

THE ECHO.

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THE ECHO.

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Not that which we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds
three,

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with hand and heart to be
Earnest to make others free.

[Lowell Calendar.] — James Russell Lowell.

WE GLADLY present to the readers of The Echo a portrait of Professor Edward W. Wetmore.

FIFTY cents for the remainder of the year, including this number. Subscribe now!

WITH this issue, The Echo enters on the second half of the seventh year of its career. The new board of editors hope to present a volume that will interest and please its readers, and at the same time stand as a representative of student effort and as a reflection of the college life and thought. To achieve this end we need and seek the co-operation of faculty, alumni and students.

WE MAY have hitched our wagon to a star, but it is intentional, and we expect help in maintaining the connection. There are nearly four hundred students in the College; of these

only one hundred fifteen are subscribers. Our subscription list must be elongated, and our purpose is no less extensive than the whole student body. If some one should approach you on the subject, gentle reader, please do not turn them down, for they are the representatives of your own College paper, in which you ought to be interested.

WE QUOTE one of the many favorable comments in educational journals upon Superintendent Skinner and his work:

“The rural school house of to-day is a vast improvement upon the primitive log cabin of our grandfathers, with its slab benches and greased paper windows, but it is yet a long way from what it should be. As a rule, it is planned and built by some local carpenter, who has never constructed anything more pretentious than a sheep-shed or a summer kitchen, and with a total disregard to the comfort of both teacher and pupils. In several States, however, commendable efforts are being made to improve the architecture of rural and village school houses. Thus State Superintendent Skinner, of New York, has appointed a committee to pass upon the merits of competitive plans for school houses to cost from \$600 to \$3,000. These plans, when adopted, are to be loaned to local building committees. The evident practicability and economy of this scheme should commend it to the school authorities in other States.”

THE other evening after examinations, I sat before the open fireplace reading a book on methods of teaching. Don't be surprised, but the embers were low when I awoke from its

grasp. Before me on the hearth, in ashes and coals, lay the rough outlines of a familiar country. There was Boston and the shore where the Pilgrims landed, here was Mt. Washington and the presidential row. In a small, well-tilled field at its foot a young student, out for the summer vacation, was approaching a gray-haired farmer. In true scholastic style he plied enthusiastic questions about the mountain which he intended to climb. I listened attentively to the conversation. The questions were pointed, but the answers were unsatisfactory and greatly surprised the eager tourist, for the old man, living under the shadow of that famous peak for fifty years, had never been to the summit. The young man looked with pity upon the old farmer and started away, but it was the old man's turn to question. “So you live in Boston; well, that's near Plymouth, you've probably seen Plymouth Rock many a time.” Well, no, it was so near that he had postponed the trip which could be made so easily at any time. They lingered a little, but I watched them as they parted, each in a puzzled state of mind. And so the sun went down upon my fancy scenes as the last live coal died away behind a bank of ashes. * * * If the sources of inspiration in the teacher's work and the information on ways of making a success through intercourse with earnest educators and instructors, through mingling with many excellent books and journals, and through conversing with fellow-students upon similar topics — if these are revolutionizing our ideas of teaching and habits of work, we have probably begun to travel. And the one who draws the most from these surrounding resources and makes them a part of himself is the teacher who will meet the least puzzling encounters.

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LITERARY.

Social Aspects of New Netherland.

The Dutch have ever been noted as a plain-spoken, earnest people. Frugal and industrious, their life is simple, but full of those simple pleasures which produce true comfort. Glimpses of the settlers in New Netherlands show that they kept cheerful during adverse circumstances, and retained the same customs which they had enjoyed in their native land.

The people of New Netherland were fond of their home life, and at all times were noted for their hospitality. They could not do too much for the stranger when he entered their homes, and they were eager to open communication with those about them. As early as 1627 Governor Minuit entered into a friendly correspondence with Governor Bradford, of New Plymouth, and later he sent an embassy to the Puritans. Although the Dutch were very moderate, yet they indulged in hearty sports and had many social gatherings. Those were the days

when extra tasks were made the occasions for calling friends and neighbors together, when "husking-bees" and "quilting-bees" brought mirth and good-feeling into the household. After the labor was completed came the supper of good homely food, and in the evening the "bee" was terminated by a dance. The colonists desired to see all about them happy, and upon festive days the negroes danced as merrily as any, and scarcely knew that they were in bondage.

The Dutch were very regular in their modes of living. A man in comfortable circumstances would see to it that his family breakfasted no later than day-break during the entire year. Before his morning repast he always smoked his pipe. At exactly twelve o'clock dinner was served, at three o'clock tea was provided, while in the evening the people exchanged visits and were treated to a lunch consisting of chocolate and soft waffles. Or if the family remained at home during the winter evening, they all centered about the kitchen fire-place. These fire-places were of immense size, having chimney pieces inlaid with Dutch tiles. The children and negroes cracked nuts and amused themselves in the chimney corner. The burgher smoked his pipe in silence, while his wife turned the spinning wheel. The Dutch housewife was a model of industry. Everything about the house was polished, and the copper and pewter upon the dresser shone as though their only use were to serve as ornaments. Not many books were to be found in the household; the Bible and prayer books generally constituted nearly all the literature with which the colonists provided themselves.

During the year there were five holidays which were always observed as national festivals. These were Kerstrydt

(Christmas), Nieu Jar (New Year), Paas (the Passover), Pinxter (Whitsuntide), and San Claas (St. Nicholas or Christkinkle day). Upon New Year's Day all houses were open, and cake, wine and punch were served to the guests, for it was considered a breach of etiquette not to call upon acquaintances on that day. San Claas day was one of the most notable of these holidays, as it was sacred to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the Dutch. On the eve of that day, then, just as now, children hung their stockings; and after having chanted a hymn to the good St. Nicholas they retired at an early hour.

New Netherland possessed as good educational advantages as did any of the Middle Colonies, and she was far in advance of the South. The schools were established early and were supported largely by the government. The schoolmaster was a person of much importance, and in New Amsterdam he sometimes acted as clerk, chorister and visitor of the sick in addition to his other duties. Education was not widely diffused, and that the Dutch were not satisfied with their educational system was seen by the complaints which they frequently made to the States General. As late as the year 1649, in one of their remonstrances, they stated that they had great need of a public school which should be provided with at least two good teachers. The school then was not kept regularly, but only in accordance with the pleasure of the one who had it in charge. In a letter of 1657, addressed to the Classis of Amsterdam by two clergymen, it was stated that Manhattan, Beverwyck and Fort Cassimir were the only places in New Netherland provided with a schoolmaster. However, the matter was soon remedied, and by 1664 there was a school in nearly

every town, while a Latin high school had been established in New Amsterdam.

Closely connected with the educational system were the religious institutions of the colony. The directors of the West India Company had prohibited any other religion than the Reformed to be publicly admitted, and the directors promised to secure and maintain good preachers. There were in the colony Calvinists, Catholics, Puritans, Lutherans and Anabaptists. Quakers, also, came in, and although toleration was usually practiced, yet in 1662 there was issued a proclamation to the effect that the public exercise of any other religion than the Reformed would be punished by a fine of fifty guilders. Some Quakers were imprisoned as a result of this decree, but the West India Company expressed their disapproval, and thus religious persecution in the colony ceased. The clergymen sent out by the company were generally men of high scholarship, who had had an extensive theological training. How to reach the isolated traders and the widely distributed farmers, and how to convert the savages, were problems which confronted every minister. Churches were built partly by voluntary contributions of the people, and to these houses of worship the country people made long and wearisome journeys in order to bring their children where they might receive the rites of baptism, hear the preaching and join in the familiar hymns of the fatherland.

The leading industries of New Netherland were commerce and agriculture, and very gradually there grew up an interest in manufacturing. One of the most important exports consisted of the beaver skins, which at one time served as a circulating medium. Tobacco, also, was exported, while the imports were tools,

clothing and other necessary articles. The land which they occupied was exceedingly fertile, and it is said that they never made a mistake in the selection of their farms. It has come to be a proverb that "there never was a good piece of land where the Devil did not open his bag and shake out some Dutchman upon it." The crops most extensively cultivated were wheat, corn, barley and rye. The art of ship-building had been introduced at an early date. Brick and tile were manufactured, and it is affirmed that their earthenware was not inferior to that of Delft.

In 1644, Rensselaerwyck, the only successful patroonship founded under the charter of 1629, contained a little fort known as Fort Orange, and from twenty-five to thirty houses extending along the river. These houses were of the simplest kind, built of boards and thatches. In the principal one lived the patroon's agent. More comfortable houses were soon built, often at the expense of the patroon himself. Flax and hemp were cultivated, and the savages brought in furs and peltries. The patroon had the power of life and death in his hands. He decided civil suits, and although there existed the right of appeal to the director and council at Manhattan, the colonists rarely appealed from the manorial courts. By the terms under which farms were leased, a return of all produce was required, to which the patroon had the presumptive right. When property changed hands, the patroon had the first offer, and when any one died intestate his legal heir was the patroon.

The Dutch were not without their faults, and one of the gravest mistakes which they made was the introduction of the patroon system in America. The experiment had been made in Europe, and

while the feudal system fostered chivalric ideas, yet it was detrimental to progress, and Europe discovered the truth of this. The Dutch had brooded over new plans of enterprise in the western world, and in order to induce settlers to come to her possessions she offered this attraction. However, the life of New Netherland displayed many of the same liberal ideas and homely characteristics which prevailed in Holland. Accustomed to be self-reliant, to act rather than to boast, they founded for themselves a home in the new world, which, long after it had been conquered by the English, displayed the principles and customs that had been imparted to it by its founders.

Alice Walrath, '99.

Washington's Leap.

In 1775 there lived in a Virginia town a rich and eccentric old farmer whose daughter was the loveliest maiden in all the locality. The beautiful Annette was eighteen years of age and had many suitors for her hand and heart. On her nineteenth birthday the old man invited all the youth of the village to a grand hay-making frolic.

"Now, my lads," said the old man, after the banquet was some time over, "I've got something to say to you. It seems that a good many of you have been casting sheep's eyes on my Annette. Now, boys, I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning or soldier learning. I can do as well by my girl as any man in the country, but I want her to marry a man of my own grit. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore. Now, listen. I've taken an oath that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. There you are, boys; yonder's the green, and here's Annette. The one who

jumps farthest on a dead level shall marry her this very evening.

This peculiar address was received with great applause, and more than one youth, as he bounded away for the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory upon the lovely prize as she stood blushing beside her father.

Soon all was in readiness. The signal was given, and the young competitors stripped off their coats.

"Edward Grayson, 17 feet!" cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost, but it was clear that he had little hope.

"Dick Boulden, 19 feet!" Dick, with a little laugh of satisfaction, replaced his coat and rejoined the onlookers.

"Harry Preston, 19 feet 3 inches!"

"Well done, Harry!" shouted the spectators. "You tried hard for the acres and the homestead."

"Charles Simms, 15 1-2 feet!"

He turned away crestfallen. It was clear he had no chance to win the fair prize. Then came Henry Carroll—handsome, athletic and confident. He cast a swift glance at his sweetheart and at the villagers, and then, with a gleam of triumph in his eye, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half. A magnificent leap!" cried the judge. "Hooray for Harry Carroll!"

Hands, hats and handkerchiefs were waved wildly by the delighted villagers, and the eyes of the happy Annette sparkled with joy.

Now, just before Harry had leaped a stranger had entered the throng unperceived. He was a tall, gentlemanly young man in a military undress frock coat, who had at that moment arrived on horseback before the inn. He was just in time to witness Carroll's great leap.

The man's handsome face and easy ad-

dress at once attracted the eyes of the maidens, while his manly and sinewy frame, in which were happily united symmetry and strength, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said Charlie Simms, remarking the manner in which the new-comer scanned the arena. "If you can outleap Harry Carroll, you beat the best man in the colonies."

"Is it for amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"The sweetest prize man ever strove for," answered the judges. "Yonder she stands."

The stranger cast a respectful glance at the blushing maiden, and his eyes looked admiration.

"Are the lists open to all?" he asked.

"All, young sir," replied Annette's father with interest. "If you will try, you are free to do so. Here is my daughter, sir; look at her and decide."

With a smile the new-comer threw off his coat, drew his sash tighter around his waist and stepped forward. All hearts stood still as the young man bounded forward.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" The judge's words were received with murmurs of surprise and wonder. Not without a feeling of pity for poor Harry, all crowded around the new victor, offering him their congratulations. Resuming his coat, the stranger sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Poor Harry Carroll stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the stranger for his ability, but hating him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly, but I think there is a favored youth among the competitors who has a higher claim than mine. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Harry, "methinks you were the victor in the list before me, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped the stranger's hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his breast. The place rang with the acclamations of the delighted people, and amid the excitement the new-comer withdrew, remounting his horse, and rode briskly out of the village.

That night Harry and Annette were married. Several years later Harry Carroll became Colonel Harry Carroll. One evening the Colonel was sitting on the piazza of his handsome country house, when a courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, who would crave the Colonel's hospitality for the night.

That evening at the table, Annette, now the dignified, matronly and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. "I suspect, Colonel," said the General, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance, but I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I know of."

George Washington was indeed the handsome young athlete whose mysterious disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still traditionary.

Anon.

The Origin of St. Valentine's Day.

Among the names of saints who have been canonized in ages past, the month of February suggests the name of St. Valentine as having received a wide enthronement in the human heart.

By no means is it clear how the good bishop became responsible for the flood of tender sentiment that is annually poured forth under shelter of his venerable name. St. Valentine was an Italian priest of eminent piety, who, in the year 270, suffered martyrdom in the Roman Forum, close to the nook in the Palatine Hill where the altar of Pan was originally placed. Historians are not agreed as to the date of his death, some preferring to give the date 306 A. D.

Up to the seventeenth century, history furnishes very little information, but legend amplifies by giving this saint a hero's reputation for sanctity. It is said that he pleaded the cause of one true God so earnestly that he was accused of seducing the Emperor, and in consequence was sent to Asterius to be judged.

Now, Asterius had a blind daughter, and when Valentine spoke to him of Christ as the light of the world, Asterius said that if He were the light of the world He would restore light to his daughter.

The maiden was summoned, and after Valentine had prayed and laid hands on her, her eyes were opened to behold the beauties of the world about her. Asterius and his household were desirous now of baptism at the hands of Valentine. The Emperor, enraged by this news, ordered the imprisonment of all the converts, while Valentine met his death by being first beaten with clubs and afterward beheaded, on the 14th day of February, 270 A. D. It is said that when brought up for trial, the pathetic eloquence of his

pleading for Christianity produced upon Emperors and courtiers an effect equal, both in success and failure, to that of St. Paul, and that Claudius wished to spare him even at the last.

If the memory of Valentine should chance to arise in the mind of the visitor at Rome to-day, as he lingers near the Forum, let him turn his footsteps to the Church of San Pietro, in Carcere, and he will be shown the Mamertine prison. Some of its steps are still remaining, and below these is to be seen the cell where Paul lay in chains and Valentine made converts.

What history fails to tell us of the man, the customs and ceremonies observed on his day make amends for. An effort has been made to trace these customs to their origin, and it is found that they had a beginning, supposedly, in the old Roman festival of Lupercalia, observed in February, at which time the youths were to draw a maiden's name from the hallowed urn, each pledging himself to serve and do honor to the maiden whose name he had drawn.

An attempt was made by the church to do away with this foolish practice by substituting the names of saints for those of maidens and the pledge to be taken in this case was that of service and honor to that saint for one year. But the change proved unsuccessful, and soon the former custom was reinstated. Years passed, and the old Roman custom found its way across the Channel into England, where the day has since been observed with varied customs.

During an early period the maidens used to throw open the window early on the morning of February 14th, and the first person seen would be their valentine for the ensuing year. Hence, great precaution was taken by the swains of the

neighborhood not to be found in the wrong place at this time of day. A little later we find the custom of sending messages or verses. This form of observing the day was indulged in, not only by those to whom all life seemed fair, but by the less fortunate, for we find Charles, Duke of Orleans, penning in his cell, where he spent twenty-five years' imprisonment after his capture at the battle of Agincourt, a message, the sentiment of which was quite in keeping with the day.

But times and customs change, and the day formerly so significant bears its messages almost exclusively to children, for the nineteenth century girl is found too busy with studies and society to follow in the wake of the romantic.

Yet the spirit of St. Valentine will ever linger, and as long as Cupid aims his darts at the target of human hearts, so long will his devotees be heard to exclaim:

"Hail Bishop Valentine! whose month this is.

All the air is thy diocese

And all the chirping choristers

And other birds are thy parishoners.

Thou marryest every year

The lyric lark and the grave, whispering dove;

The sparrow that neglects his life for love,

The household bird with his red stomacher;

Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon

As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon."

E. A. L., 1900.

**Address at the Alumni Reunion
December 30, 1898, by Prof. Wm.
M. Strong, '98.**

If this were an Olympic contest for the display of oratorical skill, I should not be admitted on a par with others to whom you will listen to-day. It may remain a puzzle to you, as it is to me, why I should have been asked to speak.

If I understand the present occasion aright, it is one in a regular series of annual reunions. Such an anniversary has a clear character and purpose. It is a gathering of teachers, in the brotherhood and sisterhood of teaching, met for purposes of consultation upon the great interests of teaching, and especially for purposes of inspiration. But this gathering, as it seems to me, has a more distinctive purpose. It is a reunion of the Alumni and Alumnae of the Albany State Normal College, and as such one of its prime objects must be to cherish and foster an appreciation of this institution, in the work that it has done, in the position that it now occupies and the scope of its present work, in its promise for the future.

The early history of the Normal School, its struggles and growth, its standing among the Normal Schools of the State, the removal and expansion into a college, the growth of the college, is interesting and inspiring history, into which it is not my province to enter.

One acquainted with the present wants and demands of education needs only to know, to appreciate and approve the work that is now being done under the able direction of Dr. Milne. In fact, one has only to be absent a few months and then return, to see that the perpetual watchwords of this college are progress and improvement.

My point of view in speaking of the advantages at present offered by this college, you will pardon my being somewhat personal, has been gained by two years of experience in a first-class school after leaving college, and by three months and more of teaching since leaving this Normal College. My work during that two years was called successful, but I now know that in some ways I was giv-

ing an illustration of how a certain subject should not be taught.

With me it was a question of coming here for a year or attending a university for a year. I chose this college because I knew of Dr. Milne, and because I wished to get in touch with the public schools. In the public schools seemed to me the great field for work. I had seen in many places insufficiently endowed private academies going down and the public high school going up. I had seen a growing appreciation of and demand for as well-trained teachers in the public schools as could be had.

"But," said one of my honored college professors, "you don't want to go to Albany; go to Harvard or Chicago. If you want pedagogy you can get it in larger doses at one of the universities than at Albany." But I had studied the history and somewhat of the philosophy of education in college, and felt that what I needed was not larger doses of that same pedagogy, but a different treatment. And as to doses, my fellow Alumni will agree with me that those administered here are not always homeopathic.

An article in an educational magazine, of recent date, lamented the lack of an institution where college graduates might fit for teaching. There is need of such an institution. Many of us found it met by the advantages offered here. Only now are those advantages becoming known. The Albany Normal College has been ranked as a Normal School, and, vice versa, I have read of the Oswego Normal College.

If I could have audience with those in the literary colleges who wish to enter the teaching field, I should like to recommend to them that they come here. My enumeration of inducements would be as follows: You may gain an ac-

acquaintance and sympathy with the best educational methods, from the kindergarten through the high school. You may gain not only a knowledge of methods, but an inspiration, also, from instructors who will show themselves friends. Especially may you profit by the experience of one whose life has been a long and entire devotion to education in its most practical phases. And if you find that the work seems puerile and does not sufficiently tax your trained powers, you may devote yourself, with greatest profit, to the supplementary course, the examinations in which, together with those given at the close of each ten, I could guarantee, in rigidity, to be satisfactory. Last, but not least, I could say with certainty, your chance of securing a position will be greater than if you had spent one year in graduate work at a university.

It is somewhat of a dogma among educators that teachers are "born, not made," that if by nature they possess certain characteristics, there is nothing which professional training need attempt for them; that if, on the contrary, they do not possess these characteristics, there is nothing which professional training can do to avert failure. There is more of truth in the latter part of this statement than in the former. No institution can guarantee to make successful teachers of all who seek its doors. No institution is to be discredited by one or many failures, when the great majority of its graduates go on to higher success through its training.

It is true and not surprising that a teacher, without the illumination upon methods which a course here gives, a teacher whom all would admit possesses characteristics to qualify him for high success, will repeat mistakes in method

which directly contravene results at which he is aiming. That a teacher should do this is almost inevitable when he has naught but his own experience for guide. The surprising part is that often such a teacher, by the very repetition of a mistaken method, becomes confirmed in a belief in it.

A man of many years' experience recently said to me: "I don't believe in this theory of interest. What I believe is, that you must make them get down and work and get it out, and then come in class and give it off." He added: "I don't seem to be able to get them to do it."

It has been my pleasure to meet, perhaps, a dozen of my class recently, and to ask them what now they thought of their Normal College training. Their testimony, without an exception, has been that to it they owe in large measure their success. Did they find in their memory or in their note-books the exact directions for each situation or perplexity? No. The note-books rest in peaceful oblivion. They served their chief purpose in getting us to do certain work and helping to pass us. A student who expects to carry out from this institution the copied directions for his work will be disappointed. As the influence upon us of a great painting, or piece of statuary, of a great book, or a great orator, depends more upon what is suggested than upon what is told plainly to all, so the value of our course here lies in its suggestiveness.

We gained while here a new perspective and a new light in which to view educational problems. We make mistakes, but we recognize them as mistakes and can correct them.

So far from agreeing with my friend who said that he did not believe in inter-

est, I hold that when Shakespeare gave that line —

“No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,”

he uttered what we may take as an educational maxim most worthy of consideration. The benefit to a pupil from any subject will be in direct ratio to his interest and cheerful endeavor. The same principle applies to the teacher. While, in the growing appreciation of excellence in teaching, teachers will receive greater remuneration, it shall also become true that —

“No one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working.”

Mr. President: It seems to me that membership in this association should mean much, as it should bind into union hundreds who have a common interest here and are endeavoring to do a common work, from the lakes to the sound, and many who have carried inspiration into other States. Common interest, common endeavor, common aspiration and common hopes should beget a common sympathy.

To all these, those who are present and those absent, I should like to wish a very successful and happy new year.

To the future we all look with brightest hopes. May he who is now our honored President for many, many years be given strength to stand at the head and by that dignity and decision of character which is necessary, but more by that gentleness which maketh great, bring this institution into larger influence.

The college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.

— Exchange.

James Russell Lowell.

For the last few years we have been so busy celebrating Washington's birthday that many of us have forgotten that February 22 is also the anniversary of the birth of another American patriot — James Russell Lowell. Let us celebrate their birthday together this year.

The life of Lowell was the ideal life of a scholar and a poet. His home influences were of the best, for he grew up in a clerical and collegiate air, in the shade of the classic walls of Harvard. Blessed with a tender, sympathetic mother and a pious, broad-minded father, his character became imbued with a simplicity and security which the after years enriched without disturbing.

In 1838, he graduated from Harvard and took up the study of law. But the success of his first volume of published poems turned his attention to a more congenial field of labor, and he was able to surrender himself wholly to his talent and his taste. On the death of his father, in 1861, Lowell inherited Elmwood and there in peace and contentment nearly all of his life was spent. There is something that almost charms us as we study his life, free from all interference or deviation; it makes a picture exempt from the usual shadows which hinder and modify genius. The three great influences of Lowell's life were a quiet fireside, a quiet library and a quiet community. We feel all these influences in that delightful paper, “Cambridge Thirty Years Ago.” His domestic life, too, was ideally beautiful. One critic has said “it was like the peace that passeth understanding.” Few men have led a life of such intellectual amenity. His professorship at Harvard could scarcely be called an interruption, for his studies could deepen and widen at their ease. The university air soothed but

never smothered his talents. He absorbed, lectured and wrote; talked, edited and published. His keen, scholarly lectures on Dante, Shakespeare and Milton left an ineffaceable impression on the minds of many a Harvard student. His classes said of him that he was equally at home in Italian, Spanish, French, German or English literature.

In the meantime, the poet had already struck the key-note of his coming popularity. At the outbreak of the Mexican war, the North, fearing the influence which an acquisition of territory would have on the extension of slavery, appealed to Congress to stop supplies. Lowell, by his Puritan training and inherited ideas of human rights, was especially well fitted to espouse the cause of the Abolitionists. His brilliant raillery was the natural reaction from the monotonous oratory of most of his associates. In June, Lowell, under the nom-de-plume of Ezekiel Biglow, wrote a letter to the Boston "Courier," in which he ridiculed the efforts to raise volunteers in Boston. This letter enclosed a poem, in Yankee dialect, by Ezekiel's son, Hosea:

"Thrash away, you'll have to rattle
On them kittle-drums of yourn;
'Taint a knowin' kind of cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn."

The poem came upon the country like an electric shock. Society was puzzled; critics doubtful; politicians disdainful, and ministers horrified. But the lines were keen as razors; they were jingling everywhere. The anti-slavery music was in the air and everyone had to hear it. For the first time since the beginning of the movement the laugh was on the side of the reformers. The public was keenly sensitive to wit and sorely vulnerable to arrows of ridicule.

The case of Mr. Robinson is a splendid

illustration of the point. John P. Robinson, a refined, studious man, who, unfortunately for him, was on the wrong side of the question, was not a little annoyed by his sudden leap into public eminence. It is said he went abroad to escape the constant refrain of

"John P. Robinson he
Sez he won't vote for Governor B."

On landing at Liverpool, he was astonished to hear a street boy shouting the hated song. His reputation had preceded him even to Europe. He fled precipitately to Malta, but even here the little flower girls greeted him with

"John P. Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in
Judee."

The best of the Biglow Papers was "The Courtin'." When about to publish the first volume, wishing to fill up a vacant page, Mr. Lowell wrote six verses of the famous little poem. At the suggestion of his friends, other verses were added, and to-day we have one of the quaintest bits of Yankee dialect in existence. Such verses as these cannot but appeal to all bashful lovers:

"He stood awhile on one foot, fust,
Then stood awhile on t'other;
And on which foot he felt the wust,
He couldn't have told you nuther."

OR

"Long o' her hjs veins ud run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she brushed felt full of sun
Ez a south slope in April."

OR THIS,

"He kind o' lited on the mat,
Some doubtful of the sekle;
His heart kept going pity-pat,
While hern went pity-Zekle."

From beginning to end, the Biglow Papers are the only complete and perfect piece of grotesque comedy in existence.

They satirize everything which was mean and hateful at the North as well as at the South, but never hold up to ridicule anything that is good, pure and true. Many artists have drawn effective and striking sketches of that vanished original, the down-east Yankee, but Lowell has surpassed all his rivals. The Yankee dialect, the Yankee character and the Yankee satire will remain.

But the Biglow Papers are also valuable because they show us the key-note of Lowell's life — passionate devotion to his country. Patriotism has, perhaps, never been more to any man; it was the basis for his reflections, his conversation and his imagination. This ardent love of his country is also shown in that wonderfully prophetic poem, "The Present Crisis." Public speakers and politicians can best appreciate the poem, but even we admire such stirring lines as

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind
the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above His own."

Congress evidently appreciated the poet's patriotism, for he was sent to represent American interests at Madrid and at London. Mr. James says of him: "No man who ever occupied a diplomatic position in Europe has ever stood more steadily for the principles of our republic, maintained more uncompromisingly the dignity of an American citizen or reflected more credit on his country."

Lowell's prose works consist mainly of literary criticisms and a small number of public addresses. These essays are so rich in learning and in poetic imagery that few but scholars appreciate them. There are too many "golden grains of poetry through the quartz of his prose"

for Lowell's essays ever to attain wide popularity.

But if the poet's wide popularity was earned by the Biglow Papers, his chief claim for literary fame must be found in the "Vision of Sir Launfal." Any one who has never read this poem has a rich treat in store for him. The preludes have become typical in the minds of the present generation. Every summer we think with Lowell:

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten.
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for the grass to be green or skies to be
blue."

And every winter we read with increased delight —

"Down swept the chill winds from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill top bleak
It has gathered all the cold
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's
cheek.
It carried a shiver everywhere."

But the message which it carries to every human heart is found in the closing stanza —

"A voice that was sweeter than music said:
'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here, this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me just now.
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need —
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.'"

J. E. D., '99.

Lincoln Anecdotes.

While shaving one day, Lincoln said to his wife: "If I ever come across a man homlier than I, I'll shoot him." Some time after he met such a man on the street and called out: "Hold on; I have something to say to you. I have made a vow if I ever met a man homelier than I, I would shoot him at sight." "Do you think I am?" asked the man. "Yes, I think you are." Then, after eyeing Lincoln carefully, said: "Well then, fire away; I don't want to live any longer."

Soon after commencing to practice at the bar, Lincoln had for an opponent, in an important case, a man who, in making his plea, consumed much time and patience by his attempt at oratorical display. Lincoln, after a few pertinent remarks on the case, said "his opponent reminded him of a steamboat which plied on the Sangammon river. It had a three-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and when

the whistle blew the engine stopped working."

But nothing shows to us the sterling character of the man and the great secret of his success as those memorable words of his, spoken to his home people, at Springfield, Ill., just before his departure for Washington to be inaugurated President, February 11, 1861:

"A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

VERSE.**The Ballad of the General's Kiss.**

BY SARA KING WILEY.

They scarcely marked that busy day,
If Margery were there,
Her mother had not even time
To plait her shining hair;
And awed amid the courtly crowd
That filled her father's hall,
She shrank behind one gentleman,
The tallest of them all.

She knew not that the shielding form
Where covert she had won,
Until they bowed before him there,
Was General Washington.
Unnoted by the passing throng
In rustling silks arrayed,
Close to the hero she adored,
Still stood the little maid.

But now the garden must be viewed —
Her father's special pride —
And turning, lo, the General asks
If she will be his guide!
She curtsies low, she dare not speak,
Nor once she lifts her eyes,
Though soon within his offered palm,
Her little left hand lies.

They pass from out the close cold house,
They breathe the sparkling air,
And warm and bright the sunbeams fall
Across her golden hair.
She treads the straight, box-bordered paths,
The General at her side:
He checks, to match her fluttering steps,
His long and stately stride.

Her fingers in his folded clasp
 Are trembling all the while,
 Until, across his solemn face
 Breaks, swift and sweet, a smile.
 She smiles in answer ere she thinks,
 And at his quiet words
 And questions, lo, her fears take flight
 Like sudden startled birds.

Frankly she gazes in his face;
 Calm is the splendid brow.
 Those close held lips, of power controlled,
 Are curved with pleasure now;
 Those eyes that looked on scorn and fear,
 And death 'mid horrors wild,
 Beam down in simple kindliness
 Upon a happy child.

They pause beneath the apple tree,
 Where, boughs on boughs o'erhead,
 Pale blossoms breathe forth perfumes faint
 'Mid folded buds of red,
 And as the breeze puffs lightly by
 The showers of petals white
 Sail down, and on his shoulders broad
 And on his head alight.

She tells him how she climbs this tree,
 High up, nor fears to slip,
 And father says that 'tis her own;
 She plays it is a ship.

He listens, gravely courteous
 (She chattering unafraid),
 Then, bending from his stately height,
 Kisses the little maid.

And now, as they their steps retrace,
 Her prattling seems to fail,
 So, stooping to her, in his turn,
 The General tells a tale.
 Her shy, bright eyes are on his face,
 Her crimson lips apart,
 And ah, beneath the silken frock,
 How beats the little heart!

The sunlight slants across the grass,
 The air is growing cold,
 And the stiff, shiny leaves of box
 Seem coated o'er with gold.
 On trellises the budding grape
 Its scented tendrils twines,
 And brilliant in the amber sky
 The evening planet shines.

When, gathered 'round the snapping fire,
 Full oft in later days
 The folk with tear-brimmed eyes of love
 Joined in their hero's praise,
 She added many an eager word,
 But, garnering her bliss,
 Hid in the silence of her heart,
 The memory of his kiss.

THE MONTH'S NEWS.

Eta Phi.

Saturday evening, February 11th, witnessed a very pleasant entertainment, given by the Eta Phi Society to their friends. After a few words of welcome, tendered by the President, Miss Suits, in behalf of the society, an entertaining program was rendered, consisting of a vocal solo, by Miss Aline Stuckhart; an address on Margaret Fuller, given by her niece, Miss Edith Fuller, and a violin solo, by Mrs. Eriche. The address, listened to with so much pleasure, was given in a quaint, pretty manner which seemed at once to give the atmosphere and local color of Margaret Fuller's time. She told

us many pleasing incidents of her life and gave us a vivid picture of one of the brightest and noblest women of American history.

After the address many availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting Miss Fuller, and during the time cakes and fruited ice were served.

A very pretty device was employed during the evening. Cards were hung across each side of the play-room, picturing the titles of books. As these were guessed they were recorded by each one on cards given for this purpose. The successful competitor, Mr. Hall, reported thirty-five titles guessed correctly out of

fifty. The prize awarded was J. W. Barrie's "Little Minister."

After dancing, the entertainment closed at eleven o'clock, all present voting the affair a decided success. The decorations, consisting of palms, contrasted prettily with the light dresses of the Eta Phi girls, as they passed among their guests. The whole affair was characterized by a daintiness and dignity which give the Eta Phi receptions their high standing among the college entertainments.

B. W. H., '99.

'99 Class Election.

The Class of '99 elected the following class officers:

President, A. J. Mathews; First Vice-President, Emily L. Hilliard; Second Vice-President, Winifred L. Jones; Secretary, Blanche M. Harris; Treasurer, H. A. Marks.

Executive Committee—Messrs. Whitaker, Ford; Misses Osmond, Dean, Walrath, Allen.

Social Committee—Messrs. Gurley, Pitkin; Misses Pendleton, McCall, Merwin, Schermerhorn.

Program Committee—Misses Jones, Sleight; Mr. Slocum; Misses Haight, Hawkey, Vroom.

Model School Exhibit.

The exhibit of work done by the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth grades was given in the chapel of the Model School, February 7th and 8th. About the sides of the room were hung specimens of work in drawing, water colors, Latin, production maps and composition. This last-named was in the form of booklets containing the lives of the authors studied.

On the desks were reproductions of

work correlated with geography. The countries studied were Cuba, France, Italy, India, Japan and China. These books showed a thorough knowledge of the countries and their people, as well as artistic ability and originality. The entire exhibit reflected great credit on both teachers and pupils.

O., '99.

The Albany Camera Club.

The Albany Camera Club gave an exhibition at the Normal College, Thursday evening, February ninth.

The severity of the weather prevented many from being present who otherwise would have been glad to attend. But all who were present enjoyed the kind of evening which is always insured when the Albany Camera Club entertains us with their delightful pictures.

Over two hundred views were shown, the scenes being taken from the United States and Europe.

H., '99.

Psi Gamma Officers.

President, Florence Travis; Vice-President, Inez Vinton; Secretary, Linda M. Holmes; Treasurer, Maude E. Silliman; Critic, Sarah Wilson.

Eta Phi Officers.

President, Neva Suits; Vice-President, Marion Everitt; Chaplain, Estella Lester; Secretary, Edith Blake; Treasurer, Anna Vida McAllister; Marshall, Elizabeth L. Burton.

Kappa Delta Officers.

President, Katherine V. D. Merwin; Vice-President, Florella Hawkey; Secretary, Agnes E. Saxe; Treasurer, M. Augusta Chandler; Director, Gertrude M. Vroom.

Alumni.

W. A. Yerzley, S. N. C., '95, who spent last year in post-graduate work in Columbia University, is now at the head of the Electric Laboratory in Madison School, New York city.

'96. Louis K. Rockefeller, of the Department of Public Instruction, was married, on January 25, 1899, to Miss Clara Bain at the bride's home, in Valatie, N. Y.

Mr. Edgar S. Martin, '98, former business manager of The Echo, was married to Miss Gertrude Bishop, '97, Saturday, December 24, 1898.

Miss Eudora Wiley, '98, visited friends in the College on Saturday last.

'99. Miss Vaughn began her duties as a teacher at Johnstown, N. Y., after the holidays.

'99. Miss Alice Merriam, who recently completed her college course, has accepted a position on Long Island.

Miss Mina S. Honsinger, of Rome, N. Y., a student of the College in 1897-8, has entered the training school for nurses connected with St. Joseph's Hospital, Syracuse.

Charles H. Kilpatrick, of Hartford, Conn., a former student in the Normal High School, was married recently to Miss Mary Weare, of Schenectady.

'99. Miss Laura Hasbrouck, who recently completed the kindergarten course, is teaching in the city.

The Class Reception.

On the evening of Monday, February 13th, the Class of 1900 received as their guests the Class of '99. It was their pleasure to repay, in a measure, the kindness and cordiality which was extended to them by the Class of '99 when they entered the Normal College as strangers.

The officers of the class and the Social Committee acted as the Reception Committee, and did it in a most pleasing, congenial manner.

The decorations consisted mainly of flags arranged prettily, and patriotic colors draped artistically around the room. These decorations were particularly appropriate, since the reception was held on the evening of the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday.

During the entire evening three mandolins, a guitar and harp furnished music for the pleasure of the guests, and those who desired participated in dancing.

The evening was extremely cold and stormy, but in spite of this the reception was well attended and the occasion was such an enjoyable one that none regretted having braved the storm.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The Rev. Dr. James M. Taylor, president of Vassar College, has been unanimously chosen by the trustees of Brown University as its new president.

The Teachers College of Columbia University has received an anonymous gift of \$10,000.

The new catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania, just issued, shows that there are 258 officers and 2,790 students.

William L. Wilson, author of the famous tariff bill, is mentioned prominently as a candidate for the Yale presidency.—
Ex.

President McKinley has appointed as civilian members of a commission to report on the condition of the Philippine Islands, President Schurman, of Cornell University; Professor Dean C. Worcester, associate professor of zoology in the University of Michigan, and Colonel Denby, ex-United States Minister to China. President Schurman, who is chairman of the commission, has been granted leave of absence until the end of the present year, and Professor T. F. Crane will, during the year, perform the duties of president.

University of Illinois has 1,600 students enrolled.— Ex.

Chicago University offers \$1,300 annually for prizes in debate.— Ex.

The Tokyo Imperial University has 2,239 students, distributed as follows: University, 177; College of Law, 744; College of Medicine, 313; College of Engineering, 386; College of Literature, 279; College of Science, 105; College of Agriculture, 235. There are 90 professors and 41 assistant professors. The library now contains about 223,000 volumes. The Journal of the College of Science, established in 1887 and now in its tenth volume, has published many important contributions, which are written in English or in German.

Williams College will soon commence the erection of the first college Y. M. C. A. building erected in Massachusetts or Rhode Island.— Ex.

Chicago University is about to erect the finest gymnasium in the world.— Ex.

England has no college papers, and in France there are neither college papers, glee clubs nor fraternities. In the United States there are upwards of four hundred college papers, including eleven dailies,

and as many glee clubs, and fraternities galore.— Ex.

Turkey has nearly 900,000 children in its 29,107 public schools. Of these schools, 9,649 were opened by the present Sultan.— Ex.

New York institutions now offer one hundred thirty-four degrees. Eighty-five of these, in conformity to the rules of the Court of Appeals, require at least seven years of study in addition to an eight-year elementary course.— Ex.

The new Steele Hall of Science at Syracuse was recently opened. The Ester Steele Hall of Physics is nearing completion and the machinery is being put in.— Ex.

Two hundred and ninety courses are offered at Harvard. President Eliot has calculated that it would take forty-four years to complete the whole number.— Ex.

A movement is on foot to increase the endowment of Syracuse University to \$2,000,000.— Ex.

The University of Pennsylvania is subscribing for a memorial in honor of the men who fell in the late war.— Ex.

The University of Pennsylvania presents each member of the 'varsity football team this year a gold watch charm, in the shape of a football, as souvenirs. The scrub receive silver ones.— Ex.

This victory (that of Superintendent Andrews) is immeasurably the most important yet achieved by the forces of educational reform, and must be accepted by Dr. Andrews and his supporters as a sincere evidence that an understanding has been reached in the board to the effect that the superintendent shall be unrestricted in the right to the nomination of principals, teachers and other officers

in the educational branch of the public school administration. More than this, it is to be taken as an official guarantee that a corresponding liberty of action and authority in other directions of greatest importance will be given to the superintendent. The contest has been bitter and protracted, but the triumph of the principle that politics must be eliminated from the management of the public schools is believed to be not only substantial, but permanent. This victory can scarcely fail to make the battle easier in other municipalities. The result is a subject of universal rejoicing in Chicago, and this sentiment may well be shared by other cities.—The Outlook.

Samson, the strong man we read about, was the first man to advertise. He took two columns to demonstrate his strength when seven hundred people tumbled to his scheme and he brought the house down.—Ex.

What would happen if Ireland should receive home rule? All the shamrocks would become gladstones.—Ex.

She (rising from the piano)—“Do you play, Mr. Stickett?”

He—“No, but I’m thinking of taking lessons. I have a good ear for time, don’t you know?”

She—“Indeed! Was that 11 or 12 the clock struck just now?”—Ex.

BOOK REVIEWS.

“Le Conte’s Compend of Geology.” The American Book Co., New York.

Under the above title, Joseph Le Conte, professor of geology in the University of California, and one of the leading geologists of the United States, has written a text-book designed for high schools and academies.

He treats the subject under three heads, viz.: Dynamical, structural and historical geology. After a short introduction, in which the meaning of these divisions is clearly set forth, the student is led, step by step, from dynamical geology in Part I, through structural geology in Part II, to the consideration of historical geology in Part III. He is trained to observe, compare, classify and describe by the study of geological phenomena occurring and geological agencies at work now on every side, and in the most familiar things.

The book is gotten up in a very at-

tractive manner, the print being clear and the text well illustrated by maps, pictures and diagrams.

E. S. Pitkin, '99.

“Commissioner Hume,” a story of New York schools, by C. W. Bardeen. Standard Teachers’ Library, No. 63, January, 1899. 16mo. 210 pp. Manila. 50 cts. Cloth. \$1.25. C. W. Bardeen, publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

What has been so deservedly said of Mr. Bardeen’s “Roderick Hume,” is also perfectly fitting for this little volume, its sequel. The book is intensely interesting and in no less degree instructive. In the preface, Mr. Bardeen says: “Whatever value it may have probably consists mainly in its description of rural New York schools in 1875. The picture it gives may be relied upon as accurate. The commissioners’ convention might be repeated in every detail at the nomination of commissioners next year. In the

licensing of teachers an entire change has taken place, so that some of the incidents here given represent a state of things unknown to the present generation. The volume is, therefore, offered to the public as a contribution to educational history."

Bird lovers will be interested in the new bi-monthly magazine, *Bird-Lore*, which is published by the Macmillan Company, and edited by Frank M. Chapman. The prospectus of this journal names among its contributors for 1899, John Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Olive Thorne Miller, Florence A. Merriam, Mabel Osgood Wright and Annie Trumbull Slosson; and the first number, just issued, contains articles by Mr. Burroughs, Miss Merriam and others well calculated to attract the rapidly growing number of bird students.

"American Elementary Arithmetic," by M. A. Bailey, A. M., professor of mathematics in the Kansas State Normal School. Published by the American Book Company.

This book is divided into two parts: Part first for primary classes; part second for the three succeeding grades.

The first nineteen pages are devoted to the development of mathematical conceptions in the order in which they arise in the consciousness of the child. Mathematical judgments, relations, etc., without specific regard to number, are emphasized. The first lesson develops the idea of "one or more than one," by questions based on pictures. Then follows a lesson on "how many," by objects, with such questions as "Hold up as many fingers as there are dolls on the chair." The next step is: "How many?" by words, and the next, "How many?" by symbols, then the ideas of "how much," "how

much larger," "how many times," "how many times as large," "what part" and "what order." The author designed this introductory work to be developed inductively, to be presented step by step, thus forming a habit of clear mathematical thinking.

The illustrations are simple and pleasing and have educative value. Every subject is presented twice; first in the language of pictures, and second in the particular form of printed words which instruct the children to perform the same operation as is shown in the picture.

"Primary Arithmetic." Number studies for second, third and fourth grades, by A. R. Hornbrook, A. M., teacher of public schools in Evansville, Ind. Publishers, American Book Company.

As a preparation for the use of this book, the child should realize the meaning of first ten number names, know the combinations within ten, and be able to count to 100.

The order of presentation of numbers in this book is different from that ordinarily followed, being governed by the decimal system. Ten and its multiples is taught first, and then the table of twos, followed by their relative facts in addition and subtraction. Work in denominate numbers and fractions is continued throughout. Objective work in feet and yards is given with the multiples of three; quarts and gallons with the smaller multiples of four, and fractions in connection with simple geometric forms, leading to the recognition of ratio. The book is of value to the teacher for its selection of those processes suitable to the child mind, without forcing a knowledge of principles. The child is led to construct, observe, report, remember and reason in simple inferences. Special features are

the diagrams called "number tables," the frequent use of squares and triangles, and the emphasis of the ratio system, combined into a book showing great variety of matter.

F.

"Educational Creeds of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Ossian H. Lang. Published by E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York.

This volume arose from letters sent by the editor of the *School Journal* to a number of well-known students of the philosophy of education, asking them to furnish for publication brief but comprehensive statements of the educational ideals and plans upon whose application they based their hopes for the future of American civilization. The replies attracted much attention when they appeared, and are now, after careful revision, collected in book form. Among those represented are Com. W. T. Harris, Dr. John Dewey, Col. Parker, Inspector Hughes, W. N. Hailmann, Dr. Levi Seeley, Supt. L. H. Jones, John S. Clark and E. W. Scripture. Statements of the educational principles of Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel and Reneke are added, making an interesting and valuable body of educational doctrine.

"Outdoor Studies." Am. Book Co.

All children are interested in what they see about them in their country walks. To such as have had some experience and cultivated their observation, Mr. James M. Needham offers this book, which seeks to disclose and explain to them many of the beauties and curiosities they may see and think about. The chipmunks, the willow galls and the dragon flies are among those which are described in clear and comprehensive language, affording great interest and educative value.

The feature of illustrating by new cuts, placed close to the matter they explain, is one of great merit, and makes it a volume sure to be a favorite with the child. The teacher will find in the index a list of scientific names corresponding to numbers in the text.

Books to be published soon by The Macmillan Company:

A series of four *Child-Life Readers*, by Etta Austin Blaisdell, supervisor of schools, Brockton, Mass., will be published at an early date by the Macmillan Company. Each volume will be profusely illustrated in line and color. The scope and contents of the series may be gathered by the titles, which are: I. *Child Life*. II. *Child Life in Tale and Fable*. III. *Child Life in Many Lands*. IV. *Child Life in History*.

"Three Studies in Literature," by Lewis Edwards Gates, assistant professor of English in Harvard University, is the title of a book which will be published early this month by the Macmillan Company. The three essays treat of three prose writers of the present century, Francis Jeffrey, Cardinal Newman and Matthew Arnold.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan" will be published in a very short time by the Macmillan Company, in two volumes, with several hundred beautiful illustrations. As the wife of the British minister to Japan, the author had exceptional opportunities to observe the people and their customs, and had access to sources of information which she has been enabled to use in a very fascinating way. The illustrations alone, and there are several hundred of them, would make the book a work of the highest value to all who are interested in Japan and her people.

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