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THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

IF we were called upon to measure the knowledge of the man of the nineteenth century, a century which stands alone in its tremendous equipment and advance, what would be the measure? Man has never before reached the pinnacle upon which he now stands; his hands have never before so nearly grasped the great ideal, Perfection, as they do in the present. The mind of the past never dared to handle the questions which the mind of the present has fathomed.

The knowledge of man to-day can hardly be compared to the knowledge of man of the past, so great is the increase of the knowledge of the former. And yet — and yet, I say, if an angel sent from God were to judge, from some lofty mountain top, of the completeness of the knowledge of the present age, I imagine we would hear the clear and solemn words echoing and re-echoing from the rock-ribbed hills, "One thing thou lackest — To know thyself." Ah, yes, that is what the great man of the great age lacks — to know himself. Is there not a tinge of sadness in the thought of man so well acquainted with each of the numerous sciences of the great education of the present, and yet who fails to know himself? You answer me — "Man

does know the science of the body;" yes, but the body is not man. The science of the body is high, but of the divinity within is higher.

The science of astronomy is grand, but one thing is more awe-inspiring than the stars, and that is the mind that discovers their hidden laws, and unlocks their complicated movements. When we stop to consider the causes of the neglect of this science, the science of the soul, they are quite clear. It is not because the science is inferior to the others, nay but rather far superior, for man is lord of all, therefore, all sciences of those things under him are inferior to the science of man himself. No, not that, but because its benefits seem not so apparent to man. It has no great and magnificent galleries wherein men can meet and see its results and note its progress. It has no great art gallery, where a Madonna hangs, at which great men look and weep as babies.

It has not these, but something far nobler and diviner, for within the soul of man are great, high and wide recesses of divinity and immortality. If we would know the soul of man, what, whence it is, and its capabilities, great or small, we must, as in the other sciences, have perfect material to work with. We would not think of draw-

ing conclusions concerning the body from an ill-formed and undeveloped body as a specimen and example, and yet what few conclusions men have drawn concerning the soul have been drawn as a result, in most cases, of the study of undeveloped specimens. Men can never know the science of the soul until they allow that within to have room and opportunity to develop. What the development of the soul means we know not and can hardly imagine. What sublime avenues it would open up are only known by Him who gave the possibility. But, I imagine, that all those noble aspirations and divine inspirations which come to us in our best moments and then are gone, would become beautiful realities which would mold our characters and lives and the influence of which would roll down old time and be lost in eternity above. I imagine that the times in which man seems so strangely nearer to God would lengthen out into ages instead of fleeting moments, and that where life is now viewed from the valley where all the beauty of nature is shut out, it would then be viewed from the mountain top in the pure air of heaven, and this view would be that which Jesus Christ saw when he said, "I am the Life." Then the one thing lacking would be gained, and the happy state of man accomplished — man with a true knowledge of man. —Mina N. Cook, '97.

THE HYPNOTIC PROPOSAL.

"SAY, Dave, I wish I wasn't such a donkey," and Jack took his pipe from his lips, and blowing out a cloud of sweet-scented smoke, he watched it gradually vanish in air.

"Funny, isn't it, how all your friends agree with you," said Dave, as he lit a fresh cigar. "What particularly assinine thing are you guilty of now?" Several more puffs, and then Jack said, "I'm in love with Lillian, and I don't dare tell her of it. What am I to do?"

"Do? Do what every man does when he proposes; go to her and tell her that you can't live without her, or some equally false yarn. Don't you know that proposing, like love itself, is like the measles? The earlier you have 'em, the better it is for you. The later you get 'em, the harder it is for you?"

"Oh, come, now, Dave, talk sense! Did you ever do such a thing? You always make fun of everything and everybody. Why can't you be serious. Give me an idea as to how, when and where it might be done!"

More silence and more smoke; the silence broken only by the dashing of the waves against the cliffs near by. Finally Dave said:

"You think you can hypnotize, don't you?" "Yes, but what has that to do with it?" questioned Jack.

"Well, — hypnotize Lillian and propose to her. Put the ring on her finger, and there you are. When she comes to herself it will be easy enough for you to tell her about it. If she does care something for you, you can get out of it easy enough, and if she don't — you won't be any worse off than you are now."

"Why can't you be sensible, Dave? Don't you see that I'm really serious?"

"I am, too, Jack. I'm not fooling at all! Honest, now! If you don't dare tell her any other way, why don't

you try it this way. 'Twill be easy for you to begin to talk about hypnotism. Then you can make a bet that you can hypnotize her, and after that it will be easy."

"Say, Dave, I'll do that very thing. If I get myself in a mess, I'll settle with you afterward," and the two men got up and sauntered slowly along the beach to the hotel.

The next night Jack called on the object of his adoration. According to his plan, the talk was turned upon hypnotism, and Lillian expressed herself very strongly against it, and especially her disbelief in his hypnotic power.

"If you don't believe, Miss Lillian, let me convince you. Will you let me try and hypnotize you?"

"But I know you can't do it, for I'm too strong-minded to let any one get control of my will in that manner."

"Well, at any rate, let me try it," pleaded Jack, "and if you will let me, look me squarely in the eyes."

Lillian seemed to ponder a while, but finally looked up into the big brown eyes looking down at her. Gradually her eyes began to close, and as Jack passed his hand rapidly back and forth in front of her face, her head dropped and she seemed ready for the experiment.

"Lillian," he said, and his voice trembled a little even now, "do you love me?" and in a far away voice came the answer, "Yes!" "Will you marry me?" and the answer came louder and more distinct this time, "Yes!" Quickly grasping her hand he reached in his pocket for the ring which he brought, and as he bent over her to put it on her finger, he heard a

giggle, and looking at her face he saw a pair of blue eyes laughingly opened, and he heard her say, "I didn't know you were such a coward!" There was a little cry of, "Oh, Jack!" and then a long and blissful silence!

* * * * *

Finally, Lillian said, "Next time you are going to hypnotize a girl in order to propose to her I'd advise you to keep away from the cliffs where you lay your plans, for you know people might hear what you said, as I did!"

"What! You weren't hypnotized at all," and he began to grow red as he thought what a farce he'd been through with.

"Not a bit, my dear! I thought I'd pretend to be, and see what you'd do, only I——" but the rest came in a sort of smothered gasp, and the hypnotic proposal was ended.

E. W. A., '98.

I WANT TO BE A NORMAL.

I WANT to be a Normal,
And with the Normals stand,
With joy upon my forehead,
A plan within my hand;
There, right before the faculty,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd take the sweetest methods,
And praise them day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure and happy,
I'd dwell in wisdom's light;
And with ten hundred hundreds,
Praise sketches day and night.

Oh, there I'd be a Normal,
And with the Normals stand;
With light upon my forehead,
Power within my hand;
And there before my fellows,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd join the throngs so joyous,
Praise Normal day and night.

—F. A. M.

THE PRINCESS.

An Analytical Study.

[Alfred Tennyson]

TENNYSON'S evident purpose in writing this poem was to set forth in the most attractive and interesting form possible his views on the vexed question of woman's intellectual equality with man. The motive of the piece, the essential truth which impelled the author to voice his thought and feeling on the subject, is found near the close of the seventh division of the poem in the words of the prince to the princess Ida :

"Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink

Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free. If she be small, slight-natured, miserable How shall men grow? But work no more alone!

Our place is much; as far as in us lies We two will serve them both in aiding her,— Will clear away the parasitic forms That seem to keep her up but drag her down,

Will leave her space to burgeon out of all Within her, let her make herself her own To give or keep, to live and learn and be All that not harms distinctive womanhood. For woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse; could we make her as the man, Sweet Love were slain. His dearest bond is this,

Not like to like, but like in difference. Yet in the long years liker must they grow; The man be more of woman, she of man; He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind, Till at the last she set herself to man, Like perfect music unto noble words. And so these twain, upon the skirts of time, Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the to be,
Self reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But each like other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the worlds great bridals, chaste
and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human-
kind.
May these things be!"

The final touch is given to this ideal of true marriage when the princess, not unmoved by the appeal of the prince, sighing, says :

"A dream that once was mine!
What woman taught you this?"

And the prince pictures to her his mother—through whom he had learned to love and reverence woman-kind. He speaks of her as one

"Not learned, save in gracious household ways,

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds
perforce

Sway'd to her from their orbits as they mov'd,

And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high

Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

The subtle transition from this account of his mother and her influence over him, to his love for the princess, does not fail to win her and the reader's approval at the same time.

In the prologue to "The Princess," the author prepares the reader for the story in a very simple but ingenious way. His delightful account of

the lawn festival, given by Sir Walter Vivian to his tenantry, "his people," furnishes the occasion something out of the ordinary. The house party of college boys, friends of the young Walter, the heir of this fine estate, to be entertained by Aunt Elizabeth and Sister Lilia, engages the interest of the reader at the outset. We feel it a special privilege to go through the house that morning with Walter and his chum, examining the curiosities and ornaments which had been brought together there "from every clime and age." Into these fifteen lines the poet has packed a volume of history. When he is shown the family arms and armor hanging on the walls, and is told of old Sir Ralph and his deeds as a crusader, we get a glimpse of the poet's inspiration; for it is the chronicle of this old knight which strikes the keynote of the poem. Here, again, in twenty lines we have a story of the crusaders, full of vigor, fire and action. The poet shows his sympathy with the heroine of this story in "So sang the gallant, glorious chronicle," and, again, when he tells us that as they went down through the park to join the rest of the party in the abbey ruins, "I kept the book and had my finger in it." After he describes the amusement of the crowd keeping holiday — in one place sport went hand in hand with science; in another pure sport was the order of the day — he pictures the ruins, taking care to mention the statue of Sir Ralph, broken but propped against the wall, over the helmet of which Lilia had thrown a scarf of orange, and around the shoulders one of rosy silk, "that made the old warrior glow like a sun-

beam." After the luncheon and the stories of college pranks told by the young men, the poet opens the book and reads a page or two of old Sir Ralph ending with the tale of her
 "That drove her foes with slaughter from
 her walls."

The poet's praise of the heroine provokes a discussion between Walter and Lilia, in which the latter declares that

"There are thousands now such women,
 but convention beats them down;
 It is but bringing up, no more than that.
 You men have done it — how I hate you all!
 Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
 Some mighty poetess, I would shame you
 then
 That love to keep us children! Oh, I wish
 That I were some great princess, I would
 build
 Far off from men a college like a man's,
 And I would teach them all that men are
 taught;
 We are twice as quick!"

This calls forth banter on the part of the college men, and again Lilia declares:

"That's your lightway; but I would make
 it death
 For any male thing but to peep at us"

The men seem to be amused at her petulance, but Walter assures her that all the college sports could not compensate for the home pleasures when these seven friends spent the Christmas holidays reading with a tutor instead of going home. He represents them as homesick and driven to all sorts of expedients to kill time, the most successful one being the forging of a seven-fold story, each taking his turn. Then comes the proposition to kill the tyrant Time by a tale suited to the time and place, and the plan is outlined by Walter, when he says:

"Take Lilia, then, for heroine
And make her some great princess, six feet
high,

Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you
The prince to win her!"

"Then follow me, the prince,"
I answered; "each be hero in his turn!
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a
dream.

Heroic seems our princess as required,
But something made to suit with time and
place,

A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experi-
ments

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt
them all,—

This were a medley! we should have him
back

Who told the 'Winter's Tale' to do it for us.
No matter; we will say whatever comes.
And let the ladies sing us if they will,
From time to time, some ballad, or a song,
To give us breathing space."

"So I began,
And the rest followed; and the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind,
And here I give the story and the songs."

This definite plan prepares the reader for what follows, showing the sources of the author's special knowledge, the old medieval chronicle mingled with the nineteenth century advanced thought on education and life. The whole poem is a revelation of the author's deep poetic insight, and of rare skill in using historic material poetically.

The main action of the story, which is told by the hero in the first person, is based upon the betrothal of the prince and princess in their childhood, according to the custom of royal families. When the prince grows up to young manhood, he claims the hand of the princess in marriage, in fulfill-

ment of the contract; but while her father, King Gama, admits his claim, he gives the prince to understand that his chance of winning her is slight. The prince, however, determines to visit her in person and with two young men of his own age, his particular friends and comrades, he goes to the distant place where the princess has established a college for women. The three men, disguised as women, enter the college as students, and are enrolled among the pupils of Lady Psyche, the sister of one of them, called Florian. Naturally, the Lady Psyche discovers her brother, and the whole secret is confided to her, with a plea for her to spare their lives by not revealing it to Princess Ida. Although she reminds them of the inscription over the gate, "Let no man enter here on pain of death," and that her vow binds her to speak, and that the princess has an iron will, she makes one condition with them—that they shall slip away that day or the next, and that it shall be said,

"These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled who might have sham'd us.
Promise all."

Of course, they promised, but while they were still talking with Lady Psyche, Melissa, the daughter of a rival professor, Lady Blanche, coming with a message, discovers the situation. She is loyal to Lady Psyche, in spite of her mother's jealous hatred of the latter, and promises that the secret shall be safe with her. But the denouement comes when at the entertainment given by the princess the next day the three new students are invited to sing. The prince sang a love song of his own composing, try-

ing to make his voice like a woman's. The princess gave him small praise for either the sentiment of the song or the manner of his singing, demanding,

"Know you no song, the true growth of
your soil,
That gives the manners of your country-
women?"

While the prince tried to recall such a song, Cyril began

"To troll a careless, careless tavern catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences,
Unmeet for ladies."

Florian tries to stop him by a nod, the prince by a frown, Psyche blushes, turns pale and trembles, Melissa looks down, the princess cries "Forbear," at which the prince strikes him a blow on the breast. This is the signal for a general commotion. The poet says, "There rose a shriek as of a city rack'd."

In the tumult of mounting their horses and starting for home, the princess misses the bridge, and rolls into the river. The prince rescues her at peril of his life, gives her to her attendants, but is too much ashamed to endure her look when she recovers. He returns alone to the college, scales the wall, meets Florian in the garden, and learns from him who had hidden himself in the hall, that the princess had returned, and had called girl after girl to trial. Melissa could not conceal her knowledge of the deception that had been practiced, so the princess sent her scouts to apprehend the three men, and bring them into her presence for sentence. The prince and Florian are taken, but Cyril and Lady Psyche are not found. While Lady Blanche gives her testimony, explaining why she did not give the information as

soon as she discovered the plot, a messenger comes in great haste, bringing two letters to the princess, one from her father and one from the father of the prince. She reads them in silent anger, and scornfully puts them in the hands of the prince. From them he learns that his father holds her father a hostage until the prince shall be delivered up to him safe. When the prince reads them he speaks, pleading his own cause, but the princess, after quieting the hubbub made by the women, answers him :

"You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince; you have our thanks for
all.

And you look well too in your woman's dress;
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You saved our life; we owe you bitter
thanks.

Better have died and spilt our bones in the
flood;

Then men had said — but now — what
hinders me

To take such bloody vengeance on you
both?

Yet since our father — wasps in our good
hive,

You would be quenchers of the light to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears—
Oh, would I had his scepter for one hour!

You that have dared to break our bound
and gull'd

Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted
us —

I wed with thee! I bound by precontract
Your bride, your bond slave! not tho' all
the gold

That veins the world were pack'd to make
your crown,

And every spoken tongue should lord you.
Sir,

Your falsehood and yourself are hateful
to us;

I trample on your offers and on you.

Begone; we will not look upon you more.—
Here push them out at gates."

"In wrath she spake.

Then those eight mighty daughters of the
 plow
 Bent their broad faces toward us, and
 address'd
 Their motion. Twice I sought to plead my
 cause,
 But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands,
 The weight of destiny; so from her face
 They pushed us, down the steps, and thro'
 the court,
 And with grim laughter thrust us out at
 gates."

The fifth, sixth and seventh parts of the poem form a sequel to this climax of events. The fifth gives the plan formed by the two parties for deciding the claim of the prince upon Ida's hand by the tournament, fifty on each side entering the lists. The account of the battle is vivid and brief, ending with the fall of the prince, wounded almost to death by Arac, Ida's brother, who was her vowed champion. The sixth part gives Ida's song of triumph, her visit to the field, where the wounded lay, her reconciliation with Lady Psyche, the turning of the college into a hospital her command that the prince should be taken to a quiet chamber, and the sending home of the students until order should be restored again. The seventh part describes the care of the wounded men by the women, and, in particular, Psyche's tendance of Florian, aided by Melissa, his recovery and the natural outcome of this episode; the final troth-plighting of Cyril and Psyche, with the tacit consent of the princess; and, last of all, the recovery of the prince, his wooing of the princess and her yielding to her manifest destiny. This part of the poem reveals, as we have said before, the motive of the entire piece. We have here the author's personal thought and feeling on the subject of love and

marriage—the highest ideal of equality between man and woman; for the prince throughout the entire story acts and speaks for the author himself. The persons of the story are chiefly types. The Lady Blanche typifies the English dowager duchess; the woman familiar with court life, who aspires to be a power behind the throne—a widow—she is free to attach herself to queen or princess, but she has little faith in either mankind or womankind. Melissa, her daughter, fears rather than loves her mother. She is a type of charming girlhood—pure, beautiful and lovable, but without distinctive marks of intellectual force. The Lady Psyche is the ideal of young motherhood. Her babe plays a part in the story that could not be omitted without destroying the lovely picture and lowering the moral tone of the entire composition. But the princess is the highest type of womanhood. She has the qualities of head and heart combined, which make her fit to govern either a realm, a college or a household. She represents what we call the "new woman" of the nineteenth century in her highest development. A woman who will always be more admired by women than by men. It must always be a real prince who has the courage to woo and win and wed her. Cyril and Florian are types of the young college men of to-day. The two old kings are admirably drawn characters. Of the two, Gama is the more real and the more interesting. His wisdom, the product of age and experience, is worthy the attention of the reader. The prince is the poet in disguise. He is the hero, though, perhaps, not quite up to our heroic stand-

ard. But this was necessary, since the heroine was to hold the first place in the reader's interest and affection.

The piece is a love story, pure and simple. It is an intermingling of medieval romance, with modern ideas of love and marriage.

The prologue forms a setting for the story like a beautiful frame for a picture, but it does more than this, for it gives the plan of the poem.

The seven parts of the piece are closely related in the order of sequence, climax and satisfactory ending. The author's conclusion explains his attitude toward his subject, a diagonal between burlesque and heroic, between the mockers and the realists, and yet he has infused into the story sufficient earnestness

"to bind the scattered scheme of seven together in one sheaf."

The songs introduced between the parts help to bind them together, and by this means the law of unity has been maintained in true artistic, literary fashion. This conclusion also takes the reader back to the scene of the prologue, and shows us Sir Walter taking leave of his guests at the close of the day's festivities; and, last scene of all, Lilia, removing the glimmering silks from the statue of Sir Ralph, and the whole party leaving the ruined abbey for the hall.

The most striking characteristics of the style of the poem are found in the vividness of the pictures presented to the reader, and in the rapidity of the action of the story. The interest is sustained and even increased by the doubt that the reader feels as to whether the princess is going to yield or not. This principle of suspense is used most effectively, because it is not made too prominent.

The principle of surprise may be found in each part — in the first, the stratagem devised for gaining entrance to the women's college. The prince originates the idea of masquerading in the dress of women. In the second, the betrayal of the secret to Lady Psyche and Melissa. In the third, the finding out of the secret by Lady Blanche, and the effort made by Cyril to induce her not to betray them to the princess. In the fourth, the betrayal of the whole plot to the princess by the songs sung by the prince and Cyril as a part of the entertainment given by her on the occasion of the "field day" party, and the expulsion of the three from the college. In the fifth, the preparations for war to decide the validity of the compact between the two kings, and the final decision to decide it by tourney instead of a general battle and the storming of the college. In the sixth, the plea of the princess that she may pay the debt of gratitude she owes to the prince by nursing him back to health after his grievous wound at the hands of her brother. In the seventh, the triumph of love over knowledge, and the winning of the princess by the prince.

While each of these is in the nature of a surprise, there are suggestions made which prepare the reader for each event in its turn, so that he would be disappointed if any different ending had been made. The picturesque style is maintained throughout the poem by means of striking figures of speech, epigrammatic sentences and the choice of graphic, poetic words. The poet shows his mastery of language by the way in which he condenses his thought into few words. Phrases take the place of sentences and words the place of phrases.

"The Princess" fulfills every requirement of artistic narration, and is therefore, an admirable study in this form of literary composition.— Margaret S. Mooney.

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Contributions, especially items of interest concerning our alumni and students, are earnestly solicited from all friends of the college. All matter intended for publication the same month should reach us not later than the tenth of that month.

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EDITORIALS.

LAST month we sent out a very large number of papers, accompanied by an urgent request for money already long past due, and a renewal of subscriptions. As yet we have received but few responses. We trust that none of our readers will become possessed of the idea that a paper can be successfully conducted without finances. We once again solicit the aid and co-operation of all students—both present and past—in helping us to enlarge and better our paper in every way. By so doing, we can the better enhance the interests of our institution, and have a College paper of which all may be justly proud.

THE Athletic Association has already perfected an organization, and plans are already being made to put forth a WINNING ball team in the spring. We are glad to see such earnestness manifested on the part of the young men, and trust that their efforts may be materially aided by the hearty co-operation of the student body in general.

THESE are the days when the long-haired college man wins fame and honor for himself and ancestors by reason of his valiant deeds enacted on the grid-iron. Although the game of foot ball reminds one of the gladiatorial scenes of ancient days, nevertheless, it meets the individual approval and support of the public in general.

WE call especial attention to the article of Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney in this issue of The Echo. Mrs. Mooney is at the head of the English department, and is a lady of rare ability, both as a literary writer and critic.

THERE was one long sigh, and nearly four hundred hearts beat happily (?) when Dr. Milne made the announcement in regard to essays. Although the work of preparing them may seem just a bit hard, nevertheless, the practice acquired will be of invaluable service to us, if we go to work at them in the right way, and in the right spirit.

THESE columns are open at all times to any student who may wish to discuss any of the topics of the day.

THOSE who are teaching for the first time under a critic, find that life's pathway is strewn with thorns as well as roses. If the criticisms are both given and taken in the right spirit, they will create within us a greater incentive and desire for our chosen profession, and make us better fitted to teach and train those who come under our immediate care. We should always remember that the diamond acquires its greatest lustre only after continual polishing; so we, who are to shine in the teaching profession of the State, should receive these frequent polishings in the right spirit, and remember that they are for our own good.

LIKE begets like; the mediocre teacher produces only mediocrity in his pupils.—Ex.

I WONDER if we all justly appreciate the location of our excellent institution in this the capital city of the Empire State? Although certain ones offer strenuous objections to the location of an institution of learning in a large city, yet we who come from the smaller cities and towns of the State find in real city life an education peculiar to itself. Here excellent opportunities are afforded for enjoying rare treats in the way of concerts, lectures and musicales, and of seeing and hearing some of the best talent in the land. In addition to the above privileges, one can profitably spend many hours in sight-seeing. The instruction and pleasure derived from a visit to the State Capitol and its numerous departments

is of value to every intelligent citizen. There, in the legislative halls, we may learn how our laws are made, and listen to the many interesting discussions and debates which occur from time to time. Students of nearly every denomination may here find a church after their own calling, and enjoy church services second to none in the State. This city also contains the Dudley Observatory, the State exhibit of geological and zoological specimens, and many other buildings and places of rare interest. Taking the matter as a whole, we find that the founders of our institution were wiser than they knew in selecting such an excellent place for its location.

THE trustees of the Illinois Wesleyan Seminary of Bloomington, Ill., at their annual meeting in June last, conferred the degree of Ph. D. upon our venerable professor of mathematics, A. N. Husted. It was an honor most worthily bestowed and the professor is to be most heartily congratulated upon its attainment.

THE farmer finds that he can produce his best crops by closely following the laws of vegetable growth; the teacher finds that he can produce the best results by closely following the laws of mental growth.—Ex.

CONSCIENCE and courage are the greatest weapons a teacher can use.—Ex.

Investigation is a cure for prejudice.—Ex.

THE RULING PASSION.

'T WAS summer time, and to the quaint
old town

Were flocking for vacation young and old,
And some were men of riches and renown,
And some had gained renown without the
gold.

And college men and women had arrived
From Normal and from Literary too.
And somehow they had every day contrived
Some small excursion, going two by two.

And as the summer days too quick sped on,
There seemed no doubt that one fair Nor-
mal maid
Would ne'er return to school, for he, called
John,
Had plainly lost his heart to Adelaide.

John was a recent college graduate,
And thought the world he lived in all his
own.

He had no slightest doubt as to his fate,
He felt that she had lived for him alone.

But she had been a Normalite one year,
And very special aims she had in life.
To her, of all things, methods were most dear,
And by them only would she be a wife.

One day there was a picnic near the falls,
And Adelaide and John, of course were
there.

There's no one in the town but still recalls
The direful thing that happened to the pair.

They sat alone high up among the rocks,
The birds were singing in the trees above,
He put aside his hat and smoothed his locks,
And then made ready to declare his love.

From out the pocket nearest to his heart
He took a lovely flashing diamond ring;
He said: "Take this, I pray you, ere we
part,

'Tis but a symbol of the love I bring."

One instant, and she arose with deepening
frown:

"The symbol ere the idea! what a way!"

And he—they had to bear him gently down,
He's in a home for madmen to this day.

MARY BUTTLES, '97.

A PLAN (Condensed).

General aim—To fascinate all
mankind.

Special aim—To captivate (and
capture) Mr. Dash, a millionaire.

Matter (to be obtained)—Matri-
mony.

Material—Miss Flossy Frivolous, a
sweet smile, three trunks full of
"fetching" costumes, a fashionable
summer resort, a guitar, moonlight, a
tennis racket, a bicycle, a maneuver-
ing mamma and an obliging friend.

Plan—I. Get contents of papa's
pocketbook (to be repeated frequent-
ly, as occasion demands) and go to a
summer resort with mamma.

II. Have Mr. Blank (the obliging
friend) bring about an introduction to
Mr. Dash.

III. Make Mr. Dash's first call as
pleasant as possible (with the assist-
ance of M. M. and O. F.). Make an
opening for an invitation to drive. In
accordance with psychological prin-
ciples, make the first impression as
striking as possible, and strengthen it
by frequent repetition.

IV. Be surprised by Mr. Dash in
a most bewitching attitude, singing
and playing the guitar, when he
comes for the promised drive.

V., VI., VII. to XXXVIII. Rides,
drives, tennis, boating, moonlight,
music (sometimes no louder than the
"music of the spheres"), etc.

XXXIX. (climax) Can be better
imagined than described.

Summary—XL. I, Flossy, take
thee, etc., etc.

ANON (a miss).

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself (?) has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:

"—! —! —! —! —?"—Ex.

S. N. C. NOTES.

MISS McClelland and Miss Isdell lectured before the teachers of Greene County at East Wyndham, September 29, and Prof. Wetmore addressed them the following day.

Prof. White gave an illustrated lecture on Venice before an audience of teachers, at Germantown, October 7.

Dr. Milne was away the 6th, 7th and 8th attending the semi-annual meeting of Normal School principals, at New Paltz, N. Y.

Miss Boyce, critic teacher in the State Normal School, of Mansfield, Penn., visited the College October 1.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Skinner was at the College last week to see the building.

Mrs. M. E. Wheeler, of Rutland, Vt., was in Albany October 8, to see her daughter, Miss Annah Wheeler, '99, and visited the College.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lynch, of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, on Tuesday, October 5, visited the College. Mrs. Lynch was formerly Miss Lynch, of the class of '88.

Miss Higby, Vassar, '99, visited College October 7.

W. B. Sprague, '97, spent Saturday, September 18, with old friends here, and attended the Delta Omega reception.

The Eta Phi Fraternity held their first regular meeting of the school year at the home of Miss Emeline Bennett, 88 Lancaster street, and the second at the home of Miss Grace Cook, at Loudonville.

STATISTICS OF OUR COLLEGE.

THE annual enrollment averages about four hundred students, many of whom are graduates from the leading colleges and universities, normal schools and academies of the East. At present there are twenty-seven collegiates enrolled, representing twenty-two colleges, among which may be named: Cornell, Harvard, Chicago, Rutgers, Wesleyan, Michigan, Syracuse, Toronto, Oberlin, Hamilton, Colgate, Union, New York, Mt. Holyoke, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and the Woman's College at Baltimore. Aside from these, there are others who have taken a partial course.

In the practice department there are about five hundred fifty or more pupils, consisting of the select children of the community.

CLASS OF '98.

THE first regular class meeting was held Saturday evening, Sept. 25th, with a goodly number in attendance. The following officers were elected, under whose direction we may be assured of having a pleasant and beneficial semester:

President — Geo. C. Lang.
 Vice President — Miss Grace Cook.
 Secretary — Miss Mabel Brookman.
 Asst. Secretary — Miss Laura Hasbrouck.
 Treasurer — Chas. V. Bookhout.
 Asst. Treas. — Miss F. Elizabeth Henry.
 Asst. Treas. — Miss Margaret White.

Committees — Executive, The Misses Reed, Young, De La Mater, Hathaway, Mr. Turner.

Program — Misses Honsinger, Sherwood, Punnett, Stafford, Amsbury.

Social — Misses Schiffer, Bagg, Race, Butt, Mr. Dibble.

CLASS OF '98 RECEPTION.

ONE of the most pleasing social events of the school year was the reception given by the class of '98 to the faculty and entering class on Saturday evening, October 9, 1897. The rooms had been tastefully decorated, and no pains were spared by those who had the event in charge to make the affair a decided success. The guests were most cordially welcomed by Messrs. Lang and Bookhout and the Misses Cook and Brookman. An orchestra rendered sweet music throughout the evening, and, at the close of the program, those so inclined tripped the light fantastic to their heart's content. As the clock rung out the hour of eleven the guests departed, feeling that the evening had been well spent. Following is the program:

Address of Welcome — Pres. G. C. Lang.
 Quintet — Miss Norton and Messrs. Green, Lang, Cummings and Bookhout.
 Reading — Miss E. May Tennant.
 Vocal Solo — Miss Jones.

THE DELTA OMEGA RECEPTION.

THE Delta Omega Society gave a reception to the entering class on Saturday, September 18, from four to six o'clock. The guests were received by Miss Millard, Miss Palmer and Miss Hyde. The room was decorated with plants, couches and cushions, and presented a most attractive appearance. Light refreshments were served during the afternoon.

A gallant young chemistry tough
 Who was mixing a compound of stough
 Dropped a match in the phial
 And in a brief whial
 They found a front tooth and a rough.

—Ex.

PHI DELTA.

THE following officers have been chosen for the ensuing term:

President — Chas V. Bookhout.
 Vice President — Edwin F. Green.
 Secretary — O. B. Sylvester.
 Financial Secretary — Geo. C. Lang.
 Treasurer — J. F. Turner.
 Chaplain — C. W. Armstrong.
 Critic — S. S. Center.
 Marshall — A. R. Coulson.
 Outer Guard — E. S. Martin.
 Inner Guard — C. L. Reed.

The fraternity have taken in some new members and are trying to make this one of the most profitable years in its history.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The following officers have been chosen by the class of '98.

President — W. E. Fitzsimmons.
 Vice-President — Miss Zorthwick.
 Secretary — Miss Welch.
 Treasurer — Miss Ambler.

The class of '99 have elected the following officers to preside over its deliberations:

President — Nick De Voe.
 Vice-President — Miss Smith.
 Secretary — Lulu Wynkoop.
 Treasurer — C. B. Hawn.
 Sergeant-at-Arms — George Reynolds.

The class has adopted garnet and white as the class colors.

The Quintilian Society at the last regular meeting selected the following officers for the term:

President — Miss Blanche Borthwick.
 Vice-President — Miss Carrie Ambler.
 Secretary — Miss Gertie Foy.
 Treasurer — Miss Anna Harlfinger.
 Critic — Miss Josephine Smith.

Miss Jennie Walters has returned to school again after a week's vacation in the South.

Mr. Jewett Brown has recovered from his recent illness and is in school again.

Horace Bell, a student here during the past year, is now in attendance at the Albany Business College.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Agnes Brown, '97, has accepted a position at Newtown, L. I.

Miss Margaret Aitken, '95, spent October 8 at the College.

Miss Ruth McBurney, '97, has accepted a position at Gloversville.

Miss Margaret Hunt, '96, has charge of the Teachers' Training Class at Glens Falls.

C. A. Woodard, '96, is this year principal of the school at Hicksville, L. I.

Henry E. Adams, '93, has been elected to a position as principal of the High School and Superintendent of Schools at Mt. Michael.

Miss Horne, '97, has a position in the schools at Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Sproul, '96, and Miss Jennie M. Guy, '92, have also accepted positions in the Akron, Ohio, public schools.

Mrs. Florence S. Nelson, '97, has a position at Fayetteville.

Miss Inez R. Maxson, '92, has been appointed to a position in the public schools of Chicago, Ill.

Miss Elizabeth J. Surdam, '93, is teaching this year in Mrs. Seguin's School at Orange, N. J.

Wilson R. Failing, '93, called at the College September 27. Mr. Failing and Mr. Riemann, '93, return to Harvard this fall.

Prof. I. B. Poucher, '47, and Mrs. Poucher, '56, of the Oswego Normal School, visited the College October 5. Prof. Poucher was appointed to succeed Dr. Sheldon as principal of the State Normal School at Oswego.

Miss Beach, '97, is teaching in the public schools at her home in Newburgh.

Miss Sarah P. Williams, '93, A. B. Pd. B., entered Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., in September.

Married.

Miss Cora E. Utman, '93, and Mr. Joseph E. McClure, of Warren, O., were married August 4, 1897.

Miss Mary A. Heydon, '90, is to be married October 20, to Mr. Judson D. Pettigrew, at her home, Hackensack, N. J.

Miss Eliza D. Paynter was married to Mr. Thaddeus Selby Lane, of Chicago, September 30, at her father's home in Long Island City. Mrs. Lane was graduated from the class of '93, and has been a member of the faculty for the last two years. She was a great favorite with both students and faculty, and it is with regret that they lose her. The best wishes of all follow her in her new life.

NECROLOGY.

1853—Hon. Abram P. Smith, died at Cortland, N. Y., July 4, 1897, in the 67th year of his age.

Mr. Smith taught only two years before he was admitted to the bar, but he maintained through life a lively interest in his Alma Mater and was a frequent attendant and speaker at our Alumni reunions.

As District Attorney, County Judge and Surrogate, he served his native county, Cortland, for sixteen years. He also served his country in the "Great Rebellion" as a member of the 76th N. Y. Vols., and wrote a history of the regiment.

One of his two surviving children is Dr. David E. Smith, Professor of Mathematics in the Ypsilanti State Normal School.

1853—De Volson Wood, C. E., M. A., Professor of Mathematics in Stevens' Institute, Hoboken, N. J., died suddenly in July last.

Professor Wood was Teacher of Algebra and Grammar in the Albany State Normal School from February, 1854, until July, 1855. Later he graduated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y. For thirteen years he was Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Michigan; for twenty-four years he was Professor of Mathematics and Mechanical Engineering in Stevens' Institute. He made numerous useful inventions, contributed to many encyclopedias, reviews and periodicals, and was the author of six books on Geometry, Mechanics, etc.

1854—Judge Edmund G. Butts, died at his home in Stillwater, Minn., September 25th.

Judge Butts served four years in the War of the Rebellion and later in various public capacities, including for a long term that of "Judge of Probate" for Washington County, Minn.

"Few people have courage to appear as good as they really are."—The Vidette.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE Lesson—See that it has something besides words in it, and then draw out that something. The end of every lesson, so far as the child is concerned is ability to think.—Exchange.

As well expect the materials which you have gotten together for the loom to arrange themselves into a perfect pattern as to expect "loose end" teaching to educate without the addition of the master strokes.—Drill.

The New England Journal of Education says: "Summer study and travel for teachers is no longer a luxury, but a necessity, and sooner or later teachers' salaries must be fixed with this end in view.

What is supposed to be the most expensive set of books ever published in the world is now being printed by the United States government—the history of our Civil War, which up to the present time has cost \$2,334,328. It will not be completed for three years, and it is estimated that by that time the cost will have reached \$3,000,000.—New Ideas.

Harvard has about 3,600 students and Yale about 2,500.—Ex.

The class of '99 in University of Michigan has adopted the honor system.—Ex.

Yale has adopted a systematic pension allowance. A professor who has been an instructor in the university 25 years, and who is 65 years of age, may apply for a pension, and will receive half-pay for the rest of his life. Several of the professors, however, have ample private fortunes. Prof.

Marsh, who has been connected with the college since 1866, has drawn no salary, not caring for it.—School Bulletin.

The magnificent new library of Illinois University was dedicated last June.

EXCHANGES.

THE Syracuse University Forum is in a true sense a representative of the university. The September number gives an extended sketch of the prodigious growth of the institution during the past three years (an increase of 558 students, and an addition of six courses), together with the general advantages offered by the university and city.

The new exchange, "El Monitor," from Buenos Ayres, a fifty-page educational paper, is attractive in form, but cannot be commented upon by the present exchange editors for obvious reasons.

"There only, where moral beauty of the soul is honored, where an intellectual standard is requisite, where conversation is the chief attraction, where boorish manners are corrected, egotism rebuked, stupidities punished and cynicisms exorcised, there alone is true society."—Spectator.

Do you want a good model for a lesson on common things? Read Miss Kenyon's "Lesson on a Box," in her wonderful book, "The Coming School."—The New Education.

To study history as the scientist studies, is to look upon a people as a living organism; to trace its evolution from a simple thing, like Abraham's family, to something more and more

complex, till family, church, State, school and labor, "The great five-fold phases of institutional life," have reached their present wonderful development as complete and separate organs of community life.—Ex.

No teacher is fit to break the bread of knowledge who knows simply and solely the subject which he or she professes to teach.—The Crucible.

The fellow who has been in college six months knows vastly more than the one who has taken a four years' course.—The Normal College News.

"The principal value of education, wrote a little boy, 'is so you can read the signboards at the cross-roads, to tell which road to go.'"

"Signboards" is a good subject for an essay. Explain the negro boy's conception, and you have a good definition of practical education.—Educational Gazette.

Every school in Paris has a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.—Ex.

ALL SORTS.

There, little boy, don't cry;
They have broken your leg, I know,
But the foot ball game
Which made you lame
Has laid many little ones low,
Your name will be published when you die;
There, little boy, don't cry.—Ex.

"I wonder," said the philosophical student, "why a fight is called a scrap." "Because it is a broken peace," replied cheerful idiot, with his usual promptitude.—The Vidette.

Teacher—"Tell me a few important things existing to-day which did not exist a hundred years ago."

Tommy—"Us."—The Tattler.

Prof. —, grasping frisky Freshman by the collar—"Young man, I believe Satan has got hold of you!"

Facetious Youth—"I believe he has, sir."—Ferne.

"No, Miss Platterface, I shall never marry a girl for her goodness. My wife must have beauty."

"O, Mr. Saphead, this is too sudden!"—Ex.

Miss Justout—What do you consider the marriageable age?

Mr. Outal Knight—Anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.—Ex.

Prof.—John, how would you punctuate this sentence: "The girl rode a bicycle out into the night"?

John—I should make a dash after the girl.—Ex.

BOOK NOTICE.

"The Story of Japan," by R. Van Bergen, M. A. Cloth. 12mo., 294 pages, with double map of Japan and Korea and numerous illustrations. Price, \$1.00. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Our school books on geography and history touch but lightly the Japanese empire, though it is now reckoned among the foremost nations of the earth. This book has been written to give children a correct idea of the Japanese Empire, and of the impulses which led to its wonderful progress in the past quarter of a century. It describes, in the entertaining form of stories, the principal events in Japanese history of the past, the steps which led to the reforms and progress of the present, the peculiar features and conditions of the present government, etc. While the thread of historical events runs throughout the book, many incidents and stories are given to illustrate the manners and customs of the people. The numerous illustrations add much to the interest and

meaning of the text. The book may be used in schools as a supplementary reader and in connection with the regular studies in geography and history. Adult readers will find in this book more interesting and useful information about Japan than in volumes of larger size and pretensions.

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LITERARY NOTE.

Among the announcements by The Macmillan Company for October is Professor James Mark Baldwin's book on "Social and Ethical Interpretation in Mental Development." This work, as is stated on the title page, is a study in social psychology, and is a continuation of the author's studies in genetic psychology, begun in his "Mental Development in the Child and the Race." In order, however, to obtain unity of treatment in this volume and to render it quite independent of the former work, Professor Baldwin has omitted the educational matter, except in so far as the natural connection requires reference to it. This departure from his original plan has enabled the author to include in Part II certain chapters which were written with reference to the questions set by the Royal Academy of Denmark, a brief analysis of which can be seen in the "Philosophical Review" for July, 1897. The book has been planned with a view to its availability for use in universities in connection with courses in psychology, ethics and social science. Part I is thus made, as far as its topics are concerned, a more or less complete study of social and ethical psychology. Proceeding by observation and analysis, the author studies the development of the

consciousness of the individual, and this study bears at once upon that aspect of consciousness which relates to purely individual existence and upon that which relates to the Society, great or small, to which the individual belongs.

A very valuable book for psychologists,— Child Study, by Groszman,— is published by C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse. The price is 50 cents per copy.

The Macmillan Company announces a new volume by Shailer Matthews entitled "The Social Teachings of Jesus: An Essay in Christian Sociology." There have been many presentations of Christian teaching in its application to modern social problems, but too often they have neglected to discover exactly what the teaching of Jesus really was. In the present volume an attempt is made to study the Social Teachings of Jesus systematically with little or no attempt at homiletic application. It is based upon the belief that Jesus as a strong thinker must have had some central truth or conception, and that his teaching was therefore not a mere collection of disconnected apothegms. Starting with this fundamental conception, the author endeavors to trace its application by Jesus himself to various aspects of social life, as society, economics, the family, the state, as well as to discover the forces and

means upon which Jesus counted for the realization of his ideals. The essays originally appeared in the American Journal of Sociology, but have since been to a considerable extent rewritten.

"Elementary Economics," by Herbert J. Davenport, is the title of a new book announced by the Macmillan Company, not an adaptation for school purposes of Mr. Davenport's larger work, but in the main a new book both in matter and arrangement. In method and doctrine it follows the outlines in some degree. The same attempt is made to lead the student to do his own thinking, and in a sense the method is inductive, although the text is almost mathematical in logical development of theory. No attempt is made at descriptive economics, except so far as is necessary to give the pupil data for such reasoning as should readily be mastered by students who can grasp the abstract relations of algebra and trigonometry. The author is convinced that while economics may be made an edifying and easy study, when deprived of its analytical and theoretical aspects it can never by that method be made of equal staying quality in one's intellectual equipment, nor of at all equal value as an exercise in broad generalization an inferential thinking.

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