowly manger in Bethlehem, brought "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

It is the one day universally celebrated throughout the civilized world, and the

day on which a general spirit of giving is manifested.

It may be that our limited means will not permit us to give costly gifts to our friends, but if it is only the slightest token of remembrance and is given in the right spirit, it will be of far greater value and more highly prized than costly gifts given begrudgingly and from a sense of duty.

Give a cherry "Merry Christmas" to all whom you meet and thus make the day one of joy and gladness to those around you as well as to yourself. We, especially, as students, should make it the gladdest, happiest day of our short vacation. Most of us will return to our homes to renew the old ties and associations, and to gather with all the family around the great Christmas tree laden with some gift for one and all.

Let each, on that day, lay aside all disappointments of the past, all anxiety for the future and devote himself to the proper observance of the day, and to the obtaining of life's fullest enjoyment.

---

We present to you with this issue the first special number since the paper was originated. The various articles were contributed by our best writers, and we trust that the paper as a whole may merit your approval.

---

Our successors have already been chosen, and with another issue we lay down the pen and hand over our mantle to one who is fully qualified for the position.

---

**W**ANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.  
The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago.

**COLLEGE NOTES.**

The new term begins Wednesday, February 2d.

Dr. Milne attended an institute at Spencerport, Monroe county, December 2d and 3d, and Prof. Wetmore was at an institute at Ballston, December 2d.

The first of a series of exhibitions to be given by the Camera Club was given in the College hall Thursday evening, December 9th.

Mr. H. I. De Voe has left the College to enter the new Normal school at Jamaica, Long Island.

Miss Wilcox, who recently finished here course here, has secured a position in the public schools at Bennington, Vt.

Mr. Charles V. Bookhout has been absent for a number of days on account of illness.

The class of '99 held a successful meeting Saturday evening, December 4th, at which a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The class of '99 meets the first Saturday evening in each month.

The class of '98 held its regular meeting Saturday evening, December 11th. The particular feature of the social part was a "tea party," which was voted a signal success.

The Primary and Intermediate departments will hold their Christmas exercises separately this year.

Prof. White has laid the foundation of an excellent library in his department. Each pupil is requested to give one book by some standard author and a book is also to be given by each teacher in the department, making in all about two hundred books, which will be received by Christmas time. Each pupil is to be given one period every week in which he may read these books. This plan will,

no doubt, give some of the pupils an opportunity to become acquainted with our best authors, which they would get in no other way. Besides the library, Prof. White has been making a collection of pictures of celebrated people. There are already more than seventeen hundred pictures in his collection. The enthusiasm exhibited by the pupils in this work shows the interest they have in their school and their willingness to support it.

**RESULT OF LAST ELECTION.**

**A**T a regular meeting of the College students, held on Wednesday, the 15th instant, the following board of Editors was chosen for the ensuing term.—

Editor-in-Chief.—W. M. Strong.

Literary Editors.—Mr. Cornell, Miss Osgood, Miss Everett, Miss Leet.

News Editors.—J. L. Merriam, Miss May Crawford.

Exchange Editors.—Miss Barker, Miss M. Baker.

Review Editors.—Miss A. M. Britton, Miss Hall.

**HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.**

At a very enthusiastic meeting of the Adelpis, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—Mr. J. Howard Brannon.

Vice-President—Mr. R. Herrick.

Secretary—Mr. O. G. C. Milne.

Treasurer—Mr. Earnest Boothby.

Financial Secretary—Mr. Conrad Hoffman.

Senior Master of Ceremonies—C. B. Maggs.

Junior Master of Ceremonies—H. Bothwell.

Chaplain—Wm. E. Fitzsimmons.

Sergeant-at-arms—G. Reynolds.

The members of the graduating class are making extensive preparations for closing exercises at Christmas. There is

no doubt but that the program will be an interesting one, and those who attend will enjoy a treat.

The usual number of students are absent because of illness. The Echo extends sympathy and wishes them speedy recovery.

The Adelphis and Quintillian societies held a joint debate on Friday, December 17th. Among other things of interest on the program were addresses by the presidents of the respective societies, papers presented by Miss Martin and Mr. Maggs and several musical selections of merit.

The question debated was:

Resolved, That the United States should annex Hawaii.

The sides taken were as follows:

Affirmative — Miss Sherwood, Miss Smith, Miss Kelly.

Negative — Mr. Fitzsimmons, Mr. Maggs, Mr. Brannon.

---

**PHI DELTA.**

SINCE the Thanksgiving vacation the pleasantest event at the College has been the reception given by the Phi Delta Fraternity to its many friends on Friday evening, December 3.

Those who attended it were cordially received in the handsomely decorated entrance hall by President Bookhout and Vice-President Green, after which they readily found seats in the north hall and listened to the following enjoyable program:

- Music . . . . .Wentworth's Orchestra
- Address of Welcome . . . . .Pres. Bookhout
- Reading — "The Debating Society" . . . . .Mr. Green
- Reading — "The Soccomogrolly Newspaper" . . . . .Mr. Merriam
- Vocal Solo . . . . .Miss Luby

- Selections — "My Kate" . . . . .
- "An Interview with Mark Twain" . . . . .Dr. White

All present were initiated into the "sweet secrets" of the society in the kindergarten rooms. During this trying ordeal the black caps and gowns of the members flitted everywhere, skillfully arranging the guests into groups of five or six.

Dancing followed the coffee, cakes and bonbons, and at eleven o'clock all departed, thanking the fraternity for a very pleasant evening and convinced that its members understood that most difficult art of successfully entertaining a large gathering of people, and of how to make coffee.

The fraternity is now composed of twenty-one members, and is in the most flourishing condition since its organization. At the regular meeting on Friday evening, the 10th instant, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing quarter:

- President — E. F. Green.
- Vice-President — O. B. Sylvester.
- Secretary — E. S. Martin.
- Corresponding Secretary — J. L. Merriam.
- Financial Secretary — Mr. Wetton.
- Treasurer — B. L. Sisson.
- Marshal — W. S. Schneider.
- Critic — G. C. Lang.
- Inner Guard — W. S. Herrick.
- Outer Guard — W. J. Adams.
- Chaplain — C. V. Bookhout.

---

The professor of Classics, with classical look,  
 Evermore conneth a classical book;  
 In the halls of learning he hauntheth a nook  
 Where he burneth the midnight oil.  
 By no sirens glance can he be deterred,  
 In making love will his voice ne'er be heard.  
 He'd have Venus arrested — I pledge you my  
 word,  
 For "wrecking a train of thought."  
 —Exchange.

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

Miss Laura McCollum, '88, was married December 15, 1897, to William Osborne Remsen, at her home, 243 Emerson place, Brooklyn.

Miss Sallie A. Maxwell, '89, was married to Charles Albert Peck, December 1, 1897, at her home in Menands, N. Y. Mr. Peck is the son of Charles H. Peck, '52, the State botanist.

Margaret Van Bensekom, '92, has secured a position in the schools of Passaic, New Jersey.

Miss M. Agnes Kelly, '97, has been appointed to a position in the Brooklyn schools.

Miss Harris, '97, visited College Friday, December 10th.

Mr. Van Allen, '97, paid us a visit during Thanksgiving week.

---

**EXCHANGES.**

THE "Rocky Mountain Collegian" contains an article on habit which is worth reading and remembering.

The "Hamilton Review" has just reached our desk for the first time. The opening article ably supports the college authorities in the step which they took last fall to suppress hazing. Three pages of each issue are given to a concise summary of the contents of each of the leading monthlies.

"The News Letter," a new exchange, from the Johns Hopkins University, is an attractive and readable little paper.

A Normal student should have a place in his program for study before session, definite hours for study, committee work and exercise after session.

If you are driven by your studies just sit down now and make out your sched-

ule. Carefully test it, revise it slightly, if necessary, and then faithfully adhere to it. In two weeks you will be surprised to find the motor power reversed and that you are driving your studies.—The Crucible.

A teacher must learn what things to see and what not to see. He must have keen eyes and quick ears, seeing and hearing everything, but overlooking, so far as his pupils may know, the thousand little things which come about by accident or through the innocence of the children. Some things are essential; on them hang the law and the prophets, and they must not be passed by. Others are thrown out as feelers by the mischief breeders, and their meaning should quickly be discovered.—State Normal Monthly.

Some excellent articles on Whittier are to be found in the "Tattler" for this month.

---

**EDUCATIONAL NOTES.**

The oldest college on this continent is the College of Mexico. It is fifty years older than Harvard.—Ex.

Cambridge has refused its degrees to women, but gives certificates for examinations passed.—University Forum.

Mt. Holyoke is to have a beautiful pipe organ built in the chapel of Mary Lyon hall, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. William Whiting, Jr., of Holyoke.

Statistics from the largest universities in the United States show that the graduate departments are increasing more rapidly than the college departments.—Ex.

The legislature of South Carolina has forbidden the existence of Greek letter fraternities in any educational institution receiving State aid.—U. of M. Daily.

**METHODS IN NUMBER WORK.**

I STUDIED my tables over and over, and  
 backward and forward too;  
 But I couldn't remember six times nine, and  
 I didn't know what to do  
 Till sister told me to play with my doll and  
 not to bother my head,  
 "If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while you'll  
 learn it by heart," she said.

So I took favorite Mary Ann (though I  
 thought 'twas a dreadful shame  
 To give such a perfectly lovely child such a  
 perfectly horrid name),  
 And I called her dear little "Fifty-four" a  
 hundred times till I knew  
 The answer of six times nine as well as the  
 answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who al-  
 ways acts so proud,  
 Said "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I  
 nearly laughed aloud  
 But I wished I hadn't when teacher said:  
 "Now Dorothy, tell if you can,"  
 For I thought of my doll and — sakes alive —  
 I answered — "Mary Ann!"

—St. Nicholas.

**THE IDEAL TEACHER.**

SHE possesseth that subtle and mys-  
 terious gift called sympathy. She  
 knoweth the names and conditions of her  
 scholars, and in all she taketh a tender  
 interest. She understandeth their dis-  
 positions; she hath no contempt for any.  
 Therefore, she draweth all toward her,  
 and all place their confidence in her.

She is slow to wrath. She remember-  
 eth that she is also human, and, there-  
 fore, liable to err.

She is gentle and gracious in her bear-  
 ing, for she forgetteth herself in her en-  
 deavor to set at ease them that come to  
 here.

Her voice thrilleth as the tones of a  
 sweet instrument — now persuasive,  
 now high, now low, yet ever gentle  
 and firm.

To dwell in her company is an inspi-  
 ration, for she unconsciously demandeth  
 from her scholars their best.

She is humble because she knoweth  
 no more.

She hath an infinite patience with the  
 dullard and the backslider. She is a  
 mother confessor to every anxious heart.  
 From her confessional box the downcast  
 go away cheered, the indolent inspired,  
 the rebellious subdued.

She is a born ruler, for she is of them  
 who have learned to obey in their youth.  
 She loveth little children.

No duty to her is trivial or beneath her  
 to do well. She loveth her work, since  
 not for what she getteth, but for what she  
 giveth, doth she toil.

Yet is she cheerful of spirit. The  
 sound of laughter often ensueth from  
 her lips and calleth forth that of her  
 scholars. That which she doeth she  
 doeth with zest; under her teaching the  
 burden of learning groweth lighter.

\* \* \* \*

She liveth ever, for in the years to  
 come, her memory will be green and  
 emit a sweet fragrance in the hearts of  
 those she taught and loved.—Light and  
 Leading.

**PSYCHOLOGY.****I.**

Excitation,  
 The sensation,  
 Expectation,  
 Trepidation.

**II.**

Recitation,  
 Hesitation,  
 Explanation,  
 Extrinsication.

**III.**

Examination,  
 Degradation,  
 Notification,  
 Transportation.

—Exchange.

**HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY.**

Po-ny — A beast of burden used by students when traveling in unexplored lands.

Flunk — Process of changing from a four to a five-year course.

Senior — One who rides a pony in the race for a sheepskin.

Junior — One who knows it all, and tries to teach the faculty.

Val-e-dic-to-ri-an — A wind instrument belonging to the graduating class.

Quiz — An instrument of torture which teachers delight in using on the pupils.

Fac-ul-ty — A troublesome organization that interferes with students' enterprises.

Soph-o-more — A wise person; one of Nature's noblemen.

Com-mence-ment — The end.

End — The most acceptable part of an unprepared recitation.

In the kindergarten — Tanta, what kind of a bug is this?

Tanta — That is a hemiptera insecta, a tracheata anthropod.—The Crucible.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;

And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind  
And look for the virtue behind them.  
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light  
Somewhere in the shadows hiding.  
It is better by far to hunt for a star,  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter.  
Some things must go wrong your whole life  
long,

And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle,  
The wiser man shapes into God's plan  
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

Every teacher of American history now has not only the opportunity of increasing his library by one more valuable work, but of increasing his pupils' knowledge of and interest in the American Revolution. The stirring serial, "Hugh Wynne," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, which has been appearing in the Century Magazine during the past year, is now published complete in two volumes.

"The Social Mind and Education," by George E. Vincent, instructor in Sociology at the University of Chicago, is the title of a book just announced by the Macmillan Company. This volume presents education as the increasingly purposeful effort of society to conserve, criticise, reorganize and perpetuate the collective tradition. Certain current pedagogical theories, such as the Culture Epochs and the Correlation of Studies, are discussed in the light of this sociological concept. The essay concludes with the suggestion of principles which should guide a readjustment of the higher education to the demands of a civilization which is growing more and more conscious of social needs and possibilities. A tentative college curriculum, based upon these principles, is included in an appendix.

"A Study of English Words," by J. M. Anderson. Cloth. 12mo. 118 pages. Price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. The purpose of this book is to furnish in a form suitable for school or private study a summary of the most important facts relating to the English language, with special reference to the growth and change of English words. It is based on standard authorities and embodies the most recent and authoritative results in the study of philology. The plan of the book is simple, and the study is made interesting and attractive, as well as instructive. The work includes a brief treatment of the general principles of language growth as exemplified in the Indo-European languages, and a study of the different elements of English, showing the growth of our language from its original Germanic, French, Latin, Greek and other roots into a new language of greater strength and universality than its predecessors. The chapters on words, their growth, changes, forms, meanings, spelling and synonyms, and the treatment of roots, stems, prefixes, suffixes, etc., will be found particularly useful to young students, giving them a discriminating knowledge of words and a training in the accurate use of language.