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THE MUSES.

FAIR Calliope's Epic song,
 In stately grandeur rolls along,
 The first among the Nine!
 While Clio, in an open scroll,
 Records the ages as they roll,
 The deeds that thro' them shine!

Euterpe, breathing Love's desire,
 Comes next, the mistress of the Lyre,
 With charming theme and word!
 While in her train Melpomene,
 The vengeful Queen of Tragedy,
 Appears with flashing sword!

Sublime Polyhymnia's song comes next,
 The sacred theme its precious text,
 With grave and pensive look!
 Urania with a globe appears,
 The shining Muse of stars and spheres,
 The Crystal Sky her book!

Muse of the Choral Dance and Song,
 Gay Terpsichore, trips along,
 With golden hair and lyre!
 While fair Erato speeds her dart
 Unerring thro' the Lover's heart,
 Which kindles as the fire!

While Thalia's mirthful, comic line,
 Idyllic, rounds the tuneful Nine
 With mask and shepherd's crook!

NOTED BURIAL PLACES.

II.

PPROMINENT among the noted burial places in London is Smithfield, the former site of the execution of criminals.

Here is erected the memorial tablet of two hundred and seventy-seven martyrs who were burned at the stake in the time of Queen Mary. Here, too, Sir William Wallace was executed; and here, Wat Tyler was slain, at the head of his rebel forces, by the mayor of London.

In Christ's church the pious Richard Baxter at last found the "Saint's Everlasting Rest"—of the body, at least—of which he has so ably written. And at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields lies buried the fair Nell Gwynne and other celebrities.

Samuel Pepys, the noted diarist and secretary to the admiralty of the times of Charles II, is buried in St. Olave's (Old Jewry).

This is a locality, in London, said to have been inhabited by Jews of the Shylock stamp. But since it is pretty generally understood that the Merchant of Venice is a myth, he can hardly be set up as a type of any class, whether Jew or Gentile.

At Twickenham, on the road to Hampton Court, lies Alexander Pope, and in Cheswick churchyard, five miles from London, rests William Hogarth under a tablet bearing a quaint epitaph, written by Garrick.

At Stoke Pogis, two miles from Windsor Castle, the poet Gray sleeps, not far from the "Spreading Yew" of which he sings in his "Elegy."

A little farther on, at Beaconsfield, is the grave of Edmund Burke; and there are also other interesting tablets in this vicinity.

One of the most noted burial places of London is Kensal Green cemetery. Here are the tombs of Sir Sidney Smith, Anthony Trollope, William Makepeace Thackeray and Tom Hood. This last monument bears the inscription: "He sang the song of the shirt."

Brompton cemetery also contains some of the most noted graves of London. Among them is that of Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, who "christened" and established the Silurian system of sedimentary strata.

In the old Chelsea churchyard are found the graves of many eminent citizens of London. Here lies Thomas Shadwell, the rival of Dryden, who died of opium-eating.

Ten miles from London is buried, in the parish church of Richmond, James Thomson, author of "The Seasons."

Highgate cemetery, noted for its beauty, contains the graves of the poet Coleridge and his sister; also the graves of Michael Faraday, Mrs. Henry Wood, George Eliot and many other equally distinguished persons.

In St. George's burial ground, Hanover Square, lies Lawrence Sterne, the immortal author of "Tristram Shandy."

But aside from Westminster Abbey, there is probably not a burial place in London of more interest to the tourist than Bunhill Fields (originally, Bonehill Fields). Situated almost in the center of the "Fields" is the grave of John Bunyan. There is some fine low relief on this monument, representing some of the chief points of his "Pilgrim's Progress." Not far from this "Puritan Mecca," are the altar tombs of Henry, Richard and William Cromwell, and a little far-

ther on is the headstone of Susannah Wesley, mother of John and Charles Wesley. Across the road, opposite the "Fields," stands her monument, adjoining which is the Wesley house, a low, brick structure, having a flower garden in front. Neither of her sons is buried near her.

Isaac Watts is also buried here, and near his resting place is a pyramidal monument to Daniel Defoe. Not very far from this is the tomb of Dame Mary Page, bearing a very quaint inscription.

Near these "Fields," is the "Friends'" burial ground, where lies George Fox, founder of the society of Quakers.

It is not to be expected that all the "Buried Greatness" of England can be included in so brief a review of the subject. But it may be that these few hints may assist those who are interested, in seeking out the urns of such as are not to be found within the noble precincts of the Abbey.

MRS. M. B. KELLY.

THE FROST KING — A NOCTURNE!

HOW clear and calm the starry night!
 The sheeted moon, the mere and hill!
 The ghostly pines so weird and still
 Look out upon a sea of white!
 Where erstwhile smiled the daffodil! *
 And silent too the sparkling rill!
 Its laughter hushed, its prattle mute,
 Untuneful as a shattered lute;
 Is voiceless, now, and cold, and still!
 Uncanny as the night-bird's hoot!
 O'er Autumn's song and Summer's hymn
 The Frost King reigns! His sparkling throne,
 More radiant than the shining zone!
 When in the West its lamps grow dim,
 From Sparks of Death his scepter blown!
 Where, now, the insect world of Life?
 The song which thrilled the leafy bower?
 The glorious tint of shrub and flower?
 Unequal conflict won the strife,
 And chilled the Earth's supernal dower!
 But, hark, to merry voices near!
 The stars peer down with wondrous light,
 And life once more pervades the night!
 For, lo, the skaters crowd the mere
 And fill the air with quaint delight!

* Genus Narcissus.

Which louder grows, as rings the steel
 Upon his cold unyielding breast!
 While song and laughter ill suppress'd,
 The mocking glen but half conceals,
 The NYMPH of MYTH withholds the rest.

More brightly glows the fires above!
 Pale Cynthia smiles thro' crystal sparks!
 Their glist'ning path, delighted, marks,
 And beams approval on the love
 Which on some sunny heart embarks!

Once more the stillness of the grave!
 Oh! for some balm to heal the scars,
 The cruel lines his bosom mars!
 Whose shield, erstwhile, shone like the wave,
 When in it gleamed the spheres and stars!

But hurried grows the ambient air
 To rain-drops turn his crystals spears!
 Kind Nature's ever-pitying tears,
 Its channels fill, renew its glare,
 That on the morrow, light appears.

PATRICK CAREY.

FROM VENICE TO THE ALPS.

WE had resolved to remain in Venice all summer. So lovely were the June days that we could not bear to think of leaving; life on the lagunes is fascinating. There is refreshment in the great expanse of water as seen from our windows on the *Riva degli Schiavoni*, with the beautiful churches of the *San Giorgio Maggiore*, *Il Redentore* and *Santa Maria del la Salute*, seeming to float on its bosom. There is refreshment in the soft splash of the waves against the walls of the house; and there is ecstasy in seeing our gondola waiting beneath the window, with its white canopy and snowy vested gondolier, as we take our first glance abroad in the morning. There is nothing on earth comparable to the calm, tranquil delight of gliding in a gondola. The motion so smooth, the air so soft and balmy, every object that meets the eye so full of beauty. Then the gondola is so comfortable, with its well-cushioned, sofa-backed chairs, its carpeted floors; there is no carriage so easy; one finds ease of mind and body as though a magic wand had touched it; when one steps in care is left behind; all vexatious thoughts vanish, one

remembers them no more, perfect tranquility of mind is hired with the gondola.

And the nights in Venice — the summer nights — how indescribably lovely; whether sitting under the cool colonnades of the *Piazza San Marco*, eating Florian's ices and meeting everybody, or again in the gondola sailing amid the mysterious shadows of the grand canal, enjoying the fine music, vocal and instrumental, from the concert boat, which, gayly decorated with colored lanterns, is moored near the house of *Desdemona*. No, one could not leave it, and so we glided on day after day, lotus eating, forgetting that all earthly joys are like the blossoming of the rose — beautiful but brief. The *sirocco* came — the rose was withered. Could it be the same Venice? A leaden sky, a heavy, dense atmosphere that seemed to press upon the brain and deprive one of all desire of action or even of life. It was our first experience of *sirocco*, and it was terrible. We looked longingly across the great northern lagune to the line of mountains, with their snowy crests, and thither we fled.

The journey from Venice to the Alps is charming. We traveled by rail to Belluno, where the railway ends. Belluno is a small town at the foot of the mountain, very pretty with a really first-class hotel, where we stayed for the night, and on the following morning commenced our long drive to *Pieve di Cadore*, en route for *Cortina* in the Austrian Tyrol (Dolomite Alps). We arrived at *Pieve di Cadore* about five in the afternoon; the day's driving had been delightful; good carriage and horses, scenery of unrivaled beauty; books have been written on the subject, but no writing can convey an idea of the exquisite ever-varying landscape — it should be seen. We had arranged to stay here one night to rest, as it was still many hours' travel to *Cortina*. Next morning, however, it was raining heavily; we were very comfortably settled in the hotel, the charges were ridiculously cheap, so we deferred our departure. Between the showers we went out to look at the town. *Pieve di Cadore* is, as everybody knows, the birthplace of Titian. There are several of his paintings to be seen here, also the unpretending house where he was born.

Beyond reminiscences of the great artist and its glorious situation *Pieve* has no attractions; it is an insignificant village.

On the second morning when we arose, the near peaks, which had been green the night before, were white with freshly fallen snow (July 11th). On the third morning the sun shone brightly, so we ordered our carriage and set off for *Cortina*. After leaving *Pieve*, the beauty of the scenery increases, indeed, many consider it the most beautiful drive in Europe. Far beneath us flows the river — we hear its murmur and see the rafts as they are guided down its devious course. The road gradually ascends, winding around the base of lofty mountains, dotted with picturesque cottages. Many churches with slender spires pointing upward attest the faith of the Tyrolese; large crucifixes also are placed at intervals all along the way.

In about four hours we reach the Austrian frontier. Here our baggage is examined by very polite officials and we leave "*la bella Italia.*"

E. MCAULIFFE.

(Concluded in the next issue.)

THE ISLE OF PENIKESE.

THE system of summer instruction which has since been successfully practiced at Chautauqua and elsewhere, was undertaken more than twenty-two years ago by Agassiz.

The idea of establishing a summer school at the seaside for the benefit of teachers of natural history, originated with Prof. N. S. Shaler, then a teacher of natural history in Harvard college. He communicated his thoughts to Agassiz, and together they attempted to organize such an institution.

About that time Prof. Shaler received the appointment of State Geologist of Kentucky, and to prepare for his new work he went to Europe, leaving to Prof. Agassiz the entire care and management of the new enterprise.

Suitable and comfortable accommodations for a class of fifty were secured. The services of twenty lecturers who, partly from their interest

in the work, and partly from their love and esteem for Agassiz himself, gladly co-operated with him.

Before any invitations were extended to teachers to come and enjoy the opportunity, Mr. John Anderson, a wealthy merchant of New York city — owner of the island of Penikese in Buzzard's Bay, which he had bought and improved for a summer seaside residence — offered the island with its buildings to Prof. Agassiz for the use of the proposed school. This offer he subsequently supplemented by a donation of \$50,000 in cash for needed preparations.

Prof. Agassiz's movements having become known, many applications for admission to the privileges of the school were received. Fifty, the whole number desired, were selected, and all the rest were rejected. It is said that in one small city in New York State there were twenty applicants and nineteen disappointments.

The fortunate fifty were duly notified of the day their presence would be welcome, and on the morning of the 8th of July, 1873, were met at the Penikese pier by Prof. Agassiz and his wife.

When all were assembled in the neatly furnished lecture room Prof. Agassiz arose among them. Then occurred a beautiful and impressive event, which has been rendered classic through Whittier's charming poem.

He looked around upon that little assemblage and saw their hopeful trust in him and realized, perhaps, as he had not before, the deep significance of the hour.

His beaming smile was chastened by an expression of tender solicitude that the hopes and expectations of those trusting in him might not be disappointed, and by the thought, "In my own strength I am not equal to this task. One higher than I must direct this movement."

Pausing a moment he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: We meet under very peculiar circumstances. We are all strangers to each other. I know not whether there be one in this assembly upon whom I could call to open these exercises with prayer. As for myself I would not ask any

man to pray for me. I will ask all of you to join with me a few moments in silent prayer."

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

* * *
Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverend
To the master well beloved.

* * *
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief unuttered prayer?
Did the shade before him come
Of the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And eternity's new year?"

Then followed a few words of welcome on the part of Agassiz.

Thus the life at Penikese was begun.

Agassiz's intense love of nature constantly revealed itself in unconscious words and actions.

He gave the following address to his pupils: "When sitting at the laboratory table you should give yourself up exclusively to your work. Never trifle with nature. The objects we study are the works of the Creator. A laboratory of natural history is a sanctuary in which nothing improper should be admitted or exhibited. There we are in the constant presence of nature and its author."

He was particularly careful to forbid any useless destruction of life. Even the birds' nests so profusely scattered about the island were sacred to him.

Familiarity with all form of life had made him exceedingly tender and watchful of their natural rights.

The golden hopes raised by the brilliant beginning of the summer school at Penikese were soon blasted. Agassiz died during the succeeding December. No one, after his death, felt capable to complete the liberal plan laid out by Agassiz, and the enterprise was abandoned.

The beautiful spirit of Agassiz, his sublime

self-denial in his devotion to nature make it possible to conjecture what an impulse would have been given to the study of natural history and "higher culture in kindred science," had he been permitted to live until he could have seen the budding promise burst into bloom of realized success.

R. M. C.

THREE SUMMER MOONS IN RHINELAND. PART II.

FROM Wiesbaden we made many delightful excursions to Mayence, to Frankfort, to Hamburg; but our month, all too soon, draws to a close, and we reluctantly bid adieu to our kind hostess and her amiable family, and take the train for Heidelberg. Here we found our rooms all ready, nothing left to be desired, and we lost no time in hunting up the famous castle. And not only that day, but many following days, found us still turning our steps in the same direction. The fascination of Heidelberg castle is indescribable; when we saw it first in the afternoon, we felt we must try its effect in the morning light; then we found that every succeeding hour threw a new and lovelier light on court, and tower, and terrace. It is a place in which to dream away a whole summer. On the occasion of the birthday of the Grand Duke of Baden the castle was illuminated with Bengal lights. We repaired with the crowd to the other side of the Neckar, and took our position directly opposite the castle, comfortably settled on camp stools to await the spectacle. The night was very dark, as if made to order. On the hillside we could only discern a confused mass of buildings, when -- a gun was fired -- and instantaneously the whole contour of the magnificent pile was outlined on the dark mountain in glowing fire. At the same moment many boats on the river commenced throwing up rockets, and a boat underneath the bridge burned red and blue lights, which, with a line of white stars which were arranged over the bridge, made such a charming *coup d'oeil* that it was difficult to decide which was the loveliest, the castle or the river. Anything more beautiful in fireworks could not possibly be -- the cas-

tle, the bridge, the river, all steeped in the brilliant, many-colored lights, the myriads of shooting lights, and the reflection of all in the water. It was soon over, alas, but the night was charming and everybody walked about the town and enjoyed it. We met many Americans in the crowd. In the town of Heidelberg are several very interesting historical buildings, and along the Neckar are pleasant rambles to medieval villages. One can walk through the shady glades of the Odenwald, the pine needles forming a glittering carpet, and when tired of walking, can easily reach the river and return by small boat. Neckarely, Neckarstienuch, Neckargemund, and many other villages are well worth visiting. There is one small village, situated on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain, where, although within sight of the surrounding villages, people are born and die without ever descending from their eyrie. What a strangely isolated life — what a singular race.

In our wanderings we came on many old castles and churches, all full of interest. When the moon was full again we threaded our way up the wooded hill to enjoy the climax of scenic beauty—the Heidelberg castle in the moonlight. A numerous company was already in possession of the grounds, the great court was filled with carriages, and gay young voices filled the air. A boy, in a delicious excitement, rushed towards us, from a group of ladies, asking, "Have you seen the ghost? Have you seen the ghost? We have. Just now we saw it gliding under yon dark archway." The ghost, I thought, must be a very sociable ghost who undertook a midnight promenade here, on a moonlight night. The crowd rather spoiled the romance of the situation; but the scene was absolutely beautiful, and we had only to draw on our imaginations a little to fancy ourselves in the midst of the cavaliers and dames who formed the court of the fair Elizabeth Stuart, when she held it here. And now another month is gone, and we leave romantic Heidelberg with its gardens, terraces and dark subterranean passages, and hurry onward with the crowd to be in time for the September festival in the Black forest.

E. M. A.

THE QUINTILLIAN RECEPTION.

"HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
jest and youthful jollity."

This was the command issued by the Quintillian officers, when on Saturday evening, Feb. 2, the kindergarten rooms were thrown open to the friends of the society. As the guests entered they were ushered into the reception room where they were received with charming ease and cordiality by the committee in charge. We congratulate the society on its excellent judgment in selecting for officers four of its fairest members. Very lovely and picturesque they appeared in their dainty evening gowns, against the dark green background of tropical ferns and palms.

Alluring strains of music drew us on and we proceeded into the main hall where Gioscia's orchestra discoursed sweet sounds. Here was found a large assemblage, towns-people, collegians and a sprinkling of Union College men. The faculty was well represented.

A stage had been erected from which the announcements for the evening were read by the president, Miss Helen E. Wilson. A choice literary and musical program was presented, every number of which was well rendered and warmly received. The reading of the society paper "The Budget of Q's," disclosed something of the nature of the organization which seems to promote the cultivation of literary talent and to foster a sisterly feeling by social intercourse.

The paper was unique in form, being cut from cardboard in the form of a large "Q," and tied with the society colors, green and white. Many sly hits and witty personals were given to the evident enjoyment of all who understood the allusions.

At the conclusion of the program the president ascended the stage and, to the surprise and delight of all, extended the invitation:

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

The evening ended most pleasantly, and all tendered their thanks to the fair Quintillians for this delightful closing of the winter term.

The following is the programme:

Music.....	Gioscia's Orchestra
Recitation....	Miss Blanche Munn
Solo.....	Miss Mae Hall
Reading of the "Budget of Q's"....	Miss Breckinridge
Vocal duet.....	Misses Hall and Goldthwaite

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

I ALWAYS had my doubts, when reading the account of the destruction of The Spanish Armada, that the north coast of Ireland could have been so havoc-spreading among the remnants of the fleet.

My doubts were all dispelled on visiting that portion of Ireland; and, instead, a feeling of wonder came that so few wrecks are reported from that rock-bound coast each year.

While it is a source of much care and uneasiness to the mariner, to the visitor it is a source of wonder and delight.

No part is more frequently visited than the Giant's Causeway.

How to reach it will no doubt be interesting.

If you take the State Line of steamers for Glasgow, you may get a faint glimpse from the steamer's deck, while passing. From Glasgow the State Line will send you to Belfast without charge. At Belfast take the train for Coleraine.

Then from Coleraine to Portrush by train; from Portrush to Giant's Causeway by electric tramway.

If you take any of the Liverpool lines, you can of course leave your vessel at Queenstown; take train to Cork, to Dublin, to Belfast, and so on.

Or you may not leave your steamer at Queenstown, but proceed to Liverpool, then by steamer to Dublin, or Belfast.

If you are in London, you can take train to Liverpool, or to Fleetwood, thence by steamer to Belfast.

My first visit to the Giant's Causeway was when a mere boy, before the electric tramway from Portrush was in existence.

This tramway, indeed, is a famous one, since it is the first ever operated in the British Isles.

I happened to be staying in Coleraine, the town known to fame through "Fair Kitty," for a time. I was anxious to visit the Causeway, and was told that the best effect could be obtained by keeping near the coast.

I decided, therefore, to tramp the distance, which is about twelve miles. B. J. M.

(To be continued.)

A COLLEGE IDYL.

RAM it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and History,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
What are Profs paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in—
What are students made for?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinicology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their foolish yearning
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook.
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the students that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in—
That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you,
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

—Anon.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

SUCCESS attend our graduates.

LEARN to labor and to plan.

NEW subscribers are always welcome.

IT is very desirable that unpaid subscriptions to the ECHO be sent in as soon as possible.

ALL items and articles for publication should be sent so as to reach us by the 20th of the month in which they are to appear.

LET all our readers who are anxious to further every endeavor to increase the usefulness of our College send for copies of the new circular. These may be distributed among those desirous of becoming students of our College. As our Alma Mater has, and is doing so much for us, why can't we return the compliment?

By glancing at our editorial staff, it will be seen that there has been quite a change made in its *personnel* since our last issue. Our worthy editor-in-chief, Mr. Henry F. Blessing, who has so ably edited the paper for the last six months, has been obliged by the increasing College duties to resign his office. With many regrets we accepted his resignation. Miss Charlotte E. Lansing, our exchange editor, having graduated this month, left us with a position to fill. We trust

Miss Lansing may make as great a success in her future work as she has on the Board. We were about demoralized when Miss Anna E. Husted, editor of Echoes and Personals, resigned, having found the work too much to allow her to do justice to it and to her duties as president of Delta Omega.

WITH our editor and two of our best assistant editors gone, we felt very lonely, but, pulling ourselves together, we decided on action. As a result of which Miss Mary G. Manahan, our literary editor, was elected editor-in-chief; Miss L. Louise Arthur, our news editor, and Mr. Snyder Gage, our exchange editor. We hope to make the paper as interesting as ever.

"COLLEGE PATRIOTISM—HOW MAY IT
BE HEIGHTENED?"

By keeping up with your class-work.

By being on time for chapel exercises.

By regular attendance at glee class.

By patronizing the library.

By indentifying yourself with your class.

By attending College receptions.

By *supporting the college paper.*

The ECHO has on its exchange list, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Review of Reviews*, *Overland Monthly*, *Lippencott's Magazine*, and *Teachers' Institute*. It also exchanges with the publications of the leading colleges and schools throughout the Union. This testifies to the high standard reached by the ECHO in the rank of College papers.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN POLITICS.

THE schoolmaster has certain rights which he may or may not exercise. Some board members hold that outside of school hours, the schoolmaster's time is his own. He may teach private classes or follow commercial pursuits, saw wood, or make political speeches. In fact, he may do exactly what any other citizen would do, so long as he fulfils his school room duties.

This idea, however, is vigorously combated. It is held that the teacher holds a relation to

society which precludes active partisanship, that his position is a public one which renders political activity "pernicious;" that the influences which he must necessarily hold over the pupil are apt to shape the latter's opinions on political and economic questions; that, by becoming an active politician, he becomes a teacher of politics and a feeder for certain political parties.

These objections appear reasonable. To enter the political arena in any active form means to cast the schoolmaster's influence, as a schoolmaster, into the partisan balance, to the detriment of a noble profession. The effect is obvious. The teacher's position would in time become a political one and efficiency and scholarship would have to give way to party activity and "political pull."

This does not mean, however, that a school teacher cannot with good grace aspire to the position of County Superintendent or State Superintendent of Public Instruction. These positions are semi-political only, and although dependent upon the popular vote, are strictly in line of professional promotion.

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

YOU are all familiar with a certain historical instance, in which a man makes a fatal mistake by saying, "Gentlemen, I hope you belong to *our* party." Of course, this was answered by the query, "What party?" in trying to answer which he became involved in an issue which cost him his life. Had he boldly declared himself to belong to one side or the other, he might have chanced upon the right one, and so have passed the enemy's lines unchallenged.

Not infrequently, serious, if not fatal, result is the outcome of this fear to avow yourself; this desire to conciliate both sides, arising, perhaps, from a misinterpretation of the maxim: "Be all things to all men." This spirit may proceed from a desire to please *both* parties, or from an inability to decide for oneself to which party one belongs. To people of the former class we say, Beware; he who tries to please all, seldom succeeds in pleasing one; to the latter, He who

waits for another to make up his mind for him, virtually refuses to exercise the highest of man's God-given faculties,—the decisive power of free-will.

It is amusing at times in an assembly to note the behavior of certain members when a vote is called for. Their hands are never raised until the question is decided, then they claim to have been in the right all the time, since they were *not* in the wrong. It reminds us of the small boy who made the request, "Give me some of what you've got," determined to be "in it" anyway.

Of course, the "non-committals" are indispensable in one respect; they serve the purpose of the gilded bird on topmost pinnacle, a constant variable, indicating the direction of the moving zephyrs. And then they never fail to cheerfully volunteer adverse criticism on the measures rejected. But while we thank them for their valuable afterthoughts, we should be still more humbly grateful for an occasional demonstration of their theories—a sort of model lesson, as it were.

It may be pleasant to sit on the fence and watch the progress of the game, whilst considering on which side it will be safest to descend, but we cannot all be umpires in the game of life; some of us must come down and keep the ball in motion. And is it not better to be identified with one side or the other, to share its toil, to hope for its triumph, or to gracefully accept its defeat, upheld by the consciousness of having played a good, fair game?

Have an opinion of your own. You are not obliged to hold to it forever; the premises from which you draw your conclusions of to-day may be altered to-morrow. Do not jump at conclusions, nor be in haste to express an opinion before it is properly formed, but when once a conviction arises in your mind and the proper occasion comes on which to express it, give it voice and uphold it until, if incorrect, you discover your error. Do not fear to do this though you may stand alone on your side of the field with all the odds against you, for it is the people with convictions who are least often convicted.

SOCIETY NOTES.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

A great deal of interest is manifested by the students and faculty of the College in this popular organization. The membership roll has swelled to seventy-nine members, and it is only a question of time when the society will be obliged to hold its meetings in the chapel.

At the last regular meeting Prof. Byington, a gentleman highly versed in the art of photography, gave an interesting and highly instructive lecture. He described the different parts of the camera, and explained their workings, revealing the secrets of the dark room and the mysterious process of taking a snap-shot.

Some time ago a committee was appointed to prepare a paper for the edification and instruction of the members. This paper, brimful of interesting matter, contained many scientific articles, the written results of original investigations by the members along the lines of Chemistry, Botany, Geology, Physiology, Zoölogy, Biology, Oology, Ornithology, Ichthyology, Conchology, Paleontology, Paleology, and many other branches of science, mention of which is prevented by lack of time and space.

M. N. BEAUDRY, Sec'y.

QUICKSILVER READING CIRCLE.

Work in this charming circle is as delightful as ever and fraught with interest to the members who represent the intellectual élite of the College. The work of this quarter is to be centered in the poet Danté. Short biographical sketches will be read with view to gaining a knowledge of the poet's life and the spirit of his age. Selected readings from his wonderful works, followed by discussion, will be given at each regular meeting.

On Wednesday, February 27, the time was devoted to exercises appropriate to the celebration of Longfellow's birthday. There was a large attendance, and at the program's close all felt quite close in spirit to America's best-loved poet.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the spring term:

President.....Mr. J. Hazlett Risk
Vice-PresidentMiss Mary M. Van Arsdale
Secretary.....Miss K. Estelle Bradshaw
Treasurer.....Miss Katherine Toohy

PHI DELTA FRATERNITY.

The officers chosen by the Fraternity of Phi Delta for the third quarter are:

President.....John McLaury.
Vice-President.....L. R. Herzog.
Secretary.....L. K. Rockefeller.
Financial Secretary.....W. H. Good.
Chaplain.....C. M. Frost.

Marshal.....H. F. Blessing.
Treasurer.....W. A. McConnell.
Outer Guard.....H. J. Risk.
Inner Guard.....Snyder Gage.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

ON Tuesday Feb. 6, a farewell reception was tendered to Miss Rose Hamill by Mrs. John Ryan, at her residence 435 Clinton ave. There were present a large number of Miss Hamill's city friends and fellow collegians. Cards and dancing were features of the evening.

Several choice selections were rendered by the mandolin club, and with music, song and laughter the hours sped quickly by until the hostess gave the signal to withdraw to the supper-room where a dainty repast awaited the guests.

It was not until the "wee sma" hours that they departed after thanking their hostess for her kind hospitality and wishing Miss Hamill all success in her future work.

IN THE MODEL CHAPEL.

THE pupils of the primary and grammar departments celebrated Longfellow's birthday, Feb. 27, 1895.

The following program was rendered and enjoyed by all who were present.

RECITATION—The Reaper and the Flowers,
Miriam Ames.

ESSAY—Life and Writings of Longfellow,
Mabel Perry.

CONCERT RECITATION—The Children's Hour,
Primary Department.

READING—Footsteps of Angels - - - *Ruth Bartlett*

RECITATION—Christmas Bells - - - *Louisa A. Wood.*

READING—Viva Solitaria - - - - *Laura Wilson*

SINGING—The Arrow and the Song,
Primary Department.

ESSAY—Hiawatha - - - - - *Edna Elmendorf*
 "The Childhood of Hiawatha."

Class of sixteen boys and girls.

RECITATION—Longfellow's Best Sonnet,
Claude Jagger.

RECITATION—The Castle Builder - *Mary Mattimore.*

PIANO SOLO—Selected - - - - *Edna Elmendorf.*

RECITATION—Snow Flakes - - - - *Mildred Bell.*

CONCERT RECITATION—The Day is Done,
Grammar Department.

"The Brook and the Wave," - - - *Ethel Anderson.*

RECITATION—The Builders - - - - *William Grant*

ECHOES.

A HOLIDAY.

Seven of the February class have secured positions.

Nearly all students, who are so fortunate as to live near Albany, celebrated the 22d at their homes.

Owing to the severe snow storm, on February 8th, there was a noticeable small attendance at chapel and recitations.

We are glad to see that with the beginning of the new term the attendance at Glee Class has largely increased. This is as it should be.

On February 15th a party of students accompanied Miss Stoneman to the Capitol, where they visited the modeling and carving rooms.

Why is it that the time-honored customs of sending valentines on the 14th, and being patriotic on the 22d, of this month, seem to be dying out?

On the evening of February 21st the Albany Camera Club gave a lantern slide exhibition in the chapel, which was well attended and enjoyed by many of the students.

Dr. Milne has been away since February 18th attending an important meeting of the Department of Superintendence, National Educational Association, at Cleveland, Ohio.

The "Napoleonic craze" has reached room 306. The latest allusion to *Mr. Bonaparte* was made by the Professor of Natural Sciences in a practical talk on the human skeleton.

On the evening of Saturday, February 16th, the chapel held a large and delighted audience of students and their friends, who listened, for an hour and a half, to a lecture on "Tennyson, and His Poetry," ably delivered by Prof. James G. Riggs, A. M., of Plattsburgh. The lecturer gave an interesting description of Tennyson's home and family; an account of a visit made by Prof. Riggs to the Isle of Wight a short time after the poet's death. Prof. Riggs related several events in the life of the late poet-laureate, gave his own and others' estimate of Tennyson's work, and read selections from his poems. The pleasure of the entertainment was enhanced by a song of Tennyson's "Sweet and Low," sung by Mrs. Charlotte S. Mann with a piano accompaniment by Prof. White.

A MODEST EFFORT.

TEACHER—I will award the medal to the boy who suggests the most appropriate motto for the schoolroom.

DICK HICKS—"We study to please."

HICKS—"Education is a good thing."

WICKS—"I believe you. Without education it would be quite impossible to bamboozle the fellows who have no education."

PERSONALS.

MISS ANNA M. SPEIDEL, '94, spent Feb. 1-4, with Miss Husted.

Miss Gaegan, '96, went home to Amsterdam for the holiday.

Miss Lansing and Mr. Orchard are continuing work at College.

Miss Waite and Miss Putnam are teaching at Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss Helen Pratt, '96, who has been ill, is once more at College.

Miss Katherine Toohey, '95, spent Sunday, Feb. 17, at Catskill.

Miss Hamill has been offered a position in the public schools of Utica.

Miss Susie McDonald has returned to complete her College course.

Miss Marion Goodhue, '96, has left College on account of illness.

Miss Doyle, '96, spent Sunday, Feb. 10, at her home in Amsterdam.

Mr. Snyder Gage, '96, spent Feb. 21-24 at his home in Johnstown.

Mr. Forrester, '95, returned to College on Feb. 20, after a short illness.

Miss Holliday has returned to College after a long absence caused by sickness.

Miss Hall, '96, spent the short recess between terms at her home in Newburgh.

Both Prof. Bartlett and Prof. Wetmore have been suffering from "la grippe."

Miss Van Arsdale, '95, spent Sunday, Feb. 17, in Poughkeepsie, a guest in the family of Judge Guernsey.

Miss Duckworth was obliged to discontinue her College duties for a couple of weeks on account of illness.

Mr. Thomas Toohey of Wilkesbarre, Penn., was the guest of his daughter, Miss Katherine Toohey, '95, Feb. 4.

Prof. White will give an evening of readings at one of the Churches of Fort Plain, on Friday evening, March 1.

Of the students from Newburgh, Miss Joy Reed '95, Miss Robeson, '95, and Miss Moss, '96, spent Feb. 22-24 at home.

Mr. Charles Bradshaw visited his daughter during the second week of the month. Mr. Bradshaw is the comedian in Pauline Hall's company, which played at the Hall, Feb. 8.

On Friday evening Prof. White gave an evening of readings under the patronage of Prof. Newbury, who tendered the entertainment to the Junior and Senior classes of the Johnstown High school. There were present a large number of invited guests.

PERSONALS.

MISS FRANCES MCHARG has left College.

Miss Gillespie is teaching at Locust Valley, N. Y.

Miss Smith has a position at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Miss Waldron has accepted a position at Dolgeville, N. Y.

Miss Birch, '96, spent Feb. 22 at her home in Amsterdam.

Miss Husted, '94, spent Washington's Birthday in Canajoharie.

Miss Scudder, '96, went to her home, St. Johnsville, for the holiday.

Miss Newman, '95, has returned to College after a four weeks' illness.

Miss Agnes Babcock of Leonardsville, N. Y., called at the College on Feb. 21.

Mr. Wilbur Sprague, '96, spent the time between terms at his home in Moriah.

Miss McCullough is teaching in the public schools at her home, Newburgh, N. Y.

Miss Northrup, '95, has left College for this year. She is teaching in Jordanville, N. Y.

Miss Eckert, '96, has been absent since the opening of the term on account of illness.

Rev. James Deane of Crown Point, N. Y., visited his daughter, Miss Mary Deane, '96, Jan. 31.

Miss Tarr, '96, spent Feb. 22 and the following Saturday and Sunday at her home in Johnstown.

Miss Perkins, '96, spent Washington's Birthday and the Sunday following at her home in Amsterdam.

Dr. Milne delivered a lecture on Friday evening, Feb. 22, at Fort Plain. Prof. Wetmore will lecture on Friday, March 8, at the same place.

The members of the class of '95 who finished the course in February are as follows:

COLLEGIATE.

Sarah Ellen Hawley, A. B.

CLASSICAL.

Jane Gillespie, Charlotte Elizabeth Lansing,
Hambly P. Orchard, Julia Mary Smith,
Minnie Estelle Waite.

ENGLISH.

Louise May Coughtry, Katharine Cecelia Kennedy,
Agnes McCullough, Alice M. Waldron.

SPECIAL.

Rose Mildred Hamill, Martha Sibyl Putnam.

KINDERGARTEN.

Jennie Lillian Arrison, Grace Foster,
Jessie May Pulis.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'60. MISS Isabella D. Holmes, for many years a teacher in the public schools of Albany, died at her home in this city, January 31, 1895.

'91. Miss Annie W. Campbell, of Cohoes, was married at her home on the evening of January 30, 1895, to Mr J. Edward Lyon of Canisteo.

Miss May Elizabeth Young, who spent the first term of the year at the College, is now teaching at Pittsfield, Mass.

'92. Miss Clementine Helfer, who is teaching at Fort Plain, N. Y., attended the Quintillian Reception February 2.

'93. Mr. Herbert Campbell was present at the Quintillian Reception, February 2.

'94. Miss Harriet Carpenter is teaching at Deposit, N. Y.

Miss Mary Babbitt and Miss Anna Mackey spent Washington's Birthday and the following Saturday and Sunday in Troy and Albany.

Miss Caroline Goddard called at the College February 18.

'95. Miss Minnie E. Waite was in town for February 22.

COLLEGE NOTES.

1. Princeton will soon have a new gymnasium.
2. The number of students at the University of Berlin is 8,450.
3. Foot-ball was a crime during the reign of Henry VIII.
4. Only three women have ever been granted the title of LL. D.
5. The University of Michigan has fifty of its own graduates among its faculty.
6. Ohio leads all the other States in the number of colleges. It has over thirty.
7. The largest college in the world is the college at Cairo, Egypt, having 10,000 students.
8. The University of Chicago intends to publish a magazine similar to the Century.
9. The Italian government has ordered English to be added to the curriculum in all the colleges.
10. The first college paper was published at Dartmouth in 1800, Daniel Webster being one of the editors.
11. The Delta Psi society of Yale College has recently completed its new dormitory. It is a fine building.
12. Prussia pays a pension to all who have worn themselves out in the practice of teaching.
13. The faculty at Harvard have advised the athletic committee to abolish the game of foot-ball.
14. No less than twenty-two Yale men are coaching foot-ball teams of other colleges. It is in order for Yale to give some of her graduates the degree of "Bachelor of Foot-Ball!"

EXCHANGE.

1. There are three classes of students in the world — the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts.—*Ex.*

2. You cannot possibly make yourself into a character unless you hammer and forge yourself into one.—*Ex.*

3. Thought is what has lifted us from the pits and ruts of life. Let each one strive for more of it.—*Ex.*

4. The Normal College ECHO has added "The Tatler" to its exchange list, and finds it a helpful and interesting paper.

5. According to the habit of college graduating classes using the last two figures of the year, as '94, '95, etc., what will the graduating class of 1900 call itself?—*Ex.*

6. A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began thoughtfully, "Sick"—paused while his brain struggled with the problem, then finished triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead"

8. Hereafter the exchanges will be placed on a shelf in the library so that the students may have an opportunity to see what is being done in the literary line by other schools and colleges. They will be found to contain assistance which is very valuable.

9. The question that Seniors ask: "If the *Review of Reviews* reviews the reviews, what reviews of reviews will review the review which reviews the *Review of Reviews*—*Ex.*

QUERY.—We should like to know who writes the cute little verses which appear in the *Times-Union*, one of our daily exchanges.

The following are examples:

To single blessedness inclined,
I pay my way;
When thoughts of marriage fill my mind,
I weigh my pay.

They heard her father descend the stairs,
But they trembled not, "for," said she, "who cares?
Just get thee behind my left arm sleeve,
And he'll think my dear you have taken leave."

No colleges in England publishes a paper. Even in their college days the American youths begin to show the push and enterprise so characteristic of Americans. There is scarcely a college of any note in America that does not have its college paper published by the students; some of them have two, and the following publish dailies: Cornell, Brown, Harvard, Leland Stanford, Princeton, and the Universities of Michigan and Wisconsin.—*Ex.*

England has ninety-four universities and employs 2,728 more professors than the 300 colleges of the United States.

"Oh, what's a kiss my pretty maid,
Grammatically defined?"

"It is a conjunction, sir," she said,
"And cannot be declined."

The faculty of the Boston University has decided to allow work on the college paper to count for English in the regular course.—*Ex.*

Why not at the State Normal College?

"Fred," our chemist, once felt thirsty,
O, 'twas sad to see,
What he thought was H₂O,
Turned out H N O₃.

OVERHEARD IN THE LIBRARY.

New Student.—O! for an Ariadne who would furnish me a thread to guide me through these labyrinthine Normal halls.

Senior.—Foolish youth! You'll be on a string soon enough. (*Enter the Minotaur.*)

Q. When are we sure to have a lark?

A. When the swallows downward fly.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

INDUSTRIAL Primary Arithmetic is becoming very prominent and is being introduced in many graded schools.

There is a discussion among many prominent men about the practical value of introducing military drill in common schools.

An organization known as "The Manual Training Teachers' Association," has been effected in America. Its purpose is to secure co-operation in study and experiment and development of manual training.

Cornell offers to teachers, during the summer holidays, a supplementary course, consisting of every branch of study.

Harvard also offers a course of the same work, but not especially for the benefit of teachers.

The Harrisburg, Pa., Board has decided that hereafter the high school assembles at 9 A. M., and is dismissed at 11.45 A. M., assembles again at 1.45 P. M., and is dismissed at 4 o'clock. By this system the schools are dismissed fifteen minutes earlier in the morning and a half hour earlier in the afternoon. The time of recess usually passed in leisure will hereafter be devoted to study which warrants dismissal earlier than heretofore.

AMONG OUR MAGAZINES.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY.

The *North American Review* for February opens with three timely articles on the currency question, which are bracketed together under the title of "The Financial Muddle." They are written by Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton, Representative William M. Springer, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and Henry W. Cannon, President of the Chase National Bank of New York, and formerly Comptroller of the Currency. This important symposium is followed by a trenchant article on "Literature and the English Book Trade," from the pen of Ouida. A paper on "Politics and the Farmer," by the Hon. B. P. Clayton, President of the Farmers' National Congress, next claims our attention. "The New Pulpit," forms the subject of a vigorous paper by the Rev. H. A. Haweis, which cannot fail to attract wide attention. The literary feature of the number is furnished by Andrew Lang, who contributes some delightful "Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson," which possess a unique interest owing to the close friendship existing between the two writers. In other articles Senator Orville H. Platt discusses the "Problems in the Indian Territory;" Prof. Simon Newcomb tells "Why We Need a National University;" H. H. Boyesen deals with "The Matrimonial Puzzle," and Charles Sedgwick Minot writes on "The Psychological Comedy." The second instalment of the "Personal History of the Second Empire," by the author of "An Englishman in Paris," Albert D. Vandam, also appears in this number. It deals with "The Opponents of the Prince-President." Other topics treated are "Images in Dead Eyes," by Dr. Ellerslie Wallace; "The Cat in Law," by Gertrude B. Rolfe; "Newspaper Row and National Legislation," by Albert Halstead, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*; and "How to Repel Train Robbers," by Lieut. J. T. Knight, U. S. A.

Hawthorne's Seclusion.

Even the style of Hawthorne brings us hardly a reminiscence of his reading. Like everything else about him, it has but the delicate aroma of his personality. Nothing precious in it was plainly copied, and very little can be borrowed from it after him by lesser hands. As we linger entranced over his pages, neither he nor we may remember the name or existence of other literary artists. We enter with him directly into the sanctuaries of the soul.

This solitude was his fate on earth. Longfellow was his college associate at Bowdoin. One would think two such gentle and sensitive natures would surely discover each the other's rare gifts even then. But they confess later, with regret, that they were not drawn closely together in their college days. Many years after, Emerson lived beside Hawthorne in the quiet Concord street. They occasionally walked together, but Emerson acquired only a general optimistic faith that the man was "healthier than his books"—those books which the tolerant philosopher seems to have pronounced morbid on rather slight, and slighting, perusal.

Perhaps the final judgment will reverse this Emersonian dictum, and say Hawthorne's way of life was a morbid one, or, at least, would tend to produce morbid men in most cases, but that its hermit-like seclusion and loneliness were destined in this particular instance to make possible the most unique and inimitable masterpieces of creative prose that our race has yet to show.

Agassiz compelled a young student of biology to concentrate all his thoughts, week after week, upon a single fish, and that fish finally taught him the true insight of science.—William Cranston Lawton, in March *Lippincott's*.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

The complete novel in the March issue of *Lippincott's* is "A Tame Surrender," by Captain Charles King. Departing from this author's usual field, the purely military, it deals with the Chicago strike, the riots and their suppression, and the loves of a United States lieutenant and a high-minded young lady who works a typewriter. It is her "tame surrender," after long resistance, which gives the tale its title.

The other stories, all very short, are "Fulfillment," by Elizabeth Knowlton Carter; "The Luck of the Atkinses," by Margeret B. Yeates, and "One of the Wanted," by B. B.

Two brief scientific articles are supplied by George J. Varney,

"Electric Locomotives on Steam Roads," and "The Story of the Gravels," by Harvey B. Bashore.

"A Glimpse of Cuba," by James Knapp Reeve, is a vivid and readable sketch. Isabel F. Hapgood writes of "Furs in Russia," and W. D. McCrackan on "A Question of Costume."

Prof. William Cranston Lawton discusses "The Artist's Compensations;" Prof. H. H. Boyeson furnishes "A Youthful Reminiscence," and C. W. Lucas, as "Doolittle," writes "An Open Letter" to Mrs. Grundy.

The poetry of the number is by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts and Richard Burton.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March will contain the opening chapters of a striking serial, entitled "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker. It deals with the life and adventures of a young captain in a Virginia regiment, afterward of Amherst's regiment, at the time of the fall of Quebec. It will run through several numbers, and is one of this popular author's most powerful stories. Fiction is further represented by the first installment of a two-part story by Grace Howard Pierce, entitled "Gridou's Pity," and additional chapters from Mrs. Ward's serial, "A Singular Life."

Everyone who is interested in anti-slavery literature, or who has read "Neighbor Jackwood" and "Cudjo's Cave," will be glad to read "Some Confessions of a Novel-Writer," by John T. Trowbridge, the gifted author of these remarkable stories.

Two papers of importance are "Immigration and Naturalization," by H. Sidney Everett, and the second of Mr. J. M. Ludlow's papers, "Some Words on the Ethics of Co-operative Production."

The educational paper of the issue is by Prof. N. S. Shaler, who treats of "The Direction of Education." Another delightful bit of Sicilian travel and description by Elisabeth Pullen is "Bova Unvisited."

Aside from these features, there are poems by Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard and Madison Cawein. The book reviews will appeal especially to the lover of poetry, as there is an exhaustive review of current verse. The usual departments complete the issue.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Roderick Hume. The story of a New York teacher. Bardeen Publishing Co.: Syracuse, N. Y.

This book sets forth in a highly interesting manner the experiences of a young man who enters upon the teacher's profession. His experience in the Teachers' Agency will prove of interest to Normal graduates.

The Teacher's Mentor. Bardeen Publishing Co.: Syracuse, N. Y.

This volume comprises a series of practical talks, which are of infinite value to an inexperienced person about to enter the teacher's profession. They are written in a charmingly straightforward style, and are interesting throughout.

MORE ABOUT THE DOLLAR MARK.

Teacher—"Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar mark?"

Tommy—"I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society, and the crooked one for the way they got their money."

The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, which was founded 1,800 years before Oxford.

In a paper upon "The Secret of the Roman Oracles," Professor Rodolfo Lanciani describes some of the methods used by organized impostors in 218 B. C.:

The most popular mode of divination in central Italy was the drawing of lots, or *sortes*. The *sortes* were little counters, made of bone or wood, inscribed with a sentence, and kept in a kind of dice-box. A boy would draw one at random, and the words written on it would be taken as a response or omen. Livy relates that in 218 B. C. one of the lots kept for use in the temple of Falerii leaped out of its own accord. It bore the words *Mavors telum suum concutit* ("Mars shakes his javelin"), which were taken as a warning of the advance of Hannibal by Lake Trasimene. Another device practiced in times of public calamities was the substitution of smaller *sortes* for those generally in use. This alleged miracle was called *attenuatio sortium*, and its awe-inspiring omen was averted, or supposed to be averted, by the celebration of the *lectisternium*.

A considerable number of *sortes* were discovered in the sixteenth century in the Euganean Hills, near the Bagni di Abano, the ancient Fons Aponi. Here was an oracle called the oracle of Geryon, because it was connected with the tenth labor of Hercules; with the capture, that is, of Geryon's oxen, and the driving of the herd from Spain to Greece. The Oracle was consulted by Tiberius at the beginning of his campaign in Illyricum: the words which he drew by lot told him to throw golden dice into the spring. Suetonius says that in doing so he turned up the highest possible numbers (sixes), and that the gold dice could still be seen under water in Hadrian's time.

Un Calmatiff.—Une petite dame nerveuse, en entrant dans un wagon, aperçoit un voyageur avec un fusil.

"Votre arme n'est pas chargée, n'est-ce pas, monsieur?"

Le Sportsman (folâtre): "Au contraire, madame; mais cela ne fait rien, je vais y mettre un bouchon; il n'y aura plus de danger!"

La voyageuse est immédiatement rassurée.—*Ephemere Comique.*

Les Origines du Peuple Français. — On demande à Bébé ce qu'il appréhend à l'école:

"J'apprends l'histoire de France, mais je ne suis pas très avancé. Je n'en suis encore qu'à Adam et Eve."—*Le Masque de Fer.*

"A BON CHAT, BON RAT."
Gallidermis came to Corinth,
In the Classic days of old,
With a school desk for inspection,
And, t'was rumored,—goodly gold.

Him two bandits slyly shadowed
Till he sought the office door
Of a potent school-board member,
And an able Counselor.

"Foiled!" said Bandit One, morosely;
"No," said Two, "It's better far;
Now we'll take the gold this evening
From the member of the bar."

—*Athenian.*

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