

THE Normal College Echo

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 4.

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LINES TO A SPIDER.

PRAY, busy hunchback friend, where did you learn
To spin that subtle web? One need not spurn
To copy such fine lace, so rare, complete,
Hand-woven I might say but that your *feet*

Spun out, instead, the silken warp and woof;
And with what cunning skill behold the proof
In these strong tension threads, that stretch across
From side to center, bright as shining floss.

How innocent you seem,—how modest, shy,
I'm sure I should be caught were I a fly.
For when, with luring tone you whispered low,
"Please walk into my parlor" I should go.

Weave on, weave on, my patient, hunchback friend;
For soon your work, like mine, will have an end.
But in your cruel craft, I claim no share;
For I but spin a tale,—you spin a snare.

MRS. M. A. B. KELLY.

TWO CHAPTERS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE.

ON the 18th of December, 1844, a small audience assembled in a plain and somewhat uninviting apartment crudely fitted up for school purposes, on the second floor of an ex-railway station in State, near Eagle street, Albany. This railway line, which had thus abandoned its superannuated terminal station, was distinguished

as being the first ever built upon this western hemisphere. A more appropriate location had been selected for its use at the bottom of the hill. Whether this change had been made in anticipation of the birth of a new educational agency upon the spot, neither history nor tradition has informed us. Certain it is, however, that its transcendent claims to superiority clearly entitled it to a place at the top, and it is easy to conceive that such a change might be indicative of the respect and deference due from the agencies of locomotion to those of education, the two mighty forces which, according to an eminent authority, are to cement the American people into one great, united and inseparable nation, with a common flag and a common destiny. Says this thoughtful and philosophical writer: "By right education we shall develop and organize the national intellect, while through intimate intercommunication we shall modify and harmonize the differences that arise out of the diversities of physical structure, climate, soil, productions, nationalities and other causes." Hence, the inference is that the railway and the teachers' training school are factors of prime importance

in the solution of the problem of national progress and prosperity. The enormous growth of these two factors during the past half century is one of the marvels of this remarkable period.

But, kind reader, allow me to return from this brief digression to the small audience assembled in that unpretentious apartment of the old depot building, for it is not my purpose to "switch it off" upon a side track. It was a humble beginning of a mighty movement in the Empire State and throughout the Union. That audience was mainly composed of young people who had left their rural homes in distant parts of the State and journeyed to the capital to gather, if possible, some inspiration from the new gospel of education about, as they believed, to be proclaimed here. They were teachers actuated by a high and noble ambition. They had become weary and sick of the paralyzing routine of a driveling method of instruction. They were to become the brave, bold pioneers under a new dispensation whose benign influence was to be felt upon the destinies of the Empire State and the race to the end of time.

This small group of strangers numbered altogether twenty-nine persons. Five of them, as subsequent events proved, were destined to act a somewhat conspicuous part in the movement then and there inaugurated, and a brief personal mention of them may, on that account, be permissible here.

One of the five was Elizabeth C. Hance, from the county of Wayne. In person she was of medium height, erect, slender, of light hair and complexion, with frank, open, expressive features, which, superadded to a peculiar gentleness and dignity of manner and sweetness of disposition, won all hearts. Her character was simplicity itself. She was devoid of affectation, full of sincerity and kindly feeling toward all. She was blessed with a peculiarly melodious voice, and was very skillful in the rare art of so modulating it as to subserve the ends of perfect expression, whether in conversation or reading. She passed to her reward in 1857, a martyr to her profession.

The county of Rensselaer was represented at

the time of which we speak by Caroline Smith, a bright, talented, modest, loyal and true lady and scholarly teacher. She still survives and is happily mated, being the wife of a prominent physician in the State of Iowa.

From the county of Otsego came honest, thoughtful, studious, painstaking and conscientious Silas T. Bowen, now and for a generation or more a successful bookseller and publisher at Indianapolis, Indiana. Sumner C. Webb was a representative from Cortland county, and was specially noted as an industrious, faithful and energetic instructor. The fifth personage in this special group was the writer of this sketch, hailing from the county of Cayuga. It need only be added in respect to this small audience that on this memorable occasion no prominent citizens of the capital were present to manifest their interest in the proceedings, or to show their appreciation of the new departure about to be signalized. Such events were not apt to attract the people in those times, when schools were considered as something of a bore. Thus much may be said for the gathering called together on that cold December morning to commemorate the opening day of the first Normal School established under public auspices in the State of New York, and the fourth of the kind in the United States. The five persons of whom special mention has been made appeared on this occasion as students, but they subsequently became members of the faculty, all but one of them serving in that capacity for many years.

Upon a narrow platform, raised but a single step above the floor of the audience room, there were seven notable gentlemen, five of whom were representative of the power, the dignity and intelligence of the Empire State. The names of some of them, by reason of their long and honorable public service, were a household word among the people. Each possessed a personality strikingly and impressively his own. In any assembly of citizens, great or small, they would surely have been among the observed of all observers. In character, in culture, in intellectual power and moral worth, as well as distinguished public service, they were truly a host, and fitting

leaders in one of the most radical and far-reaching reforms of modern times.

Foremost in prominence, as the orator of the occasion, was the Hon. Samuel Young, then Secretary of State and Superintendent of Common Schools. In person he was of medium height, though well proportioned, venerable in appearance, though in the full vigor of his powers, with a keen, penetrating eye, a florid complexion and all those solid characteristics that command attention and challenge respect. He was rightly recognized as a warm friend of popular education, and active in the promotion of all measures calculated to elevate and improve the common schools. The brilliant talents of Col. Young, his long and useful public services and his sterling honesty had won for him in a high degree the confidence of the people.

His address on that memorable day was an intelligent, comprehensive and eloquent presentation of the needs of the common schools and of the adaptation of the Teacher's Seminary to meet these wants beyond any other instrumentality hitherto devised. He was listened to with profound interest by all, and particularly by the youthful strangers present, who obtained from it a glimpse of the future plans and policy of the new institution.

Still another notable personage upon the platform and one who attracted marked attention, was the Rev. Alonzo Potter, then Vice-President of Union College, and who subsequently became Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. In personal appearance Bishop Potter was one of the most imposing and attractive men of his time. Physically he was tall, massive and well-proportioned, with large lustrous eyes and open, benignant, expressive features. His whole make-up was suggestive of great reserved power. He was the ideal incarnation of profound scholarship and chaste oratory superadded to executive ability of the highest order, and was most fittingly chosen to stand up with his distinguished associates as an advocate and defender of this radical innovation upon past opinions and usages.

In brief,

"Take him for all in all
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The Hon. Gideon Hawley of Albany was, in respect to physical stature, general make-up and appearance, the peer of Dr. Potter. For more than twenty years he had served gratuitously as the official secretary of the Board of Regents of the University. He, too, was a gentleman of great dignity of character, of scholarly tastes and attainments, and thoroughly devoted to the interests of the common schools and general education.

In marked contrast with the foregoing was Francis Dwight. He was below the medium height, of a spare, almost attenuated frame, light complexion, his facial expression

"Sicklied o'er

With the pale cast of thought."

as one who, to all appearance, might be removed from the scene of his unselfish labors by a passing breeze. A more courteous, gentle and lovable character it would be difficult to conceive. He enjoyed the distinction of establishing and conducting the Common School Journal, one of the first, if not the first periodical devoted exclusively to the interests of common school education of those early days. He survived this occasion only two days less than one year, and died universally regretted and beloved by all who knew him. With his demise one of the purest and best of men passed to his everlasting reward.

It remains now only to speak of one other, the fifth member of the executive committee, charged with the general management and supervision of an institution then regarded as at best a doubtful experiment, the Rev. Dr. William H. Campbell. Dr. Campbell was a tall, slender person, with sandy hair and complexion, and, like his associates on the committee, was most dignified and impressive in his demeanor, yet entirely frank, courteous and approachable in his intercourse with others. He was a thoroughly educated and scholarly man, and had had much actual experience as a teacher in schools and institutions of various grades, besides having been many years in the pastoral office. He subsequently became professor of Oriental literature in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., and from 1851 to 1863,

of Moral Philosophy at Rutgers College. His chief distinction, however, was won as president of that institution from 1863 to 1882, during which period the sum of \$200,000 was added to the funds of the college and six new professorships were established.

The continuation of these reminiscences must be reserved for the next issue of the ECHO.

WILLIAM F. PHELPS, '45.

EXAMINATIONS O!

THERE'S a bitterness in sorrow,
And a hopelessness in woe,
And the mirth is ta'en from laughter,
Would you, friend, the reason know?
Would you learn why 'cross our faces
Lengthening shadows seem to grow?
List! 'tis near examination time,
Examinations O!

No more visits to the capitol,
Or walking in the park,
Or strolling up the avenue,
Not reaching home 'till dark.
O, no! the program's varied,
We must study, don't you know,
To prepare to meet the dear Exams,
Examinations O!

Could we but see the faculty
As they are sitting now!
Could we but see the gathering frown
That darkens each stern brow!
'Twould cause the pulse to quicken,
And 'twould cause the tear to flow,
For they're plotting puzzling questions
For Examinations O.

O Exams, Examinations!
Have you really come again?
Crushing hopes and expectations,
Bringing, sorrow, grief and pain?
Can we waive this direful horror?
Can we from its presence flee?
No, alas! They'll not return — those days
Of our *unstudied* glee.

Ah! you murmur—"From this Juggernaut
Is there no saving way?"
"Listen, classmates! while I whisper,
Breathe it not until the day."
When on "rules" and "plans" and "sketches,"
You, your vacant minds would whet,
Hoping vainly to the end that
"There may be a loophole yet."

"Ware of study! *Thought* is fatal,
Reason's power you should discard,
Think up answers long and flighty,
Vague as rantings of the bard,
Thus to mystify your critics
And astound them with your power,
That they may not dare condition you
When comes the final hour.

"On the eve before the trial,
Sit up till the hour of three,
That the morn may see you blooming
Fresh and vigorous, good to see.
Mutter 'Kismet' — fate decides it,
And your chances 10 to 0,
That you draw the winning number
In Examinations O!"

M. G. MANAHAN.

HOW CAN A TEACHER LEAD A PUPIL TO WORK?

EMPLOYMENT is not work, although work is employment. Drawing pictures of a teacher on a slate, blowing beans or paper wads through a popgun, playing a surreptitious game of "tic-tac-too" are all employment, but lack the element of useful end which is essential to work. The business of the school is work and a serious problem with every teacher is how to secure the greatest practicable amount of this necessary article. It has already been said in the columns of the ECHO that the arousing of sympathetic interest is a fundamental condition of success in teaching. This thought should be emphasized. Interest. Sympathetic interest. Interest is the golden key to all mental acquisition and development. Of all the things within the range of vision we *see* those in which for some reason we are interested — we remember those best in which we are most interested. A naturalist and a hunter are together in a field, one hears only the hum of a new variety of insect, the other only the "bob white" of a quail. Five different persons read a history and each retains that which claimed his interested attention.

To get pupils, then, to do what you wish is either to wish them to do that in which they are already interested or to interest them anew in what you wish them to do. Something of the former is much more likely to lead to the latter.

In what thing are children most likely to be interested which may be turned to account in the school-room is the question to be answered first of all.

Children are by nature living interrogation points. Curiosity as to their surroundings is

predominant. "What is it? What is its name? What can it do? Why does it do it and how?" These are the ever recurring matters of interest to the child mind. Let the teacher encourage and stimulate this spirit of investigation, directing it toward objects of educational value, and the whole problem is more than half solved as to the whole question of effective school work, for a keen, absorbing interest in one really valuable line of observation interacts upon all other pursuits so that the newly found powers of the mind find greater facility and consequently pleasure in their exercise.

Natural children naturally turn to nature, the living book of many pages open daily and nightly for all who will to read. Those who get close to her heart find not only ceaseless pleasure in the unending variety, but health, inspiration, purity and nobility from the companionship. The study of her ways leads to no dissipation, her language is that of truth, her countenance a rebuke to vice. Nature study is the easiest beginning possible for the interested exercise of the growing powers of the child mind. It makes little difference what department may be selected so long as the study be not about Nature, but Nature herself. Flowers, grasses, twigs, bees, ants, birds, stones, sands and stars, all are alike interesting and valuable, not all to each person, but each to some. Then find if there be already a natural interest in any direction on the part of a pupil. Stimulate it. Get others to join in the study and search for new facts. Lead all to be interested—profoundly, absorbingly interested—each in some one thing. And as knowledge grows, seek to narrow down the attention to a complete knowledge of the one thing. And if the teacher works intelligently and helpfully with them, the community will soon be surprised to find that their teacher is beloved, the attention and discipline in their school more perfect, knowledge rapidly increasing, health keeping pace with knowledge, and the fragrance of sweeter life and nobler ideals enveloping and beautifying all.

E. W. WETMORE.

OUR NEW EMBLEM.

Three colors there *were* in our banner,
And long did they flourish so true,
Until Princeton's feather white
Dropped completely out of sight,
Now, hurrah! for the red — and the blue!

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

"TOM'S a good fellow, but he has a wheel in his head," remarked my brother; and mentally attributing the expression to the great Ferris Wheel, I said: "Of all senseless institutions, modern slang is the most idiotic, and utterly without foundation."

Whereupon the young man exclaimed: "The expression I have just quoted originated with Cervantes. You will find it in the description of Don Quixote's encounter with a supposedly aggressive monster, when Sancho exclaims: 'God bless me! Did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill, and nobody could mistake it but one who had the like in his head.'"

HYMN TO A FROG.

(Written under an influence gained while contemplating the life forms of our weird, Florida swamps.)

OH, songster of the stilly night, with blinking eyes that
shun the light;
Thy home so beautiful to Thee, would be a torment
unto me.
Thou lov'st Thy home 'mongst slimy bogs, where all
night long with other frogs
Thou'lt sit and croak. Encircled 'round Thy habitation,
there are found
The Marsh Rat's den, the Bittern's nest, and bogs where
deadly Snakes find rest:
The Alligator's grassy lair, on which he suns when
days are fair.
'Tis here that trilling Blue Petes reign; 'tis here that
Heron's eggs are lain.
Though fearlessly Thou seemst to glide amidst the
slime, Thou knowest that hide
Full many, who, with constant strife, daily, nightly,
seek Thy life.
The deadly Snake with glist'ning eyes, longs to embrace
Thee as his prize.
The Bittern with his bill of steel, the Catfish and the
slimy Eel,
The Turtle,—all are seeking Thee, from birth till death,
so constantly
And yet, with all these deadly fiends, Thou livest Thy
life, for Thou hast means
To save Thyself:—a link Thou art, of that great chain
we're all a part.

JONATHAN HOAG, JR.—'87.

OCALA, Florida, Nov. 10, 1894.

THE
NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1.25 when not paid by January 1st; single copies 15 cents.

Conducted by

HENRY F. BLESSING, '95, - - - *Editor-in-Chief.*
WILLIAM J. MILLAR, '95, - - - *Financial Editor.*

Assisted by

CHARLOTTE E. LANSING, '95, MARY G. MANAHAN, '95,
ANNA E. HUSTED, '95.

Contributions and items of interest are earnestly solicited from students, graduates and others.

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

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-chief, business communications to the Financial Editor, NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO, College Building, Albany, N. Y.

WEED-PARSONS PRINTING COMPANY, - - PRINTERS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE.

SEND your contributions for the Christmas number.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

A SERIES of entertainments by the Albany Camera Club will be given in the college chapel during the winter. These entertainments have been a source of very great pleasure and profit to the students in the past and we are sure they will continue to be such. To the student whose time is devoted almost exclusively to his studies, an evening spent in attending an exhibition of this kind is of inestimable value. For the time his mind is drawn away from all thoughts of his work, and given entirely to the enjoyment of the occasion. Better work will be the result of relaxation of this character. But there is more than this to be gained. Some things can be learned better by attending a lecture or an entertainment given by those who have devoted their whole time to the subject, than by reading many books. It also makes us broader minded; gives us a deeper knowledge of men and their opinions; increases our appreciation of the thoughts of others, and inspires us with greater zeal to ad-

vance. We need more of this kind of instruction. We wish we might have more lectures. Such an opportunity as is now offered should not be neglected.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING-DAY is the brightest of all our American institutions. Its observance brings to mind some of the sweetest of past events, while through it shines that deep religious principle which has been so characteristic in the upbuilding of our national, social and commercial life. It is peculiarly an American observance. Its commemoration dates from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, though as a national custom it has been established within the period of thirty-two years.

The custom of giving public thanks to God for the blessings of the year, is not so modern as many think. The idea of Thanksgiving is as old as history itself. In some form or other, it has been observed by the leading nations of the world. Our modern custom was suggested, no doubt, to a certain extent by the older observances. Its primitive observance on the New England shores may have been partially the result of a sense of dependence upon the Creator, but it is, nevertheless, true that the Thanksgiving we celebrate at the end of harvest, has a classical flavor, and brings with its observance the recollections of the religious rites of nations old and dead. Yet our American Thanksgiving has a history of its own, the beginnings of which every true American may well be proud. It brings to our mind not only the personal blessings we enjoy, the liberty and safeguard, but also the critical events in our national history that have been influential. The devastations of many homes, the ruined fortunes of some, and the unfavorable conditions existing, cannot but suggest the reality of the privations and struggling which attended the first settlement by the Pilgrims. Amid starvation and uncomfortable surroundings, they found sufficient reason to render thanks to their God, for they saw in one that discipline, and in the other that earnestness which carries within the power of a noble and persevering character.

Their Thanksgiving was one of solemnity and mirth. Such should our national Thanksgiving be. True, it is a Harvest Feast; but it also commemorates the heroism of our forefathers as well as the ingathering of the harvests. Its national observance recalls the patriotism, the suffering, and the death of countless heroes who fell in defense of their country. For this should we feel a sense of adoration. Our national prosperity is unequalled. For this should we feel grateful. And our political advancement requires the general practice of a strict morality. For this let us beseech Him who is the "giver of every good and perfect gift."

PLEASE do not come to the Literary Editor with an article which you have just *dashed off*. We do not favor articles of the *dashing* order.

If you wish to write an article do it *well*,—as well as you are capable of doing. Then, and then only should you feel confident in presenting it for public inspection. Be your own first critic, a careful and conscientious critic, and set up a high standard of criticism. Never submit an article to another that you have not first carefully reviewed yourself, and do not fear that in doing so you will rub the bloom off your plumes.

Do not imagine that genius inspires one to *dash off* a production, on the contrary the careless haste of this method is incompatible with genius, for "genius is eternal patience." The divine fire burns slowly—you cannot make it blaze by applying the bellows.

Masters in the use of language are tireless in their efforts to polish even their seemingly finished works. Gen. Wallace spent months before he decided on the eminently fitting word "opalescent" by which he describes the dim and mystical light in which the Three Wise Men met in the desert.

Genius, it is said, carries with it the power to produce without effort and with delight, but do not misapprehend the phrase—"without effort." It does not mean *without toil*, but that the toil which is a labor of love, becomes to the worker a delight instead of an exertion.

Withal, there is—shall I say it?—a spice of untruthfulness in the statement—"I just *dashed it off*." One must be quite an expert in the use of the pen to *dash off* ink and not cover the paper with blots. And—let me whisper—such manuscripts are sometimes neatly *rolled* and even tied with blue ribbon.

We aim to make the ECHO a true college paper; and in order to do so it is essential that we have the hearty co-operation of every student in the college.

Show your loyalty to the institution by indorsing the paper. It is not enough to read its columns and pass judgment upon what has been written by others. Write yourself.

"What shall you write?" You have now been here over ten weeks—long enough to have caught the spirit of the institution, and you know the tenor of our columns. In every class arise questions which are of interest to all—educational, literary, historical, psychological, and questions which have direct bearing upon your daily life. You have the whole field before you.

"How shall you write?" Well—following the old maxim for roasting a hare—first catch your *thought*. Then strip it of all useless covering and ornament—literally *skin* it. When your material is dressed and ready for use, go to work at it.

Before you touch pen to paper, know what you are going to say. Never begin to write a sentence until you know how you will end it. When it is done, follow the advice of the poet:

"Boil her down until she simmers,
Polish her until she glimmers;
When you have a thing to say,
Say it. Don't take half a day."

I would say, in conclusion, that, as individuals and as members of a class, you should take pride in responding to our invitation to contribute. And you should aim to make your contribution in every way worthy of your ability.

We might easily double the size of our paper by borrowing from our exchanges, or by accepting articles from our friends outside, but we prefer to have it all our own—a truthful ECHO of the voice of the college; echoed sentiment, rather than reflected light.

M. G. M.

THE HAWTHORNE PILGRIMAGE.

A PILGRIMAGE of the olden times was undertaken after years of planning and preparation, and was carried out by slow marches, with many a halt on the way. This Hawthorne pilgrimage marks an abrupt change from rules, regulations, and a time-table, to absolute freedom and vacation rest. It commences with a rapid car trip north along the banks of the Hudson, through the fragrant new-mown meadows of the Hoosac river, the dash through the Hoosac tunnel. It takes in its way the winding valley of the Deerfield, and, through the long summer afternoon, it brings in succession the varying delights of northern and rural Massachusetts. At sunset, is the final halt at historic Concord, near Lexington.

The little station is deserted this drowsy afternoon, or is held in charge by its single occupant, a typical New England girl, who seems to be station agent, telegraph operator, keeper of parcels, and manager in general. Moreover, when the object of the newly-arrived pilgrim is announced, the New England girl proves to be also the village directory, and the agent on outlook for the boarding-house proprietors. Concord has no hotel, and the majority of homes are homes, indeed, for transient guests who worship at the shrine of the Concord School of Philosophy.

Imagine the delight with which the pilgrim follows the directions given,—walks in the foot-path through the old orchard, along the lane to the first broad street and reaches, in time, the Concord home of Elizabeth Peabody, who is the apostle of Froebel, the sister of Mrs. Horace Mann and of Mrs. Hawthorne.

The pilgrim is refreshed by the comforts of a New England tea, and awaits the "barge" which shall call at all houses where philosophers congregate, to bear them to the "Hillside chapel" for the evening's conference. The School of Philosophy is well under way, and the summer study of "Plato" is in the hands of masters.

The year is 1881. Bronson Alcott rules in the assemblies. Emerson occupies his chair on the platform at every meeting, but takes no part in

the discussions. William T. Harris is the profound scholar. Sanborne and Heath are ready in their turn. Edna D. Cheney does honor to woman's intellect, and Mrs. Hathaway is pronounced one of the best minds present in philosophical and psychological research.

The object of the pilgrim, however, is not philosophical study. It is a summer visit; it is rather a search for "Mosses from an old Manse" and a rest at the Wayside cottage. Then is the walk through the avenue of ash and pines to the bridge where "the shot was fired heard round the world," the quiet musing by the mounds near the bridge under the whispering pines, where the two Englishmen lie buried, the first who fell in the Revolutionary War. Near by, the historic gateway leads to the old Manse. Here Hawthorne spent the first year of his married life and wrote some of his best thoughts. Here Emerson wrote his essay, "Nature." Here generations of New England divines have preached on paper their gloomy, puritanical sermons; but here the old willow tree shakes his slim leaves; the gnarled lilac tree lives its unsightly old age. An artist yonder is painting his sketches of the lovely place; and a pale student is searching with downcast eyes for the arrow-heads which Thoreau found for the stooping.

Will you rest on the bridge? Will you watch the still Concord, the green sloping banks? Will you walk along the pleasant country road and lean over the fence by Emerson's home to admire the rose garden—nay, on closer investigation, the garden of the hollyhocks, brilliant with all the hues of the rainbow? Mary Emerson drives up in her trim wagon and invites you to come within the garden, and gives you hospitable greeting. Do you mark the reverential care with which the old historic trees along the wayside are protected? Their spreading branches, weakened by age, are bound to the trunk by iron bands. Their hollow trunks are filled with brick and mortar to keep out the snow or rain. You almost think they may be the "speaking oaks," and that Minerva may have them in her watchful care. Do you mark the perfect garden farms, and see the vineyards of the Concord grape that alone would

have given renown to this peaceful valley? Surely, this fruit of the vine would suggest bacchanalian revelry instead of platonic discussion; the hot head and wild heart, instead of the cool disquisition and the calm friendships.

Have we the magic key to open the entrance to the "Orchard House," where Alcott has lived his serene life, and where his noble daughter has won for the father she adored the wealth and ease which he ignored? Nay, is it possible that we can enter the wayside cottage, can read the books in the sunny library, can wander in the little garden or climb to the tower where Hawthorne wrote, shut away from all on earth save bees and birds and clouds? May we walk from this window porch out on the brow of the ridge? Ah, this is a treat indeed! Here is the high ridge-path worn by Hawthorne's own feet. Here James T. Fields would come to plan with Hawthorne for the best name for the latest romance or to make arrangements for its publication.

Every tree has its romance. Here the restless spirit in hours of depression would take his lonely walks, and the farmers from the distant meadows by the mill creek would see his black cloak fluttering in the wind, and would almost think it meant something spectral or uncanny, so different was it from their ideas of what was the proper way for a practical man to live. We will climb up the rustic stairway into the bower in the very heart of this old tree. Its leafage screens you from every eye; you can dream away the whole afternoon if you will. The earth, the woods, the distant view, the bird and insect life exist but for you. Enjoy life to the full. Other days will come, when returned to humdrum life, with its moil and toil, these hours will seem like a visit to another world—and so it is. This is classic Concord. Here is nothing but rural life. Here are no screeching whistles; here are no humming wheels. Here wealth is not the key to men's lives. Here mind is the kingdom, and its treasures cannot be bought.

Ere the day dies, come yet with me down the shady path to the Mill creek. Sit by its clear waters. It has no splash nor murmur. It is like the greater stream to which it flows. It is placid

and will mirror your thoughts, if they are calm, or it will hide them and guard them well, if they are deep. Here by this little bridge that will lead you to the meadow beyond, we will whisper the tragic legend connected with this spot.

Before the day is spent, there is the fitting walk for its close. Here is the long and narrow avenue of pines, leading directly up the hill-side. Your eyes can hardly distinguish the path with its carpet of pine needles. It is a walk where the spirit of silence itself might pace undisturbed. Ah, what a magic of transformation! The sun has crept to the very mouth of this colonnade. High up on the ridge of the hill he fills the narrow, low-arched space, and for one marvelous moment sends a flood of glory down through the whole length of the path. Every needle is a spear of light, piercing to the centre of your brain. You close and cover your eyes till the glory passes!

The Pilgrim turns to the ancient city of Salem and wanders about the docks, where the wealth of the Indies once found its way to New England. The neglected wharves stretch out to the sea, which retreats from them in the ebb of the tide as though loth to disturb the dreaming rest, or even to hint at what might again be the life of the harbor and the wealth of the warehouses. The day is one long to be remembered as the "Yellow Day" along the north Atlantic coast. A sky of sulphur and strange lights gives the landscape a weird effect, such as the witches of old Salem might have claimed as their own. We wander to the home of Hawthorne in his younger days. It is a square, old-fashioned house. The narrow entrance has its little box-like stair-case with sharp turns. Four humble families occupy the four rooms leading off from the entry, two on each side of the two floors. We try to picture the scene when the faithful friend, James T. Fields, found Hawthorne standing in the chilly room, his soul depressed at what he considered his failure to write anything acceptable to the American public. Fields finds the manuscript of the "Scarlet Letter," which is hidden away in the chest of drawers, and

carries it back with him on his return to Boston. From that moment dates Hawthorne's great success.

All the surroundings of the old house in Mall street are unpleasant in the extreme. With what a weight they depressed the spirit of the young man, sensitive to every change of sky and earth. But there was the tender love of mother and sisters to praise and encourage the son they loved and the brother they worshipped. Fortunate was Hawthorne, in his whole career, that he had the true and appreciative friend Fields. It seems almost that to Fields the world is indebted for the marvelous writings of the greatest literary genius of the western world.

We visit the old custom house and look over the records containing Hawthorne's official signature. Indeed, we bear away with us one of the papers which the officer in charge gives us for our evident interest in the surroundings, in consequence of their associations with Hawthorne. We go to the store on the corner where the Peabody family kept books and stationery, and where the young man Hawthorne spent much time in looking over the new magazines of that period. We wander up the steep street and search for a semblance to the "House of the Seven Gables." The Pilgrim does not certify to the exact sight, but houses there be like that one of the olden time.

A fair-faced girl leans over a stone wall, but the Pilgrim sees only a smile and a questioning glance that may be read, she knows our search is for the "Pyncheon" family and the gentle maid called "Phœbe."

The summer of '81 was all too short for the quest. The shores of Maine were never reached and the quiet of Sebago pond was not disturbed by the Pilgrim. Fields tells us there Hawthorne believed he learned the secrets of his romances. "There he formed an attachment for a secluded life, as he spent long winter nights on the steely, icy surface of the moonlit lake. The dark mountains, the gloomy forests were familiar friends, and the shadows of the profound depths were in his wonderful eyes."

Back to quiet and restful Concord in thought

we follow the life of the wonderful spirit to whom we are indebted for the charm and the romance of New England life. Back to the lovely "Sleepy Hollow," the cemetery for that classic village, we follow, in imagination, that notable company of our greatest authors as they bear their leader to his last resting place. The unfinished romance is placed upon the coffin, and mingling with spring blossoms, the fragrant earth covers from mortal eyes all that represents the name we love — Nathaniel Hawthorne.

K. STONEMAN.

State Normal College.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

ON Thursday afternoon, November 8th, between 5 and 7, Dr. and Mrs. Milne gave a reception at which the faculty were invited to meet the Normal School principals. Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Wetmore poured.

The invited guests were: Dr. Boyden, Bridgewater, Mass.; Supt. Crooker and daughter; Deputy Supt. Sandford; Hon. Charles R. Skinner and wife; Institute Conductors Dr. H. R. Sanford, Prof. A. S. Downing, Prof. W. Hendricks and Isaac H. Stout; Inspector John L. Sweeney; Dr. Robinson of the High School and wife; Supt. Cole and wife; Dr. Warren of the Boys' Academy and wife, and State Librarian Melvil Dewey and wife.

THROUGH the kindness of Miss Harper and her landlady, Mrs. Stevenson, the Delta Omega Society spent a most enjoyable evening, Friday, November 2d.

The hostess was assisted in receiving by the Misses McHarg, Chrissey and Northrup. During the evening, one of the most popular mandolin and guitar clubs of the city, "The Freaks," rendered choice selections.

The gentlemen were also competitors in the games, one of them winning a first prize.

The Ghost of Delta Omega was present and awarded the prizes, thus giving an auspicious air to the evening's pleasure.

As the hours sped by all too fast, all doubt was banished as to how we should answer the question "Why are we here?" although none of us were "gentlemen of the First Ward."

A NUMBER of Normal students spent a very pleasant evening at 327 Washington avenue, on the 31st of October.

The Misses Boughton, Chase and Balcom not only extended a hearty welcome to their guests,

but also did themselves credit in directing the entertainment of the evening.

It was emphatically a *social* social. While some may have entered the room with thoughts of sketches and normal methods lingering in their minds, no one present will doubt that such cares were soon dispelled. If lively social intercourse, smiling faces and hearty laughter are the accompaniments of an enjoyable time, then we can say that such it was. Time flew only too fast. We were surprised when we overheard some one say that it was time to say good-night. As we departed, it was with the feeling that the evening had been well spent, and pleasant memories of this occasion will long remain with us.

Let none of us forget that social enjoyment is not *only* an enjoyment but a profit as well. Perhaps there is even more of profit than could be obtained from the dry pages of an encyclopædia in the same time.

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

ON Saturday afternoon, November 17th, the faculty and students of the College were given a treat, in the form of an organ recital, by Prof. Belding. It is certainly a rare privilege to hear music of such a high grade, and one cannot appreciate his wonderful ability until an opportunity like this is given. The introduction of the saxophone enabled us to hear an artist play an instrument which was new to most of the audience. Everything on the program was charming, but we would note especially the pedal movements in Buck's "Star Spangled Banner," also the "Nocturne" and "Simple Aveu." Tannhauser is always a welcome number, and the artistic rendition of the "Thunder Storm" appealed to all as exceptionally fine. The ECHO, in behalf of those who were invited to be present, extends to Prof. Belding sincere thanks for his effort to entertain and instruct us, for it was truly education musically.

The following program was rendered:

PROGRAM.

- Triple Fugue—(St Anns) *Bach.*
- Overture—Masaniello..... *Auber.*
- The Star Spangled Banner, with variations..... *Buck.*
- Cantilene..... *Salomé.*
- Saxophone Solo, familiar air, with variations, *Rollinson.*
- Mr. EUGENE COFFIN.
- Funeral March and Chant Seraphique. *Gulmunt.*
- "Die Schöne Galathe," .. *Suppe.*
- Grand Offertoire de Sainte Cecile, Op. 19, No. 4, *Batiste.*
- Tenor Solo—My Heart and Thine. *Lane.*
- Mr. HARRY ALLEN.
- a. Nocturne *Munro.*
- b. Simple Aveu—Romance Sans Paroles..... *Thome.*
- Tannhauser—Transcription *Wagner.*

Thunder Storm.

FIRST MOVEMENT.

Representation of a quiet summer day.

SECOND MOVEMENT.

A party of peasants are supposed to be dancing in the open air to the music of a Scotch bag-pipe. They are suddenly interrupted in their mirth by the muttering of distant thunder. The storm increases in violence, then gradually diminishes until it subsides entirely.

THIRD MOVEMENT.

The storm having abated, the peasants are heard singing the "Vesper Hymn" as a token of thanksgiving for safe deliverance from the tempest.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE Agassiz Association is in a most flourishing condition. A number of new members have been enrolled and interest is evinced by all. At the last meeting the association listened to a sketch of the life of Agassiz, read by Miss Duckworth, who, in a most interesting manner, described the habits of thought and study and the charming personality of Agassiz, and paid a tribute to his wonderful work.

At its close, all felt quite intimately acquainted with the great scientist.

The Quicksilver Reading Circle has a large attendance at its weekly meetings on Wednesday afternoons. The treasurer's report for the month is very satisfactory, and a number of new books are to be added to the library of the Circle. At present the work groups itself about the story of Sigurd the Volsung, the mythical stories relating to whom form the foundation of early German literature.

PERSONALS.

MISS HENNESSEY has left college.

Miss Black has left school on account of ill health. Miss Hannahs attended the Institute at Averill Park, Nov. 2.

Mr. Henry F. Blessing spent Nov. 4, at his home in Voorheesville.

Mr. Charles Van Auken was absent from college the week ending Nov. 24th.

Mr C. M. Frost attended the horse show in New York city November 17.

Miss Emma Mould, of Sauquoit, N. Y., was the guest of Miss May Miller November 7.

Mr. Losey, was detained from school a few days on account of the illness of his child.

Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, of Cherry Valley, spent Nov. 10, with his sister, Miss Elizabeth Sutcliffe.

Miss Jennie English, '96, has returned to her home in Cambridge, N. Y., on account of illness.

Miss Mary Carpenter, of Schuylerville, a teacher in the scientific school, called at the college Nov. 16.

Miss Clara M. Greason, was a pleasant caller at the college, Nov. 1 and 2.

Miss Corey, of Oswego, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Newman, '96, Oct. 31.

Miss Kathleen Pierce, '96, of Oneida, entertained her father and brother November 3 and 4.

Miss Sarah Briggs, '95, was the guest of Miss Theodora Ehman, '94, at Chatham, N. Y., November 16-19.

Isaac E. Young, superintendent of schools at New Rochelle, N. Y., and wife called at the college Oct. 25.

Mrs. C. H. Bradshaw, of New York, visited her daughter Miss Estelle Bradshaw, '96, Nov. 6 and 7.

Miss Curtiss, Wells '96, Mr. Chambers and Mr. Peterson, both '95, of Hamilton College, called at the college Nov. 6.

Miss Susie McDonald was ill the first two weeks of the month. Miss Reed taught her Latin class part of the time.

Mr S. B. Sprague, of Moriah Centre, N. Y., spent a few hours on November 17 with his son, Mr. Wilbur B. Sprague.

Miss Josephine Perkins, '96, was called to her home in Amsterdam November 16 to attend the funeral of her grandfather.

Miss Florence Williams, '96, and Miss Minnie E. Waite, '95, spent Sunday, November 18, with friends at Vassar College.

Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly, called at the college recently. She will spend the winter at 18 High Street in preparing a new book for publication.

Dr. Milne addressed the teachers of Elizabeth and Newark, N. J., week before last. He spoke at the Institute at Rhinebeck, Nov. 1 and 2.

Miss Charlotte Lansing, our exchange editor, has accepted a position as teacher in St. Agnes School of this city. Her duties begin Dec. 1.

Mr C. M. Frost not only voted at his home in Rhinebeck but also had the honor of casting his ballot in the same district with Governor-elect Morton.

Miss Mary McNeil, who was obliged to go to her home, in Argyle, for several weeks on account of the illness of her sister, has resumed her college duties.

Prof. Husted and daughter will eat their Thanksgiving turkey at a family gathering at the home of his brother, E. B. Husted, '63, Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover M. Pratt, announce the marriage of their daughter Genevieve, to Mr. Herman Howard Stillman, on Nov. 14. They will be at home after Dec. 1st at 116 South Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

On the first Saturday evening of the month, Prof. Wetmore completed a series of talks on scientific subjects to the members of the Y. M. C. A. They were illustrated by stereopticon and apparatus.

On November 8 a lantern slide exhibit was given in the chapel, to which the students were invited. One hundred slides of the Photographic Society of Northern France were shown, also fifty by Prof. Wetmore.

Mr Harry Forrester, '95, received the pleasing intelligence, on the 8th inst., from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, that he had been successful in the recent examinations in obtaining a State certificate. Out of 128 candidates, 29 are reported as passing.

Prof. White gave readings before the teachers of Ballston on Nov. 20. It is not, perhaps, understood that the entertainment of the entire evening is placed in his hands, thus giving him an opportunity of reading ten or a dozen selections.

On Wednesday, Nov. 7, the annual meeting of Normal School principals convened in our city. On that morning, which will long be a memorable one in the history of the institution, seven of these gentlemen were present at our chapel exercises, occupying seats upon the stage. Dr. Capen, of New Paltz, led in the devotional exercises. Dr. Milne then introduced each one in a very happy manner. The Council was represented by Dr. Sheldon, of Oswego, who gave us words of sound advice, which he summed up in this sentence: "Go to a place and stay there." He was followed by Dr. Boyden, Principal of the Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass., whose address emphasized the point made by Dr. Sheldon. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings were spent by these gentlemen in visiting the various departments of the college. During the afternoon and evening of Wednesday and Thursday, the meetings of the Council were held. The members are as follows: Dr. Sheldon, Oswego; Dr. John Milne, Geneseo; Dr. James Milne, Oneonta; Dr. Capen, New Paltz; Dr. Stowell, Potsdam; Dr. Jones, Plattsburgh; Dr. Palmer, Fredonia; Dr. McLean, Brockport; Dr. McLachlan, Jamaica; Dr. Cassety, Buffalo, and Dr. Wm. J. Milne, Albany.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

HARRIS Moak has re-entered the High School.

Miss Dora Ulman spent November 16th and 17th with friends in Schenectady.

Miss Margarite Archer is recovering from her severe illness.

Charles Terwilliger spent October 27th to 29th, inclusive, with A. D. Warde, at Hackensack, N. J.

Miss Ada B. Graves is spending a few days in Schenectady.

Many High School students enjoyed the organ recital on November 17th.

Miss Madge Hardick spent the past week with her parents at Normansville.

Miss Charlotte Hungerford attended a dance at Keysville, Friday, November 16th, and reports a very enjoyable time.

Less grumbling than usual at the examinations was indulged in by the students this quarter.

Miss Emma Archer and Miss Ella Lyons gave very pleasing recitations at Harmanus Bleeker Hall, November 19th.

Philip G. Radley of the Medical College spent November 19th with friends at the High School.

At a meeting of the Adelphi Literary Society on November 9th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> | F. Sponable. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | R. A. Garrison. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | H. V. Berry. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | A. Moyer. |

On November 9th, in the Moded Chapel, the Quintillian Society, after rendering its usual literary program, elected the following officers:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>President</i> | Helen Wilson. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Ella Lyons. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Charlotte Hungerford. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Hattie Morey. |
| <i>Senior Editor</i> | Ada B. Graves. |
| <i>Junior Editor</i> | Florence Payne. |
| <i>Critic</i> | Lorette McGraw. |

AMONG THE EXCHANGES.

THE Delaware College *Review* is the latest new exchange on our table. It is, in every way, a worthy representative of the college which it represents.

The description of a sunset at sea in the *Bucknell Mirror* of this month is very well written.

Almost every paper contains interesting articles and anecdotes concerning Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
But it might be more sublime,
If we were not kept so busy,
Dodging microbes all the time."—*Ex.*

The High School *Star* is again in the ascendancy. May its light never grow dim.

The *Argus*, of Detroit, Mich., is very fickle. Almost every issue is decorated with new colors.

The question arises, is it a good plan to change our cover so often? Should not we adopt some distinct color and design, and stick to it until we have an urgent reason for changing?

How dear to our hearts is cash paid on subscription, When the generous subscriber presents it to view; But the man who don't pay we refrain from description, For, perhaps, gentle reader, that one may be you.—*Ex.*

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

WESLEYAN will soon issue a volume of verse.

Yale has organized a Freshman debating Union.

Princeton is starting a Civil Service Reform Club.

University of Chicago has adopted scarlet for its color.

Harvard's running expenses are said to be \$1,000,000 per year.

A Greek weekly newspaper has been started at Cornell.

Vassar added over 700 new books to her library the past summer.

The Yale Glee Club gives a part of the proceeds to poor students.

The University of Minnesota has organized a crew for the first time.

Hamilton College has changed its colors from rose pink to buff and blue.

Leland Stanford University is to be enlarged three times its present size.

Two Chinese women were enrolled at the University of Michigan this year.

Work on the college paper of the University of Boston counts in the course of English.

Princeton, after the fall of '95, will increase her entrance requirements.

The University of Chicago discarded the title of Prof. and substituted plain Mr.

Stanford University prohibits in the future all tours abroad by its athletic teams.

A Press Club has been started at Harvard by the editors of several college publications.

Vanderbilt Hall, Yale's new dormitory is the finest and most expensive dormitory in the world.

The late W. P. Coburn of Newton, Mass., bequeathed \$10,000 to the library of Columbia College.

Prof. Hadley of Yale, has introduced the plan of having debates in his Political Economy Class.

Chicago University now offers to its students a course in Hebrew, Egyptian, Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac and Phoenician.

Foot-ball, track and field athletics determine class supremacy between Sophomores and Freshmen at Cornell.

The Valedictory and Salutatory together with all other speaking is a thing of the past in the Yale commencement program.

The Camera Club at the University of Pennsylvania are to have rooms fitted up with special appointments for photographic work.

The youngest son of President Garfield, who graduated from Williams in '93, is now coaching the foot-ball team at the same college.

President Low of Columbia College, has presented the Wuchang Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church at China, with a fine well-equipped hospital.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia will be represented at the annual intercollegiate chess tournament to be held in the Harvard club rooms, New York city, beginning December 26.

The date of the Harvard-Yale debate has been fixed for January 18. Harvard had the choice of the question. It is "Resolved, That attempts of employers to ignore associations of employees and to deal with individual workmen only are prejudicial to the best interests of both." Yale has accepted the subject and will take the negative.

ECHOES.

THANKSGIVING at hand.

Over one-quarter of the college year is gone.

The seminary class in Latin is reading Horace.

Many are looking forward to the home visit this week.

Although Hallowe'en was on Wednesday, rumors of spreads were afloat the next day.

On election day the young ladies were free to study or rest, and the young men—to vote.

Now that astronomy methods are on the program, observatory parties and arm-in-arm strolls across the viaduct will be in order.

The literature classes regret that they are unable to have Mrs. Mooney's new publication as one of the "guide-books" in their travels.

Algebra is now being taught in the 9th grade of the Model Department from Pres. Milne's new "Elements." The pupils are delighted with it.

The attendance at Glee Class has been gradually decreasing from week to week. The front rows of the center and right sections are noticeably vacant.

A number of the Normal students were so fortunate as to hear Rev. Joseph McMahan who lectured on the "Modern Novel, Its Use and Usurpation," on Thursday, November 15, at Union Hall. The subject was finely treated, and the discourse enlivened by readings from several standard modern novels.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67. No. 19 Philip street of this city was the scene of a quiet wedding October 31st, when Miss Augusta Lord was married to Mr. Richard Stephens. Miss Lord has been a teacher in School No. 11 of this city for many years.

'68. Eugene Burlingame was elected District Attorney of Albany county, on November 6th, with a majority of 2,000—Republican.

81. E. A. Burt, A. M., has recently published a memoir on *Anthurus*. He is a member of the American Microscopical Society, and is at present a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in June, '95, at Harvard.
- '83. Mrs. Effie Frauts Conner recently passed through the city from her home in Denver to her father's home in Sharon Springs.
- '85. Miss Margaret Becker was married on October 23d to Mr. Herbert Soverel, of East Orange, N. J.
- '87. Miss Maud A. Rossiter, of the June class, called at the college a week or two ago.
- '91. Miss Media Buck has secured a position at Prince's Bay, N. Y.
E. A. Fuller of the June class is teaching at Sidney Centre.
Miss Annie Campbell recently gave an entertainment at her school in Watervliet, entitled "Mother Goose in Rhyme," at which several Normal graduates were present.
- '92. Miss Grace McCormic called at the college Nov. 2. Miss Inez Lawton is substituting at Mamaroneck. Miss Katherine Day has secured the position at Cobleskill.
Miss Anna B. Shaw is teaching near St. Corinth. J. Herbert Campbell has accepted a position as bookkeeper for J. C. Sanford at the Fashion Knitting Mills, Cohoes, N. Y.
Miss Ruth L. Everts has a position at Garden City, L. I.
Miss Jessie L. Simpson was a recent visitor at the college.
- '93. W. S. Coleman was in the city October 27. Russell Bellows was in town October 26 and 27. Frank Stanbro has secured a position at Mt. Upton, Chenango county.
Miss Maud C. Stewart visited the college a few days ago.
Paul E. Riemann has accepted a position to teach the academic branches in the Commercial College at Scranton, Penn.
- '94. Miss Minnie Scripture is teaching at Tottenville, N. Y.
The *Chatham Courier* in speaking of school work says: "Miss Ehman is noted for original plans in her Latin classes."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

UNDER THE DIRECTION of Dr. Chas. Waldstein, the American School of Archaeology at Athens, are busy excavating the Argive "Heraeon," the great temple of Hera (Juno) on the mountain side, midway between Argos and Mycenae. Two hundred and fifty workmen are constantly employed and wonderful treasures are every day brought to light.

ATTENTION, GEOGRAPHY TEACHERS!

YOU could dig a lake in the centre of Texas, put the republic of France on an island in that lake, and it couldn't be seen from shore. You could hide England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales in any part of it, and it would be two months before any one who didn't know of their location would be able to get even a suspicion of it.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Rev. F. H. Ryder of Lawrence, Mass., strongly advises in one of the Educational Magazines that school children be uniformed.

He proposes to gown the high school children in navy blue, the grammar school in a strong gray, and the primaries in red.

Three-fifths of New York city's children are not even registered in her schools and he claims that the uniform by becoming a badge of honor would solve New York's educational problem.

AMONG OUR MAGAZINES.

The Review of Reviews, for November, gives a thorough and comprehensive summary of the chief articles of the leading magazines and periodicals.

"The Progress of the World" is marked in all directions, and viewed from such widely differing standpoints as "The New York Democracy" and "Australian Progress," or "Dr. Parkhurst's Triumph," and "The Japanese Victories."

Genius pays a tribute to genius in the character sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Edward Everett Hale. It is illustrated by a number of cuts, showing Dr. Holmes at different periods of life, and also his birth-place, town house and summer house.

"A Tragic Sequel to Ramona," by Edward B. Howell, tells in a simple but touching manner of the untimely end of Mrs. Mary J. Platt, teacher of the government school on the Pachango Indian Reservation. This is only another illustration showing the effect of gross mismanagement of Indian affairs by the agents appointed by our government.

Foremost among the new books of the season is the "Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe." The life of this remarkable woman is carefully reviewed and many extracts given.

If you wish to get all men's views on all questions, to keep in touch with the spirit of the age, to get the wheat without the chaff, take the Review of Reviews.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is especially good this month. The "Parthology of Literary Taste" is a clever criticism on the literary spirit of the day. The "long-haired enthusiasts" gracefully accepted their recent defeat and pay a tribute to "Pennsylvania."

LIPPENCOTT'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER, 1894.

The complete novel for the December issue of Lippencott's is "Mrs. Hallam's Companion," by the well-known writer, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. It follows from America to Europe, and back again, the fortunes of a young lady who deserved a better position than that of a "companion"—and found it.

A short story by the author of "Dodo" will attract general attention. In this case expectations will not be disappointed, for Mr. E. F. Benson has written nothing better than a "A Creed of Manners." If the hero's professions were moderate, either his creed was more than it seemed, or the man was better than his creed. To what heights gentlemanhood can rise is the burden of this beautiful and touching little sketch.

Miss Ellen Mackubin, who is rapidly coming to the front, tells of "A Live Ghost." "A Western Daisy Miller," by Claude M. Girardeau, has the flavor of the prairies, if not of the newer regions beyond.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott's account of "An Odd Neighbor" reads like truth rather than fiction. True, too, and historical, are Charles Howard Shinn's recollections of "Don Jaime, of Mission San José."

Calvin Dill Wilson has an interesting paper on "Shooting Bob White," and Alvan F. Sanborn another on "Living Pictures at the Louvre." Under the caption, "Shall I Study Medicine?" Dr. A. L. Benedict gives some valuable figures and facts concerning doctors and their various experiences.

Esmé Stuart writes of "Some Notable Women of the Past," and copies some of their letters. The closing installment of "Talks with the Trade" discusses "The Personal Element" in literary business.

The poetry of the number is by Florence Earle Coates, Susie M. Best, H. Prescott Beach, and Clarence Urmey.

CONTENTS:

Mrs. Hallam's Companion, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes; Shooting Bob White, Calvin Dill Wilson; Shall I Study Medicine?, A. L. Benedict; A Western Daisy Miller, Claude M. Girardeau; Thanksgiving (Poem), Susie M. Best; Living Pictures at the Louvre, Alvan F. Sanborn; Victory (Poem), Florence Earle Coates; A Creed of Manners, E. F. Benson; Don Jaime, of Mission San José, Charles Howard Shinn; A Live Ghost, Ellen Mackubin; A Voice from the Night (Poem), H. Prescott Beach; Some Notable Women of the Past, Esmé Stuart; An Odd Neighbor, Charles C. Abbott; Ghosts (Quatrain), Clarence Urmey; Talks with the Trade; The Personal Element.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

The illustrations in this number are of an unusually high order and show the marked advancement in the art of wood-engraving. We would call attention to the frontispieces, three charming full-page illustrations of typical contemporary paintings, selected by Phillip Gilbert Hamerton. "The Grasshopper and the Ant," "Primerera" and "Cast Shadows."

In "McAndrew's Hymn," by Rudyard Kipling, the old "sea-dog," tells, in true nautical fashion, of the wrestling with a great temptation and the triumph of faith.

"From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, Oh, God—"Predestinations in the slide o' yon connectin'-rod." The illustrations are by Howard Pyle.

There are a number of clever short stories, all up to the high standard set by this magazine:

"The Matrimonial Tontine Benefit Association," by Robert Grant.

"By Special Invitation," by Francis Lynde.

"The Story of a Path," by H. C. Bunner.

"Minnehaha," by Eva Wilder McGlasson.

We are glad to learn the happy conclusion of the story of "John March, Southerner," by Geo. W. Cable, and yet sorry to part company with our friend. Mr. Cable portrays his characters with such a life-like touch that we think and feel in sympathy with them.

"A Primer of Imaginary Geography," by Brander Matthews, makes us long to pursue the study again by the "journey method," this time embarking in the phantom ship and visiting those airy realms of the imagination, pictured by the artist Oliver Herford.

"The Wood-cutter's Hut" shows the effect of the human touch in nature's solitudes. "The sense of a struggling life in the waste and the mark of a soul's command."

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

For November is bright, attractive and instructive as usual. The plan for "a Memorial Exercise" is excellent, the subject for this month being William Cullen Bryant. There are some valuable suggestions to teachers of writing and of drawing in the intermediate grades. Teachers who are on the *qui vive* for ideas for Thanksgiving and Christmas exercises should consult the Teachers Institute.

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