

# THE Normal College Echo

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### TO MY DEAR.

LOVE'S day has come, but love came long ago,  
 He stole into my heart ere I could know  
 That he was there.  
 And now I send him forth that he may tell,  
 How I have loved you long and loved you well  
 In joy and care.  
 With this he carries, sweet, to you my heart,  
 And asks in tenderest tones if you will part  
 With yours for me.  
 Do not deny, nor fear to trust me ever,  
 So deep and true not death itself can sever  
 My love shall be.

February 14.

— H. MARIA HENRY.

### A LINE OF THOUGHT.

[JULIA HALL.]

IN these days of professional training, every reader is familiar with the statement, "The child's nature is three fold—physical, moral, and mental." At a recent meeting of teachers, a speaker asked that the association might be spared an unnecessary repetition of this fundamental truth, and gave as a reason for the request, that in their experience as instructors in training schools for the past year, the "child" had been so long in a theoretically divided state,

that it would take a whole summer's vacation, spent with a family of real boys, to put typical Tom back on his normal, uniform basis.

This truism of the "three fold nature" is advanced as an apology for a consideration of the same division of lines of thought; and a plea that more attention, on the part of every one, shall be given to the most important of the three divisions.

Human thought is naturally given, from birth to death, to objects of sense—to the needs, desires, appetites of the body as affected and gratified by objects of sense. The great mass of mankind rise but little above this stage in thought. The care of the person, the preparation of food, the provision of clothing, the round of daily work, and possibly the attention one gives, outside the regular work of the trade or the profession, to the physical care of one's household—what an enormous proportion of time and of thought must be included in all this work for things that perish with the using. Poverty and want are, in this relation, as debasing as sins; for, with unceasing urgency, they keep the thoughts centered on the gross, animal

nature of man. Riches, in this relation, are thus, if well employed, ministering agencies of blessings. They lift the load of matter that weighs down the spirit. How gladly would we put away all anxious care for the day and for the morrow, would neither toil nor spin, if so the daily needs of the body could be assured.

With these thoughts that pertain to the physical well-being, that come with the morn and do not pass away at night with the sun, there are blended another class of thoughts, or feelings—the emotions that rise in the mind as it is affected by the various objects of sense. Love, hatred, good-will, jealousy, revenge, pity—all these and others, lift the thoughts somewhat above the level of the animal nature. In consequence of occasional surroundings, the emotion may be that of awe, of sublimity; but as it is the nature of an emotion to be but transient, its strength is soon spent, and the thoughts return again to objects of sense and to the desires and the demands of the physical nature.

There is a line of thought which comes as the crown of living. It is attained and retained through effort and by force of will. The thought, then, is not of objects of sense as they affect the physical nature of man; it would, instead, resent their interference. The thought, then, is not of the emotions. It sees the weakness, the vanity, the egotism, the unworthiness of that which, in the main, underlies and gives rise to the emotion. One who can continue in this plane of thought has many of the problems of life and its unrest explained. He is not freed from thoughts of sense, nor from the thoughts which present themselves as emotions, but he places them at their true value. Tastes, odors, sounds, form—whatever is gained by organs of sense; joys, memories, sorrows, hatreds—whatever has disturbed the spirit in its discipline are looked upon as the child's experiences. They are needed for the development of a higher state, which is something more than unreasoning animal or emotional man.

From this higher plane of thought, through the better emotions, and through the animal instincts of maternity, and for the preservation of

the race, the parent, the teacher, the philanthropist, come to the needs of the helpless, the degraded, the weak in intellect. The mother will sacrifice her life for the child. The disciples of Froebel put themselves in the mental attitude of the children—think their thoughts, and by imagination, feel their sensations. The disciples of Bellamy would lift the curses of poverty and competition that hold men down with herds of swine and packs of wolves; that give occasion through wealth and through leisure to the vanity of peacocks and the chatter of magpies.

To a false system of education in the past is due the fact that mankind have been prevented from reaching this higher level of thinking. "As the mother so the man." Here and there has been found one who has passed through the sense plane, through the emotional plane, to the higher level of thought. But the few have been looked upon as though they were to be exceptions, even among men. On the other hand, the emotional level has been considered as the only proper highest level for woman's thought. In the best civilization of the Greeks, woman understood that she must lose the name of a chaste member of society, if she aspired to a higher development than that of the emotional nature. Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, are enough in their very names to frighten woman from any attempt to lift the head above the level of sense and emotion. Dante and Goethe were led by inspiration to see, in dim vision, the dawn which is approaching, when the head and not the heart shall be the guide. The trilogy of Faust, as it was planned, is known to readers generally in only the first of the three experiences—that of the senses. When the mothers of men have learned for themselves, and have taught their children that it is not in sense, it is not in emotion that the human soul must find its rightful dwelling-place, then the better day will have arrived. Then mankind shall free themselves from the Circean spell cast over them by the senses and by the emotions, and shall live on higher level, with purer air, with finer vision.—K. STONE-MAN.

## A NORMAL SEASON.

## AUTUMN.

When the merry summer's over,  
 Back the students come;  
 Great ambitions fill their bosoms,  
 When the work's begun.  
 Forth go they into the forest  
 Various leaves to get,  
 Back they come with not a trophy,  
 And their feet all wet.

## WINTER.

In the silent midnight watches,  
 Where's that Normal maid?  
 Doth she rest on downy couches,  
 The morrow's plans well-laid?  
 No; oh, no; it cannot be thus,  
 She did go to skate!  
 Now to get her work all ready  
 She must sit up late.

## SPRING.

"In the spring the young man's fancy  
 Turns to thoughts of love."  
 'Round the park he flyeth, flyeth,  
 Like a smitten dove,  
 With the girl that he had skating,  
 On the terrace, they're  
 Listening to the band's sweet music  
 In the evening air

## SUMMER.

How the graduates are singing  
 "Pedagogics are we,"  
 Passed—the gathering of sea-shells.  
 Now, they're on "Life's Sea."  
 If they use the methods rightly,  
 Their success is sure.  
 Out they start with note-books plenty,  
 Ignorance to cure.  
 (A Sur dam composition.)

## THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous." In these few words, "the thousand-soul Shakespeare," has aptly expressed the fears which presented themselves to the Roman dictator, Julius Cæsar, at the time when he had succeeded in destroying the liberties of his country. Undismayed but physical fear, he had faced death on one hundred battle-fields. Re-

gardless of the wishes and the rights of his fellow citizens, by a combination of force and fraud, he had arrogated to himself the supreme control of the Roman Republic, and was making his way to the unique position of monarch of the world. And yet he trembled! At what? A successful attempt at revolt against his authority? No, that had been tried and proven a failure. Was it remorse for having sacrificed the lives of countless thousands of his fellow-men? No, for Cæsar had no conscientious scruples against shedding human blood. He feared only the man who thought, and such a man he recognized in Cassius and marked him as an enemy. Although Cæsar was a man of great mental abilities he seems to have regarded thinking men with suspicion and distrust. The student and philosopher were his special objects of aversion. The physical man he defied, but the intellectual man he feared.

Whether or not he ever said the words imputed to him by "the immortal bard of Avon" is immaterial in our consideration of the subject. His actions, certainly, were those of a man who would utter them as an expression of his most earnest convictions; and they were the involuntary tribute of a mighty mind to the power of the human intellect—a power which molds freemen out of serfs, and has always combated tyranny wherever it has been found to exist.

History records for our benefit and instruction the names of those who have been prominent among their fellows as leaders of men. We find, invariably, they were men of thought. Such names as Solon, Cincinnatus, Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, Hampden, Sir Isaac Newton, Shakespeare, Washington, Franklin and Lincoln, forcibly illustrate what has been done by men who have thought, and what can be done by men who think. Of these men Cæsar might have said, "They think too much; such men are dangerous." Such men are dangerous only to those who are opposed to human progress; and we may possibly add, to the mental repose of kings and princes.

J. C., '95.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE "EXAMS."

IT WAS the night before "Exams," when all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The teachers believed that we slumbered in bed;  
But guilt did not smite us, with "Exams" to dread,  
For trusting to luck, for our passing we knew  
Would hasten our departure — our pin-money too.  
Soon out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
We sprang from our chairs to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window we flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;  
When what to our wondering eyes should appear,  
But a band of our "methods," familiar and dear.  
More rapid than eagles, the sketches they came  
And whistled, and shouted, and called us by name.  
"Now Physics! now Latin! now Rhet'ric and Gram-  
mar!

On French! on German! take each a hammer  
To the wide open sash, to the girls standing there!  
Now hurry up, slowpoke, and act like a bear!  
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly  
And, meeting an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So, up to the window the "methods" they blew.  
Our hair stood on end — how we felt we scarce knew.  
And then in a twinkling, we felt we were seized;  
The plans we had murdered, and giv'n as we pleased,  
Were printed in letters we ne'er can forget  
For they covered the walls and the floor like a net.  
As we stopped up our ears, and were turning to flee,  
Down the chimney, Sir Chemistry came like a bee:  
The book of our Homer was flung on his back,  
And our own little "Landmarks" peeped out from his  
pack;

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a smile,  
And he looked as if come to remain there awhile.  
They hailed him with joy, and all crowded round;  
And they chose him commander of us who were bound.  
He said they might do with poor us as they would,  
And us he'd then give as much work as he could.  
They pulled out our hair for the "sketches" not made,  
And told us we'd have not much left to braid.  
We spoke not a word, for our tongues would not go,  
Until in the fire they had tried us to throw.  
And then with some shrieks, we at last got away,  
And woke from our slumbers to find it was day,  
The folk, all aroused by our agonized cries,  
Came flocking about us with numberless "whys?"  
And we heard them exclaim, ere they went back to bed,  
"Plague take the 'exams', may they soon all be dead!"  
F. A. M. '94.

## OUR HISTORY.

## FIRST DECADE.

SIDNEY, N. Y., February 1, 1894.

Editor COLLEGE ECHO:

Your proposition to publish, previous to the next annual commencement and reunion, a series of letters representing the five decades since the establishment of the State Normal School — now the Normal College, and each

letter from an alumnus of the decade represented, can not fail to meet with a hearty welcome, especially from all old graduates.

As I have been solicited for an article on the first decade, I do not feel at liberty to decline, although I would much prefer to read one from an abler pen.

The State of New York has always been in the front rank in relation to her common school system, and many years ago the question was agitated of establishing a Normal or training school for teachers.

In 1843 the matter assumed definite shape, and a bill passed the Legislature authorizing the school, and appropriating \$10,000 toward it.

A large hall was leased on the north side of State street, just below the old Capitol, and in 1844 the school opened with Prof. David P. Page as principal, assisted by a competent corps of teachers from the very commencement; the school was a marked success.

Four years later, an appropriation of \$25,000 was made for a new building, and in 1848 the school was moved to its new quarters, corner of Howard and Lodge streets.

The number of pupils at that time was limited to 256, two from each Assembly district of the State, and pupils were required to procure their appointments from the town superintendent (an office long since abolished) of their place of residence, and represented the county instead of the town in which they resided.

The writer was appointed from Coventry, Chenango county, and entered the sub-senior class, as it was then called, at the commencement of the fourteenth term, in the spring of 1851, was promoted at the close of the term to the senior class, left the school and engaged in teaching the following winter, received a new appointment and attended the sixteenth term, graduating July 8, 1852.

My diploma bears the name of George R. Perkins, Principal; Amos M. Kellogg, Silas T. Bowen, Sumner C. Webb, Truman H. Bowen, James H. Salisbury, John Felt, Jr., Elizabeth C. Hance, Ann Maria Ostrom, as teachers. Henry S. Randall, Superintendent of Common Schools;

T. Romeyn Beck, Gideon Hawley, Chas. S. Austin, Franklin Townsend (Albany), Regents.

But my memory of those teachers is like a benediction.

Prof. Perkins—in the full vigor of manhood—tall and spare, perfectly at home in every thing pertaining to mathematics, from the multiplication table to navigation, astronomy, surveying, logarithms, etc.—the author of a complete series of mathematical text-books. He would at times become so absorbed in his demonstrations of theorems before his class, as to be oblivious to the passage of time. He was, as one might express it, all mathematics, and would occasionally attend the recitations of other classes, become interested, and interrupt the teacher with questions for information that would surprise the class on account of their simplicity.

He had a genial manner, and his jokes were sometimes as dry as the sands of Sahara. We all loved him.

Silas T. Bowen was the embodiment of Chesterfieldian dignity, and was well calculated to instruct in rhetoric and mental and moral philosophy.

Truman H. Bowen was a fine musician—of a delicate, high-strung, nervous temperament, which he always controlled, and always maintained the bearing of a perfect gentleman. Poor fellow! Let the mantle of charity cover from sight, and if possible, from memory, the last rash act of his life.

James H. Salisbury. We can see him now. His brown hair as curly as an African's—an intense worker—an indefatigable student—familiar with the midnight oil—perfectly at home in anatomy, geology and chemistry. The scalpel and the retort were his playthings.

One morning he exhibited to his class a complete skeleton of a turtle, inside its shell, from which he had dissected the flesh, the night before.

Another morning, he exhibited a quantity of pure arsenic, in a hermetically-sealed tube, which he had extracted from the stomach of a lady who died the day before with symptoms that aroused suspicion of foul play, and the Professor was called upon to make an autopsy.

Elizabeth C. Hance was a Quakeress and a magnificent specimen of cultured womanhood. Blonde hair, queenly bearing, and a personal magnetism that at once commanded respect. She had a rare, cultured voice, and her readings and declamation never failed to cause a thrill of pleasure to her listeners. I have never as yet listened to as fine a reader.

It was the custom then for the school to assemble in chapel once in two weeks to listen to the reading by Miss Hance, of selections from the essays of the senior class. It was considered an honor to have one's essay read at that time.

But space will not permit of personal reference to all the members of the faculty.

And what of the alumni of the first decade. Our limits will not allow a personal mention. A large percentage of them are inhabitants of the "Silent City." Some were accorded positions in the faculty of their Alma Mater.

Many engaged in teaching for a life work, while others taught for a few years and then engaged in other professions, or entered the busy arena of trade.

Their record and their history as far as known is preserved in the archives of the school. Of my classmates of the sixteenth term more than half are known to be dead. The remainder are scattered over the United States. Their records have been honorable—a credit to their Alma Mater. Other graduates have filled their vacant places and the noble training college moves right on, gathering wisdom from experience, and abreast with the spirit of the times,—a power for good in the administration of the Empire State and a lasting tribute to the wisdom of its founders.

And now, dear fellow alumni of the first decade, and especially the survivors of the class of '52, I extend a cordial greeting.

We all wear the silvery symbol of age. It is doubtful if we meet again this side of the mystic river that divides the two worlds.

When we meet the supreme moment that we are called upon to exchange worlds, may we have no shuddering fear of a passage through a tunnel of darkness, but "wrap the drapery of our couch about us, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

Yours fraternally,  
T. G. SMITH, '52.

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

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WEED-PARSONS PRINTING COMPANY, - - PRINTERS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HAVE you shaken hands with our new students and given them a hearty welcome?

MANY of our subscribers are carefully laying their ECHOES on file. They will be interesting reading years from now.

INDUCTIVE LATIN AND GREEK.

HERBERT SPENCER affirms that a certain admirable educational system was for a century in the schools of Europe a flat failure because of the inability of teachers to grasp its principles. A representative of the Regents, an officer whose business is to inspect our Regents' schools, tells us that the poorest teaching in Latin and Greek that he finds this year is in the second-year classes that have been "nurtured" on the inductive method. He finds numerous classes that are completely bewildered.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

"HISTORY is but the lengthened shadows of a few great men." The world has ever worshipped heroes. Patriotism, virtue, humanity, draw their inspiration from the lives of

great men. Virtue is a cold, lifeless thing in the abstract. The youthful mind can only be attracted to it through the life of some great hero. So great have been the intellectual endowments of certain great men that they have wielded the destinies of nations and of races. Few men have ever impressed themselves more emphatically upon a great nation than has our own George Washington.

With only moderate abilities he has stamped his lofty character upon a mighty nation. The most valuable heritage he has bequeathed us is the inspiring example he has left our youth. The twenty-second of February is at hand. How shall it be observed? Shall we turn the youth into the streets to frolic the live-long day and to speak lightly the name of George Washington? We protest against the prostitution of the day. We deplore the low ebb of patriotism that lets slip this golden opportunity of teaching virtue and love of country. Let the youth of our land gather into the school-rooms and learn of the patriotism, and the heroism, of the honor of George Washington. While that name lingers lovingly on youthful lips our country shall be happy and safe.

OUR CITY LIFE.

THE advantage of the location of our Normal College in this, the capital city, can not be over-estimated. Though there are many disadvantages attendant upon the situation of an educational institution in a large city, yet coming, as many of us do, from smaller cities and towns, the city life during our course at the college has an educational value peculiar to itself.

During the past months of this school year the students have been enjoying rare treats in the way of concerts, lectures, musicales, and other entertainments, given by the best talent in the land who are not heard outside the larger cities.

The lecture course under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of this city is worthy of mention, and has been up to the high standard attained by that organization. The program which had for its chief attraction Mrs Kate Douglass Wiggin, was one of special interest to those who are friends

of educational work. To those who had never heard the famous Mme Patti, her singing was an event long to be remembered. Many also enjoyed the fine oratorio given by the choir of St Peter's Church on Sunday evening, February 4th, and Tuesday evening, February 6th.

In addition to the privileges of the entertainments we have great opportunities for sight-seeing. The instruction and pleasure derived from a visit to the State Capitol and its departments, the legislative rooms and the State offices, is of value to every intelligent citizen. Here we can see the order of procedure, and the method of work followed by legislative assemblages.

The churches of the city are among the best in the State, not only in beauty and elegance of structure, but the church exercises themselves are equal to the best to be found.

This city contains the Dudley Observatory, one of the finest in the land, and the State exhibit of geological and zoological specimens, and agricultural implements and productions.

Taking the matter as a whole we find that we could select no better place in which to place our pleasant institution.

#### A MAN OR A BOOK-WORM.

IF we expect to secure success in our chosen profession we must submit to three conditions: We must have a masterly grasp of the subjects we teach; we must have superior methods of presentation; we must have social qualities that will win the confidence and respect of the community in which we live.

Success as judged by the position a teacher holds, as viewed by the eyes of the world, depends more upon the last condition than upon the other two. Yet there are scores of our teachers who

“Work — work — work,  
Till the brain begins to swim,  
Work — work — work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!”

over facts and methods, shutting themselves in from the world. They deliberately defy the first condition of success. And fail they must and should.

Mental gymnastics is not education. A training that does not prepare our boys and girls to meet gracefully and cordially people on the street and in the drawing-room is not education. It does not furnish them with the tools with which they can carve out a successful career.

“Yes; but facts and methods cover examinations and secure a diploma. We are not examined on our social qualities.” True: An examination to ascertain our social training would be folly. A school-board trusts to our diploma for our facts and methods, but a glance of their eye decides whether they want us or not. You will find them men of the world, not book-worms. They are not looking for walking encyclopedias. They are looking for men and women, men and women who can walk confidently up and ring the door-bell, who can walk gracefully across the drawing-room, who can meet the world with a warm handshake, a smile from the heart, and a cheery “Good morning!”

We are very glad that among us that class of students is very small which takes little interest in college affairs, absents itself from college prayer-meeting, fails to attend our receptions, shuts itself in from college life. Any student who neglects this part of his education here will neglect these duties when he goes out into the world and all his book-knowledge can not save him from failure.

We may fill our literary and editorial departments with the most valuable facts, with the choicest thoughts and the most glowing rhetoric; but for the average reader the “news” columns will always be the most attractive. We trust our alumni will recognize this fact and send us in all the “news” concerning themselves and their friends that will be of general interest to our readers.

#### MY UMBRELLA.

It is lost, and borrowed and gone,  
That bran new umbrella of mine.  
He took it one night from the rack,  
One night when the stars did shine.  
I sit, and wonder, and think  
Will it e'er see its owner once more,  
Will it e'er return to the rack  
When this dull Lending season is o'er?  
—[Harvard Lampoon.

## SOME THOUGHTS FOR SOME DAYS.

“IT isn't the things we do, dear,  
 It's the things we leave undone,  
 That gives us the bit of headache  
 At the setting of the sun.’

I wonder how many in the busy whirl of college life, each day packed so full of opportunities and work, stop and think just what each hour brings, just how at the end of each day they are better equipped, not only for battling with the world, but with that self, who is greater than the world, recognizing that they are the epitome of the Universe, the center of a circle influencing those who come within the radii of their lives.

The sum of the greatness of man's life is — failure. It may be failure in his ability to grasp the principles of that which he is striving for; or, it may be circumstances controlling actions over which he has no control. From one comes a strength born of the knowledge he already possesses — guiding him to future work on a larger scale and more comprehensive, and from the other comes a compensation — always — which opens up avenues, hitherto unthought of, and perhaps unexplored. It is not what he has done, but that which he hasn't, which teaches him life — greatness. The world may get along without achievements but not without failure, for from that springs the experience which leads one a step higher and yet higher, until one reaches the knowledge that the ideal is always just beyond the grasp, luring yet strengthening us in all our endeavors, and it is only when after having done the best, and failed and have learned to be not overcome, that real growth begins. For we can not stop though we would, and at the end of each day must add, a weed, a thorn, or a flower to our lives, which we can never pull up; but which at some time comes like a ghost, at feast time, to call up memories which we would not. Nothing ever touches our life but that which comes from within ourself.

There is a saying: “Those calamities which the gods send may be averted; but those that mortals bring on themselves, there is no remedy for.” Though to all we may seem unfortunate, may seem to have lost that which is counted

gain, and at best seem only to fill a deserted corner by existing, we have really won, if we have learned to keep our feet and our sympathies in the lowly paths in which the countless common people walk — about whom Lincoln said: “God must have loved the common people He made so many of them.”

If I were asked to select those out of a crowd, of all sorts and conditions of men, whose lives had the most influence for good over all, unhesitatingly would I choose those who carried sunshine in their faces and hearts. For everybody, real, warm, bright sunshine, shining just as steadily as though there came never a night, nor a gray, rainy, drizzly day. A sunshine which finds its way into the saddest, deepest, darkest corners of others' being. This sunshine comes first from learning to be content with the smallest, simplest trifles so long as love enters into them, being so happy over them that the trifles themselves are lost sight of and only the inspiration remains. Of all the gifts which the fairies give — that of being happy over little things is the very sweetest and greatest. And second giving to others, giving — giving. There is hardly a moment when one can not give. But above all and beyond all, give cheerfully (if you have to growl in your heart), if you can give but once. Any way learn to give — not money, not a great work, not time, necessarily, but cheery words; and when words fail, a cheery presence, which comes from the essence of that which makes life worth living and less hard for those who struggle and so often alone.

And the days and the years go by and I look back over the journey of a life nearly completed and I see all the broadness and greatness and strength of each life coming from the vexations and troubles and heartaches of every single day mastered, and like a benediction at eventide they sweeten a race which otherwise would have been embittered because of the things which were not.

“Our lives are songs: God writes the words,  
 And we set them to music at pleasure,  
 The song grows sweet or sad  
 As we choose to fashion the measure.”



“We must write the music, whatever the words:  
 Whatever the rhythm or metre.  
 If it is sad, we may make it glad,  
 If sweet, we may make it sweeter.”

#### UNCLE JOSIAH'S VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY.

A most curious individual was Uncle Josiah Stonewall. For sixty years he had lived on his farm in Rockland county, New York, as if the world and the country ended at the same place. The daily routine of the farm never grew monotonous to him, and had not the death of his brother called him to New York city, Uncle Josiah would have passed through life, with about as much knowledge of the country out of Rockland county, as a fish has of life out of water. Without delay the journey to New York was begun. The novel ride on the train to Jersey City amused him. While crossing the ferry between Jersey City and New York, he was so interested in the strange craft he saw from the forward part of the boat, that, despite a stiff breeze, he would not take to the cabin. Gust after gust assailed him and played great havoc with his shaggy red locks. Just then Uncle Josiah sighted the Albany day-boat. He leaned over the railing to discern the monster's name, and the playful breeze, catching his slouch hat under its wide expanse of brim, lifted it from his bald head and carried it through the air into the water. In due time the ferry-boat entered its dock and Uncle Josiah passed out in search of a hatter.

“Smash your baggage, smash your baggage, sir?” yelled a score of street urchins as they surrounded the hatless farmer. He scowled at them and muttered that until carpet bags were cheaper than fifty cents each, they were too costly to be smashed.

A surging crowd, moving in both directions, together with the slippery state of the sidewalk impeded his rapid gait. Finally he reached the hat store and found that his gold rimmed spectacles and a yellow silk handkerchief, which he had foolishly allowed to protrude from his pocket, were missing. The hatter's entire stock was examined, but the duplicate of the lost one

could not be found. None of the hats coincided with his idea of what they should be, yet he was forced, through reverence for the customs of large cities, to provide some sort of covering for his head. Here a difficulty arose. For safety he had deposited his greenbacks in his boots, and it was not until his boot was removed that the transaction was completed.

During the next two days Uncle Josiah entered into the sorrowful spirit of his deceased brother's family, and it was not until after the funeral that the thought of viewing the great city entered his mind.

Nothing annoyed him more than the unearthly din on all sides. The grating of cars, the rattle of trucks and the newsboys' shrill cry made him long for his home in Rockland county. Central park first attracted his attention. He had heard of Chico, the famous gorilla, and was anxious to see the much-talked-of animal. He fell in line with the crowd of spectators, and after admiring Chico, exclaimed, “Well, I declare! That monkey is the living image of my neighbor, Spike.” The menagerie of wild beasts disappointed him. Instead of seeing lions and tigers breaking the iron bars in their desperate struggle to reach the spectators, he beheld a sleepy pack that could be aroused to life only by a piece of raw meat or a twist of the tail.

The lake, and a row over its placid waters, pleased him; but winding paths, romantic nooks, and the art museum with its rare collections, brought forth not a word of admiration, save this—he wished the obelisk was the foundation stone of his new barn.

After his visit to the park, Uncle Josiah resolved to see the business part of the city, and unfortunately strayed into Baxter street. I will not enumerate the sufferings he experienced here, but it is sufficient to say that when he escaped from the clutches of the enterprising merchants of Jewdom, he had a supply of shoes, caps, collars and cravats sufficient for the remainder of his life. He had scarcely entered Eden Musée, which he visited the next day, than he beheld a great sight. There, before him, was a pickpocket actually robbing an unsuspecting visitor. Here a thief was detected; a thief, who, perhaps for years, had been engaged in this disreputable business, caught by a farmer! How the vast corps of visitors would praise, and how the newspapers would glorify the apprehender! Uncle Josiah thought no more, but clutched the arm of a policeman, and shouted, “Officer, arrest that man!” But the figure moved not, nor did it seem likely to move. A

crowd gathered around, and Uncle Josiah, seeing that he was the laughing stock of the place, pulled his hat over his face and fled.

But his visit was nearing its end; the shades of home were coming closer; and when at length the day of departure arrived, Mr Josiah Stonewall started for Rockland county, thinking that his trip to New York was not altogether wasted time.

JANE G. HENNESSY.

#### THE QUINTILIAN.

THE second public entertainment of the Quintilian Society of the Normal High School was a pronounced success; every number presented, from beginning to end, was well rendered and deserved the liberal applause accorded.

While we remember with pleasure the first entertainment of the society, we must confess that there has been great advancement made during the past term, and the result of experience and practice was well exemplified in the superior excellence of this, their second public appearance.

A large and enthusiastic audience of invited guests thronged into the hall at an early hour, and before eight o'clock every seat except those reserved for the college fraternities and sorosities were filled.

The rostrum was beautifully decorated with palms, while here and there were seen knots and streamers of green and white, the colors of the society.

At eight o'clock, while Gioscia's orchestra played Dellinger's "Don Cæsar," the members of the Phi Delta fraternity, arrayed as usual in caps and gowns, marched to the seats reserved for them on the right, and following them the Delta Omega Society, who were conducted to seats on the left. Then the members of the Quintilian Society, escorted by the ushers, were seated in the center. The young ladies, dressed in evening costumes, with their bright happy faces, presented a scene both interesting and pretty. After this the president, Miss Lottie J. Hungerford, was escorted to the rostrum by the marshals, Misses Sette Eckert and Helen E. Wilson. Miss Hungerford was dressed in white

silk and wore a bouquet of carnations, and she certainly graced the position of honor she occupied.

After Isenman's "Gypsy Queen" overture was rendered, Miss Hungerford rose and, in a short address, warmly welcomed the audience; next, Miss Ella May Lyons read a selection, "The Sister Years," in a manner that brought out every point, and following her Miss Dora Williams recited "Lady Clare" in a manner that elicited much applause; then followed a solo, one of Stephano's mazurkas, which Gioscia rendered in a manner that the audience loudly enjoyed; then Grace A. Shaler recited a selection from "Helen's Babies," in which she showed much elocutionary ability. It took us back a couple of years to the time when we were all reading the delightful story. This difficult selection is well calculated to test the power of a speaker, yet Miss Shaler impersonated the different characters and brought out the humor in a way that would have done credit to a more experienced reader. The poem written by Miss Sette Eckert showed poetic ability which should be developed, and Miss Agnes Brown, who read it, brought out its full force. Miss Blanche E. Munn recited "The Minuet," a pretty conception of "how we danced the minuet long ago," and gave an illustration of the dance. We can not speak too highly of the graceful manner in which she executed this beautiful dance. The orchestra then played a medley of ballads and melodies which seemed to please everybody. Next Miss Emma Archer recited "John Burns of Gettysburg." Miss Archer has a pleasant voice, graceful gestures, and an expressive face, all of which she used to the best advantage in bringing out all there was in the selection. Miss Mae D. Hall then read "The Ugly Ant." She reminds us very much of her sister who has so often graced our rostrum, and everybody enjoyed her reading, not only on this account, but because of its merit. The well-named "Legend Beautiful" was recited by Miss Minerva Hess in a manner that was highly appreciated. Miss Hess has an extremely good voice, of which she has excellent control, and she seems to appreciate the thought of the author,

and brings it out well. Miss Nellie Goldthwaite then recited "A Woman in a Hotel," and after her Miss Lucy Miller recited "Wee Willie Winkie." This selection was well adapted to Miss Miller's voice, and while some parts of it are especially difficult, she was fully equal to the difficulties. It was an effort which reflects great credit on Miss Miller's skill. After a solo by Joseph Gioscia the refined face of Miss Clara Selkirk appeared in the rostrum. The popularity of Miss Selkirk with the teachers, fellow students and acquaintances will always insure her a warm reception, but her rendering of "A Song of the Camp," which commemorates one of the incidents of the Crimean war, deserved the applause it received. The prophecy by Miss Nettie M. Breckenbridge was bright and witty, and elicited much applause. While the orchestra played a march the audience departed highly pleased with the way they had been entertained.

We can congratulate the Quintilian upon the success of the entire entertainment, and upon the great amount of talent displayed. While there was too little of original work, what there was was good, and we will look forward with pleasure to the next appearance of the society.

#### THE RECEPTION.

THE Class of '94 extended their hospitalities to the faculty and undergraduates of the college, and to the students of the high school, Saturday evening, February 10. The reception was held in the kindergarten rooms and court of the college. These rooms, by the addition of portieres and rugs, had been made to present a very attractive appearance. The palms and potted plants scattered about the rooms also brightened the effect. The court, too, by a liberal use of bunting and palms, had been made to assume an appearance of brightness and comfort, quite wanting during session. This room was in fact the favorite place of resort, and a buzz of conversation and the ripples of laughter heard here told how quickly our students forgot the troubles of a teacher's existence in the enjoyment of sociality.

Misses McAuliffe and Ehman, and Messrs Streeter and Stanbro received the guests, who

were introduced by Misses Prichard and Mac Gowan, and Mr Greene.

After an hour devoted to conversation, Miss Eugenie Hintermister entertained the company by an instrumental solo, which she executed in a very brilliant manner. Miss Hintermister plays with much feeling and gives an interpretation of selection which is always pleasing.

Mr Hazlett J. Risk read "Will" Carleton's "First settler's story." Mr Risk's ability as an elocutionist needs no mention; his careful study and training enable him to bring out the full force of any thing he reads, and the way this pathetic selection was rendered was exceedingly pleasing to his hearers.

Not until after eleven o'clock did the company begin reluctantly to leave, regretting that these very pleasant receptions are not held oftener.

#### CLASS ELECTION.

ON Friday, January 26, the members of the June graduating class met, and elected their officers, as follows:

*President* . . . . . George C. Streeter.  
*Vice-President* . . . Lillian M. Pritchard.  
*Secretary* . . . . . Helena S. Curtiss.  
*Treasurer* . . . . . Edward J. Barnes.

The class numbers about sixty, and is one of promise. It has already made its reputation as the first to "receive" before ten weeks of the school year have passed, as was the old custom, and it is to be hoped that during the term on which we have just entered, those pleasant occasions may be of more frequent occurrence, it being an acknowledged fact that if in our life here any side of our natures is dwarfed, it is the social side. Sociability is lacking; we need sometimes to forget our work and cares, placing ourselves outside of the *Normal* world, and to indulge in other conversation than "how many pages in your chemistry note-book?" "let me see your plan in zoölogy," or, "how *are* you going to teach that Greek verb?" Some may plead that the preparation requires too much time. It is true that some time is required, but the benefit we receive from the few such occasions which we do enjoy, is a proof that it is time well spent.

## LOVE.

The strongest chain may rust and break,  
The rope in pieces fall,—  
The tender, silken cord of love  
Dost still outlast them all.

This tender, silken cord of love,  
Dost bind our hearts e'en here;  
Can it do less in that bright home,  
That world beyond this sphere?

No. In that world our God is Love,  
And we shall like Him be,  
And perfect love, and joy, and peace,  
We, in that home, shall see.

O, take me to that brighter home,  
Where I can be at rest;  
Where I can with my Saviour be,  
Among the pure and blest.

OSCAR E. COBURN, '93.

## PIECES I USED TO SPEAK.

"Woodman, spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough,"  
Was written of an oak —  
But it's a chestnut now.

"Little fishes in the brook"—  
Since then the years have flown;  
The stories anglers tell us now,  
Show how those fish have grown.

"I'll never use tobacco,"  
Said little Robert Reed"—  
When I was young I said so, too,  
But now I love the weed.

"Mary had a little lamb,"  
I spoke long years ago.  
Poor Mary! she's a grandma now,  
With fleece as white as snow."

"A hungry boy was hungry Will,"  
With eloquence I soared —  
But in these times I'd simply ask:  
"Poor Will, where does he board?"  
C. A. WOODARD.

## PRAYER-MEETING OFFICERS.

AT a recent meeting of the Prayer-Meeting Society, the following officers were elected for the last half of the college year.

*President*..... John McLaury.  
*Vice-President*..... Carrie Dunn.  
*Secretary*..... May A. Baldwin.  
*Treasurer*..... Mervin Losey.  
*Pianist*..... Helena S. Curtiss.  
*Precentor*..... Geo. A. Brown.

## DELTA OMEGA SOCIETY.

THE Delta Omega Society held their term election of officers at the regular meeting, Friday afternoon, January 26. The election resulted as follows :

*President* ..... Sarah J. Harper.  
*Vice-President* ..... Minnie E. White.  
*Recording Secretary*.. M. Laura Woodward.  
*Corresponding Sec'y*.. May A. Baldwin.  
*Treasurer* ..... Sara F. Briggs.  
*Critic*..... Theodora H. Ehman.  
*Marshals*..... } Jessie McAuliffe.  
                                      } Lillian Prichard.

## NEW LANTERN.

OUR physical apparatus has received a very valuable acquisition consisting of one I. B. Colt & Co.'s stereopticon. This instrument is of the most modern pattern, provided with attachments for either electric or calcium lights. It is also provided with an optical bench and attachments for both microscopic and vertical projections.

The lantern is furnished by the Museum of Natural History in New York from the appropriations for the diffusion of a knowledge of natural sciences.

## PERSONALS.

DR FARRAR, pastor of St Luke's M. E. Church in this city, was present at chapel exercises, Wednesday morning, January 17.

We are glad to have Miss Ross again with us.

Misses Burhans and Wing of Poughkeepsie visited the college, Wednesday, January 17.

Our financial editor, G. C. Streeter, was absent from college a week in January because of illness.

John L. Sweeney, inspector of training classes visited our institution, Thursday, January 18.

Prof. F. J. Bartlett was absent from college a few days near the last of January, because of illness.

Miss Jessie M. Knott of Oxford, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Jennie Arrison, February 5-8, inclusive.

Miss Daisy Northrup of Richfield Springs, who entered in September, '92, is again of our number.

S. G. Moore, a student at the Plattsburgh Normal School, visited the college, Thursday, February 1.

Willard W. Baldwin, school commissioner of Ulster county, called at the college, Thursday, January 18.

Miss Neita Hungerford of Albany and Miss Wendell of Glens Falls visited the college, Friday, January 26.

Miss Lily G. Shorey, who has been absent for two weeks on account of illness, is again in her accustomed place.

Prof. Henry R. Sanford, well known as Institute Conductor in the State, called at the college, Thursday, January 18.

Miss Mae Roff of Cohoes was seen at the college on the evening of the Quintilian closing, Monday, February 5.

Miss Eudora M. Tanner, one of last year's students, has recently closed a successful term of school work near her home in Oneida.

Miss Mary G. Manahan has completed her school work at Conklinville and returned to college. Her many friends give her a cordial welcome.

Misses Van Arsdale, Duckworth, Courtney, McNeil and Van Duzer entertained a few of their friends very delightfully, Monday afternoon, February 5, 1894.

Prof. Wood and his school from Ilion visited the college, Tuesday afternoon, January 16. The same made a similar visit about a year ago. The impressions must have been favorable to send them here the second time.

## ECHOES.

## SERENADES.

New term.

'94's reception.

Quintilian closing.

A holiday this month.

Once again we have survived exams (?)

The new term opened Wednesday, February 7.

Who bought tickets for Patti? And did you get them cheap?

The new students are few in number, but extend them a cordial welcome.

The "148 girls" enjoyed an extremely pleasant evening out, Friday, February 2.

The model school enjoyed a week's vacation, not opening until Monday, February 12.

The few days of rest between the terms was pleasantly improved by most of the students.

The Echo appreciatingly acknowledges the kind and complimentary notice given it by the Oneida *Dispatch*.

The Phi Delta fraternity will hereafter hold their regular weekly meetings on Friday evening instead of Saturday.

Regular meetings of the recently organized Agassiz Association will be held in the kindergarten every second week.

The elective seminary classes are a source of delight to many, affording an opportunity of pursuing whatever branch of study one most desires.

Some brilliant pupil in one of our Latin classes devised the following: Why is the third conjugation like an old maid? Because it has no *be* (beau) in the future.

A sleigh ride was given the little people of the Kindergarten, Thursday afternoon, February 1, after which the training class with the teachers, Misses Isdell and Sewell, enjoyed a dinner at Keeler's.

## KINDERGARTEN NOTES.

THE Kindergarten Association gave an informal reception to Mrs Wiggin, at 7 High street, Wednesday afternoon, January the 24th. There were about thirty-five present, including the training class of the Normal College. Five o'clock tea was served, after which Mrs Wiggin read a most entertaining and instructive paper on kindergarten work, and, by request, spoke very interestingly of her own experience in San Francisco, Cal.

Overheard in the kindergarten.—Who do you love? I-I—I love myself.

Misses Isdell and Sewell entertained the training class at Keeler's, Thursday afternoon, February 1.

To Mrs Wiggin is due the honor of aiding in the foundation of the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky mountains, where she did her first and only work as a teacher.

Mrs John Van Gasbeck, one of the patrons of our kindergarten, treated the children and teachers of the kindergarten to a sleigh ride, and, afterward, to a luncheon in the rooms, Thursday, February 1.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'59. LEWIS L. STILLMAN has held the office of school commissioner of the second district, Dutchess county, since 1889.

'91. Miss Kate M. Sherman called at the college, Thursday, January 18.

'92. Miss Nettie Healy is teaching at Salamanca.

Miss Jennie Thompson is now at Beaumont, Texas.

Mr Herbert Campbell attended the entertainment given by the Quintilian Society, Monday evening, February 5.

Miss Nellie McGuire called at the college, February 2, while on her way to Peekskill, where she will fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Eliza Tuthill.

'93 Geo. A. Bolles is teaching at Central Valley, Orange county.

Russel H. Bellows of Fort Plain, called on friends in the city, Saturday, February 3.

Miss Nellie Cochrane, who is teaching in Gloversville, was seen at the reception.

Paul E. Rieman presented a familiar appearance at the college, Saturday, January 13.

Allen G. Wright has finished his work at Bouckville, and is now at his home in Rome.

Burton B. Parsons of Cambridge, N. Y., was present at the college prayer meeting, Sunday, February 4.

A. B. Hunt has a position in Clinton Liberal Institute at Fort Plain, as teacher of Greek, Geometry, Algebra and Surveying.

- '93. Miss Eliza Tuthill having resigned her position at Peekskill has returned to this institution for practice in teaching, and there are rumors that in the near future she will be one of the "powers that be."
- '94. Miss Helena B. Pierson, a former member of our editorial staff, who now has charge of a training class at Hoosick Falls, attended the mid-year reception.

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

**D**ARTMOUTH will soon publish a history of her athletics.

Kentucky College allows no college sports, because of the tendency to encourage gambling.

The Latin language at St John's College is used exclusively in lectures on philosophy and in examinations.

The students of Bucknell University, assisted by the Glee Club, will give a minstrel show for the benefit of the base-ball team.

The Princeton Alumni Association of New York gave its annual dinner at Hotel Brunswick, on Thursday evening, January 18.

But forty-five per cent of Vassar's students ever marry, and not one of them has ever found marriage so much of a failure as to get a divorce.

Two hundred members of the Yale Alumni Association were present at the annual dinner given at Sherry's, New York, on the evening of Friday, January 19.

The college for women known as The Harvard Annex has decided to organize itself into an institution distinct from Harvard. It is to be known hereafter as Radcliffe College.

The fifth Yale-Harvard debate took place at Cambridge, January 19. Decision was rendered in favor of Harvard. The subject was—Resolved, that independent action in politics is preferable to party allegiance. Affirmative, Yale. Negative, Harvard.

The Amherst College Senate, composed of under-graduates, with the president of the college as its president, suspended eight of the most popular students for creating disorder after a foot-ball game. This shows the value of a system of student college discipline.—*Ex.*

The track committee of University of Pennsylvania has secured the services of Will C. Bryan, the English professional runner, to train the sprinters and distance runners. Bryan thinks there is plenty of good material in the college, and says he will have a good team ready for the inter-collegiate games next May.—*Ex.*

#### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

**A** SUNDAY KINDERGARTEN has been started in connection with some of the churches in Detroit, Mich. The children meet during the hour of morning preaching in a pleasant class-room, and under the charge of trained kindergarteners. Instead of a long church service the kindergarten service is opened with a short prayer, followed by something of a kindergarten nature and exercise songs. Then, two by two, they go out for a ten-minute walk.

The dissection of animals has been prohibited in the public schools of Boston.

Regents' examination papers now give fifteen questions from which the students may select any ten.

Russia has twenty-eight schools which devote their time entirely to giving instruction in railway work, both theoretical and practical.

There is a school law in Germany to the effect that if any method used in the schools prove ineffective or injurious it shall be abolished.

"Do not then train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be the better able to discern with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each."—*Plato.*

#### ORIGIN OF UNCLE SAM.

In looking over the old files in the Capitol library, recently, I came across the term Uncle Sam as applied to the United States Government. It came into use in the war of 1812, and was born at Troy, N. Y. The government inspector there was called Uncle Sam Wilson, and when the war opened, Elbert Anderson, the contractor at New York, bought a large amount of beef, pork and pickles for the army. These were inspected by Wilson, and were duly labelled E. A.—U. S., meaning Elbert Anderson for the United States. The term U. S. for United States was then somewhat new, and the workman concluded it referred to Uncle Sam Wilson. After they discovered their mistake they kept up the name as a joke. These men soon went to war. There they repeated the joke. It got into print and went the rounds. From that time on the term Uncle Sam was used facetiously for the United States, and it now represents our Nation.—*Ex.*

#### EXCHANGES.

**T**HE January number of the "Nassau Literary" again contains something worthy of high commendation. This issue it is the Baird prize oration on the "Conquest of Christianity." It is a scholarly effort and the product of deep thought.

The "Academian," and "Normal Exponent," two new exchanges, have been received.

The "Signal," published by the New Jersey State Schools, a newcomer. It is very well edited and quite unique in many respects.

"Squibs," a new exchange from Seattle, Wash., has reached us. Though somewhat juvenile in character it bids fair to prove an interesting addition to our list.

THE NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO is a sixteen-page magazine from Albany, N. Y., State Normal School, with a high standard and deep tone of course, being edited by pupil teachers.—*Ex.*

We will state for the benefit of High School "Star," and our friends in far-off Missouri, that the Albany, N. Y., State Normal School ceased to exist as a school in 1890, and is now a college with the power of conferring a degree.

The article in the "Cortland News" entitled, "Books have human attributes," and "The benefit of the study of the modern languages," are both good, but isn't it almost time to give the latter topic a chance to enjoy its well-earned rest?

#### SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Scribner's Magazine for February opens with one of the richest articles it has ever published—a study of the work of Edward Burns-Jones, by Mr Cosens Monkhouse, the distinguished English critic. Twenty of Mr Burns-Jones's most striking designs and pictures are reproduced by his permission and that of their owners, and they, with the accompanying text, give an excellent interpretation of the quality of the artist.

An article of unusual interest has resulted from an expedition on behalf of Scribner's Magazine, made by Joel Chandler Harris in company with a skillful artist, Daniel Smith, to the scene of "The Sea Island Hurricanes," off the coast of South Carolina. Among the 30,000 homeless and suffering people there, Miss Clara Barton, with a staff of workers from the Red Cross Society, has been dispensing much needed relief. Mr Harris viewed all the interesting features of this work, and his well-known conception of negro character has enabled him to present such a picture of the disaster, the suffering, and the work in progress as no other writer in the South could give.

An article illustrated in a unique manner is W. A. Stiles' description of "Orchids," with an entertaining account of the adventurous journeys made in search of them in tropical countries. James Baldwin contributes to the "Men's Occupations" series an article on "The School-Master"—particularly the school-master of primitive days in the West. In this number is begun a romantic narrative, entitled "On Piratical Seas," a part of the unpublished memoirs of Peter Adolph Grotjan, who describes with remarkable vividness and literary skill his voyages to the West Indies in 1805. The fiction includes a second installment of George W. Cable's strong novel "John March, Southerner," and short stories by Mary Tappan Wright, Robert Howard Russell, and George I. Putnam. There are poems by Mrs Fields, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, M. L. Van Vorst, and a short essay by Ferris Lockwood.

#### RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Authors and their Public in Ancient Times. Linen, gilt top, uncut edges. Price, \$1.50. By GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM. New York., G. P. Putnam's Sons.

There are few persons in the country so well qualified to have written this work. As the head of a great publishing house, and one of the most eminent authorities on the question of copyright, Mr Putnam is thoroughly conversant with his subject. While not a topic of universal interest, it is one in which the litterateur is deeply interested.

The book, as the author tells us, is intended as an introduction to the history of the origin and development of property in literature. The work begins with the oldest forms of literature, that of Chaldaea, Egypt, China and Japan, giving a history of classical discoveries and an account of the literature with deductions as to where the literary property was vested, but the major portion of the book is devoted to the literature of Greece and Rome. Here a vast amount of scholarly research is shown and incidentally the reader is made acquainted with the wealth of classic literature. The fine index and careful notes add much to the value of the work. The one thing we regret is that there are no illustrations. We trust the book will receive the recognition it merits from students of literature, and hope the author may soon complete the history of which this is the introduction.

Outlines of Pedagogics. By PROF. W. REIN. Syracuse, N. Y., C. W. Bardeen.

An introductory survey of the broad field of education and educational work is presented in this neat and attractive work. Its aim is to furnish a brief introduction to the Herbartian pedagogics upon whose principles it is based, presenting Prof. Rein's views as to their modern application. He first discusses, in a general way, education and its possibilities, then taking up, under practical pedagogics, both private and public forms of education. His attention is next directed to school administration and the preparation and training of teachers.

In part second, the author treats, in an able and enthusiastic manner, the subject of theoretical pedagogics, consisting of theology and methodology. The general aim of instruction is discussed psychologically that he may have a basis for the choice, arrangement, and treatment of the material for instruction, and may more thoroughly study the aim of the separate branches of instruction in their relation to the general aim of the instruction.

We are indebted to C. C. and Ida J. Van Liew for giving us this valuable work from the German, and to the former for additional notes throughout the work. The full bibliography of the original has been appended, together with a list of the English literature that has thus far appeared upon the Herbartian pedagogics.

History and Literature in Grammar Grades. By J. H. PHILLIPS, Ph. D. Boston, Mass., C. C. Heath & Co.

Seldom do we find at the same time such a brief and comprehensive treatment of a subject as we have in this little pamphlet. The author shows us that history and literature have not been receiving the systematic treatment accorded to other subjects in our primary and grammar schools, and discusses the benefits to be derived from the cultivation of the literary sense. By holding up before the child examples of the noble lives recorded in history and biography, and by beginning in the lowest grades with the substitution of suitable literature for the worthless matter often read, the child will be inspired to noble living and better fitted to assume the duties and responsibilities of life.

School Management. By EMERSON E. WHITE, A. M., LL. D. New York, American Book Company. Price, \$1.00.

To those familiar with Mr White's former pedagogic writings, the announcement of this work will prove exceedingly welcome. The reputation so well established by his other works is fully sustained and augmented by the present masterly treatise.

The author divides his work into two great heads, school government and moral training. Under the first he treats in a clear and comprehensive manner, illustrating by the use of concrete examples, the many and varied topics that come under this head. He has treated some of the questions in a manner superior to that of any of the many writers on this subject. In the section devoted to moral training, the author states clearly and defends ably his position in this much discussed question. While we do not agree with Mr White in all he advocates, still we are convinced that the most of his theories are not only practical but eminently desirable. Every thing in the work comes to us as the result of long years of theoretical reasoning, supplemented by application and experience. Every teacher will find in this work the same inspiration which is the inevitable result of the study of Dr White's writings. A touch of his strong personality seems to permeate every page, and gives the reader the same broad view of complex questions and the same wide charity for human weakness which is characteristic of Dr White.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Catullus. By ELMER T. MERRILL.  
Solid Geometry. By A. L. BAKER.  
Livy. By J. B. GREENOUGH and TRACY PECK.  
Beginners' Greek Composition. By COLLAR and DANIELL.  
Practical Elements of Elocution. By T. G. TRUEBLOOD and R. I. FULTON.  
Verse and Prose for Beginners in Reading. Boston, Mass., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
A Primer of French Literature. By A. M. WARREN. Boston, Mass., D. C. Heath & Co.  
Eutropius—Books I & II. By W. CALDECOTT. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.  
Laboratory Manual of Physics. By HAYS, LOWRY and RISHEL. Boston, Mass., Ginn & Co.  
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