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THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HOW I've longed for the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
That brighten life's pathway for all;
For the clear babbling brook, where the willows bend o'er,
And the sound of the robin's sweet call.

Winter has gone with his cold, icy hand,
And his breath that was chilling and keen;
Though a friend in disguise, I wish him *God speed*,
For a dearer friend coming is seen.

Bright, laughing Springtime, her face wreathed in smiles,
And laden with gifts for mankind,
Tripping, draws near, a true, welcome guest,
The dearest and best you can find.

Her breath is as sweet as the garlands she weaves,
Her step is like shadows at play;
The rivulets murmur, the woodlands reply,
And the birds sing a fond welcome lay.

The cold, barren hillside a brighter robe wears,
The trees from their long sleep awake;
Nature doth smile as she welcomes her guest,
And the flowers nod and bloom for her sake.

J. R. W., '93.

THE MYSTIC FLAGON.

"From greens and shades where the Kaaterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flowers cling."

Adown the valley of the Hudson there is no reach which can compare in picturesque beauty with the Kaatskills, throned in queenly dignity on the western bank. About half-way up one of the highest peaks is the place known as the dreamland of Rip Van Winkle — the great hero of our New World Mythology.

Nestling in a dimple in the hills is the little village where he made his home. A drowsy, dreamy influence still pervades its atmosphere, and the good Dutch residents pursue their respective ways, but little disturbed by contact with the outer world. Although the legend of Rip's marvelous exploit has gained world-fame, here it is given with minute and correct detail, and with a vividness which comes from unquestioning belief. Men, women, and children point out with pride, to the stranger, the spot where he took his well-nigh fatal slumber. They tell with bated breath, of the direful evils sure to befall anyone foolhardy enough to attempt to cross the

deep and awful ravine barring access to the charmed glen.

Stragglers, sometimes attracted by the quiet charm of the locality, linger here a few days and are always imbued with something of the faith of the people in their local traditions.

As every place, however small, has its big house and first family, so the dwellers here, proudly show you the Van Omydinger Mansion, a well-preserved specimen of Holland architecture, situated on a remnant of one of the old Patroon grants. Here lives old Bram Van Omydinger, a lineal descendant of Van Winkle; his great-great-grandfather being none other than that child which Judith Gardner held in her arms when she encountered her father. The mansion is a large rambling structure, much changed from its original form by additions, made by successive generations of Van Omydingers. But though son may come and father go, with widely differing ideas as to architectural symmetry, one feature has been preserved intact from improvement. The larger, low-ceiled, living room with its immense brick fire-place and sanded floor carries one back to colonial days. Over the mantel hangs the family heirloom, the pride, the treasure, the coat of arms, the insignia of nobility of the house of Van Omydinger — an old rusty flint lock — the identical fire-arm carried by Rip on his famous trip up the mountain. The story of this is always told to the stranger by Mynheer Van Omydinger, with much solemnity and greatly prolonged by puffs on his pipe. The listener should always be duly impressed and not by word or look betray that he is at all sceptical. Otherwise Mynheer will term him "a doubtful knave."

On the occasion of my first visit to the mansion, I was sitting with mine host on the broad vine-covered porch, the glorious golden sunlight flickering through the leaves. In front of us broad fields stretched out in plenteous yellow while far off the mountains seemed to melt in purple haze.

Mynheer at my side, in a huge oaken chair, whose seating capacity he taxed to the utmost, smoked his inevitable pipe and repeated his

family legend. His good Frouw in a snow white kerchief and apron, served us with creamy Dutch cheese and elderberry wine.

When he had finished, I attempted to make the entertainment mutual by relating a tale, told me by a Benedictine Monk, at whose consent I passed a night while sojourning in Brittany. But, alas, for my power as a story-teller! At the most interesting point of my narrative — where the novice beholds her brother with drawn sword confronting the specter knight — a long sonorous snore from my companion aroused me. Evidently there was more in a tankard of wine and a drowsy afternoon than was dreamt of in the realms of my romance.

Just then, into the room behind me, and utterly unaware of my proximity stalked Peter Van Omydinger, the heir of the house, a fine stalwart specimen of young Dutch manhood.

"Zounds"! he exclaimed, "I am possessed of a very demon of unrest. Sleep, I cannot! think, I cannot! what to do —"!

"Peter, mine boy," said his mother, who had entered unperceived, "why not eat? Surely thou canst do that!"

"Silence, woman! you know not the thoughts that fire my brain."

"Dost thou know them, Peter?"

"True enough, true enough, I know them not. For days past unable have I been to promulgate my cogitation."

"What! what! Peter, mine boy!" cried his mother, springing up in great alarm at the length of his words. "What ailest thee"? Shall I call a leech? "No, mother. No need to draw my blood. Ah, but I shall draw *his*. That dog! that pig! that — that *cow*! Wan Walkenstein," roared Peter, clinching his hands and stamping his feet in his wrath.

"Ach Heaven! mine Peter is bewitched. He is mad as a hare. This comes of galavanting through the woods and missing his meals. Peterkin," she began coaxingly, "wilt thou eat a little saurkraut or cabbage, or shall I fetch thee a cheese and —"

"Dunder und blitzen"! howled Peter, "mother I beg of you, in peace, to meditate leave me."

Poor Frouw Van Omydinger, thus rebuffed in her well-meant attempts to soothe her son's harassed feelings, withdrew, weeping aloud and clapping her hands together.

"Ach Gott! Ach Himmel!" she moaned, "on mine Peter is a spell. It is the schoolmaster with his books. Ach! that I see this day. Bram, must I tell of this."

"Oh, the folly of woman!" exclaimed Peter, when left alone. "Bewitched am I, of a truth, but not by Van Bellow with his books. Ah, Polly! Polly! for this are you to blame. To despair have you driven me. The pastor says, "Die Frau ist ter Teufel." To believe him I do begin. It was the woman who drove my immortal ancestor to the mountain to sleep for twenty years. Oh, would that I the magic cup might taste! I would drain it to the dregs. For an hundred years would I sleep. And Polly she would weep and—but enough of this," he cried springing up. Evidently the mental picture of his Polly in tears being too much for the eye of his affection to gaze upon. "I am resolved. This very day will I put my fortune to the final test. Polly! with me no longer shall you trifle. Let it be *yah* or *nein*, the truth must I know."

He then left the house, and went, I afterward learned, to the residence of his lady-love, Polly Van Woldefoguel, whither let us follow him in our next chapter.

MARY G. MANAHAN.

DAWN.

SOFTLY the breezes blew
 Scattering the pearly dew
 Over all the blossoms fair
 Making sweet the summer air.
 See the cloudlets sailing by
 In the brightening morning sky.
 Now the sun begins to peep,
 Up from out the mighty deep.
 Tinging all the clouds around
 Sending sunbeams to the ground.
 All the birds are sweetly singing
 And the morning bells are ringing.
 Let us rise and greet the day
 Morn has chased dark night away.
 Now our Father we will bless,
 Who is grace and holiness.
 The glorious morning He has given
 Prepares us for the joys of Heaven.
 And when on earth your way looks dreary
 Know your life is like the morn.
 Keep those few words ever with you,
 'Tis always darkest before the dawn.

J. G. H., '94.

CRANKS OR TRAMPS.

IT is obvious, that as a result of our professional training too many of us enter the field of teaching either as cranks or tramps.

This is due to two conditions or causes. The first condition is, that the student accepts for truths or facts seventy-five per cent more than was intended that he should, and whatever use he may make of these is a bare misrepresentation. This is mainly because the student is too "trampy" to put forth any self-exertion to search out, or even receive the real truth, which the facts presented contained and the principle that was intended to be established; as he is too cranky to accept any thing, other than his own hasty conclusions, or the borrowed ones of his pet tutor.

These are they who at once are ready to accept a model as a sort of a divine something, neither subject to reproach nor improvement in any way. They prefer to be imitators rather than thinkers. They consider it their most important duty to preserve these models from all disfiguration. They are the "gauges" to their profession. So the perfect model or its likeness is stamped into their "note-book."

We do not condemn the preserving of the models, but the usages which have arisen of making the abstract formalities a substitute for morning and evening devotion, until they have become second nature to them; and to such a degree, that when called upon to teach in any grade from the first primary to the most difficult mathematics, the teacher will invariably begin: "Now children, I am going to tell you a story," * * * or, "we are going to talk about the little bird; you must all think about it and tell me all you can about it." Or even this: "Now (children, understood is not expressed), to day we are to talk about the Pythagorian proposition. You may all think about it. Peter, you may slate it; Sally, you may (recite it or) demonstrate it." And in a few days I anticipate this: "You may all think of Xenophon's Anabasis. You may all demonstrate it." Why not apply the same model to ancient language as to English?

This is not fancy, it is reality. Day after day such things are to be witnessed and I venture that

some will pawn this monotonous affair on their classes more than one-half the time. Day after day, class after class, they use the same innovation; still it is but a borrowed phrase. "Oh, for some individuality!" Let fall this exhortation as a watchword, but it is a valiant class that reaches the high attainments. How much easier it is to tramp, tramp, tramp the trodden paths of learning, to hang the model on high, and proclaim, "those are my sentiments."

Again, if the facts as truths are not accepted at once, because they are discordant to previously learned law or order, as principle established by some preceding revered instruction, there is a grand work to convert them to your faith. It is easy to be a crank, it is equally as easy to be a tramp.

And why? Are we cranks because we are not open to conviction? Are we tramps because we are too easily convicted? Is it because sluggishness and mental torpor is the chronic state? It is not from lack of ability, but through indifference, or because the all-absorbing, never-ending rush of modern life is allowed to the intellectual life blood. Such persons may also be found accepting conclusions without taking pains to study the premises, giving superficial opinions, which if not second-handed, are at least procured ready-made. Their conceptions that are formed are only of those things that have been most vividly painted, or brought before their minds. They are in most cases abstract, being entirely unrelated. The student sees only what he has been told to see. His imagination does not extend beyond the narrow limitation of the word picture. He has exercised no power of thought. His knowledge, if he has any, is only borrowed; he has failed to make it a part of himself. He has gained no power, and his capabilities are simply weakened.

It is under such conditions that we enter a protest against the stuffed "note-books," for the elaborate note-book, in a large per cent of instances, is composed of these flash-light conclusions, without due thought to fix in the mind the underlying principle which is essential to the correct interpretations for future use. Whatever

the mind has retained is a unit. That is, because taken from the text-book, it is the *verbatim* text, and the loss of a word renders the whole beautiful truth entirely useless. In the same way the loss of a "note-book" is the loss of a term's work.

Can such conditions be cultivated? It is possible, and in a majority of cases probable, that the teacher exerts such an influence over his pupils that the paths he tramps, they tramp worthily. The lines he draws they follow and in a like manner will draw. If the teacher be narrow in his views, can see but his old path to the goal, will accept but one condition or premise, and thus divest his pupils of all means of using their reasoning powers, he may quickly lead, or rather haul them to the desired point; but they reach it with but a drop in the bucket, and that he freely gave them or forced upon them, and more, he has imprisoned them within it. They can only *tramp* along the narrow defile by which they came, while above and beyond is a magnificent field of thought; but its relations are entirely hidden.

Why not open the field of thought to the pupils, and then instead of "leading," follow, and let the pupils do the thinking. We hear so much about "leading the mind of the pupil." If we would do less leading, or *pulling*, and more following, would tear up some of our "flash-light" conclusions in our note-books; we would climb out of the narrow trench, we would realize that all things do not bear the same relation to all minds, that there is as much ground for others to dissent from what to us seems true, and too often the *only truth*, as we have for maintaining it. There would be less cranks, fewer tramps and more useful, liberal-minded people.

Convictions are admirable when truly convicted. But A.'s convictions rightly differ from B.'s; and if A. has the power, he may be careful how he forces his convictions upon B.

Besides the machine of the latest improvement, with which we can manufacture the most perfect and beautiful article, we need to consider the material of which the article is made. It is true we can make nearly as perfect a model from bass-wood as from rosewood or ebony. There

stand the statues of Washington and Lincoln, wonderful representations of life; so perfect that the eye can scarcely distinguish; but give me the figures that live. Note-books and text are dead representations, and the traveling text-book is equally dead. The machine or model, a beautiful accomplishment of invention and art, is no more alive. It will not execute its work without power, and this power is not steam or electricity. It cannot be borrowed, bought nor stolen. It must be cultivated. It is the power of reasoning, common sense, judgment.

We are thankful that in our institution the methods are taking that form, by which the props are knocked from beneath the weaklings, and they must stand alone, and stand as individuals, depending on their own resources. Think or sink, stand or fall, crank or tramp.

SAMUEL SLAUSON, '94.

AT LONGFELLOW'S TOMB.

QUIET is the world about me,
Night is falling everywhere;
And the dews are slowly forming
In the cool, refreshing air.
In the distance lies the city,
Clustered round the crystal bay,
Which reflects the mellow moonlight
From its waters far away.

In this sacred tomb he's buried,
One whom all the nations love;
One whose spirit now is singing
In the happy realms above.
No granite shaft or bust of marble
Stands to mark his resting place,
But his name will live immortal,
Loved by every age and race.

Here, no doubt, the Bard of Cambridge
Oft has watched the setting sun
Gilding spire, and dome, and hill-top,
When the quiet day was done;
Oft has watched the distant ocean
And the quiet, crystal bay,
Covered with its ships and islands
At the closing of the day.

Here, perhaps an inspiration
Thrilled his fine, poetic soul,
And he sang a song whose echoes
Thro' eternity will roll.
In the distance, softly gleaming,
Is the famous North Church spire,
Where the first spark faintly flickered
That enkindled Freedom's fire.

While I muse the shades grow thicker,
And a shudder through me thrills;
And my heavy bosom, strangely,
With a deep emotion fills;
For I seem to hear sweet music
Breathing softly all around,
Like faint echoes from the distance —
Surely this is holy ground.

E. E. RACE, '93.

SUNDAY'S CHILD.

“BORN of a Sunday never to want.”
It's certainly very queer
To think that I am a Sunday's child;
You'd never believe it—dear!

Of course I don't for a minute doubt
The truth of the adage old,
But I'd like to know what *has* become
Of my castles, land, and gold.

For I *want* — why I want a *million* things,
I couldn't begin to name!
There are some on earth I never could get,
But I want them just the same.

I want the magical carpet,
I'd love to travel so;
Or the wishing cap would do just as well —
I wouldn't be greedy, you know.

And of course I want a Fortunatus' purse,
And the harp that plays alone,
And the hen whose eggs are solid gold,
And — I want the wishing stone.

And I want to know how Solomon looked,
And whether 'twas truly he
Who shut the Genii up in the box,
And threw it into the sea.

I want the golden apples
That grew in the Wizard's wood,
And I want to *pinch* Griselda
For being so *awfully* good.

And I want to taste the elixir of life,
And the dew by the haunted springs,
And I want, I want, I want, I *want*,
I want a lot more things.

There's a great mistake made somewhere,
And it really drives me wild,
To think that I should want so much
When I am Sunday's child.

I'm very sure I'm not at fault;
I *try* my wants to school,
But p'r'aps I'm the exception
That goes to prove the rule.

H. S. D., '94.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

SAID an alumnus in conversation with the editor, "I take several of the best educational papers, but I prize the ECHO the most of all. Besides the excellent matter it contains, it keeps me in touch and in sympathy with the student life and the faculty, and with the alumni of the institution."

NOT least among the advantages of our institution is the firm grasp that our president has upon the school boards of the State. This influence is worth more than all the teachers' agencies in the country. He placed, with few exceptions, in very desirable positions the large class of last year. But what are the alumni and the students doing for one another? Who will step forward and take the initial step in organizing for mutual benefit in securing desirable positions?

THE Normal College ECHO hears and observes many things. Of some it must quench the sound, but, as a faithful ECHO, it must speak of some. It has heard, with profoundest regret, the lack of consideration shown in the use of

the reference library. It has grown to be a well-known and common occurrence that no sooner is a book recommended by one of the faculty to be read by a class than that book disappears for weeks at a time. It undoubtedly finds a comfortable resting place in the room of the unprincipled person who has monopolized it, but it is rather hard on the rest who would fain share the precious stores.

AN echo never lies; that is, consciously. It merely repeats with absolute fidelity whatever comes to it. It knows neither fear nor favor; it recognizes no distinctions of any kind as to the source of the voice which it proclaims. There may be mistakes made through misunderstanding of that which comes to it; nevertheless, what it does hear that it proclaims aloud. Not every echo is as discriminating as the one in Ireland whose excellencies had been declared by the guide, who thereupon proceeded to show its paces. "Halloo!" (Echo) "HALLOO, halloo, halloo." "Speak up!" (Echo) "SPEAK UP, *speak up*, speak up." "How are you this morning, Mister Echo?" (Echo from a different direction) "Pretty well, I thank you, Paddy, and how is yourself?"

TWO EDUCATIONS.

WE have two distinct educations, one in the school, the other in the world. A great gulf lies between. The one in the school simply disciplines the intellect. The one in the world teaches us to convert the products of land and sea into the necessaries and luxuries of life, causes us to take sides in the great questions of religion, of politics, of reform that burn and throb in the human heart. The only excuse for school education is that it fits us for the affairs of life. The greatest criticism on our education to-day is that so little of it ever crosses the gulf. School education and the affairs of life seldom touch. The State pays for it by the millions and it poses serenely upon the hill-tops as worthless to the nation as the pyramids of Egypt.

PROFESSIONAL HONOR.

THERE is no earthly occupation in which personal character and noble example count for more than in that of the teacher. Every pair of eyes in the school-room belongs to a shrewd, keen, unsparing critic; and let there be but the suspicion of double dealing, of trickery, of dishonesty, of overweening self-seeking, and that teacher's influence is gone forever. The ECHO is of opinion that the only way to avoid inspiring the aforesaid critics with such hurtful impressions is to have the character which makes them impossible. And that such character is purely an unconscious life resulting from the habit of conscious rectitude. And that selfish pilfering from the College Library, meddling with books or tools of trade to which one has no right, shirking of work, except when under pressure, using under-hand means to pass examinations *et id omne genus*, do not tend to form nobility of character.

Cannot the habit of professional honor be best cultivated during school life? If not then, can it ever be afterward?

THE NATION'S NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE education of a nation is the growth of its public opinion. Public opinion is the life-blood of a Republic. Let us look for a moment at the growth of public opinion in this country. Let us follow it along the movement of woman's suffrage and read from it the final triumph of Right and the brightest hope for the perpetuity of our Republic.

No great social wrong has ever been righted until it has been held up to the eyes of the world. Fifty years ago a handful of daring reformers held up the wrongs of women to public scorn. On a black and angry sea they launched the movement of woman's sufferage. It was a plea for justice, a plea for the elevation of the race. Church, trade, wealth, fashion, letters hurled themselves against it. All the arguments against every reform through the six thousand years were gathered up and pelted at it. But it bore the germ of one of God's great truths. To-day the brain and the heart of the nation beat with it.

It has re-written the statutes of every State in the Union and banished forever the injustice of our marriage laws. It has left woman free to choose for herself. It is wiping out that iniquity that allows a man to descend to the "lower deep of the lowest deep" of the pit of licentiousness and still claim the right to walk with chastity. Fifty years ago to be identified with the movement was to have one's good name hooted at from the galleries and kicked through the streets. To-day no one dare loose the tongue of ridicule except in the bar-rooms.

To be sure there are still a few who object. The pigmies that to-day say "it is unwomanly to vote," are the direct descendants of the pigmies of fifty years ago that closed to woman all but a dozen of the vocations in which she could earn an honest living, saying "it is unwomanly to labor," and then shouted at her, "old age is honorable but old maids are abominable!" To-day no one dares raise the shout and three hundred vocations lie open to her choosing.

We still have with us the society belle reared in the thin air of fashion who after the manner of her Turkish sisters carefully draws the veil over face and points her dainty finger at the Susan B. Anthonys that have won for her all the liberty she now enjoys. But the heart and brain of the nation are now won over. Forty years ago a determined canvass of this State secured only a few thousand names petitioning for woman's suffrage. The present canvass promises to bring to Albany the signatures of a round million men and women, over twenty-one years of age, demanding that the word "male" be struck from the Constitution. Twenty-two States now grant woman suffrage on school matters, one on municipal affairs and one complete suffrage. Woman suffrage in the United States, in England and her colonies, throughout the Anglo-Saxon world is a foregone conclusion. Verily the words of Emerson: "What the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, and conjures up with inarticulated speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations."

A PROTEST.

IN educational circles just at present the Ten Commandments have given way to the Committee of Ten. We suppose it will be deemed a greater sin to dissent from one of their conclusions than to break one of the commandments. Nevertheless we dissent.

They advise that Latin and Greek be taught at an earlier age because memory is developed more at that age than reason. If they mean that that condition is the result of false teaching, and they wish to make the most of it, we hold our peace. If they mean that that condition is the result of the natural development of the mind, we protest. The mind in early youth, in the streets, upon the play-ground, is more inquisitive, more alert, more given to reasoning out things than in any other period of life. But the moment you come to books it is all memory and no reason. The blame lies with the teacher. The ferrule will develop memory, but skill, a knowledge of psychology and the ability to apply it is necessary to develop reason, and the primary teacher is handier with the ferrule than she is conversant with psychology. The recommendation of the committee is based either upon a false idea or is a scathing rebuke of our primary education.

LESSON ON LOWEST TERMS.

PURPOSE :

- a. *General*.— To give training in observation, comparison, reasoning and judgment.
- b. *Special*.— To teach what is meant by a fraction in its lowest terms; also, how to change a fraction to an equivalent fraction in its lowest terms.

MATTER :

The terms of a fraction are prime to each other when they have no common divisor.

When the terms of a fraction are prime to each other, the fraction is said to be in its lowest terms.

To change a fraction to an equivalent fraction in its lowest terms,

divide both terms of the fraction by a common divisor, and continue thus to divide until the terms are prime to each other.

PLAN :

1. Review numbers prime to each other.
2. Terms of fractions prime to each other.
3. Fractions in lowest terms.
4. Fractions compared.
Both terms of fraction divided by a common divisor.
Value remains unchanged.
5. Fraction in lowest terms; how obtained.
6. Drill.
7. Summary.

METHOD :

1. Review.
Give two numbers that are prime to each other.
Why say that they are prime to each other?
Ans. Because they have no common divisor or common factor.
2. Read what is expressed on the board. $\frac{3}{4}$.
What are the terms of the fraction?
Speak of the terms with regard to common factors.
Ans. The terms have no common factors.
Since that is true, what may be said of terms of fraction?
Ans. They are prime to each other.
NOTE.— Pupils find and give fractions whose terms are prime to each other, and state that the terms have no common factor.
State when the terms of a fraction are prime to each other.
3. Compare $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{4}{8}$, $\frac{8}{16}$ as to value.
Find the fraction whose terms are highest; lowest.
What else is true of terms of $\frac{1}{2}$?
Ans. The terms are prime to each other.
NOTE.— Same observations made in other series.
What have you found to be true of those fractions whose terms are lowest?
Ans. They are prime, etc.
When is a factor said to be in its lowest terms?

Ans. When the terms of a fraction are prime to each other, the fraction is said to be in its lowest terms.

Drill.—Children give fractions in lowest terms, and tell how they know.

4. Compare $\frac{8}{16}$ and $\frac{4}{8}$ as to value.

NOTE.—Since they are the same in value we may call them equivalent fractions.

Compare numerator of first fraction with numerator of second.

NOTE.—Same with denominators.

How may second fractions be obtained from the first?

Ans. By dividing both numerator and denominator by 2.

What is 2 of 8? Ans. A factor.

What is 2 of 16? Ans. A factor.

Since 2 is a factor of both 8 and 16, what kind of factor call it?

Ans. A common factor.

Then by what were 8 and 16 divided?

Ans. By a common factor or divisor.

How is the value of fraction affected?

Ans. The value is unchanged.

Compare $\frac{4}{8}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ as to value.

NOTE.—By similar questioning obtain statement that $\frac{2}{4}$ is obtained from $\frac{4}{8}$ by dividing both terms by the common divisor 2. The value is unchanged.

Compare $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ as to value.

NOTE.—Similarly obtain statement that $\frac{1}{2}$ is obtained from $\frac{2}{4}$ by dividing both terms by the common divisor 2. Value unchanged.

Speak of this fraction ($\frac{1}{2}$) as to its terms.

Ans. It is in its lowest terms; or

Its terms are prime to each other.

NOTE.—Accept both answers.

Compare $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{8}{16}$ as to value.

State how $\frac{1}{2}$ was obtained from $\frac{8}{16}$.

NOTE.—An answer similar to the following may be expected:

We divided both terms of $\frac{8}{16}$ by common divisor 2 and obtained $\frac{4}{8}$. We divided both terms of $\frac{4}{8}$ by common divisor 2 and obtained $\frac{2}{4}$, etc.

What kind of a fraction did you obtain?

Ans. A fraction in its lowest terms; or Whose terms are prime, etc.

To what has $\frac{8}{16}$ been changed?

Ans. To a fraction in lowest terms.

How is its value affected?

Tell how you changed $\frac{8}{16}$ to an equivalent fraction in lowest terms.

NOTE.—Pupils state the various operations in their own language. Work out other series similarly until pupils can state operations clearly and correctly, emphasizing the fact that *both* terms are divided by a *common* divisor. The value is unchanged.

5. It is required to change $\frac{72}{108}$ to an equivalent fraction in lowest terms. Tell what to do.

NOTE.—Pupils dictate; teacher performs.

It is required to change $\frac{75}{125}$, etc.

Tell what to do without mentioning any numbers.

What have we been doing with these fractions?

Ans. Changing them to equivalent fractions in lowest terms.

Tell how to change a fraction to, etc.

Ans. We divide both terms of the fraction by a common divisor, and keep on dividing by a common divisor until the terms are prime to each other. Then the fraction is in its lowest terms.

6. Drill.—Give practice in reducing fractions to lowest terms.

7. As a summary let the rule be written on the board in a form to be memorized.

NOTE.—The teacher will be ready to deviate from or add to these questions whenever it is necessary to make an impression stronger.

M. H. B.

FUR MOIKEY.

SHE walked into a hatter's store
And with a look of pride,
She glanced around, until afar
An idle clerk she spied.

"Now, me young man," she loudly called,
"I want to buy a hat!
One o' thim wid a middle crase,
Can yez gi' me one loike that"?

"You want a Fedora"? queried the clerk
"Did yez iver hear the loike!
Indade I don't want it fur Dora,
I wan't the hat fur Moike."

A NORMALISTIC LAY.

THE gentle spring is here,
 With all its sports and joys.
Buoy-ant feel the girls,
Gal-lant feel the boys.

E'en pedagogic youth doth feel,
 The thrill of life and gladness,
 Confesses, tho' he'd fain conceal
 The "method" in his madness.

The ruling passion strong in life,
 He cannot put to rout,
 He "questions well," she answers "yes,"
 His "plan's well carried out."

LINES.

In the spring a gayer plumage
 Showeth on the "festive lark,"
 In pursuit of bird aforesaid,
 Normals hie them to the park.

M. G. M.

I WANT TO BE A NORMAL.

I WANT to be a Normal,
 And with the Normals stand,
 With joy upon my forehead,
 A plan within my hand;
 There, right before the faculty,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd take the sweetest methods,
 And praise them day and night.

I never should be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear;
 But blessed, pure and happy,
 I'd dwell in wisdom's light;
 And with ten hundred hundreds,
 Praise sketches day and night.

Oh, there I'd be a Normal,
 And with the Normals stand:
 With light upon my forehead,
 Power within my hand;
 And there before my fellows,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd join the throngs so joyous,
 Praise Normal day and night.

F. A. MORRISY, '94.

CLASS RECEPTION.

THE class of June, '94, received the faculty and students of the college and High school departments on the evening of April 21. The Kindergarten rooms and the large play-room were tastefully decorated for the occasion. The pillars were wound with bunting in blue and gold, the class colors, while festoons and draperies of the same were skilfully arranged on walls and ceiling. The motto, "More light," and the class flower, the fleur-de-lis, in blue and gold occupied prominent positions in the main room. Palms and ferns added grace and beauty to the whole.

The members of the class were distinguished by the blue and gold which each wore.

Although the unpleasant weather prevented many from attending, those who were present seemed to appreciate and to enjoy to the fullest extent the efforts made by the class for their entertainment. The groups of merry and interested talkers, the hearty college songs in which so many joined gave convincing evidence of the pleasure of the occasion.

PHI DELTA ANNOUNCEMENT.

PHI DELTA Fraternity will give its closing entertainment Monday evening, June 25.

Following is the program:

President's Address..... Mr Frank Stanbro.
 Oration Mr Samuel Slawson.
 Prophecy..... Mr A. D. Warde.
 Poem Mr George N. Sleight.
 Farewell Address..... Mr George A. Brown.

Play "Much Ado About Nothing," under the direction of Prof. J. R. White.

Elaborate preparations are being made for a Phi Delta banquet. Frank Stanbro and M. R. Spicer, committee of arrangements; George A. Brown, toast-master.

AN ART LECTURE.

On Thursday evening, April 19, it was the great privilege of the college students and a large audience to listen to a lecture on "The Twelve Great Masterpieces," given by Mrs Dr Farrar, an alumna of the class of '55 and a resident of this city.

A large number of stereoscopic views of world-famed pictures were shown and an interesting description given of each together with the portraits of most of the great artists themselves.

Mrs Farrar is a great student and lover of art, and has one of the finest art libraries in the city, and has fine copies of several of these pictures in her possession. No one is better fitted to give a lecture on these famous wonders of art than she, as her clear descriptions and explanations attested. She gave an idea of the relation of style between the great masters and all her points were well chosen and pleasingly delivered.

While many may never have the opportunity of seeing the original paintings, they can feel that they have some knowledge of each one, for they were made very vivid by the clear light afforded by the new apparatus, and many of them were beautifully colored. The twelve great masterpieces upon which attention was centered are worthy of a much longer description than it is possible to give.

"The Last Supper," by the Italian artist Leonardo de Vinci, which is painted upon the wall of the Milan chapel, is a wonderful picture and an education in art in itself. The beauty of coloring, the arrangement and complete unity of the entire group, the true expression of feeling, together with the splendor of the whole, render it one of the greatest paintings of the world. Michael Angelo, the great Florentine sculptor, painter and architect, has given to the world the "Last Judgment," which he painted for the altar of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. In this picture is combined the powers of invention and consummate knowledge of the human figure, together with exquisite coloring and expression.

Domincino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome," combines many of the most difficult problems of art and is full of feeling and beauty. It is in one of the famous galleries at Rome.

Among the other great works of the Vatican is the "Descent from the Cross," by Dannelle Da Volterra. Each figure in this picture tells a story of its own, and the intense feeling, the coloring and method of treatment make it one of the greatest of art's treasures.

The same subject has been used by Peter Paul Rubens, the greatest of Flemish painters. He was the first to discover and show the great effect produced by the contrast of white as a background for flesh color, and this picture is full of the expression of powerful and energetic action and strongly marked character, while in coloring he is a rival of Titian. This treasure of Flemish art is in the Antwerp Cathedral.

The two pictures by Raphael or Raffaello Santi, "Sistine Madonna" and "The Transfiguration," which is the ideal picture of the world, embody the highest art and excel in beauty of color and expression. The Madonna is now in Dresden and the other one in Rome. The Transfiguration was still unfinished at his death.

Guido Reni's Aurora, which is the greatest of classical pictures, is painted on the ceiling of a hall in the Rospigliosi palace in Rome, and that it may be seen better a large table beneath it holds a mirror which reflects it. His "Beatrice Ceuci," is also in a Roman palace. These pictures are of unrivalled beauty and execution.

The masterpiece by Vecilli Titian, who was the head of the Venetian school, is "The Assumption of the Virgin." His greatest originality lay in his power in the splendor of color, tone, richness and harmony and the true and beautiful expression of his ideas. The coloring of Titian has never been surpassed. This great picture is still in Venice.

The Immaculate Conception by Bartholomew Murillo of Seville shows a softness of effect and an originality of style which is very beautiful. His masterpiece is now in the Louvre.

The Italian artist, Antonio Allegri Corregio, has a style of his own. He is unrivalled in the grace, general beauty, and softness of effect which he displayed. There is excellence of design, color, taste and expression in all his work, but the climax of his genius is found in his "La Nat," or "The Night," which is now in Dresden.

All of these great painters had a large number of fine pictures beside these, some of them having painted several hundred. Of the twelve great masterpieces, six are still in Rome, and all but two are of sacred subjects. The Last Supper, the Aurora, and the Last Judgment are frescoes, and the rest are easel pieces.

It is a remarkable fact that all these great painters completed their colossal works within a period of 120 years, the last one painted, that of Murillo, being 240 years old.

There is something in all great pictures which seems still marvellous, and we need to study them much, or we cannot appreciate their true worth and beauty. One glance at even a shadow of these paintings fills one with a desire to know more of the thoughts they would express to us. Truly:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

OBITUARY.

WE REGRET to announce the recent death of Miss Elayne B. Garrett, of Elmira, N. Y. After graduating from the college in June, '92, she accepted a position at East Orange, N. J., filling it ably for a few months, when her health failed and she was obliged to lay aside all active work. Miss Garrett was one who was never selfishly absorbed in her own work, for there are many whom she has aided by her sympathy and generosity. Remarkable not only for her ability as a scholar but for her kindness of heart, she won the friendship and admiration of all those associated with her here. Miss Garrett was one of the founders of the ECHO.

PERSONALS.

MISS MARGARET AITKEN is on the sick list. Mr Frost entertained his brother, Saturday, March 17.

H. P. Blessing spent April 14-15 at his home.

E. E. Daring spent a few days at his home recently.

Miss Florence Lockwood has returned to college.

Miss Sadie Mac Gowan returned to college, Monday, April 2.

Mrs M. A. B. Kelley visited the college, Tuesday, April 3.

Mr T. C. Perry was a caller at the college, Tuesday, March 27.

Prof. Husted spent Wednesday, March 28, at Poughkeepsie.

Miss Palmer of Waterford visited the college, Thursday, April 5.

Miss Mary Foster of Delhi visited the college, Tuesday, March 20.

Miss Edna Nims has a position in the Fort Plain public school.

Miss Mary M. Van Arsdale spent a few days at her home in Castile.

Miss Anna Robson spent three days in March at her home in Newburgh.

Miss Mary McDonald of Port Henry was a visitor at the college recently.

Mr Gurdonhoffer of Castleton visited the college, Wednesday, April 4.

Miss Madge Speidell spent the short Easter vacation at her home in Rome.

Mr A. D. Warde has been elected principal of a school in New Jersey.

Prin. J. E. Massey of Dunkirk called at the college, Wednesday, March 28.

Mrs Mooney spent Thursday and Friday, April 5 and 6, in Brooklyn, L. I.

Miss Eugenie Hintermister spent March 30-April 2 at her home in Chittenango.

Prof. Frank H. Wood of Chatham was a visitor at the college, Tuesday, April 3.

Mrs O'Shaughnessey of Johnstown was a visitor at the college, Monday, March 26.

Miss Margaret Cody was absent from college a week in March because of illness.

Miss Mary E. Burdick of Crown Point visited the college, Wednesday, March 28.

Miss Anna Rogers of Bennington, Vt., visited the college, Wednesday, March 21.

Miss M. H. Bishop entertained her cousin, Miss May Bishop, several days this month.

Dr Bickmore, curator of the National Museum, visited the college, Tuesday, April 3.

Miss Minnie Hoyt entertained her little sister Lyda from Chittenango, a week in March.

Miss May Dean of Crown Point was the guest of Miss Hawley, Wednesday, March 14.

Miss Anna B. Hasbook has a position in the Church street school of Little Falls.

Miss Heldt of St. Agnes' School was the guest of Miss Minnie Waite, Monday, April 2.

Miss Kingsburg of New Hartford was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Root, Tuesday, April 10.

Miss Sanford of Smith College was the guest of Miss Lillian Prichard, Wednesday, March 28.

Mr and Mrs John A. Glover and children of Oxford called on friends at the college, Friday, March 30.

Prof. Wetmore addressed the Orange county teachers at Walden, Thursday and Friday, March 29 and 30.

Mr H. P. French, manager of the Albany Teachers' Agency, was seen at the college, Friday, March 30.

Prof. Mac Vicar, principal of Montclair Military Institute, visited our institution, Thursday, March 29.

Miss Emma B. Hardenburgh of High Falls visited the college, Wednesday and Thursday, April 4 and 5.

Miss Frances A. Holmes spent Easter with her niece, Miss Manahan, visiting the college, Monday, March 26.

Miss Mary A. McClelland addressed the Teachers' Institute at Walden, Orange county, Thursday, March 29.

Miss Minnie Scripture entertained Miss Ione Miles of Sandy Hill, Wednesday and Thursday, March 21 and 22.

Prof. Bothwell of the public school No. 24 of this city, visited some classes in the college, Thursday, March 22.

Mrs Love, who has charge of the music in the public schools of Binghamton, visited the college, Wednesday, March 28.

Mr Peter Walrath, a member of the State Board of Charities, called on Miss Hintermister, at the college, Friday, March 16.

Dr and Mrs C. H. Eccleston of Oxford spent several days in March very pleasantly with their daughter, Miss Mary Eccleston.

Sisters Florentine of Hochelaga and Frederica of Notre Dame, on Madison avenue, visited the college, Tuesday, April 3.

Miss Madden, who superintends the kindergarten teaching in the public schools of Rochester, visited the college, Thursday, April 5.

The Misses Margaret and Frances Manahan were entertained by their sister, at the Convent of the Holy Name, Saturday, March 17.

Among the visitors Monday, March 19, were four ladies from Long Island, Supt. Riggs of Plattsburgh, and Dr Capen of New Paltz.

Miss Elsie Boughton of Staten Island, Miss Hattie Stull of Newark, and Miss Jennie Stull of Madison, N. J., spent a week in April, the guests of Miss Mary Boughton.

E. A. Burt, formerly professor of natural science in the old Normal School, now a post-graduate at Harvard, has recently won at that institution a prize of one hundred dollars for an essay on "The Evolution of Sexuality."

ECHOES.

NEW QUARTER.

Another reception.

Commencement not far distant.

Electric lights are being put into the chapel.

The graduating essays are required to be in by May 10.

Teachers' agency circulars are coming in from all sides.

The societies are making preparations for the June entertainments.

No longer does the chapel resound on Fridays with aspirants to elocutionary fame.

A lantern-slide exhibition was given by the Camera Club, in the chapel, Tuesday evening, March 20.

On Friday evening, March 30, an excellent opportunity was afforded to witness the Northern Lights, or properly, the Aurora Borealis.

That poor "earthen man!" How he has been sought for, almost quarreled over, and actually hidden by some, apparently jealous of his popularity!

The students and friends were favored with a very interesting illustrated lecture on India, by Prof. Myron T. Scudder, Wednesday evening, April 4.

At a recent meeting of the class of '94, the following choices were made: Flower, fleur-de-lis; colors, blue and gold; motto, "More light;" photographer, Rabineau.

On Monday afternoon, April 9, in the model chapel, Mr Milton Bradley lectured to the students on the subject of color. The lecture was both interesting and instructive.

Five candidates presented themselves for initiation into the Delta Omega society, Friday afternoon, March 30, and were finally numbered with the brave and enrolled as members of the society.

The college doors are now kept locked at all hours of the day, excepting from 2:15 to 2:45 P. M. While a great inconvenience to students, stragglers are kept from wandering in from the street and appropriating for their own use whatever they may choose.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'55. **M**ISSES EMILY A. RICE and Anna M. Hamilton visited the college, Wednesday, April 4.

'79. Miss Anna Nichols of East Orange, N. J., called at the college, Thursday, April 5.

'86. Miss Susie Forbes was among the visitors, Thursday, April 5.

'88. R. W. Wickham of Greenbush, was again welcomed at college prayer meeting, Sunday, April 1.

'90. The many friends of William A. Mackey will be glad to learn that he has been elected to the principalship of the new Millbrook Union School, erected at a cost of \$60,000.

'91. Miss Alice D. Bothwell, teacher of literature in the Oneonta Normal School, visited her *Alma Mater* Thursday, March 22.

Miss Carrie Bradner of Warwick, visited the college a few days in April.

'92. Miss Marie George visited the college, Thursday, April 5.

Miss Minnie Sheltes and Mrs Anderson of Philmont, N. Y., visited the college, Tuesday, April 10.

Miss Mary Worrall of New Bennington, Vt., visited the college, Thursday, March 29.

'93. Miss Georgiana Roberts presented a familiar appearance at the college, Thursday, March 22.

'93. U. S. Coleman called on old friends in the college, Friday, March 23.

A. B. Hunt of Fort Plain spent several days in the city recently.

On Friday evening, April 13, E. E. Race of Crown Point, addressed the G. A. R. post of that place on "The World Mission of the Union Soldier."

R. E. Brown of Granville was the guest of George A. Brown, Thursday, March 29.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

MR J. J. OSTERHOUT has left school.

Miss Lovell spent Sunday, April 8, at home.

Miss Minerva Hess is recovering from a slight illness.

Miss Mabel Arrowsmith visited this department on Wednesday, April 11.

Miss Hester Sprong of Greenbush is suffering from an attack of scarlet fever.

Mr Freeman's astronomy class is living in expectation of visiting the Dudley Observatory in the near future.

Mr Charles Baum reports that he intends to leave school for the purpose of entering a medical college in Philadelphia.

At an entertainment held on Monday evening, April 9, in the Greenbush Methodist Church, the Misses Shaller and Hess rendered some excellent selections.

The gentlemen of this department recently purchased a handsome mirror for their dressing room. The absence of such a needful article was keenly felt by the boys.

Miss Nehor visited school Monday, April 9. Her many friends extend their sympathy in her recent bereavement, and are also very sorry that she has left school.

The gentlemen of the Adelphoi Literary Society have purchased a very pretty frame in which to place their weekly program. It hangs in the High School section room.

The graduating class has been organized, and the following officers were elected:

<i>President</i>	Miss Setta Eckert.
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mr Ira Jagger.
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Anna Creble.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mr C. Hallenbeck.
<i>Executive Committee</i>	{ Miss Clara Selkirk.
	{ Mr Robert Hotaling.

A very pretty design for the class pin has been selected.

The Quintillian and Adelphoi Societies have decided to join in their closing exercises in June. Mrs Mooney is assisting in the arrangement of the program, and a very interesting one is expected.

The gentlemen have chosen for their president, Mr R. J. Hotaling, and for executive committee, Messrs Jagger, Van Hoesen, and Boothby.

The ladies selected for president, Miss Clara Selkirk, and for executive committee, the Misses Eckert, Miller, and Morey.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

THE LYMAN BEECHER course of lectures in the Yale Divinity School will be delivered this year by the Rev. D. Greer of St Bartholomew's Episcopal Church.

The new gymnasium at Colgate will be soon ready.

The Wistar Institute of Anatomy will also be opened May 24.

The old hour (7:50) for chapel exercises has been reinstated at Dartmouth.

The crew of Oxford are contemplating a race next summer with Yale and Harvard.

The Masonic Temple at Chicago has opened its doors to the Northwestern University Law School.

Ex-President Harrison's Lectures on International Law at Stamford University, when completed, will be published as a text-book.

Columbia has secured the services of Dr. Carl Falin, a graduate of Uprala University, Sweden, as medical director in their gymnasium formerly used by the Manhattan Athletic Club.

The editorial staff of Princeton Lit. has decided to copyright their magazines beginning with the March number.

The John C. Harrison Laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania is about completed and will be ready for occupancy on June 1.

The post-office department has recently introduced a regulation which classes all fraternity and college publications as third-class mail matter instead of second.

The Yale Glee and Banjo Club were treated to a fox hunt at Richmond, during their southern Easter trip. As only about a half dozen were riders it proved very exciting.

The senior class at Princeton are issuing a class album containing pictures of the president, ex-president, members of the faculty, clubs, etc.

The fraternities at Williams will not hold separate spreads this commencement, as three of the chapter houses have been burned, but will give a union spread in the gymnasium.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

WORK was begun on the new Oneonta Normal, April 1. The new building is to be ready by September 1, and will be one-third larger than the old.

The French government will present to the State of New York nearly all of its educational exhibit at the World's Fair, and also a pedagogic library, containing text-books used in the public schools, books of reference, etc. The Christian College in China, which has recently been admitted to the University of New York, is only allowed to confer degrees as may be approved by the Regents.

A syllabus is to be prepared and examinations offered by the Regents for degrees in dentistry, the same as in law and medicine. Charts of edible and poisonous fungi are to be prepared by the State Botanist and distributed to the schools of the State.

EXCHANGES

THE MARCH NUMBER of the Nassau Lit. is an especially good one. The "Avenging Angel" and "The Subsequent History of Miss Muffet" are two especially good love stories. "So Runs the World Away," is original and well written, but the broad minded spirit which pervades the beginning of the story is totally destroyed by the pessimistic views with which it closes.

The article on "The Golden Age of Roman Letters" now running in the Crucible, has decided literary merit.

We are doubly glad to congratulate the Oneonta Normal on the excellent appearance which it makes, for March. Work under difficulties is especially to be commended.

The interior of the Grove City Collegian, a new exchange.

"How Antonio Lost his Idol" is a very pretty pathetic story in the Chevron for March.

Old friends are the best they say and the Bucknell Mirror proves no exception to the rule.

It is too bad to have the Satellite spoiled because of a scarcity of poets at the Sandy Creek High School.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The frontispiece is an engraving of Frank Bramley's "Old Memories," and an accompanying article by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, gives us a brief history of the life and work of the artist, and of the "Newlyn School" to which he belongs.

The number opens with another of Octave Thanet's charming sketches of American types. We have drawn for us this month very strong and characteristic pictures of "The Farmer in the South," his life and interests. The weird and uncanny, but often romantic experiences of a diver are graphically described by Gustav Kobbé in an article on "Life Under Water." We make with Rasmus B. Anderson, a delightful "Winter's Journey up the Coast of Norway," passing into the latitude of the Arctic circle and viewing the majestic scenery tinted by the choicest hues of winter. "The Burial of the Guns," by Thomas Nelson Page, is a brief and touching history of some of the guns used by Lee's army, the circumstance narrated, being in connection with his surrender. "John March, Southerner," seems to merit all the attention it is receiving. The number contains chapters of "A Pound of Cure," begun in the March number, and the final chapters of the romantic narrative, "On Piratical Seas." "At Tully's Head," by Austin Dobson, will attract considerable attention. From "The Bowery and Bohemia" we obtain an insight into certain localities and phases of life in the metropolis, which are worthy of a Dickens. The article on "French Caricature of To-day," is profuse in its illustrations, while William A. Coffin's article, "A Word About Painting," deserves especial mention. The character of the verse is unusually sweet and rich.

BOOK-REVIEWS.

A Primer of French Literature. By F. M. WARREN, Ph. D. Boston, U. S. A.: D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

An outline prepared from a course of Lectures on French Literature given in the Johns Hopkins University. The work is a comprehensive scheme for the study of the literature of France.

Beginning with the origin of the race and its language it carefully traces the literature through the centuries to the writers of the present time. While but an outline, still the amount of information contained in this little volume is immense.

The author divides the work into six parts.

Medieval, Pre-Renaissance, Renaissance, 17th Century, 18th Century, and 19th Century literature, and these parts are subdivided into periods. Each of these periods is treated in an able, scholarly manner by one who is thoroughly master of the subject. Not only does he teach us much but he inspires us with a desire to know more.

Lessons on the Continents. By ELIZA H. MORTON. Chicago, Ill.: A. Flanagan.

A series of topical outlines prepared to serve as an outline for lessons on the continents. There are many hints and helps which will prove of use to any teacher of geography. Some of the heads we notice are methods of teaching coast line, comparisons and contrasts, vegetation, drainage, animal life, people, centers of industry and foreign possessions.

The Ethics of Hegel. By J. MACLIDE STERRETT, D. D., Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Company.

Hegel, the culminative fruitage of the idealistic philosophy of Germany! Hegel, the inspiration of the ethical philosophy of the 19th century! Hegel, the ultra scientific philosophy of the mind! Impersonal and prosaic! the ethics of good sense.

If the merit of the work can be judged by the profit and pleasure we have derived from its study, we cannot assign it too high a place. In this volume the author has in a masterly manner initiated us into the love of Hegel.

First, the author in a biographical sketch describes Hegel, and next traces the relation between the ethics of Hegel and previous ethical thought, then follows a careful scholarly exposition of the ethics of Hegel, followed by the key words to the same.

After this he gives us an abstract of Hegel's introduction and some translated specimens of the philosophy. Among these are, Abstract Right, Morality and Ethicality.

Among the other praiseworthy features, we notice a bibliography and complete index. This work is the second of a six volume "ethical series," edited by E. Hershey Sneath; the first in the series is the Ethics of Hume, by Dr Hyslop of Columbia, which we hope to review in our next issue. These two will be followed by Hobbes—by G. M. Duncan, Yale. Clarke, by President F. L. Pallen, Princeton. Locke, by the editor, E. Hershey Sneath. Kant, by John Watson, Queens University, Canada.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Smithsonian Institution Bulletin No. 39. Part A. Directions for Collecting Birds. By ROBERT RIDGWAY, Curator of the Department of Birds. Part D. Directions for Collecting, Preparing and Preserving Birds' Eggs and Nests. By CHARLES BENDIRE, Curator of the Department of Oölogy. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office.

United States Geological Survey, Twelfth Annual Report. Part 1. Geology. Part 2. Irrigation. By J. W. POWELL, Director of Survey. Washington, D. C., Government Printing Office.

Our Country's History. First Lessons. By WILLIAM SWINTON. New York: American Book Company Price, 48 cents.

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