

# THE ECHO.

VOL. 7.]

ALBANY, N. Y., MAY, 1899.

[No. 9.]

## THE ECHO.

Published Monthly by the Students of the  
New York State Normal College.

Contributions are solicited from alumni and undergraduates, the only requisites being merit and the name of the author accompanying the article. Matter must be in before the tenth of the month.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before January first; single copies, 15 cents.

In accordance with the United States postal law THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid, and notice of discontinuance is received. Please notify us at once of any change in address.

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager, Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

THE ARGUS COMPANY, PRINTERS, ALBANY, N. Y.

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### CONTENTS.

	Page.
<i>To May</i> , - - - - -	1
<i>LITERARY:</i>	
<i>A German Traveler</i> , - - - - -	2
<i>An Old Mill</i> , - - - - -	4
<i>Emerson and Whitman</i> , - - - - -	5
<i>The Æsthetic Side of Education</i> , - - - - -	6
<i>Recollections</i> , - - - - -	8
<i>An Episode of the War in Florida</i> , - - - - -	10
<i>Mrs. Arno's Millennium</i> , - - - - -	12
<i>Verse</i> , - - - - -	14
<i>News</i> , - - - - -	15
<i>Exchanges</i> , - - - - -	16
<i>Reviews</i> , - - - - -	20

### To May.

(Selected.)

Delicious odours! music sweet,  
Too sweet to pass away!  
Oh for a deathless song to meet  
The soul's desire — a lay  
That, when a thousand years are told,  
Should praise thee, genial Power!  
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
And winter's dreariest hour.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
Permit not for one hour,  
A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
Nor add to it a flower!  
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part!

—Wordsworth.

## LITERARY.

**A German Traveler.**

GERMANY, *Sept.* 31, 1786.

To-day, as I was sitting by the fire in my little salon, I fell asleep and dreamed. It seemed to me that I had been travelling for days across the water until I came to a land that I had never seen before. When I left the ship I was borne on in a mad rush and I became so confused that I knew neither the place where I was, nor how I came there. I soon found myself in a long vehicle with many seats softly padded. A number of people sat around me dressed in a strange fashion and talking a language somewhat unfamiliar. I spent several hours in this queer vehicle, which these people called a car, until finally we stopped at a town with an odd name something like Canan—and the rest I did not hear. I found myself standing in the station and as I looked around me I became more puzzled than before. I could not even tell the day of the week, the month or the year, but it must have been winter, for as I strolled out of the station, I saw that the ground was covered with snow. As I reached the street, I met a lady and ventured to ask in my halting English, what day of the week it was and what town this was. She answered: "It is Wednesday, February 1, 1899, and this town is Canandaigua." She continued: "You seem to be a stranger in town." When I told her my name, she seemed much surprised and said: "Oh, yes; we have already heard about you before this year at our Traveller's Club. I am now on my way to one of the meetings. Won't you go with me? I am sure you

will be welcome, as you are a guest from out of town." And as I was about to accept her kind invitation, I woke up, and now it seems to me that this vision must have had a meaning which I interpret as an indication that I should write a journal for this Traveller's Club of the next century, telling of some phases of my life with which perhaps they are not very familiar. I am a modest man and so they will pardon me I trust, if for the present I withhold my name.

I was born in one of the river towns of southwest Germany, on August 28, 1749. I was the oldest of a family of seven children, but only a younger sister and myself lived to grow up. Of my childhood I shall speak briefly, as I wish to pass on to something more important—suffice it to say that until my sixth year I lived with my parents at the home of my grandmother, to whom I was warmly attached. My childhood stands out very vividly in my memory. I well remember the quaint streets of my native town, with which I was very familiar. On market days it was my delight to watch the crowd and to stand on the bridge when the boats arrived laden with wares.

About a year after my grandmother's death, which occurred when I was seven years old, the Seven Years War broke out. My father sided with Frederick the Great, but my maternal grandfather was a strong partisan of the Austrians, and many heated discussions took place between them, to which I was an interested listener. Our town was one of the two military centres of the war, and much to my father's disgust, a French officer was quartered in our house. This offi-

cer, Count Thórane, was a courteous, educated gentleman and through his kindness I learned to speak French fluently. The experiences of this period of my life gave me new lines of thought and I have always felt very friendly toward the nation of which this officer was such a worthy representative. My studies in languages continued until 1765, when my father decided that I was to study law so I set out for Leipsic. While there I attended the University, but found that I should not acquire much legal knowledge that I had not already gained in reading law with my father and so I determined to devote my time to literature. In Leipsic I met many cultivated people and one man in particular to whom I owe the germs of my most fertile ideas about art and that man was Oeser, the director of the academy of drawing, painting and architecture. Another pleasure that I enjoyed in Leipsic was the theatre which I attended frequently. A severe illness in 1769 followed by frequent relapses rendered imperative my return home, where I remained till 1770. My father still being anxious for me to continue the study of law, I went to Strasburg to take my degree. During my stay there, I met a man to whose influence, intellectually, I owe a debt which never can be paid and whose friendship for me was lifelong. This man's name was Herder. Herder's companionship came at the moment when I needed the stimulus of an original mind at a stage of more advanced development than my own. During this time I wrote some of my best lyrics. In 1771, after receiving my degree, I returned home and took up the practice of law — merely to please my father.

I spent my spare time in studying Shakespeare, a study which moved me

so profoundly that I arranged to have a Shakesperian festival at my father's house that I might express in some fitting way my admiration for the great dramatist.

In 1772, as my father had done before me, I went to Wetzlar to perfect myself in the legal profession, by practicing for sometime in connection with the imperial chamber. The work of a lawyer in such a position is exactly what he chooses to make it, and I chose to make mine a mere form, that I might give more time to literary pursuits. I spent a good deal of time in reading the Greek poets and sketching. I left Wetzlar rather suddenly and slowly made my way back to my native town, where for some years I continued to pay some attention to law. Fate was too strong for me, however, and my literary work became more and more absorbing. I planned, wrote and published some of my important works and became prominent as an author.

In the year 1775, a change came into my life. I was presented to the hereditary prince of a town near Leipsic. Shortly after this, his highness became duke and on his way to Stuttgart, where he was to be married, he invited me to visit himself and his bride on their return to their duchy.

I accepted the invitation and soon became a great favorite at court. So strong was the attachment between the duke and myself, that he resolved never to part from me, and a position was assigned me as member of the Privy Council. My life here again wrought a great change in me. I realized that heretofore I had been too easily swayed by passing moods and I determined to gain more self-poise and better self-control. I was aided in this determination by the larger

opportunities which opened to me. I strove for progress in matters educational and municipal. My time was filled with all kinds of work. I took occasional journeys, in 1779 traveling through Switzerland with the duke and stopping a few days at my home. After my return I became much interested in scientific investigations and in my researches I discovered the intermaxillary bone in the human jaw. These studies did not prevent me from paying some attention to literature and I wrote some short plays for publication. After having lived at the court for ten years, the longing to visit Italy, which I had cherished from early boyhood, grew so intense that I decided, to satisfy this desire whatever the cost might be. I asked the duke for leave of absence, but not even to him did I speak of my destination.

Before leaving I prepared for the press four of the eight volumes of my collected works. When I tell you that in these volumes appeared *The Sorrows of Werther*, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, and *Goetz v. Berlichingen*, it will hardly be necessary for me to add that I sign my name *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*.

Lillian V. Moser, '96.

### An Old Mill.

At the edge of a little village, which, in my childhood days, I used to visit often, there stands an old mill, or rather the ruins of one. A stream of clear, sparkling water flows past it, but the great water-wheel no longer turns as of old. The mill is now reduced almost to ruins, being a mere shell, weather-beaten without and deserted within. The roof has tumbled in and the windows are shattered. Taken altogether, the place

that seemed to be the scene of busy life, with its hustle and bustle, is now given over to the revels of the spiders that busily spin their silken draperies, and to the frolic of the mice that spend the hours in playing "hide and seek."

Whenever I passed the mill (as I often had occasion to do when a child), and listened to the roar of the water as it came rushing over the dam above, and as it turned the great wheel, I used to think how proud our little village should be of such an industry. For to me, this mill seemed as great as any factory in America. While years have changed my idea somewhat of the greatness of the old mill, they have not changed my idea of the importance of the milling industry. Thinking of the thousands who are fed largely by the product of these flour mills, who could for a moment fail to recognize the necessity and consequent greatness of the ever-turning wheel, which makes it possible for the farmers' grain to sustain physical life and furnish physical strength to all mankind?

But years have passed since I lived in the vicinity of the old mill, and now, whenever I pass the place so closely connected with my early life, I am reminded of the poem which declares that:

"The mill can never grind  
With the water that has passed."

The old mill, as does the poem, speaks of the wasted opportunities of life. A bit of sadness creeps over one as he stands beside the old mill and watches the water of the stream, clear as ever, but going on and on, never to return, and the poet sings in the same minor strain of the sadness of a wasted life. To me, the old mill is but an interpretation of the poem, as doubtless a similar mill was the inspiration of the poet who ex-

pressed so great a life truth in the simple words:

“The wheel will never turn  
With the water that has passed.”

Chella R. Dodge, '99.

### Emerson and Whitman.

May, this month of awaking life made sensible to man in bird, flower and stream, brings to us the birthdays of two of America's great nature-lovers; men who in their different ways looked upon man and his environment and strove to bring the two into harmony, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman.

In comparing these two men, we find few resemblances. Each expressed himself in both prose and verse, but here the likeness in their writings ends. In matters of national import, we find them shoulder to shoulder in their patriotism, their love of freedom and justice for all, but the expression of these views both in life and word are so nearly opposite that we may easily fail to distinguish any resemblance even in fundamental principles.

Emerson exemplifies the harmonious development of man's threefold nature. He is himself physically sound and regards disease, except when it is inherited, as a sin, a failure of the soul to harmonize its own nature and the physical life in which it is placed. Intellectually, he is one of the few truly great who may essay to teach mankind the hidden truths of philosophy and religion. He teaches by paradoxes, symbols and similes, never by mere argument, and for that reason he is the more convincing. In his moral and religious life he is said to be a mixture of what Heine calls the Nazarene and the Hellene,—the man who exalts

the good to the sacrifice of the beautiful, if need be, and he who pursues beauty even to the loss of purity. Emerson displays absolute rectitude and integrity without being narrow or intolerant. Whitman emphasizes above all else the physical development and this is the characteristic for which he is most noted among critics. While Emerson soars in a sphere of the ideal that can be only hinted at or symbolized, Whitman is entirely engrossed in the actual. He says: “Of all mankind, the great poet is the equable man. Nothing out of its place is good, and nothing in its place is bad. He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportions neither more nor less. If peace is the routine, out of him speaks the spirit of peace. In war he is the most deadly force of the war.”

The appreciation of nature shown by these two men is perhaps their strongest point of contrast. Emerson has shown conclusively that he both observes and interprets the world about him, but it is all a symbol of that which is higher, purer and holier. “As a plant on the earth, so man rests on the bosom of God, nourished by unfailing fountains, and drawing at its need, inexhaustible power.” His purpose in studying nature is well shown in another quotation from his writings — “The happiest man is he who learns from Nature the lesson of worship.”

To Whitman the study of the natural world is the work of paramount importance. He says: “The known universe has one complete lover and that is the greatest poet.” It is perhaps this attitude toward nature that leads him away from many of the nobler themes treated by Emerson, so that he himself says that, though he started out to sing of man,

both spiritual and human, he was never able to carry out more than the lesser half of the thought.

The position of Emerson in literature has probably become fixed. That he is a truly great writer there is now no doubt and it is probable that the judgment of coming generations will not greatly impair his rank. In regard to Whitman, no prophecy can be well made at present. By his admirers we are told that he is the greatest of American poets; while others equally well, perhaps better, qualified to judge of such matters, declare that he never wrote anything properly styled poetry. As a prose writer they are willing to accord him some praise, but no position that compares at all with Emerson's. It is a noteworthy fact that between these two extremes there seems to be no common ground, and hence the future must decide which opinion, if either, is correct.

E. L. O.

### The Æsthetic Side of Education.

Education, taken in its literal meaning, is the leading or drawing out of every human faculty. True education has to do with the whole of life, with man, and not with any one of his petty activities — it is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, hence the curriculum of every school should include that which has an æsthetic value.

Study, alone, will not make a man great, nor develop his higher nature. His emotions, as well as his intellect, must be trained. Daniel Webster, in his Bunker Hill oration, says: "Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to senti-

ments and opening proper springs of feelings in the heart."

Deep in the heart of every child there is an instinctive love for the beautiful, and it is this feeling that should be made a powerful factor in æsthetic education. While not neglecting other things in the school course, it should be the aim to connect the child's education with this inheritance from above — an instinct so strong that it influences the child for good or evil, according to his training and environments.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human minds from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts "

The child spends the most impressionable years of his life in the school-room, and it is here that high ideals of the beautiful in art and in life should be presented, to be carried to the home or into the world when school days are over.

The ignoble place of æsthetic culture in the public schools is the result of a question, not what is really best for the child, but a question of economy. Consequently, public school children, as a rule, are given a less refining and less enjoyable education than private school children receive, hence parents send their children to private schools to get what the public schools do not so often give — some form of æsthetic culture. The enormous number of pupils who take private lessons in drawing, singing, decorating, etc., show how deeply æsthetic culture concerns civilization.

It has been said that in public schools time should be devoted to essentials, not accomplishments, but it should be understood that the so-called accomplishments

supply means of livelihood for a countless number of people and some of the highest earthly pleasures to a still larger number. Comparatively little time is given to singing — there is, consequently, little chance to acquire a love for and power of singing. In drawing, the mechanical and not the æsthetical side is given the precedence, because the former is commonly considered more essential — tending directly towards industrial work.

The material tendency of educational work is to give children a practical education, and neglect that feature of it which fits them for æsthetical enjoyment or pleasure in those "beautiful forms and colors that appeal directly to the eye, sounds that captivate the ear, poetry that enkindles imagination," which are essential in the preparation of children for complete living.

"It is through the children that the best work is done in uplifting any community." So the most civilizing, refining influence should be traceable to the schools, but this cannot be unless we make good use of those influences which are inseparable from the results desired.

Realizing that beautiful colors, classic forms, literature and music greatly elevate and purify human nature, we should make good use of music, literature, pictures, drawing, statuary, etc. Having this unlimited amount of material and numberless ways of using it, surely there is no reason why the results should be unsatisfactory.

Music is one of the most potent factors of this work, for there is a charm in true music, a power over all our sentiments that nothing else possesses. The church has accomplished more by its songs and music than by all other means; much of a soldier's patriotic

courage is due to the martial music that he hears, and to music and song does the scholar go for new inspirations. Luther once said: "Music is the art of the prophets, it is the only thing, which like theology, can calm the troubled soul and put the devil to flight." There is a scientific relation between each tone of the voice and note in music, and the faculty of the soul to which it is related. Vocal expression and music thus commanding character, this should be a strong element used in the development of character.

The value of art in the school-room cannot be overestimated. As has been said: "Art is the most universal of all languages. It is man's expression of the beauty and goodness of the Creator. Art is finite, but the truth it expresses is infinite." Art, within the pupils' powers of appreciation, in the school-room, helps them to interpret and understand nature, and provides for the loss of natural beauty if they live where they cannot study nature itself.

There should be no blank walls in the school-room. It is as important to hang reproductions of great paintings and pictures of other works of art on the walls as it is to provide the pupils with textbooks. Many city children have never seen a meadow, nor the country in the springtime. Knowing nothing of the delights of nature when seen at her best, city life becomes so habitual to them that they will not appreciate nature if there is an opportunity in later life. To keep alive and cherish in the child a love for nature, to develop him æsthetically, pictures have untold power.

Although not always so considered, decorations in the shape of good pictures, engravings, and casts of sculpture have influences also that are decisively

educational. There are numbers of memorable instances in which the whole future destiny of the child has been moved for life by the objects of art about him. Turner's genius was incited by familiarity with a very ordinary picture. Darwin's bent for traveling was decided by the picture of a tropical plant. Follow back the history of any great life and find out what element made that life great. In nearly every instance it is not the ordinary school, but some sympathetic appreciation of the child's capacity. An appeal was made to the imagination and the spirit within him through a piece of sculpture, a picture, or a story.

Harmoniously tinted walls, busts, moldings, pictures, etc., have an indirect influence, due to environment, which accomplishes much. Besides these, drawing, color work, literature, and music, used in actual work, form practicable means for cultivating the æsthetic tastes of the child — helping him to learn to appreciate and love the beautiful, form classic standards of art, and, above all, to acquire high ideals which will remain with him throughout his life.

The teacher who realizes her mission and the privilege of laying the foundation of the child's æsthetic life, will not neglect this side of his culture, but will do much to accomplish the true purpose of education, which Mrs. Jameson says "is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

Katherine V. D. Merwin, '99.

The less some men work the more they complain about other men making money.

### Recollections.

Some years ago when reading "A Boy's Town," which it seems to me is a very delightful story of boy life, belief and superstitions, I found great pleasure in recalling scenes connected with my own childhood. These incidents come back even now with such intense vividness that it hardly seems possible that nearly a score of years has passed since their occurrence.

Among the earliest scenes that I recall is one which occurred when I was a little over two years old. It was the celebration of the tenth anniversary of my parents' wedding. I remember sitting in a little chair and seeing the guests arrive. The tin wedding, as it was called, was a great event to me, and I remember wondering why all of the guests brought presents. My grandmother took me in her arms and carried me to the room where all the tinware was piled on a table. It seems now as I recall that the table looked much like a counter in a tin shop. There were six flour sifters in a row, and I heard my father say: "I guess we will not lack for flour sifters." At about seven o'clock my mother put me to bed. This was somewhat later than I usually went to bed, and I remember being very jealous of my brother, who was three years older, because he was allowed to sit up a while longer.

My parents were very practical people, and so from them I got very little of the beliefs which many children have. But I had private notions which I cherished very fondly. I have no idea what started this one, but in some way I obtained the idea that in our house there was a room filled with fire-arms. Our house is a long, rambling one, with many dark corners and closets, and I resolved



to explore them all. I remember very distinctly crawling back in one of those "cubby-holes" and bumping my head on the rafters. I finally discovered in my grandparents' part of the house a room with a padlock on the door. I was sure that I had found it at last. But it remained to get inside. For a year I watched very closely, but the door was never unlocked. Finally, one day I saw my grandmother start upstairs with a key in her hand. I followed softly, and what was my delight to see her unlock the door to the room that I had been longing to enter. Imagine my disappointment when I saw its contents — two vinegar barrels and some strings of pop-corn.

One of the walls of our wood-shed had a very hollow sound when one rapped on it, and I used to imagine a room there to which there was no opening. But my father removed a board one day to rescue a kitten that had fallen in from above and I found that there was only a six-inch space between the boards and the walls of the room beyond. I never told anyone what foolish thoughts I had had.

I had some very peculiar ideas about death, and would often think of it for days and go around with a downcast face. My mother asked me what was the matter, and I usually told her that I did not feel well. This was no untruth, but the peppermint that she gave me helped me but little.

When I was four years old an Adventist lady visited my grandmother. I was often in my grandmother's room and heard them talk. This lady said that the world was coming to an end in a few years. My grandmother laughed, and I wondered very much what the lady meant. I asked the girl who helped

my mother, and she said that some day a comet was to break and the earth would be burned up. A few weeks from this the great comet of 1882 appeared. One morning, long before daylight, my mother aroused me and brought me to the window to see the comet. It was a beautiful sight, the immense tail stretching half-way across the heavens. But I thought of the end of the world and, turning to my mother, said: "What if it should break?" She asked me what I meant, and I told her what the girl had said to me. My mother told me that there was no danger and a great weight was lifted from my mind. Soon after this I did something that displeased the same girl very much. She told me what would become of naughty boys and gave a very vivid description of hell and its horrors. This made me feel very badly, but somehow I hated to say anything to my mother about it. Finally, in despair for something to cry over, I pretended to bump my head and then had a good cry. Tears always relieved my feelings.

A little girl who lived near me had a rag doll named "Luce" that I admired very much. So on my fourth birthday I was given a rag doll. It was a black one with white eyebrows, eyes and nose, and my father suggested that I call it "Topsy." We played with our dolls a great deal until I was nearly six years old. My brother often tormented me and called me a girl-boy for playing with dolls, and one day, unable to endure it any longer, I threw "Topsy" in the rag-bag. I felt very badly, but never played with dolls again.

When I first went to school there were some girls of ten who sat on the back seat. They seemed to me to be young ladies, in fact, quite grown up.

The teacher gave a prize to the one who whispered the least during the term. She called the roll just before the close of school and we responded by saying "Perfect" if we had not whispered during the day. One day the boy who sat behind me asked me for a book. Before I thought I replied to him, and then it came to me that I had broken the rule. All the rest of the afternoon was torture to me, for I was thinking of the roll-call, when I should have to say "Imperfect." When she called my name, I remember responding in a very meek, little voice, as much as to say: "I will not do it again." I noticed that the young ladies in the back of the room whispered, but always when the roll was called answered "Perfect." I remember wondering how they dared to tell so many stories.

In the creek which runs through my father's farm is an island which was once overgrown with small trees and bushes. Bush Island was a favorite playground for my brother and myself and we had many roads and paths through the brush. What was our indignation to find one day that some men that my father had hired to trim the bushes had destroyed our beautiful arbors and ruined our playground. My father said they would grow again. They have, but my brother and I have got beyond that age of fancy which enabled us to people imaginary villages that could flourish on an island of only a quarter of an acre in extent.

E. S. P.

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### **An Episode of the War in Florida.**

During the War of the Rebellion I was ordered to report to the commander of the Union forces stationed at St. Augustine, Fla.

A few days previous, a squad of soldiers and a lieutenant had been captured by the Confederates, and taken to the interior, yet not without making a gallant stand, in which several of the rebels had fallen. This so enraged them that they resolved to demand a large ransom for the release of the prisoners, and in case it was not paid at a certain time, their lives should pay the penalty.

Just at this time the commanding general at Fort Marion received a letter telling of the confinement of the Union soldiers and their probable fate. The writer claimed to be in sympathy with the Union soldiers and offered to aid in their release if help were sent immediately; but the letter, being written in a lady's fine handwriting, aroused the suspicion of the general that a trap was being set for the capture of more men.

He turned the whole matter over to me, saying: "You will need to be very careful." The next afternoon found me aboard one of the little river steamers that ply between Palatka and Silver Springs, in civilian's dress and with the necessary papers.

It was nearly dark when we left the Oklawaha river, up which we had been steaming, and entered the Silver Springs run. This is a winding, twisting stream, nine miles long and in many places barely wide enough to let the steamer pass. A dozen or more negroes stood on the dock with poles to push the steamer off when coming too near the banks, where bends were sharp.

The darkness deepened and the scene became one of the wildest and weirdest imaginable. Dense forests of cypress grew along the water's edge, their branches interlocking overhead. A large kettle filled with pine knots was now lighted on the deck, illuminating either

bank. The Spanish moss hung in long festoons from every tree and the screeching of frightened birds, with the occasional bellow of an alligator, combined with the intense darkness and the importance of the mission I was on, made an impression on me that I'll never forget. There were only a half-dozen passengers aboard, and all were reticent, the country at that time being filled with both northern and southern troops; one could not tell his friend from his foe.

At midnight we arrived at the Springs, Ponce de Leon's "fountain of eternal youth," where the water, covering about an acre, is perfectly transparent to a depth of eighty feet, making our little steamer seem suspended in the air. It had been my plan to make my way from the steamer landing to the place where the soldiers were held captive, under cover of darkness, but finding the distance to be about ten miles, I determined to hide in the woods the following day.

Proceeding slowly and cautiously, at sunset I came to the settlement of Shady Grove — the place indicated in the letter to the general — and I also recognized the plantation house, the home of the writer, surrounded by the usual negro quarters and orange grove. So far everything was as it had been represented, but the exciting time was yet to come.

I rapped on the door and an old negro servant answered my knock. I asked if the master was at home, but he replied: "He dun gone 'way." At this point a young lady came to the door and asked what my errand was. I replied that I had come in answer to a letter to General Chatfield at St. Augustine and

signed by Miss Edith Edwards. She nodded and with a word of caution asked me in.

Miss Edwards then told me that formerly they had lived in the north, that her sympathies were with the northern people, but that her father had been obliged to join the Confederate army and had recently been killed in one of the battles. A few days before she had seen the captured soldiers brought in by the rebels and confined in an old log church about half a mile away. She had recognized the lieutenant as being one of the friends she had known while in the north and upon hearing that they were to be shot, resolved to do all in her power to save their lives.

I knew by the look of sadness that passed over her beautiful young face that I was about to try to save the life of one she loved, and it must be done quickly if it all. She told me that the guard was not very strong and that the church was on the outskirts of the settlement at the edge of some pine woods.

Late that night, I followed a winding path through the woods guided by "ole Uncle Pete." As we neared the church I saw a fire burning and the guard pacing back and forth. The darkness covered me and I was able to approach the corner of the building without being seen or heard. Now was the critical moment. Just as the guard turned the corner I dealt him a heavy blow with a large club I carried with me, and he fell unconscious.

It did not take long to release the prisoners and hurriedly make our way through the woods to the river; for three days we were hiding in the cypress swamp. Our escape was wonderful, for we could hear the baying of the hounds

on our track and often the shouting of the soldiers. We were only saved by wading in the water and mud up to our necks.

Our return to camp was celebrated with great rejoicing, but the lieutenant did not rest satisfied until he had made another trip to Shady Grove—returning under different and more pleasing circumstances.

M. E. Brooks, '00.

### Mrs. Arno's Millennium.

One morning not long ago, Mrs. Arno and I presented ourselves at the door of an educational institution and asked permission to visit the kindergarten department. Our request being granted, we were conducted to a large, airy room, whose walls gleamed with choice engravings, and whose blackboards were bright with crayon sketches. In one of the deep window-seats, stood an aquarium, and in the others were plants of various kinds. The morning sun lit up the geranium leaves and glanced on the gold-fishes that were darting in and out among bits of rock, and nibbling the long grasses swaying in the clear water. The air was fresh, and the place altogether pleasant.

Presently fifteen children took their places in fifteen little chairs around a ring painted on the smooth floor. A young teacher sat with the children and thus closed the circle. An interesting conversation began. Each child was listened to and encouraged, or gently and wisely repressed, as circumstances might require. Games followed this exercise. Then came work. The chairs were placed before two long tables, each of which was divided into squares—one square opposite each chair. The unfin-

ished work of the preceding day was brought out, and soon all the little hands were busy. When luncheon time came a handsome boy stepped to a cabinet, brought out some dainty baskets, and passed them around to their owners. Then while the children were eating their food and chatting, Mrs. Arno and I gained from the principal the following information:

“Each child has his chair and his division of the table—he has a place in the world, and his rights are respected. In the daily conversations each one is encouraged to express his thoughts—he is an individual; his personality is sacred. The lad who handed round the lunch baskets this morning had earned that privilege by excellence in play and in conduct—the privilege of serving others. While the children are eating their luncheon,” continued the teacher, “they are not talking about their likes and dislikes in the matter of food. If they discuss the contents of the baskets at all, their minds turn to the uses of the food, to its beauty, or to the manner of its production. ‘This bread and butter will make me grow; it will make me strong; it will keep me well.’ ‘See how pretty is this lettuce-leaf, or this rosy apple!’ They will discuss, perhaps, the great numbers of people who labor in various ways in order that this food may be provided for them. They may even come to the fact that if there were no rich brown earth and no rain or sunshine, there would be no bread, no rosy apples. This leads them to think of Some One who made the earth and who sends the sunshine and the rain. Thus do the children learn from day to day that they are dependent upon their fellow-beings, and that all are dependent upon God.

“Last winter,” she continued, we

spent the luncheon periods of two weeks in tracing the history of an orange that a child had in her basket one day. These little people thought of everything and everybody connected with the orange, even to the man who oiled the wheels of the cars that carried the fruit to their city.

"During the weeks preceding Christmas these children do not spend their time in wishing for gifts, and wondering what Santa Claus will bring them. Their minds are busy in planning and their fingers in fashioning pretty gifts for their parents and other friends. They are glad to make some return for the kind things that are done for them every day. Thus it happens that the Christmas tree is laden with gifts from children to parents, as well as with those from parents to children. These last-mentioned gifts are not costly; the mothers agreeing to keep the price within a certain limit, in order not to cause unhappiness to any child."

While we were receiving this information, I could see Mrs. Arno's eyes shine. She expressed her pleasure in a simple manner, however, and, taking leave of our kindergarten friends, we returned home. No sooner had we arrived there and seated ourselves in a room adjoining the library than we began to converse about the events of our forenoon visit. Mrs. Arno, having lived abroad nearly all her life, was agreeably surprised at some of the things she was learning about the schools of her native land. She was inquisitive also regarding some other things.

"Very good," she began in her impulsive manner—"very good for the education of a child; but is the remainder of his schooling to be based on a like foundation? If not, what other

principles are to be substituted, and in what grade of school shall the changes occur? Just when and where shall these little people cease to remember the social science, the political economy learned in the kindergarten? Suppose a change to occur. Then when these students shall leave the academy, the college, the university, and be graduated into busy life, which set of principles will they take with them to control their thoughts and govern their action?" (Just at this point Mrs. A.'s husband entered the library, unperceived by her, and began to consult some work of reference.)

"Will these young men and women be willing," she continued, "that all other men and women shall have a place to stand and work at the world's long tables? Will they be willing that each person shall have food enough out of the earth to make him strong and to keep him in health? Instead of thinking always about the good-tasting things of life, will they sometimes think of the people whose labor supplies them with those good things? And will they be willing to pay a fair price for the labor of others? As they walk the streets in safety and feel themselves and their property protected, will they gladly give a portion of their wealth to support the government that protects them? Will they, exercising the knowledge, the brain power, the patriotism they have gained in the school, plan and work for the welfare of the nation, for the perpetuity of this brave young Republic?"—but just here Mrs. A.'s monologue was interrupted. Her enthusiasm had evidently attracted the attention of her husband and caused him to listen.

"Brava, my dear!" he exclaimed. "You have well described the Golden

Age yet to be; the millennium, I think you call it. But what cause will bring about a state of affairs so glorious?"

Her doubt, her questioning was gone in a moment. She called out to him in firm tones: "The schools, dear; the American schools, if they will only con-

tinue to teach some things that are taught in the first little schools. I am hopeful about it all," she added; "I think a time will come when all the people shall form one great Kindergarten, and be led by the principles of the little child."  
Miss Mary A. McClelland.

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## VERSE.

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### "The New, the Grand, We Hail."

By Miss Mary A. McClelland, '68.

Hail! hail! hail!

The new, the grand, we hail!

Hail, stately hall and frescoed wall,

And court where fountains play;

Where palm and vine with fern combine,

While bright the sun doth o'er them shine!—

Hail, hail, this glorious day!

Joy! joy! joy!

The topmost stone is laid.

Hail, minds that thought and hands that wrought!

Unwearied patience, hail!

The plan was bold, the toil untold;

The prize is richer far than gold;—

Rejoice! ye did not fail.

Adieu! adieu! adieu!

Old home, a kind adieu!

Dear crumbling walls, and well-worn halls,

In memory shall ye dwell

With grateful thought for lesson taught,

For friends and all the good ye brought;—

Old school, farewell! farewell!

Hail! hail! hail!

The new, the grand, we hail!

Repeat the song, the notes prolong,

A joyful anthem sing;

The plan was bold, the toil untold;

The prize more precious far than gold;—

Ring out, glad voices ring!

[The occasion of the poem was the Reunion of Graduates, December, 1885, celebrating the removal from the old Normal School building on Lodge street, between State and Howard, now used as the Christian Brothers' Academy, to the present building on Willett street. The

music was composed by Prof. John B. Marsh of this city, who was then director of music in the Normal School.]

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### The Striped Shirt Waist.

O, we know that Spring is with us, we can feel it in the air;

We can see the springy symptoms floating 'round us everywhere,

We can hear it in the music of the birdlets in the trees

And we have the corroboration in the softness of the breeze;

And the pleasure that it brings us is by no means very slight,

Every day some revelation comes to fill us with delight,

But the very rarest pleasure to this humble writer's taste

Is the blooming of the maidens in the Striped Shirt Waist.

Now we meet them in the parlor, and we see them on the street,

And they sort of draw attention from a study of the feet,

And they look so cool and easy as they in the breezes swirl

That a fellow keeps regretting that he wasn't born a girl.

A maiden may be pretty or a maiden may be plain,

Her name be Maud or Baryl or just homely Mary Jane,

She is bound to look attractive if she's saucily encased

In the picturesque fulness of a Striped Shirt Waist.

—Winfred Decker, '00.

## THE MONTH'S NEWS.

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### Institutes.

On April seventh Professor White addressed the Institute at Owego instead of Dr. Milne, who was unable to be present.

On April twenty-fifth Professor White attended the Institute at Chatham.

On May second Professor Wetmore attended the Institute at Ilion, N. Y.

### Teachers' Examinations.

Examinations will be held at the New York State Normal College for those who wish to obtain licenses for teaching in the city of New York on June sixteenth, beginning at 8 A. M.

### Marriages.

'86. Married, March 29, at Walton, N. Y., Jennie Bradley, '86, to Platt M. Henford.

'97. Married, in April, 1899, Elizabeth L. Senior, '97, to Hallock Deyo, of Walkill, N. Y.

### Kappa Delta.

On the evening of Saturday, the twenty-second, Kappa Delta entertained a number of their friends in the College Hall.

During the early part of the evening the company had the pleasure of listening to Miss Lina Bartlett Ditson, who read from her own writings. Miss Ditson is a young woman of remarkable ability, and Kappa Delta is to be congratulated upon offering such a rare treat.

At the close of the program an informal reception was held, after which the

friends departed, feeling grateful to Kappa Delta for the pleasant evening they had spent. L. H.

### Class Day.

The Class of '99 has chosen the following members to take part in the class-day exercises: Class-day oration, Walter B. Ford; presentation oration, Charles M. Slocum; class poem, Fannie M. Pendleton; class prophecy, Anne Cushing; class historian, Winifred Jones; class essay, Alice Walrath; class song, Harris A. Marks.

### Phi Delta.

The Phi Delta Fraternity, at its regular meeting, elected the following officers: President, S. S. Center, '99; vice-president, A. B. Frost, '00; recording secretary, Dennis Moore, '00; corresponding secretary, I. H. Clark, '99; financial secretary, W. J. Adams, '00; treasurer, A. R. Coulson, '99; chaplain, W. S. Schneider, '99; critic, C. H. Eckerson, '00; marshal, R. B. Gurley, '99; inner guard, E. S. Brink, '00; outer guard, E. S. Pitkin, '99.

### Alumni Notes.

Susan M. Murphy, '91, visited the college May fourth. Since 1898, Miss Murphy has been teaching at Syracuse, N. Y.

W. C. Franklin, '81, superintendent of schools, Oneonta, N. Y., visited the college May third.

Sarah A. Collier, '98, has been elected to the position of teacher of English, at Oneonta, N. Y.

Frank J. Morey, formerly a student in the Normal High School and later a graduate from New Paltz Normal School, is now engaged in newspaper work in Rensselaer.

Prof. D. C. Dominick, a former student at Albany Normal School, but for the last ten years connected with the Walden, N. Y., High School, has resigned his position at that place.

Peter H. Moak, a former attendant of the Normal High School, was graduated from the Albany Medical College at the recent commencement of that institution.

Charles B. Marvin, '93, whose entry into the order of Benedicts has not been chronicled in *The Echo*, is now enjoying married life at Wynantskill, Rensselaer county, where he is teaching.

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## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

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### The College World.

The University of Calcutta is said to be the largest educational corporation in the world. Every year it examines over 10,000 students.—Ex.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have a "live" house for biological work, the first of its kind in this country.—Ex.

Harvard University has lately received a novel and interesting endowment, establishing what is to be called a Professorship of Hygiene. The professor is to be a medical friend to the students, a skillful and experienced physician, whose advice and sympathy the students may seek at any time. The endowment is large enough to provide, ultimately, a salary higher than is now held by any professor at Harvard.—Ex.

Next September Harvard will take the initiative in pensioning her professors. This is made possible by an endowment fund, which now amounts to \$340,000. Those eligible to such allowances are professors and assistant professors, who have served twenty years and are over 60 years of age. They will be allowed one-third of their last salary for twenty years of service, and one-sixtieth of their

last salary for each additional year of service, provided that the retiring allowance shall in no case exceed two-thirds of their last salary.—Ex.

The trustees of Columbia University have recently decided to build four new dormitories on their campus at Morningside Heights. The dormitories will accommodate 460 students, and their estimated cost is \$750,000.—Ex.

The heaviest football player in America is said to be Robert Blanchard, of the Hinsdale (N. H.) High School team. He weighs 410 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall. One of the wonderful things about the giant is his remarkable wind. He is a great cyclist and has a record of 7 feet 2 inches for a standing high kick. He is only 18 years old and is putting on flesh fast.—Ex.

Andrew Carnegie, a member of the board of trustees of the Pennsylvania State College, has offered to donate the sum of \$100,000 for the erection of a library and museum for the college, provided the State would agree to make an annual appropriation of \$10,000 for its maintenance, without diminishing on that account its annual appropriation for other purposes.—Ex.



### Summer Schools.

[From The Review of Reviews for May.]

#### Chautauqua.

Chautauqua has during the past year been thoroughly reorganized. An endowment for the support of summer classes has been begun by the contribution of \$50,000. A vigorous campaign will be carried on for the increase of this fund and for the securing of needed buildings. For the public lecture courses of the coming season, the chief topics will be American history, social life, art, and literature. Among many lecturers the following may be mentioned: Governor Roosevelt will speak on "National Army Day;" Prof. John Fiske will give a course of lectures on the "Early Colonial Period;" Dr. Edward Everett Hale, a course of lectures on the "Revolutionary Era;" Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard, a course of six lectures on "The American and the Spaniard;" Prof. A. M. Wheeler, of Yale, a course of six lectures on "The Foreign Relations of the United States." There will also be a series of brilliantly illustrated lectures on Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. Among others who will speak during the summer are President G. Stanley Hall, President John Henry Barrows, Hon. George R. Wendling, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Dr. George Hodges, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Miss Susan Hale, Prof. Caleb T. Winchester, Bishop Galloway, Gov. G. W. Atkinson, Dr. Luther Gulick, Dr. Walter L. Hervey, Bishop Vincent, and Mr. William Armstrong.

The department of pedagogy, under the charge of Dr. Walter L. Hervey, of New York, has been greatly strengthened for the coming season. President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, in addition to popular lectures, will give a regular course of instruction for teach-

ers. Instruction in all college and university subjects will be given by teachers from leading institutions. The school of modern languages will be strengthened by a course in Spanish under the charge of Prof. Henri Marion, of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Another new department will be a series of lectures designed for parents and teachers. These classes will be under the charge of Dr. Luther Gulick, of Springfield, Mass., assisted by parents and teachers. Such subjects as children's lies, methods of punishment, children's plays, their social life, etc., will be discussed, not from the standpoint of an abstract psychology, but upon the basis of the concrete experiences of careful students.

The annual convention of the National Association of Elocutionists will be held at Chautauqua at the end of June, while the American Association for Teaching Speech to the Deaf will hold its biennial gathering about the middle of July.

#### Summer Work at Harvard.

The program of the Harvard Summer School for the present year includes the classics and the modern languages, with four courses in English composition, courses in Anglo-Saxon and Shakespeare. There will also be courses in history and government, psychology, education and teaching, and principles of design. In sciences there will be courses in physics, chemistry, botany, geology, geography and astronomy, and also courses in mathematics, topographical engineering, and shop work, with two courses in physical training. Work will begin on July 5 and continue six weeks. The work will be done on the intensive method, which prevents a student's taking more than one course with any degree of satisfaction.

#### A New Departure at Cornell.

Cornell University now offers a summer session of the university, instead of a summer school as heretofore. This is in line with the tendency already noted among our higher institutions of learning. This summer session entirely displaces the volunteer summer courses heretofore offered. All summer professors and instructors for 1899 are to be regularly appointed and paid by the university. A large proportion of the courses will be conducted by the regular professors.

An interesting feature of the work at Cornell is what is known as the School of Nature Study. In the summer of 1899 instruction will be given in three departments — namely, insect life, plant life, and on the farm. The instruction will consist of lectures, text-book work, laboratory work, and field excursions.

#### New York University.

The New York University has issued its announcement of summer courses for the coming season. The term extends from July tenth to August eighteenth, and includes courses in mathematics, chemistry, biology, physics, history, Germanic languages, Latin and Greek, and psychology. Situated in the northern portion of New York city, this institution has some unusual advantages for summer work.—Review of Reviews for May.

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#### In the Realm of Pedagogy.

The Connecticut School Journal believes:

In free school baths.

In State, county and town reading circles, with regular courses which teachers may join, and from which they may graduate into the next higher.

In exchanges of collections and letters between schools in different sections of our country.

In better rural schools secured through trained teachers, higher salaries and close town or county supervision.

In the retention of good teachers for longer periods, by raising salaries.

In traveling libraries and stereopticons for rural schools.

In the co-operation of the Y. W. C. A. and D. A. R. with schools to utilize the latter's buildings for public good.

In monthly public evenings with parents at various school houses.

In mothers' meetings.

In visitors' days.

In debating societies for high and grammar schools.

In monthly or semi-monthly rhetorical in form of authors' days, Scottish days, etc.—New York Education.

Let not the teacher crawl off in some cranny and spin for himself a cocoon of professionalism; let him go out in the world and see and know things, read the best magazines, and get intimate with the men of affairs who keep the community going. Let him be progressive without being a faddist, well informed without being a pedant, strong in his opinions without being an egotist, and enthusiastic without being an enthusiast. One teacher of this sort is worth more to a school than a whole army of professional Ichabod Cranes who are stuffed to the eyes with psychology and pedagogy, but who do not know what is going on in the next ward.—Learning by Doing.

The Ahearn bill was finally signed on April twenty-fifth. The Governor used two pens, one for dating the document, which he gave to the Brooklyn teachers,

and the other for signing it, which he gave to the Manhattan teachers. New salaries begin from that date. It provides that no regular teacher shall receive less than \$600 a year, and no teacher after ten years of service, less than \$900, nor after fifteen years of service less than \$1,200; that no vice-principal or first assistant shall be paid less than \$1,400, no male teacher after twelve years of service less than \$2,150, no male principal after ten years less than \$3,500, and no woman principal after ten years less than \$2,500. The provision is made however, that the work shall have been approved after its inspection and investigation as fit and meritorious by a majority of the borough board of school superintendents.—The School Bulletin.

The College of Agriculture of Cornell University offers a course in nature study to the teachers of New York State, in the summer of 1899, beginning July fifth and continuing six weeks. Tuition is free to residents of this State.—New York Education.

### In Lighter Vein.

He took her out for an ice cream treat,  
His pretty, blue eyed Sal,  
But fainted when he read the sign,  
"Cream, ninety cents a gal."

You can ride a horse to water,  
But you can't make him drink.  
You can ride a pony trotter,  
But you can't make it think.

—Exchange.

Book Agent — If you'll buy this book, sir, I'll guarantee that you'll learn one thing that will save you lots of money.

Man of House — I'll take it. What will it teach me?

"Never to buy another book from a book-agent."— Ex.

Rags makes paper,  
Paper makes money,  
Money makes banks,  
Banks make loans,  
Loans make poverty,  
Poverty makes rags. See!

—Exchange.

Angry Prof.—How dare you swear before me?

Student — How did I know you wanted to swear first?— Ex.

"How do you happen to be called Jack?"

"Oh, it is just a nickname."

"I didn't know but what it was an abbreviation."— Ex.

"Young man," said the professor, as he stepped into the hall and seized a frisky freshman by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."

"I believe he has," was the reply.— Ex.

Doctor (just arrived)—"What on earth are you holding his nose for?"

Pat (kneeling beside the victim) — "So his breath won't leave his body, of course."— Ex.

Reedly—"Why do you smoke continually from morning until night?"

Weedly—"It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning."— Ex.

Friend (after tea) — Your little wife is a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you'd be jealous of her.

Host (confidentially) — To tell you the truth, Simpkins, I am. I never invite anybody here that any sane woman would take a fancy to.— Ex.

"What an easy time you men have," she said. "I only wish I had been born a man." "I wish you had," replied her husband.— Ex.

**Bits of Wisdom.**

No man can be a lover all the time.

No one but a boy's mother ever thinks he may be tired.

You probably expect more of a friend than you are willing to give.

People never get so old that it doesn't hurt them to be scolded.

A woman occasionally gets too old to fall in love, but a man never does.

It is very discouraging to think of, but to-day was the future you hoped for years ago.

There is a great deal more fun talking to a fool than there is in talking to a wise man.— Ex.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

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The American Monthly Review of Reviews for May, edited by Albert Shaw. The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

**Summer Schools.**

The discontinuance during the last year or two of certain summer schools that were once well patronized, may have led to the inference that the summer school movement in this country is on the decline. While it may possibly be true that the total number of summer schools holding sessions in 1899 will be somewhat less than the number of such institutions, say, three or four years ago, it should not be inferred from this that the actual amount of scholastic work done during the summer months in this country has suffered a decrease. On the contrary, it is probably true that a larger number of teachers and students will be occupied in such work during the coming summer than at any previous time in our history. The fact is that summer work has been more effectively organized all along the line. Colleges and universities which a few years ago were practically closed for nearly or quite three months of the year, are now throwing open a considerable part of their equipment for the use of summer students.

There is a marked tendency, east and west, to dignify this summer work of the universities and colleges — if not altogether, to follow the example of the University of Chicago in making the summer quarter equivalent with any other three months of the calendar year in courses offered. Meanwhile the long-established summer schools for the special training of teachers and the "assemblies" for biblical study have added to their facilities, and are now stronger than ever before in point of teaching faculties and bodies of students.— From "Conventions and Other Gatherings of 1899," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.

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"Introduction to the Study of Economics." Bullock.

Several forces have been at work during the past few years calling the attention of educators to the importance of teaching in secondary schools something of the truths of political economy. The demand is, however, that such instruction shall have for its purpose to qualify one, not to become a specialist in the subject, but to become an intelligent citizen and useful member of society. There has been a practical difficulty to

overcome in the way of finding a text-book well suited to this purpose.

Bullock's "Introduction to the Study of Economics" has been offered to meet this want. The usual divisions, as Production, Exchange, Distribution and Consumption, are recognized, but to this outline is added just the material which will make the subject of value to the citizen and member of society, by relating the subject to practical life, instead of making it a separate science. This relation, or correlation, is not accomplished entirely by drawing illustrations from life. Many such illustrations are aptly used, but that is not the manner of the correlation. The author has happily woven in sections and chapters explaining the historical development of economic phases, or social and governmental aspects of questions which are in essence economic. The first three chapters, under the titles, Introduction to the Economic History of the United States, The Growth of Foundational Industries, Manufacture and Transportation, open to the student our whole social system in the light of historic growth and gradually increasing complexity. These chapters are called up again and again throughout the text as explaining institutions peculiarly American, as, for instance, absence of great landed estates, the excess of American wage over European wage, and centres of population. This introductory material is constantly

throwing new light on following portions of the text and in turn receiving new light from that which follows it. The discussion of value and of money functions leads naturally to a brief discussion of live questions as Free Coinage and Bimetallism, with which is given a sketch of the Monetary History of the United States. Distribution is discussed in connection with Monopolies, Wage Systems, and Labor Organizations. The book closes with two chapters on Land, Nationalization, Socialism; and The Economic Functions of Government. In these as in other sections treating of debated questions, care is shown in presenting each side fairly in an unprejudiced way. The whole work is characterized by a fairness and carefulness in discussing debated questions, by a clearness and definiteness of statement, and by a never-failing application of the unfolded theory to its working out in practice.

Each chapter is followed by numerous references on the subject of the chapter, and at the end is a bibliography of over 300 works by more than 200 authors, American and foreign.

The way in which Professor Bullock has challenged interest by his arrangement of material; and has given attention to a correlation of history, practical politics and present social problems with the theory of Political Economy, makes the work one of the most desirable yet published for high school classes.

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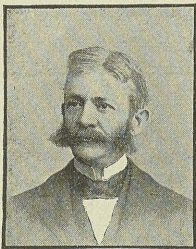


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