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THE ECHO.

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ARCHIBALD J. MATTHEWS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
EDGAR S. PITKIN, - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
RAYMOND D. MACMAHON, ASS'T BUS. MGR.

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EDITORIAL.

November.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
 One mellow smile through the soft vapory
 air,
 Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths
 are cast,
 And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the
 breeze,
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
 Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
 Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the
 way,
 The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
 And man delight to linger in thy ray.
 Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
 The piercing winter frost, and winds, and
 darkened air.

— William Cullen Bryant.

WE BEGAN this year with the hope that our subscription list might be increased to such an extent as to enable us to present each month the portrait of some member of the faculty, or some one connected with the history of the institution. The outlook heretofore has not warranted any additional outlay. As has already been announced, all money paid to The Echo, over and above what is needed for actual expenses, will be used to make the paper better and more valuable. While we cannot promise to continue our much-desired plan, we take great pleasure this month in presenting our readers with a new picture of our honored president, Dr. William J. Milne.

WE INVITE your attention to what our advertisers have to say. They are all reliable firms, who are helping us by their patronage, and because they contribute to make a college enterprise successful, they, in turn, should receive the patronage of the students.

ONE feature which characterizes the literary college is the manifestation of "college spirit," and the student who does not possess it is sure to be unpopular, and justly so. It is not easy to define "college spirit" accurately, but those who have ever attended a literary college or are graduates understand the expression; it is a force which tends to unify the students and cause them to magnify the institution and its traditions; perhaps college loyalty is the best synonym. To the student, his college is the best, his fraternity is the best, and the name and traditions of his college inspire enthusiasm.

If this condition obtains in the college whose function is imparting knowledge, how much more ought it to be true in a college whose aim is the training of teachers — men and women who are to mold and develop character in the young.

The student who has no enthusiasm for his Alma Mater is not likely to succeed as a teacher in inspiring in his pupils enthusiasm for the school over which he may preside. Public schools, as a rule, do not have the traditions in which the college is rich, and naturally the center of enthusiasm in such a school must be the teacher.

The New York State Normal College is rich in history and in present causes for college loyalty and enthusiasm. It is generally understood that we who come here, come in order that we may have a broader comprehension of what

education is, and what its object should be, and to learn the best methods of instruction. We receive much. We should give something in return, and the least that we can give is the hearty support of anything that pertains to the welfare and reputation of the College. We should avoid any tendency to become sponges, always absorbing and never giving out unless squeezed.

The receptions given by the different societies have helped much in cultivating a college spirit. The rendering of a familiar song at the recent hallow'een party was remarked upon by many as the manifestation of a true college spirit. Let anything which tends to unify the students be continued.

EACH student may consider himself, or herself, duly appointed to report to us all news items of general interest to the college body. Always keep in mind that what may seem to you of no particular importance may be of interest to some one else. We particularly request that you report news of graduates of the College in order that we may make the alumni notes as complete and interesting as possible. The alumni will confer a favor upon us by writing us of their location and present occupation.

IN ACCEPTING the nomination for Governor of the State of New York, Theodore Roosevelt uttered a sentence that is worthy of the attention of all loyal citizens and advocates of good government everywhere. It is this: "If elected, I shall strive so to administer the duties of this high office that the interests of the people as a whole shall be conserved, knowing full well that by so doing, I best serve my own party. I shall feel that I owe my position to the people, and to the

people I shall hold myself accountable." The recent election has proved that the people still have confidence in the word of a man who has always dared to execute the laws of the State when it has been his duty to do so.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Col. Roosevelt in this city on the third of this month remember his saying, with special emphasis: "If I am elected governor, * * * if there has been inefficiency or corruption in any public man, no matter whether he be Democrat or Republican, I shall punish him to the utmost extent of my ability." Everyone present knew by the tone of his voice that he meant just what he said. The day after election a part of his message to the people was as follows: "I appreciate the honor of my election very deeply, and I appreciate even more deeply the responsibility involved in this honor. I shall do all in my power to redeem every promise I made, either expressed or implied."

Those who have followed the career of Mr. Roosevelt since he entered public life know well that he has redeemed his promises and that as he himself says, he has usually done a little more than he promised. As president of the police commission in the city of New York he won world-wide distinction for his ceaseless warfare against the awful partnership of vice and crime, the members of which were certain politicians, a portion of the employes of the city and those who pandered to every form of unrighteousness.

It is well to have for the Governor of our State a man who has no exalted opinion of the moral side of its politics. "New York has always had a low political standard," he says in his life of Benton, "one or the other of its great party and factional organizations, and often

both or all of them, being at all times most unlovely bodies of excessively unwholesome moral tone." It is also well to have in the gubernatorial chair a man who is himself of good moral principles, one who has the courage to do right even in the face of opposition. Such a man we have in Theodore Roosevelt, and under his leadership we expect to see new evidences that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

November.

In autumn, when the light has gone,
 And darkness has full sway,
 When night, with solemn face, steals on
 The feet of fleeting day;
 The air grows colder and more chill,
 And night more dismal seems;
 The wind thro' forest's ancient trees,
 With rustling sound of falling leaves,
 Plays Death's own minstrelsy.

—R. D. MacMahon, '99.

To Her Letter.

Unveiled messenger of the heart!
 Set free art thou from all that blinds;
 No frigid pose thy sympathy denies;
 Thy lips no cold convention binds!

I see upon thy kindly face
 The softened light of faith in things above;
 I trust the message of the voice that sings,
 "Thy mother sends her gift of love!"

— Charles Mills Slocum, '99.

Authors' Birthdays.

William Cullen Bryant..	Nov. 3,	1794
John Esten Cooke.....	Nov. 3,	1830
"Joaquin Miller"	Nov. 10,	1841
Thomas Bailey Aldrich..	Nov. 11,	1836
Jacob Abbott	Nov. 14,	1803
Oliver Goldsmith	Nov. 14,	1728
William Cowper	Nov. 15,	1731
George Eliot	Nov. 22,	1819
Wendell Phillips	Nov. 29,	1811
A. Bronson Alcott.....	Nov. 29,	1799
Louisa M. Alcott.....	Nov. 29,	1832
"Mark Twain"	Nov. 30,	1835

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Winifred L. Jones. Katherine V. D. Merwin.
Leola D. Weed. Alvah G. Frost.

The Teacher's Value to Society.

Teachers in America, especially those who reside in New York and New England, are, perforce, a select body of men and women. Our laws require that they possess clean morals, good health, and, to a considerable extent, fair scholastic acquirements. The nation is largely dependent upon them for its strength and greatness, and for the perpetuity of its institutions. The realms of thought, literature, science and mathematics are their familiar fields. More than any other class in the community they are in close touch with the rising generation, and have excellent opportunities not only for molding and strengthening character, but also for intelligent judgment concerning the effect of school training and influence on those under their instruction.

These facts are, perhaps, too trite and self-evident to need statement, but must be borne in mind when we have under consideration the relations which the teacher sustains to society at large, since they form the basis of our judgment as to the nature of those relations. They also suggest to the thoughtful, earnest teacher, questions concerning his duties to the great world outside the little field of his daily work.

It has been said that the dull, treadmill round of school-room duty has a tendency to dwarf both the soul and the intellectual stature of the teacher. That such has, too often, been the fact we do not deny; that it is the legitimate and necessary effect of the teacher's duties we cannot, by any means, admit. Doubtless the remark has "a grain of truth;"

enough to place the teacher on his guard and incite him to contest with forces in the social and business world. His school-room value can be maintained at its maximum only by the harmonious play of influences which include the home, the school, the state and the world at large. With these far-reaching sympathies there will come both that breadth and that depth of character which, united, form a strong, inspiring personality. This we should seek had we in view simply our influence with pupils. But, the teacher need not, and should not rest satisfied with school-room power only. Since he is a public teacher, the public has claims upon him which he cannot, wisely, ignore. In responding to these demands he may feel sure that he is not only adding to his own happiness and usefulness as a teacher, but is also discharging a patriotic duty to the community in which he lives.

Sir Walter Scott's exclamation: "What can be made of the school-master?" may well be answered by the antithesis: What cannot the school-master make of boys and girls?

The teacher who complains that he, or she, has no "social recognition" need blame no one but himself. It is more true, we believe, of the teacher than of others, that society estimates him at his full value. Be a "man among men;" a woman among women, and, if you have character, power, leadership, you may be sure of recognition and an opportunity to make your influence felt in the community which has selected and appointed you to mold, inspire and instruct its children.

Nevertheless, the teacher's relation to parents and employers involves both difficulties and dangers. "Skill in getting on with men is the test of perfect

manhood," and the teacher should cultivate discretion, tact, a wise reticence at times, and make his influence felt rather as "the power behind the throne"—quiet and, it may be, little observed—than as the loud disclaimer arousing antagonism by the very noise and fury of his attack.

A. N. H.

The Philippine Question.

[Written for the October issue, but unavoidably omitted.]

Although the war is over, and the promise of a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the government of Cuba and Porto Rico has lessened our interest in that part of the world, we are, nevertheless, confronted by another problem which is not only of special importance to us, but, from the very condition of things, must have a marked effect upon the history of the world.

The magnitude of the Philippine question is just beginning to dawn upon the thinking men of America, and the importance of this question will surely increase in proportion as it is closely studied and analyzed.

In treating this question it must be considered from every possible standpoint, since the future of several million people hangs in the balance. We must consider what would be our gain and what would be our loss; what the conditions are which confront us and how we are to meet them.

There are four propositions which are being discussed:

First. We might, on the payment of a certain war indemnity, give Spain the possession of this group of islands. This is impractical, since Spain is bankrupt, and we might be compelled to retain possession of this territory for several years.

The insurgents have certain rights which we are bound to respect. They have aided us in a way and submitted to our authority, and it would be doing them a grave injustice and permanent injury to deliver them into the power of their former oppressors and enemies.

Second. We might grant them their freedom, but this would only be doing them an injury. The population is made up of a number of tribes that differ among themselves in language, manners and laws as much as did the ancient Gauls. Self-government would mean to them a series of internal strifes and cruel bloodshed, which would continue until some European nation stepped in and took possession.

Third. We might exchange this group of islands either for some other possessions equally valuable and nearer home, or for some reciprocal advantage in trade.

England is the only nation which has possessions we would desire, but for England to assume control of the Philippines even in this way would cause an international war in which all Europe would be engaged.

Fourth. The United States might retain full possession of the group.

From a purely commercial standpoint we may well hesitate and ponder long before assuming control of such a trust. Mr. Joseph Earle Stevens, in his new book on the Philippine Islands, thus briefly describes them: "Do we want a group of 1,400 islands nearly 8,000 miles from our western shores, sweltering in the tropics, swept by typhoons and shaken by earthquakes? Do we want to undertake the responsibility of protecting those islands from the powers in Europe and the far East, and of standing sponsor for the nearly 8,000,000

native inhabitants that speak a score of tongues and live on anything from rice to stewed grasshoppers?"

This is surely not a very pleasant or promising picture. Our first impulse is to say no — a thousand times no, and yet there are other sides of this question to be considered. At this very time there is a mighty struggle going on for the supremacy of the Pacific seas.

The trade of the far East is increasing very rapidly. England, Germany, Russia, France and Japan are bending their energies to gain as much of this trade as possible. Our own country has demonstrated her power in naval warfare; why should she not do the same thing in the commercial world? It is time she came forth and took her rightful place as one of the great commercial powers.

The annexation of Hawaii was a long step in this direction. The permanent occupation of the Philippines, which might easily control the trade of the far East, the building of the Nicaragua canal and the laying the Pacific cable, would help to make our country a great power in the Pacific ocean.

After all, this phase of the question is of only secondary importance. The great and all-pervading question seems to be what we must do if we would meet the obligations we have incurred in the cause of humanity and civilization.

No one questions the fact that the United States engaged in this war for the sole purpose of freeing Cuba from oppression, and forever breaking the fetters of Spanish misrule and tyranny in the New World.

This has been done and, behold, we find ourselves confronted with another similar problem. We find that every crime against humanity which Cuba suf-

fered has been duplicated in the Philippine Islands.

Can we, in the face of oppression and crime, withdraw simply because these islands are located at a considerable distance from us?

Other nations would be quick to observe that our interest in putting a stop to crime and oppression seemed suddenly to cease when the territory in question did not seem to be conveniently located for annexation. If we could withdraw, we would surely save ourselves much money and escape not a few embarrassing questions and anxious responsibilities. We must do one of two things. We must now press forward along the path which opens before us into fields of wide promise and usefulness, or deliberately ignore the plain manifestation of destiny and fondly cling to old-time traditions and customs. We as a nation must decide deliberately, and as quickly as possible, whether we shall become the strongest nation on the earth or whether we prefer to wrap our mantle about us and let the great world adjust itself without any concern on our part.

Will the United States refuse to face those very conditions which by her own actions she has created? There seems to be but one answer, and that is a negative one. A diligent search in the annals of our country fails to reveal a single instance where our country failed to respond to the call of duty.

Shall she, then, establish a precedent and refuse to be guided by the finger of destiny simply because it points toward a new and intricate pathway?

Some people tell us that those native savages are in no way fit to become citizens of our great and glorious Republic. True, but a nation which is great and

good enough to engage in a war for the sake of suffering humanity is great enough to frame a government for those same savages, which would be infinitely better than their present condition.

Every nation has certain duties to perform. It seems to be the duty of America to civilize and Christianize a large part of the heathen world. This is her golden opportunity.

Spain stands before us a living example of wasted opportunities and blighted possibilities. Are we wise enough to heed the warning?

This question is yet unsettled, but we have confidence that whatever seems best to those in authority will be adopted and a united nation will see that it is executed.

Raymond B. Gurley, '99.

Theodore Roosevelt as a Man of Letters.

People who make any pretence at observing the present tendencies in American life have not failed to note the importance which specialization holds in all forms of occupation; this tendency, in extreme form, is well illustrated by the division of labor in a great factory. In the so-called learned professions this truth applies in the main, but there is, after all, a counter-current which tends toward versatility. Many men who attain distinction in their chosen profession also make a name for themselves in some other field, and this field is very often that of literature. The number of people who now read an "American book" is very great, and the demand for books calls for a considerable number of persons who devote their whole time to literature, but the number who resort to authorship as an avocation is even greater. In this way many of our public

men have made valuable contributions to American literature, and among this number is the present Governor-elect of the State of New York, Theodore Roosevelt.

I need not remind you of the service which Mr. Roosevelt has rendered as President of the Police Commission in the city of New York, or as a Civil Service Commissioner, or as an assistant in the Navy Department; it would be absurd for me to attempt to speak of him as a rough-rider and the hero of San Juan Hill; but it is not altogether improbable that in the case of some people his political and military achievements have obscured his attainments in the field of letters. It is to the writings of Theodore Roosevelt that I wish to call your attention.

Col. Roosevelt is primarily an historian and the author of a dozen volumes: "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," "Ranch Life and the Hunting-Trail," "The Wilderness Hunter," "American Ideals," "Essays on Practical Politics," "New York" (Historic Towns Series), "Gouverneur Morris," and "Thomas Hart Benton," in American Men of Letters Series, "The Naval War of 1812" and "The Winning of The West" (4 vols.). He is co-editor with G. B. Grinnell of "American Big-Game Hunting," and in collaboration with Henry Cabot Lodge he wrote "Hero Tales from American History."

"Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and "Ranch Life" describe his own experiences as a ranchman and hunter in the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, the Bad Lands which "somehow *look* just exactly as Poe's tales and poems *sound*." Those who are interested in the stock-raising of the West will find that these books give valuable and interesting in-

formation on ranch life, types of frontiersmen, the character of the Indians, particulars about game, etc. Frequent mention is made of the "rough-rider" of the plains. A perusal of these books will give corrected ideas of cowboys and life on the plains. In the pages of these books you will find interesting descriptions of natural scenery. I select two from "Ranch Life." Notice first the picture of the home of the rough-rider.

"He lives in the lonely lands where mighty rivers twist in long reaches between the barren bluffs; where the prairies stretch out into billowy plains of waving grass, girt only by the blue horizon,—plains across whose endless breadth he can steer his course for days and weeks and see neither man to speak to nor hill to break the level; where the glory and the burning splendor of the sunsets kindle the blue vault of heaven and the level brown earth till they merge together in an ocean of flaming fire."

Here is his description of winter weather on the plains:

"When the days have dwindled to their shortest, and the nights seem never ending, then all the great northern plains are changed into an abode of iron desolation. Sometimes furious gales blow out of the north, driving before them the clouds of blinding snow-dust, wrapping the mantle of death around every unsheltered being that faces their unshackled anger. They roar in a thunderous bass as they sweep across the prairie or whirl through the naked canons; they shiver the great brittle cottonwoods, and beneath their rough touch the icy limbs of the pines that cluster in the gorges sing like the chords of an Aeolian harp. Again, in the coldest midwinter weather, not a breath of wind may stir; and then the still, merciless,

terrible cold that broods over the earth like the shadow of silent death seems even more dreadful in its gloomy rigor than is the lawless madness of the storms. All the land is like granite; the great rivers stand still in their beds, as if turned to frosted steel. In the long nights there is no sound to break the lifeless silence. Under the ceaseless, shifting play of the Northern Lights, or lighted only by the wintry brilliance of the stars, the snow-clad plains stretch out into dead and endless wastes of glimmering white."

"New York," in Historic Towns Series, is a brief but interesting study of the amalgamation of the racial, religious, political and commercial elements which took place during the growth of the city. He traces the causes which gradually changed a little Dutch trading-hamlet into a great American metropolis.

"Essays on Practical Politics" contains a very interesting paper on the Albany Legislature. An amusing fight which took place between the Tammany and anti-Tammany men (the County Democracy) is related as follows: "After a good deal of bickering, the anti-Tammany men drew up a paper containing a series of propositions, and submitted it to their opponents, with the prefatory remark in writing, that it was an *ultimatum*. The Tammany members were at once summoned to an indignation meeting, their feelings closely resembling those of the famous fish-wife whom O'Connell called a parallelopipe-don. None of them had a very accurate idea as to what the word *ultimatum* meant; but that it was intensely offensive, not to say abusive, in its nature, they did not question for a moment. It was felt that some equivalent and equally strong term by which to call Tammany's

proposed counter-address must be found immediately; but, as the Latin vocabulary of the members was limited, it was some time before a suitable term was forthcoming. Finally, by a happy inspiration, some gentlemen of classical education remembered the phrase '*ipse dixit*;' it was at once felt to be the very phrase required by the peculiar exigencies of the case, and next day the reply appeared, setting forth with self-satisfied gravity that, in response to the County Democracy's '*ultimatum*,' Tammany herewith produced her '*ipse dixit*.' Some of us endeavored to persuade the County Democratic leaders to issue a counterblast, which could be styled either a *sine qua non* or a *tempus fugit*, according to the taste of the authors; but our efforts were not successful, and the *ipse dixit* remained unanswered."

Previous to the appearance of Roosevelt's "The Naval War of 1812," there was no unprejudiced account of the naval side of that war. James' "Naval History of Great Britain" gave the British view of the case. James says that he is an "impartial historian" and about three lines before says that "it may suit the Americans to invent any falsehood, no matter how bare-faced, to foist a valiant character on themselves." When he says that Captain Porter is to be believed "so far as is borne out by proof (the only safe way where an American is concerned)," Col. Roosevelt thinks that it does not indicate that James is "in that dispassionate frame of mind best suited for writing history."

Cooper's "Naval History of the United States" gave the American view of cruises and battles. After reading James and Cooper one had to supplement this by reference to Admiral G. E. Emmons' statistical "History of the

United States Navy," and then many contradictions remained unexplained.

Col. Roosevelt endeavored to write a history so just as to warrant its being received as an authority equally among Americans and Englishmen and he accomplished that purpose. The work is thoroughly non-partisan and its accuracy and thoroughness can be seen on every page. He enters into minute details in regard to the number of ships engaged, their tonnage and guns, their movements, etc. The book contains many valuable diagrams. As a very careful examination of both American and British records has been made, the chief value of the work will be as an authoritative book of reference. We might say that it is a mass of statistics woven into a readable narrative.

The first three volumes of "The Winning of The West" is the history of the settlement of the land lying between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; the fourth volume contains the history of the settlement of Louisiana and the Northwest. The period covered is from 1769 to 1807. Much of the material on which the work is based is to be found in the archives at Washington; it consists of state papers, documents, letters and a large mass of manuscript hitherto unexamined, or, at any rate, examined in a cursory manner. The work is a monument of careful investigation and patient research and takes rank as one of our great American histories.

The author shows that our frontiers were pushed westward by the warlike skill and adventurous personal prowess of the armed settlers who carried on an unceasing individual warfare against their red foes. These settlers accomplished what regular armies could not have accomplished. "For one square

mile the regular armies added to our domain, the settlers added ten,—a hundred would probably be nearer the truth." This book is Mr. Roosevelt's greatest work.

The old style biography used to lay special stress upon the dates of the birth and death of the individual, and particularly upon the date of birth. An amusing instance of laying peculiar emphasis upon the date of demise was once given by a college sophomore who testified to the death of Shakespeare three times in an oration, thus making his death as certain as that of Marley.

Col. Roosevelt in his introduction to the life of Gouverneur Morris aptly describes the average American biographer of two generations ago as "a marvel of turgid and aimless verbosity; and the reputations of our early statesmen have in no way proved their vitality more clearly than by surviving their entombment in the pages of the authors who immediately succeeded them."

The new style of biography makes the subject the central figure around which are grouped the events of a certain period of history. Two most admirable examples of this kind of biography are Theodore Roosevelt's "Gouverneur Morris" and "Thomas Hart Benton." Both books give with great clearness the attitude of each of these men toward the great national questions of his time. In the life of Morris we learn much of the political and financial side of the Revolution, of the critical period that followed, and of Morris' work on the Constitution. The most charming part of the book describes Morris' life in France.

The method of treatment in the life of Benton is the same. Among interesting topics discussed are Jackson's administration, troubles with the nullifiers, bank

questions of the period, the rise of the slave question in politics, the period of the "small presidents" and the "supremacy of the Senate." Benton, who for thirty years was a power in the United States Senate, is described as the champion of the West and western development, the champion of Jackson, and the only man who could contend with the great Nullifier and the two great Whigs. He was a partisan, but above all a patriot, one who held the nation above any section of it, one who showed best "when the honor or integrity of the nation was menaced, whether by foes from without or foes from within."

The chief characteristic of the style of the life of Benton is its force. It would be difficult to describe the four great men that arose during the bank troubles—Webster, Clay, Benton and Jackson—better than Mr. Roosevelt has described each in these words: "Each firmly believed that if he was not the whole State, he was at least a most important fraction of it; and this was as plainly seen in Webster's colossal egoism and the frank vanity of Henry Clay as in Benton's ponderous self-consciousness and the all-pervading personality of Andrew Jackson."

Col. Roosevelt does not write books simply to express his own views on national and moral questions, but such expressions are not infrequent. One thought which appears in several of his books is that too much sympathy has been wasted on the Indians. He does not deny that they have often been unjustly treated by individuals and by the government, but in the main he thinks that they have been treated fairly. He emphasizes the absurdity of saying that the lands taken by the whites *belonged* to the Indians any more than to the

whites. He has an intense disgust for all professional scoffers at religion. This appears in the life of Morris.

When Morris was minister to France, Thomas Paine, the Englishman who had rendered assistance to the American cause, had a narrow escape from death. He asked Morris to demand him as an American citizen, a title to which he had no claim. Morris refused to interfere, judging that Paine would be saved by his own insignificance. "So," says the author, "the filthy little atheist had to stay in prison 'where he amused himself with publishing a pamphlet against Jesus Christ.' There are infidels and infidels; Paine belonged to the variety — whereof America possesses at present one or two shining examples — that apparently esteems a bladder of dirty water as the proper weapon with which to assail Christianity. It is not a type that appeals to the sympathy of an onlooker, be said onlooker religious or otherwise."

The works of Col. Roosevelt abound in mild sarcasm and gentle humor; for instance, he speaks of the South American republics as "epileptic" and says of Morris: "His leaving Congress was small loss to himself, as that body was rapidly sinking into a state of windy decrepitude."

All of Theodore Roosevelt's books are interesting, but the degree of interest will depend upon the tastes of the reader; in each the style of treatment is well suited to the subject in hand. "The Naval War of 1812" and "The Winning of The West" are authorities on those subjects. Considered from the standpoint of the care and labor involved in making historical research and putting the results of this investigation into literary form, "The Winning of The West" is by far his greatest work; considered from the

standpoint of literary style alone, the life of Benton is his greatest work. It is difficult to estimate the comparative merits of works that are so diverse. One distinguishing mark which cannot fail to impress the reader is the element of fairness which is common to every one of his books.

Col. Roosevelt is master of a clear, terse, vigorous style which commands attention, while his choice of words is exceedingly good.

That Mr. Roosevelt has attained high rank as an historian is admitted by those who are conversant with American historical writings, and there seems to be no reason why he should not yet add much of even greater value to the literature of American history. It will be the duty of some American to write a careful, exhaustive, and unprejudiced history of the American-Spanish war, and for many reasons there is no one so well qualified to undertake that work as Theodore Roosevelt.

Archibald J. Matthews, '99.

College Graduates and the Presidency.

There have been twenty Presidents who were chosen by the people, and four who reached the Presidency through the death of the President. Of the twenty elected, eleven, or exactly 55 per cent, were college graduates. Of the twenty-four men who have sat in the President's chair, thirteen, more than 54 per cent, were college graduates, viz.: John Adamas (Harvard); Thomas Jefferson (William and Mary); Madison (Princeton); John Quincy Adams (Harvard); Tyler (William and Mary); Polk (University of North Carolina); Pierce (Bowdoin); Buchanan (Dickinson); Grant

(West Point); Hayes (Kenyon); Garfield (Williams); Arthur (Union); and Benjamin Harrison (Miami).—November Forum.

Possum et Coona.

The nox was lit with lux of Luna,
 And 'twas a nox most opportuna,
 To catch a possum or a coona;
 For nix was scattered o'er the mundus,
 A shallow nix et non profundus,
 On sic a nox with canis unus
 Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.
 Unus canis duo puer,
 Numquam braver numquam truer,
 Quam hoc trio numquam fuit,
 If I was there I never knew it.
 The corpus of this bonus canis
 Was full as long as octo spanis,
 And brevior legs had canis never
 Quam had hic dog et bonus clever.
 Some used to say in stultum jocum
 Quod a field was too small a locum
 For sic a dog to make a turnus
 Circum himself from stem to sternus.
 This bonus dog had one bad habit,
 Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
 Amabat plus to chase a rattus,
 Amabat tene to tree a cattus.
 But on this nixy moonlight night
 This old canis did just right.
 Numquam treed a starving rattus,
 Numquam treed a starving cattus,
 But concurrat on intentus
 On the track and on the scentus
 Till he treed a possum strongum
 In a hollow trunkum longum;
 Loud he barked in horrid pellum
 Seemed on terra gerit bellum,
 Quickly ran the duo puer
 News of possum to secura.
 Cum venerit one began
 To chop away like quisque man;
 Soon the ax goes through the trunkum,
 Soon he hits it all kerchunkum;
 The combat deepens; on, ye braves,
 Canis, pueri et staves!
 As his powers no longer tarry,
 Possum potest non pugnare,
 On the nix his corpus lieth,
 Down to Hades spirit flieth,
 Joyful pueri, canis bonus,
 Think him dead as any stonus;

Now they seek their pater's domo
 Feeling proud as any homo
 Knowing, certe, they will blossom
 Into heroes, when with possum
 They arrive, narrabunt story,
 Plenus blood et plenior glory,
 Pompey, David, Samson, Caesar,
 Cyrus, Black Hawk, Shalmenezer
 Tell me now where est the glory
 Where the honors of victoria?
 Quum ad domum narrant story
 Plenus sanguine, tragic glory,
 Pater praiseth, likewise mater,
 Wonders greatly younger frater!
 Possum leave they on the mundus,
 Go themselves to sleep profundus.
 Somnat possum slain in battle,
 Strong as ursa, large as cattle.
 When nox gives way to lux of morning,
 Albam terram much adorning,
 Up they jump to see the varmen
 Of the which this is the carmen.
 Lo! possum est resurrectum!
 Ecce! pueri dejectum,
 No reliquit tracks behind him,
 Et the pueri never find him.
 Cruel possum, bestia vilest,
 How the pueros thou beguilest,
 Pueri think non plus of Caesar
 Cruel urcum, Shalmenezer,
 Take your laurels cum the honor
 Since ista possum est a goner!

— Selected.

Great Dates of the War.

The great dates of the war are easy to fix in the mind: February 15, April 21, May 1, July 1, July 3, August 12. No one in the whole country needs to be told what each stands for.—From the Springfield Republican.

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows sharper with constant use.—Washington Irving.

“Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.”—Goethe.

LYRIC POETRY.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.
[As You Like It.] — Shakespeare.

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty country folks would lie:
This carol they began that hour,
How that life was but a flower.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.
[As You Like It.] — Shakespeare.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:

Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.
[As You Like It.] — Shakespeare.

Fidele.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
[Cymbeline.] — Shakespeare.

A Sea Dirge.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them —
Ding, dong, bell.
[The Tempest.] — Shakespeare.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

 Grace D. McGregor. Florella Hawkey.

Kappa Delta.

For original ideas of entertainment, the Kappa Delta girls have had a reputation since their first organization. But they showed that their powers of invention were not exhausted by their celebration of the old English festival of All Halloween.

The entertainment took place in the large hall known as the playroom, Saturday evening, November 29. Over the entrance to the hall one saw in large letters the words "All Halloween," and on passing through the curtains, the decorations within were found to be in all respects suited to the occasion. In the corners were huge jack-o-lanterns, some of which greeted one with a broad smile, while others seemed to look with solemn face upon the festivities of the occasion. One with high pointed cap and flowing white draperies, was perched high in the air and seemed to be guarding the table in front, on which the refreshments were placed.

These, together with Japanese lanterns, shed a dim light through the hall and the effect was one that could hardly have been bettered. Autumn leaves, in all their beauty of tint and color, adorned the walls, while one cozy corner was occupied by a couch, surrounded by cornstalks. In another corner was a bower of evergreen, within which sat a gypsy maiden, who with unflinching accuracy foretold the future of all who wished. She wore a gown of black, trimmed with yellow and red, and from her belt dangled tiny bells and a tambourine. Earrings, bracelets, necklace, and a gypsy hat, from under which fell two long

braids of dark hair, completed her costume. In front of her was a stump, on which rested a tripod with a pot containing melting lead. Those who wished to know their future prospects for good or ill took a seat beside the maiden and poured some of the lead into a dish of cold water. The fortune was then read from the different forms taken by the hardening lead.

Near the gypsy's bower was a table on which were placed a large pan of water and tiny boats made of nut-shells. In the shells, wax and a wick had been placed. Those who wished to try their fortunes here lighted the wick in one of the boats and placed in the center of the surface. Their future life was indicated by the course which the little ships took before their lights went out.

When most of the guests had arrived white cards with green pencils attached were passed—green and white being the colors of the society. Each person was to find another who had a card with a corresponding design, and together to decipher the words printed on the card. They were asked to report to Miss Merwin, the president of the society, as soon as their task was completed. Dainty prizes of sterling silver were awarded to Miss Suits and Mr. Decker for their rapidity in correctly rearranging the words on the card. The verse when deciphered was found to be as fitting as the other features, and read:

"Some merry, friendly college folks
 Together do convene,
 To eat their nuts and play their games,
 And hold their Halloween."

All who wished now went to the kindergarten room, which was lighted only by a huge jack-o-lantern, and were entertained by ghost stories.

After this the young ladies were invited to a small room off the main hall, from which it was separated by a curtain. Opposite to the curtain stood a large mirror, and one by one the young ladies took their place in front of it. The gentlemen were taken to look through the curtains, and if the reflection on the mirror was pleasing, the young lady accepted him as her partner for refreshments.

The refreshments were served on paper plates, covered with squares of green paper, and consisted of pop-corn, rosy apples, chestnuts, and old-fashioned molasses candy.

All joined in dancing the Virginia reel and at 11 o'clock the entertainment closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

E. S. P., '99.

Delta Omega.

On November 12th the friends of the Delta Omega Society were invited to an entertainment given by the Union College quartet. The main hall was quickly filled with those who expected a rare treat. Miss Robinson, the president of the society, announced that the quartet and impersonator would take the entertainment into their own hands and the enjoyable occasion was opened by a medley by the quartet. The musical selections were especially good and fittingly chosen. The impersonator selected humorous pieces, for which he seemed well adapted. It is such light and laughable pieces that we most enjoy after a hard week's work. The music and recitations, for this reason, were particularly refreshing.

After the musical and literary part of the entertainment the friends of the Delta Omegas indulged in dancing and

conversation until the lights began to go out one by one — a gentle reminder that another happy evening was ended.

Program.

1. Union Beside Mohawk Vale.....Medley Quartette.
2. Orthodox Team—
Mr. Cook.
3. "Armorer's Song"De Koven
Mr. Gutmann.
4. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.....—
Quartette.
5. Impersonation—
Mr. Cook.
6. Little Tommy—
Quartette.
7. Prompt Obedience—
Mr. Cook.
8. "Winter Lullaby".....De Koven
Mr. Greene.
9. Footlight Fancy—

Prof. Schurr's Collection.

At the close of the week ending November 5th, Prof. T. A. Schurr exhibited to the members of the College and their friends his collection of birds, insects and reptiles. Mr. Schurr's whole life has been given to collecting and preserving this collection, and he has contributions from every climate and all countries. The skill with which these specimens are mounted is something to be commented upon. The insecta were displayed in all stages of their development, the case with the silkworms being especially fine. This collection is among the finest and largest in the world, and it was a rare opportunity given to us to see it.

The Soldiers' Memorial Tablet Committee gratefully acknowledge receipt of \$59.80, contributed by the Class of '98.

The tablet fund now amounts to about \$360; \$140 more is needed to erect a structure in our College chapel, which

shall be worthy both of the contributors and those whose names it will bear.

(The above was mislaid and so failed to appear, as it otherwise would, in the September number.)

Public lessons are now being given once a week in the grammar and primary departments. Parents and friends are invited to come and see the work of both teachers and pupils.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner, LL. D., State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was present at chapel exercises one morning recently, and made a short address to the students.

Institutes.

Dr. Milne attended an Institute at Whitehall, November 1, 1898.

Miss Isdell was present at an Institute held at Greenwich, November 2, 1898.

The Doll's Reception.

On Friday morning, October 21st, a very pleasing and beautiful sight met the eyes of all who visited the kindergarten rooms, where a doll's reception was being held.

It was given in honor of Gretchen Froebel, a doll which has lately been procured for the kindergarten children. On the Wednesday before the event, each little person received a letter inviting his family of dolls to attend the party. It was gladly accepted by all, as was seen by the large number of dolls which were brought. Various nationalities from the Puritan to the South Sea Islander were represented. The dolls joined in the kindergarten games, much to the delight of their smiling mammas.

One of the leading features was a large

toy horse, which gave each doll the experience of riding horseback. Refreshments, consisting of animal crackers and chocolate, were served at about half-past eleven.

The party was pleasantly brought to a close by having the dolls grouped around the bust of Froebel, while a flash-light picture of them was taken. The children then joined in a good-bye song and gave every evidence of having spent a very pleasant morning.

Hocus-Pocus.

I'm not a superstitious chump,
As chumps and superstitions go;
I don't believe in gobelins —
There are no spooks I know!

But sometimes from the solemn truth
I love to break away,
Just to get a little balderdash,
And see the gypsies play.

In room made weird by candle light,
Last eve — the mystic Hallowe'en —
Some molten metal told my fate,
Read by a dark-eyed gypsy queen.

I am to wed a country miss,
With bonnet poke and shepherd's staff —
Of bashful mien — with eyes demure.
"It's true, young man — don't laugh!"

"Just hold this candle out and blow!" —
I blew with all my might —
She knew I'd wed within a year;
I hope that she be right!

Now, I'm no superstitious chump
Who thinks he has a star;
But I like this hocus-pocus
Of the gypsy's repertoire!
—Chas. M. Slocum.

Several of the graduates have visited the College recently:

Edwin Sanford, '98, who is principal of a school at Argyle, N. Y.

Ella B. DeWitt, '98, who is teaching at Hudson.

High School Notes.

The N. H. S. football team is making grand progress under the direction of Guy Graves. Wednesday, November 9, the members played the first game with the Rensselaer team. It resulted in a tie.

The following visited school during the week beginning November 7th: Misses Borthwick, '98; Podmore, '98; Mr. Conrad Hoffman, '98.

The Class of '99 has already decided on the design of the class pin. In former years the pin was not considered until the second half of the year.

Friday, November 11th, the Quintilian Society enjoyed a pleasant afternoon from two o'clock until four. The first half hour was taken up with a literary programme, dancing was then the order of exercise.

Officers of the Delta Omega Society.

President, Mary Robinson; vice-president, Ruth Norton; recording secretary, Cleo Casler; corresponding secretary, Edna M. Fisher; treasurer, Grace D. McGregor; marshals, Eleanor Calhoun and Florence Greenwood.

Officers of the Eta Phi Society.

President, Marion Everitt; vice-president, Laura Hasbrook; secretary, Elizabeth Burton; treasurer, Katherine Pierce; marshal, Cordia Deyo; chaplain, Abbie Leland.

Officers of the Psi Delta Society.

President, A. R. Coulson; vice-president, W. S. Schneider; secretary, W. M. Adams; treasurer, S. S. Center; chaplain, O. B. Sylvester; literary critic, E. H. Ganow; corresponding secretary, E. S. Pitkin; financial secretary, A. G. Frost; marshal, E. S. Chapman.

Officers of the Kappa Delta Society.

President, Katherine Merwin; vice-president, Agnes Saxe; secretary, Winifred Jones; treasurer, Frances Tollett; director, Florella Hawley.

Officers of the Psi Gamma Society.

President, Louise Watson; vice-president, Sarah Wilson; secretary, Inez Vinton; treasurer, Florence Travis; critic, Alma Moe.

Code of Inter-Society Rules.

A. Invitations for membership.

1. During the year invitations shall be sent only on the third Saturday of each month.

2. All invitations shall be written and sent through the mail.

3 a. Until members-elect have replied to their invitations, the exclusive right of communicating with them with regard to society matters shall be reserved to the president of the society.

b. No society member, either honorary or active, shall attempt to discover in any way or shall intentionally influence the society opinions or preferences of a non-society girl with regard to any society.

c. No student shall be invited to join any society until she has been in College one quarter.

D. No change shall be made in these rules without the consent of all the societies.

E. These rules shall go into effect when adopted by all the societies and shall continue in effect until June of 1899, when they shall be open to revision, at the call of any one of the societies.

October, 1897.

Signed: Kappa Delta Society.
Delta Omega Society.
Eta Phi Society.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Fannie M. Pendleton. Gertrude M. Vroom.

Among the Colleges.

Out of the 451 colleges in the United States 41 are closed to women. However, there are 143 schools of high learning open to women only, which have 30,000 students. Thus 143 institutions are closed to men and 41 to women.

The University of Paris, with her 11,090 students, has the largest register of any university in the world. Others follow in this order: Berlin, 9,629; Vienna, 7,026; Madrid, 6,143; Naples, 5,103; Moscow, 4,461; Harvard, 3,674; Oxford, 3,365; Cambridge, 2,929; Edinburgh, 2,850.

More than half a hundred undergraduates of the University of Minnesota are with the volunteers in the Philippines.

Prof. James Seth, of Cornell, has been elected professor of philosophy at Edinburgh University.

Harvard will erect, at the south entrance to the college yard, a memorial gate, on which will be inscribed the names of the Harvard men who took part in the Spanish-American war. Memorial services are also to be held. A committee of the alumni have both in charge.

The Princeton Club, of Philadelphia, has presented a handsome punch bowl and ladle to the gunboat Princeton. The bowl contains a fac simile of the gunboat and coat-of-arms and pennant of the Princeton University and rows of tiger-heads along the base.

Two large guns from the cruiser Yale were recently presented to Yale University.

The flag presented by the Yale undergraduates to the cruiser Yale has been returned to New Haven and will be preserved as a trophy.

The entering class at Princeton is the largest in the history of the university, numbering 320 men.

A professorship of the Gaelic language has been established at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. There is no similar professorship in any American university.

It is said that an intercollegiate chess league, to include all American universities as far west as Chicago will be formed in the near future.

It is expected that Dr. John Henry Barrows, of Chicago, will be elected president of Oberlin College.

At a mass meeting of the students of Dartmouth College, hazing was unanimously abolished.

The total registration at Yale this year is 2,205, eight less than a year ago.

Columbia University has 2,800 students. The current expense of the university amounts to \$800,000. The gifts to the university during the past year amounted to \$346,409.

President Schurman states that during 1897-98 the donations received by Cornell University amounted to \$197,126. The \$1,500,000 medical college gift is left over to 1898-99. The total income of Cornell for 1897-98 was \$643,050, but falling rates of interest make more gifts necessary to support even the existing state of things.

The test of a teacher is not how much she knows, but how great a desire for knowledge she can create in her pupils.—
School Economy.

In the Realm of Pedagogy.

It cannot be the duty of the teacher simply to transmit to the pupil the material of knowledge, or to communicate to him ideas, feelings and sentiments, but to awaken, stimulate and give life to mental activities. He has to reach down with regulative hand into those quiet, private thoughts and feelings of the child in which lie his ego and his whole future, that they may rise above the threshold of consciousness and communicate understanding, clearness, warmth and life to instruction. In a word, he has to make provision that in every case the process of apperception is accomplished with as much thoroughness as certainty and judgment. Then not only will the matter taught be mechanically acquired, but it will be transformed at once into mental power; it will contribute steadily, by awakening thought and interest, to lift and ennoble the mental life.—Lange's Apperception.

It is the sun that makes the seed spring into a healthy plant and blossom in beautiful flowers. The teacher's face is the sunlight of a pupil's school life. Keep the sun bright if you would have rapid and healthy development.—School Economy.

Teachers under the new ideals of education, unlike Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster, are not to be regarded as traveling encyclopedias; we are to look upon them no longer as dreaded drill-masters. Do not misunderstand me. The demand for increase of learning on the part of the teacher will never grow less and the necessity of drills for discipline will always be upon him. But he must be looked at in a different light. When we find him as he is, or ought to be, we shall see how intimately he is

called upon to live with nature as it is embodied in his pupils. Then we will begin to appreciate that teaching is something more than the dispensing of information and the training of faculties.—Journal of Pedagogy.

By inviting the child's confidence and by unobtrusively watching him at available opportunities, the teacher can find some key to the child's nature. An instance is given of a little girl who came from a very unrefined home. Her new surroundings filled her with a half-sullen shyness and nothing could be done for her at first. One day, while the school was singing, the teacher saw her roll her handkerchief into a doll and, rocking it in her arms, croon to it. The mother instinct was evidently the key to her nature. A smaller, weaker child was placed under her care and this necessity to help another over-shadowed all consciousness of self. A timid child may overcome his shyness by being associated with a stronger nature. In "Tom Brown at Rugby," bashful Arthur gains courage and self-confidence through his companionship with Tom.—Ex.

Don't neglect to know a little more than you let people think you know.—Ex.

Don't use a gallon of words in expressing a teaspoonful of thought.—Ex.

To prepare our children to live and act well their part in this modern age in our country, we must educate them for freedom by training them in Freedom's ways.

Our public schools should, if possible, accomplish two main purposes: First, to afford the mediocre masses of our children such training as will best help them in living useful and happy lives, and, second, to offer unlimited scholastic ad-

vantages to the few who are gifted with mental and spiritual organizations that respond to the highest culture.

In Lighter Vein.

There was an old person named Hannah,
Who fell on a piece of banana;
With a slip and a slide,
More stars she espied
Than are seen on the Star-Spangled Banner.

A gentleman flew to assist her;
He picked up her muff and her wrister.

"Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried,
"Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, mister?"
—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Pretty School Teacher — "Thomas, state some of the beauties of education."

Thomas (oldest boy in the class) — "School mistresses."

Teacher — "Why did the Normans and Saxons fight at Hastings?" Pupil — "That's where they happened to meet, ma'am." — Puck.

"There!" exclaimed six-year-old Mabel, throwing down a book, "I just ain't going to school another day."

"Why," asked her mother, "what's the matter?"

"It's no use wasting time," replied the little miss; "I can't never learn to spell. The teacher just keeps changing the words every day." — Ram's Horn.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?" — Christian Endeavor World.

Village Parson (entering country editor's office) — "You promised to publish that sermon I sent you on Monday, but I do not find it in the latest issue of your paper."

Editor — "I sent it up. It surely went in. What was the name of it?"

Parson — "Feed my lambs."

Editor (after searching through the paper) — "Ah — yes — us — here it is. You see we've got a new foreman, and he put it under the head of Agricultural Notes, as 'Hints on the Care of Sheep.'"
— Ram's Horn.

Jimmy — "Didn't you hear the Sunday school teacher say your conscience is what tells you when you do wrong?"

Tommy — "It's a good thing it don't tell your mother." — Puck.

An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact: "Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was jest standin' on a platform haranguing a mob, when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he fell through, and thin it was found his neck was broken." — Argonaut.

"I remember, I remember ——" the little boy on the school house platform began, and then he stuck. The poem had gone completely. — The Christian Advocate.

On the brink of a creek in Ireland there is — or used to be — a little stone containing a carving of this inscription, intended to help travelers: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." — Ram's Horn.

"Tommy," said the teacher to one of the juvenile classes, "how many is the half of eight?"

"On top or sideways?" asked Tommy.

"What do you mean by on top or sideways?" inquired the puzzled teacher.

"Why," replied the bright little fellow, "half from the top of 8 is 0, and half of it sideways is 3 — see?" — Ram's Horn.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

M. Louise Watson.

Edna M. Fisher.

"Geographical Reader." American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. 352 pages. Price, 60 cents.

This book is better adapted for supplementary work in geography, than for use as a text-book. It is written like an interesting story, which cannot fail to keep the attention of the reader. It is filled with facts which one so easily forgets on leaving school, but which convey an impression so distinct as to prove useful in forming opinions about this country. To illustrate: The visit to Washington, D. C., is full of interesting facts regarding the Capitol, White House and other important buildings, with fine and accurate pictures of interiors and exteriors. In the same way, Niagara Falls, the Rockies, mines, manufactories and other scenes are brought to mind. The author, Frank G. Carpenter, may well be proud of a work at once so entertaining and instructive.

"The Fine Art of Teaching," by Elmer E. Brown, in the Educational Review, November, 1898.

Since the days of Rousseau we have been reminded again and again that education must go back to nature. "Follow nature" is the modern echo of that old saying, "A little child shall lead them."

Nearly ten years ago Prof. Joseph Le Conte, in speaking of methods of education, said: "Artificial they must ever be because education is art, and art must idealize, not merely copy nature. But, like all art, it must be strictly based on nature."

It has been said that the teacher must

know all about the pupils whom he is to teach.

For the scientist, it is equally important to know the good and the bad; for the artist teacher, it is of first importance to be able to see the good.

There is a type of teacher who has skill in finding the worst side of children. There is another type of teacher who finds good in every pupil. "To see the best," as Mr. Barrie says, "is to see most clearly." It is this type of teacher who finds aptitude in the dullest pupils and some virtue in the most vicious; who can enter into their thoughts, occupations and emotions; who not only believes them to be good for something, but has the wit to be able to find out what that something is.

Such a teacher will seek to draw near to the little ones, but on the higher rather than the lower planes of their living. He takes them by the hand and leads them up to the higher ground, where he is himself at home. He will talk to them on higher themes, choosing the time when their hearts are prepared for such approaches, and ordering well his words that they be true and high, yet not beyond their childish comprehension. And the children are not indifferent. They strive and strain to reach that higher ground, and are quick to respond to a call to nobler thoughts, unwilling to disappoint the teacher's confidence, or to lose the new sense of higher power within themselves.

Education sometimes follows the lead of fashion rather than that of art. We hear much talk of the newest methods. Where teaching is indeed a fine art the question is not "What is new?" nor "What is the newest?" but "What is the fairest, noblest, most truly admirable?" Thus the artist teacher seeks to

see his own work in its eternal aspect; he works for the future because he works for that which abides.

Art brings to light that which was obscure and gives it its proper being. It seeks out the wayward impulses of a little child and endeavors to organize them into a self-directed whole.

The conception of the true art of education is placed alongside that of education as a science. The one view cannot be complete without the other. If the teacher thinks that his art can dispense with the aid of science, he will fall into grievous error. On the other hand, all that science can do for education must remain ineffective and unprofitable till it find its use in the living art of the teacher.

B. E. M.

Those who are interested in Italian art will welcome a volume called "The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance," by Bernhard Berenson, edited by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Berenson's "Lorenzo Lotto," his "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance" and his "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance" are books of much merit, and show a wide knowledge and special familiarity with Italian art. The present volume includes studies of Perugino and Raphael and the work of the minor masters, such as Duccio, Signorelli and Pintoricchio. Mr. Berenson's book can be commended to meet the needs of ordinary students.

"The New England Poets," by William Cranston Lawton, author of "Art and Humanity in Homer," "Successors of Homer," etc., edited by the MacMillan Company.

This is a brief story of the lives of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier,

Lowell and Holmes. The author shows their artistic environments and sources of inspiration, rather than emphasizing their purely personal relations and traits. The book appeals to the general student and lover of literature and is fitted to be useful as a basis for special study or reading clubs.

In Dodd, Mead & Co.'s announcement of new books for the autumn season are the following:

"Glimpses of Modern Culture," by Prof. Kuno Franke, of Harvard University.

"The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner," translated from the French of Albert Larignac.

"The Forest of Arden," by Hamilton W. Mabie.

"The Women of Homer," by Walter Copeland Perry.

"The Life of Napoleon III," by Archibald Forbes.

"Holland and the Hollanders," by David S. Meldrum.

"Hawaii in Time of Revolution," by Mary H. Krout.

"Egypt in 1898," by C. W. Stevens.

"The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome.

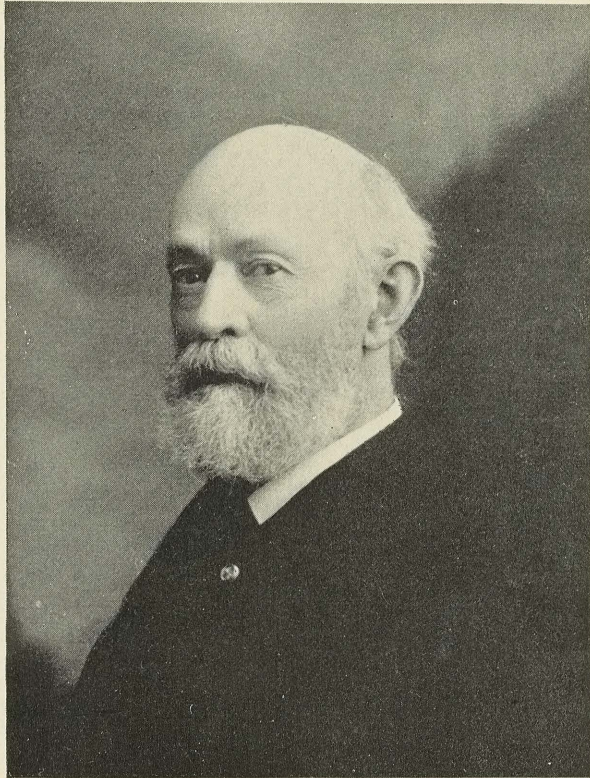
"Through China with a Camera," by John Thomson.

"Essays on Work and Culture," by Hamilton W. Mabie.

A good imitator is not necessarily a good reader.

If you want to be appreciated, die or pay your debts.— Ex.

A face on which honesty is plainly written needs no other passport.— Ex.



ALBERT N. HUSTED, A. M., Ph. D.,
PROFESSOR MATHEMATICS, NEW YORK STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, ALBANY.

