

THE
Normal College Echo

VOL. I

ALBANY, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1892

No. 2

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ALBANY, N. Y.

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VOL. 1

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THE
NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

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

Board of Editors.

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

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

Press of Brandow Printing Company, Albany, N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1892.

VACATION is past. College has opened. The time for work, for thought and for study has already come. The cycle of time has brought another year before us. The rest, the pleasures of the summer have fitted us to take up our work anew. They have prepared us for the enjoyments and benefits which are derived from the instruction received and the application of our minds for the gaining of knowledge. In a great measure the year will be what we resolve it shall be. The results will depend far more than we realize upon the persistency and determination with which we endeavor to carry out our plans.

Joy and happiness beamed from the countenances of all as greetings were extended to each other at the opening of college. It was an indication that pleasure was felt at meeting, that the anticipations of vacation had been fully realized, that readiness for school duties was felt by all. There is an enjoyment which comes from the associations in college life which is most delightful. This is experienced and manifested by the greater number of students; so our expressions are but a natural consequence after a period of separation.

We miss the many familiar faces of last year's graduates. Ere this number of the ECHO reaches them they will be filling their various positions in the different parts of the state. The excellent record the class made in recitations and in teaching is, in itself, a guaranty of the success with which they will meet in the year to come. We understand a large number of the class have secured very desirable positions. We feel assured they will bring honor and credit to our institution. The ECHO wishes them a hearty and cordial God-speed.

There are about eighty students in the entering class. Among this number are seven who are graduates from different colleges and universities. Ten are taking the kindergarten course; twenty-five the classical, and thirty-five the English. This shows a decided increase, in proportion to the number of students, in the classical department over last year. The ECHO extends greeting to the class

individually and collectively and hopes their connection with the college may, in every respect, be pleasant and enjoyable. We desire them to become interested in our paper and invite them to send in literary articles or any items of interest for publication.

The celerity of the registration of the entering students and consultation with the others; the rapidity with which the classes were formed and work begun, show what can be accomplished under well directed, methodical planning and guidance. The order with which recitations were carried on the day after the opening of college was quite marked. This should teach us the desirability of good executive ability in the school room, so that unnecessary time may not be wasted at the beginning of each term and year in the classifying of students and arrangement of classes.

We hope the students will bear in mind that as the success of our paper, from a financial standpoint, depends largely upon the advertisements, they should trade with those firms whose business cards are found within our covers. It is only in this way that our advertising columns can be kept filled. Already some of the business houses have noted an increase of trade from the students. We hope this will continue.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS died at his home in Staten Island on the thirty-first day of August, 1892. Because of the influence which he wielded in American literature and politics, his death called forth an unbroken chorus of appreciation throughout the United States.

The conspicuous characteristic of Mr. Curtis' spoken, as of his written style was grace—grace and fastidious refinement. The culture of Mr. Curtis was evident in every sentence that he wrote or uttered in public or private. He was universally recognized as the highest

type of American citizenship. He never spoke without having something to say and he never spoke without impressing his hearers with the consciousness that behind and above the orator, who was such a master of his art, there was the self-respectful gentleman. His conscience was as scrupulous as his taste was fastidious. It was the ideal behavior that he strove for, and that he attained.

His death removes a fascinating personality and closes the record of a blameless life. He was gifted with insight to read, and with genius to tell the secrets of Nature's heart and of the heart of the humanity that he loved, that loves him, and will keep his name and fame forever enshrined in literature.

THE IMAGINATIVE IN LITERATURE.

"Hi! diddle-diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such a sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

SO lisp the baby voices of a little boy and wee girl as they sit out in the moonlight, on the old doorstep, in that favored after supper hour. To the little mind that every day discovers a hundred new things, there is no absurdity in a cat in a fiddle. There she sits, picking at the strings with her claws, and now, yes, just this minute, as a dark cloud floats over the night's bright disk, they are sure 'tis the cow jumping over the moon. Old Towser as surely throws back his head and "laughs to see such a sport;" and the dish—why, that is the old flowing blue gravy boat of grandmother's so carefully kept on the top shelf of the china closet, for that has four real legs and a twist in the handle just to hold the spoon; and when no one is looking but the children, it grasps the spoon, takes to its china heels, and dashes away, with the laughing dog in full pursuit, and both run afool of the jumping cow and are lost forever in a hole in the moon. At the close of this exciting chase comes mother to carry the babes to bed, and as she tucks them into the crib, fancy still fills

the little brains, changing only to the finer picture as she sings—

“The big stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs above,
And the white moon shepherd is watching in love,
Sleep, baby, sleep.”

A year or two more and the children are going to school. Now, through wise teacher and wise mother, they make the acquaintance of Little Red Riding Hood and Jack of bean-stalk fame. With a red shawl draped about her and mother's market basket on her arm, Mary goes through the woods to grandmother's, and it makes no difference in the reality that the woods are only currant bushes and “grandmother's,” a house of corn-stalks in the corner of the garden. Any vine-grown tree answers Jack for a bean-stalk and the giant at the top is dispatched with a pocket-knife.

A boy, taller grown, lies at full length in the broad window seat, head supported in his hands and a book before him which catches the last light of the setting sun. Eking out the fading light by the glow of the hearth sits a girl also engrossed in a book. Useless, quite useless, to speak to either; they cannot hear. They are present only in seeming. In truth, he wanders alone on a far-off island, which no foot but his has ever trod, and now, only just now, has discovered the footprint in the sand and will not rest till Friday himself is found and rescued. She wanders with “Alice in Wonderland,” and together they search for the white queen and think to find her behind every rose and lily.

A youth and maiden grown, but still fancy holds its sway. “Robinson Crusoe” long since escaped from the island and now our youth follows the Spy, with a pack on his back, into the British lines and back unharmed to his fortress in the Catskills. Our maiden dwells for the hour in great London with Little Nell, knows all the curios in her grandfather's shop and finally follows her through the fair country side to weep at last as she is laid to

rest under the flowers that were such a strange delight to her.

Now merging into manhood and womanhood the whole realm of books is theirs. Boccaccio, Dante, Shakespere, Milton, Thackeray, Hawthorne; the great imaginations of all lands and all ages cast their fancies before them, and these never pale. He, when a man of business, comes wearied at night to find rest and forget care in following the fortunes of the “Merchant of Venice” or wandering with “Virgil” in lower shades. She, at the end of the day, rehearses the marvelous tales to the boys and girls growing up about her in the same sweet ways of fancy which she trod.

Again the setting sun casts its level beams over the scene; but 'tis the setting sun of life. In the chimney corner, bent with age and crowned with its white glory, we see the last of these whose happy lives we've traced. More than ever dwells the mind on things unseen, “and the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass,” and gently glide the lives into the beyond where the imagined becomes the real and larger fancies fill the larger mind.

Whatever is introduced into the school curriculum or eliminated therefrom, reading is there first, last and always. And whatever may or may not be used after leaving school, reading will never be laid aside. People who learn to read will read. Shall the schools teach what to read and so make possible such lives as have just been sketched, or shall they teach simply how and leave the what to uncultivated individual taste? What such taste is likely to be is disclosed by an examination of the books at any news-stand. There are those who assert that the printing press is a curse rather than a blessing; that the Bible and wholesome books published are far outnumbered by those of pernicious influence. Whether or no this be true, the fact that so much literary trash is produced and read simply shows the

demand of the human mind for the imaginative, the natural yearning for something outside the common surroundings; for the new, the novel, the unreal even. To make it impossible for this yearning to be satisfied with husks, to so feed it with true food that it may never even know the taste of the husks, is one of the possibilities of a teacher. The cultivation of good literary taste has long been supposed to be the business of the high school and college, if indeed it has really been considered the chief business of any school, but it were as sensible to begin to care for the physical body at fifteen or twenty and expect any right development. To begin this cultivation with the first reading, where it certainly must be begun to be effective, means a change in the class of reading matter provided in most schools even yet. The fairy tale, the fable and story must take the place of the "I go up," "You go down" primers, and be followed by the novel, the narrative and dramatic in prose and verse. And much more time must be allotted to reading in the higher grades than is at present accorded. But, it may be argued, there is enough that is true to be learned without children wasting their time over fairy tale and poetry. This arises from a misapprehension of what is true, a confounding of true things and facts. Facts may be full of the worst falsity, may be wholly and only evil. The great city dailies, full of fact, exemplify this. Fiction is not fact but it may be more than fact, that is truth. Not true in incident; it is true in what it teaches. * * *

It is the romance of history that really holds us, not the fact of it. We have enough of the commonplace. Fiction presents the ideal; more than that, it makes us see the ideal in the commonplace and the ideal becomes real. Which to us is the living, breathing woman, which holds in our minds a living place, Romola or Ann Hutchinson? And, so far as our lives and living are concerned, are not Ivanhoe and Ellen, Hamlet and Portia, Evan-

geline and Rip Van Winkle, more real personages than the hundred people we meet on the street every day of whom we never thought before nor will again? It is this very reality that gives mere creations of the imagination influence on life and thought, and for this reason it becomes an easy channel through which to teach much that is high and noble and good in character and manner. We are all imitative by nature and children especially so. * * * Children are so thoroughly a part of the story that interests them that unconsciously they imitate the manner, thought and speech of their heroes. Wise teachers take advantage of this and so find an easy solution to the problem: "How shall we teach manners and morals in school?" True it is that fiction portrays with equal fairness the evil and the good; but it is the peculiar gift of the writer—since he can expose the motives and the heart—to make only the good truly admirable. Children make no mistakes in this. They are often clearer sighted than their elders. Little by little they attain the refinement of their ideals. The child who knows and loves the little hero of "A Story of a Short Life" and comes to appreciate and understand the struggle of the helpless little invalid to be worthy *just to see* a Victoria cross has learned more of true courage than as though he could describe a hundred battles. But he must know the hundred battles, he must know history, and there is no easier or surer way of interesting child or adult in history than by means of story. Literature and history are inseparable. One supplements the other. History presents the facts of nations; literature supplies the life of the people. Literature bases itself upon national life and historical fact, history supplies the facts in full. * * * Romance throws its fascinations around historic personages and reveals just a glimpse of their lives. We are not satisfied until history has told us all there is to tell concerning them. * * *

Religion has always produced books. It is

almost as closely interwoven with literature as is history. The student of general literature gains a broad comparative idea of all religions and sees God as the foundation, recognized or unrecognized, of all that is true in any religion. Through nature we come to see nature's God, but many would never discover Him there without the guiding aid of books. To read many such works as "The Vision of Sir Launfal" or "What's Mine's Mine," is to be brought so close to nature that the throb of the great God-heart of the universe is felt in the tiniest green growing thing.

But admitting that the story and the poem will aid in all these lines, is it worth while? is it practical? This is the great cry of the present day. The school must teach only what is practical, and the practical, to ninety-nine people out of every hundred, means that which will bring in dollars and cents. We almost wish we might say, "No, such education will never bring in a penny, but it will give something better," It *will* give the better thing, but it is quite likely also to bring in the desirable penny, say rather the pound, since brains not hands make fortunes. It is brain power and not hand skill that is the practical thing. It is the man who can carry a railroad system in his brain who commands fifty thousand a year, not the man who can run the engine or do the office work. It is slowly coming to be acknowledged that literature and history cultivate better reasoning powers and judgment than mathematics, develop more general intelligence and common sense than much that has long been considered practical. A knowledge of men and a keen perception of character are invaluable in business and social life, and the habit of studying character is *gained largely from character study in books*. "Middlemarch" and kindred books can not but form this habit to some degree *in the reader*.

But the higher good which the love and appreciation of the best literature will bring is happiness, and happiness is the most practical thing in the world,—the one thing always

and unflinching practical, which can be put to use at once and continually for one's self and the world,—the thing to obtain which all other so-called practical things are desired. The man or woman who has learned to find pleasure in good books has an unflinching source of happiness, for "of making of many books there is no end," and were there an end to-day there is enough of the good, the true, the beautiful already embodied in books to outlast the longest lifetime of study. He who can get the most happiness out of life and put the most happiness into life is the eminently practical man.

While the ability to do this is largely within the reach of all, the teacher has especial opportunity to carry this theory into practice, to open up many avenues of happiness to secure the result so much to be desired.

HARRIETT W. SHARPE.

A NORMAL GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

(Evening of Sept. 7.)

I.

WELL, back again to this dull round of toil—
A strife for tens which more times wins zeroes,
E'en though I often burn the midnight oil
And seldom think of my vacation heroes.

II.

Those happy, happy days, alas, are o'er ;—
Those drives and walks, that dance, those tennis
"rackets,"
These college chaps! Humph, what a dreadful
bore!
As well be in a nest of yellow jackets.

III.

And now I'm told that I—that I must teach,—
Teach in the model school, abomination!
I'd sooner study Algebra or Greek ;—
I wonder how I'll look at graduation.

IV.

And shall I read? Ah, grand anticipation!
If so, I'd be as happy as a linnet;
If not, why then there's one sweet consolation,
That is, 'tis sure the boys they won't "be in it."

V.

How time does fly! I know I feel no older
Than last year when the register was passed,—
I wonder if she knows the fibs I've told her,—
I'm glad the one to-day will be the last.

VI.

But now these days of toil are nearly done,—
 For two long years in Albany I've tarried;—
 And shall I—must I teach in years to come?
 Well, yes, that is, if I— if I ———.

C. A. WOODWARD.

THE following poem was written for the
 Delta Omega closing last June and read
 at that time by the author.

FAREWELL.

(June 15, 1892.)

I.

And what is so sad as a last farewell,
 Spoken with sighs, perchance with tears?
 Better, perhaps, were its mournful sound
 Ne'er uttered to echo thro' coming years.

II.

And yet were dear friends to steal away
 With never so much as a parting word,
 Our hearts would yearn full many a day
 For the tender message still unheard.

III.

But parting tho' sad, is sorrow so sweet
 When hearts are bound with friendship's tie,
 We could wish that Time had leaden feet,
 While we were bidding this last good-bye.

IV.

So long as our life shall be what it is,
 There must ever be those who come, who go,
 And we who are leaving you, sisters dear,
 A sacred trust upon you bestow.

V.

It seems as we glance o'er the college year
 And take of its scenes a brief survey,
 The memories held by us all most dear
 Are clustered around "Society Day."

VI.

Those golden hours we can never forget,
 When, casting away all sense of care,
 As a loyal sisterhood we met,
 The pleasures of the hour to share.

VII.

And thus upon you who again return
 Does the fate of Delta Omega rest;
 That from this charge you will never turn,
 We little doubt who know you best.

VIII.

And when in your turn you shall bid adieu
 To the Delta Omega, we only pray
 The sisters you leave be as loyal and true
 As those with whom we part to-day.

IX.

But why should we grieve as we say farewell?
 We are still united by love's strong tie,
 And for Delta Omega our hearts shall beat,
 Long after we bid you our last good-bye.

LUCY F. CORNELL.

OUR COLLEGE DAYS.

(*Rondeau.*)

OUR college days, how swift they fly,
 Like clouds across a summer sky,
 We scarce have entered ere we go
 From the familiar scenes we know,
 The fortunes of the world to try.
 So throughout life as oft we sigh
 For the old days now long gone by.
 Ah! would that more of life were so.
 Our college days.

Joys which all care and grief defy,
 Friendships bound fast by many a tie.
 E'en though our locks be white as snow
 And cheeks have lost their youthful glow,
 We'll sing thy praises till we die.
 Our college days.

— *Bowdoin Orient.*

ECHOES.

"THERE was lost, mislaid, or stolen,
 A pocket-book, pen knife, or key.
 By returning each one to the owner
 You'll be gratefully thanked," do you see?

Well now, if these careless people
 Would advertise at the same time
 For the wits they lost in the losing,
 No cause would there be for this rhyme.

An unusually large number of visitors have
 been seen at the college this fall which gives evi-
 dence of the growing importance of our insti-
 tution.

Professor Jones was not seen in his accus-
 tomed place Friday, September 23.

The fame of our institution is not only
 being spread throughout the Empire state, but

reaches even across the ocean, for we notice among the new students this fall one from our sister republic.

Among the ingenious students of this college may be mentioned Mr. James R. White, made evident by a model recently prepared by him and used in his work in the physical geography method class, representing a glacier in all its stages. We hope every student may see it.

Professor Wetmore has arranged a series of very interesting and profitable subjects for discussion in the Sanitary Science class.

There is an unusually large number in the High School Department this term.

Quite a large number of students are taking methods in French under Miss Hannahs.

The rooms of the grammar and primary departments have new seats throughout, adding much to comfort and appearance.

For the next issue of the ECHO, each student ought to have some contribution to instruct or amuse its readers.

It is thought by some that the singing, mornings in chapel, by students is much superior to that of the past few years.

The commencement last June of the college was highly commended by the press of this city, and each year a greater interest in our institution is manifested by the citizens of Albany. The high literary merit of the essays was commendable. In this issue, through the kindness of one of the *readers*, we are permitted to publish her production.

We notice visitors are much interested in examining the pictures found upon the walls of the various rooms.

We recall with regret the death of Miss Cora Wilkie, of Glens Falls, who was a member of the June class of '92. Miss Wilkie was a diligent, conscientious student and was held in high esteem by her classmates.

To her friends we extend our most sincere sympathies in their bereavement.

Mr. Bradley, a member of the college last year, died at his home last June.

Our next issue will contain, as far as possible, the names of the June graduates and where they are located.

This issue of the ECHO will be sent to the alumni of this institution, so far as known, as a sample of what this periodical will be. We hope to get a general response from the alumni, which will prove that they are interested in their *alma mater* and are ready and anxious to note its advancement.

Miss Julia P. Hall, a member of the board of editors, has not been able to return to college this year on account of illness. Her many friends hope she will soon be in her accustomed place.

The class in methods in Elocution, which commenced work just after the death of John G. Whittier, laid aside Monday, September 12, for special exercises in his honor. The regular order of work was dispensed with, and the period was devoted to readings including sketches of the poet's life and selections from his various poems. An interesting discussion, which followed, served to bring into prominence some of the pleasing characteristics as well as the true patriotism of the Quaker poet, whose love for his native soil forbade his ever leaving it long enough to know

"How in other lands, the changing seasons come and go,"
until called to leave it forever.

Nelson Boucher, a graduate of the first class of the Albany Normal school, is a retired farmer at Boston Corners, Dutchess county, N. Y.

There is a growing wonder by the city folk at the erudition of the average Normal student.

At the meeting of the Quicksilver Reading Circle, held September 21, the subject under discussion was Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." Each of the eight historical or mythological characters alluded to in the poem was searched for, determined upon and discussed by individual members of the class. The director, Mrs. Mooney, kept before the circle the faultless and expressive language used by the poet.

President Milne attended the State Commissioners' Association at Watertown, Wednesday, September 14.

Mrs. Sara Bliss is to discuss the subject of Geography with the teachers of Washington county at their Institute Wednesday, September 28.

Many of us, in connection with the relating of the good times enjoyed during the summer, are enabled to tell of the number of pounds avoirdupois procured and added to our stock in trade.

We have just received copies of *The Alfred University*, an interesting paper published by the trustees of Alfred university in the interests of the institution. We note Miss Maxon's name under the faculty as professor in the normal and preparatory schools.

Miss Anna Brett and Miss Alice H. Hall have been elected by the board of editors to fill the places of Miss Alice M. Gilliland, A. B., and Miss Elayne B. Garrett, who graduated last June.

The class in methods in Physical Geography is greatly absorbed in the consideration of the Nebular theory, erosion and glaciers, in their relation to the appearance of the earth surface.

Teachers are noted for stubbornness, perhaps because they are so full of facts—"facts are stubborn things."

GRADUATES DECEASED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

JOSEPH H. PALMER, '47, suddenly at Yonkers, N. Y., June 27. He taught mathematics in the College of the City of New York from 1850 to 1870; afterwards was school commissioner for one term.

Tunis S. Quackenbush, '48, at Newburgh, N. Y., September 15. After graduating he labored successfully to secure uniform textbooks in the schools of the state. For a number of years he was a member of the school book publishing firm of Ivison, Phinney & Co., of New York. He gave largely to benevolent objects and at his death was a "wealthy retired merchant."

Isaac W. Lake, '56, at Ausable Forks, August . He was teacher of arithmetic and penmanship in the State Normal school 1859-1862, resigning to engage in business.

THE resolutions adopted at Saratoga as summing up the feeling of the National Educational Association are broad and progressive. These resolutions urge the employment of trained professional teachers only; the increase of facilities for the study of pedagogy; oral instruction in elementary sciences; the teaching of free hand drawing and of manual and physical culture; they endorse the kindergarten; emphasize the need of moral training; dwell upon the importance of coördinating the graded school systems; urge the definite teaching of the principles of patriotism and good citizenship and condemn cramming.—*The Christian Union*.

The precocious boy had just been inducted into the mystery of double letters such as double *o*, double *e*, etc., when he came upon the following sentence in his first reader: "Up, up, John, and see the sun rise." What was more natural than that he should proudly read it: "Double up, John, and see the sun rise."

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

SENATOR STANFORD seems determined to advance the new Leland Stanford, Jr., university in California to the front rank of American institutions. It has recently come to light that he has given \$125,000 to the support and education, through the four years' course, of any one hundred students, who are too poor to pay their own way. To young men anxious for a higher education, this presents one of the finest opportunities ever offered, and for that reason is one of the noblest charities recorded in recent years.

The Drexel institute of Philadelphia has received G. W. Childs' entire collection of rare books, autographs and manuscripts. The collection is valued at \$100,000, and includes the original manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."

Dr. M. W. Stryker, of Chicago, has accepted the presidency of Hamilton college much to the delight of the trustees, alumni and friends of that institution. Dr. Stryker is the pastor of a leading Presbyterian church in Chicago and receives a salary much larger than that offered by the college.

David Starr Jordan, a graduate of Cornell, who worked his way through college by hard, constant, untiring labor outside of school hours, is the president of the Stanford university. His salary is \$15,000 a year, the largest paid to any college president in the United States.

It is announced that Miss Amelia B. Edwards left almost the whole of her property to found a professorship of Egyptology, under certain conditions, at University college, London. It is believed that the value of the chair will amount to about \$2,000 a year.

The University of Mexico lays claim to being the oldest college in America. It is fifty years older than Harvard.

Of the last class at Wellesley eleven return to Wellesley or go to other colleges to

pursue special studies. These will take up the study of social problems in connection with college settlements in cities. Three go to foreign mission fields, two will enter journalism, one medicine and one philanthropy. Three go to Europe for study, eight will teach, and one goes west to take charge of a ranch.

Yale now has six United States senators, viz.: Evarts, Dawes, Gibson, Wolcott, Higgins and Dubois.

THE SOCIETY.

THE Quicksilver Reading Circle held its first meeting last Wednesday. The following officers were elected: President, James Robert White; vice-president, Miss Mary Dugan; secretary and instructor, Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney; assistant secretary, W. S. Coleman; treasurer, Miss Mattie A. Hunt. Mrs. Mooney has already planned a very interesting course for the ensuing term.

Prof. Bartlett is deserving of a large share of the praise for the music of the Phi Delta's closing, for which we hear so much praise, as he gave them the benefit of his exceptional talent in this direction, by acting as instructor of the male quartette.

The Delta Omega Society met Friday, Sept. 16, for the first time this year. The number of members present has greatly decreased since the society was so well represented in the June graduating class. So many, however, have already applied for membership, that it will doubtless soon assume its old flourishing proportions. Miss Julia Hall still holds her position as president of the society.

The Philomathean Society has commenced its regular work. This is a literary society composed of young ladies of the college who meet every Friday for the purpose of instruction and entertainment. The Philomathean is the oldest young ladies' society in the college, having been organized more than twenty years ago. The president of the society is

Miss Mary Dugan. Young ladies of the college, not members of other societies in the college, are cordially invited to become members.

The closing of the ladies' societies of the past June was notably different from that of February, nevertheless their entertainments were no less pleasing but showed greater intellectual effort.

The Phi Delta Fraternity lost only three members by graduation last June, therefore it opens strong in old members and the ardour is undiminished as of old.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MEMBERS of the Delta Omega Society extend a cordial invitation to the faculty and students of the college to attend a literary entertainment which is to be given by them Friday p. m., October 6, in the college chapel.

The benefit derived in the past from the association known as the students' prayer meeting, has encouraged its members to continue it this year. This meeting is held every Sunday at 4 p. m. at the college. It is earnestly requested that all students give this association their support by their regular attendance.

The Phi Delta Fraternity meets each Friday evening in their rooms on the first floor for the purpose of literary culture. Its meetings are secret and number of members restricted, but applications for membership are gladly received.

"He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection.

"He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts.

"He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career.

"And he is greatest who does the most of all these things and does them best."—*Roswell D. Hitchcock, Christian Union.*

"The California Snow plant is so called because it thrusts its stem up through the snow to the height of nine or ten inches, and flowers when no other vegetation is to be seen. This curious plant which belongs to the order Ericaceae, is allied to the pine drops, but has much larger flowers, an elongated style and wingless seeds. There is but one species, which is an erect herbaceous parasite, with succulent, scale-like leaves, and a long raceme of pendulous flowers. The whole plant is of a blood-red color."—*Woonsocket High School Record.*

"About 1887 a horse shoe was found under the ice of the glacier Theodul, in Switzerland, which leads geologists to think that the pass, 3,332 metres high, was formerly not imbedded in ice. This has been further confirmed by a recent find of coins bearing the likeness of Augustus and Diocletian."—*Woonsocket High School Record.*

"A promising youth of only seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father: 'Father, did you used to lie when you were a boy?' 'No, my son,' said the father, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness. 'Nor mother, either?' 'No; but why?' 'Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy who tells as many as I do.'"

A CLINCHER.

"A young man home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said:

"'Sis, do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than the whole world.'

"'No, 'tain't,' said Sis.

"'Yes, it is,' declared the young collegian.


"'Then why don't it keep off the rain?' was the triumphant rejoinder."

*Time and the seasons change, fashions and styles
come and go, but one thing, like Tennyson's
"brook," "goes on forever."*

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FANCIES.

“NO wonder we poor weak mortals are sometimes sinful when the heavenly bodies exhibit such bad habits.”

“I don't quite see—”

“Well, it's perfectly plain that they have high times up there—the moon is quite often full, and even the little stars scintillate (sintil-late).”

It would be dangerous taking a trip to Europe just now for the cholera would be pretty apt to collar a fellow.

Prof. (in physics)—“Oscar, if an irresistible force should come in contact with an immovable body what would happen?”

Oscar (perplexed)—“Why, the—the irresistible force would have to go around, that's all.”

NOT AN UNCOMMON CASE.

“You are writing poetry for the papers now, I believe.”

“I write poetry, but not for the papers.”

“Why not for the papers?”

“Because the papers won't take it.”

“Nonsense, Mr. —.”

“It's really too bad.”

“What's too bad?”

“Why the girls—they can't go home to vote.”

“I find that sending a contribution to a publisher is a good deal like casting bread upon the water.”

“Why, how is that?”

“It always comes back.”

A minister dining with an editor and observing the scant table, asked a blessing as follows: “Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive, and strengthen us to journey homeward after we have received it.”

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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