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THE ECHO.

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EDITORIAL.

October.

“My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves,
Woven with cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;

I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,
The dreamy air is full, and overflows
With tender memories of the summer-tide,
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.”

—The Poet's Calendar—H. W. Longfellow.

SUBSCRIBE for The Echo.

IN PREPARING manuscript for publication, write on only one side of the paper.

WE ARE pleased to note that the form of The Echo is meeting with favor. The tendency among periodicals now is to assume the book form. In quality of paper and binding we are giving much more than we promised.

A PRECEDENT which has been established heretofore is putting the business managers of The Echo in an increasingly embarrassing position. We refer to the custom of allowing a subscription to include parts of two college years. The subscription for every college paper of which we have any knowledge is for the current year—from September to June. At the beginning of this year, the present business manager had to assume not only a small money debt, but what is its equivalent, the fulfilling of several

paid-up subscriptions which will expire from one to six months hence. Such a custom, if allowed to continue, will lead ultimately to hopeless confusion in our finances. Firmly convinced that the old policy is not business-like, and, moreover, exceedingly inconvenient, we purpose to rectify matters so far as possible, and in order to do our part we shall take no subscriptions which continue beyond the current year. Students who subscribe this term will receive *The Echo* for the year, those who subscribe at the opening of next term will pay for the paper only till the following June.

It is not our intention to blame anyone for the conditions under which we labor. It seems most likely that the custom referred to came about naturally, inasmuch as the first number of *The Echo* was issued in the month of June, and also from the fact that students enter college twice a year. The evil, which did not at first appear such, has become cumulative and the sooner it is checked the more favorable will be the conditions under which future boards will begin their work. Business managers ought to be responsible only for obligations assumed by themselves. They certainly ought not to begin with a handicap. We trust that old subscribers will help us set matters right.

ABOUT ten years ago it seemed suddenly to be discovered that the students in our schools and colleges were conspicuously deficient in knowledge of the English language. The conditions were not new; they had simply been ignored. College presidents, recognizing that students then being graduated from the institutions over which they presided were deficient in English composition, began vigorously to inquire into the

causes of such a state of affairs. They were not long in discovering that the fault lay with the secondary schools. No doubt this was true, for at that time many of the college preparatory schools were neglecting to train their pupils to use the English language correctly, and, above all, naturally. There was too much of the skeleton of grammar and rhetoric showing through the thin clothing of ideas which was supposed to conceal the articulation of "metaphor," "simile" and "trope," which the industrious pupil, in his eagerness to show a knowledge of "rules," sometimes attempted to illustrate in the short compass of a single paragraph.

There is no doubt that the method was wrong and that the time spent in the study of composition and literature was insufficient.

There was a general agreement among the colleges to raise the standards in the entrance requirements in English, and the results have been beneficial to both schools and colleges, but there is clearly a great deal to be done yet in the English work.

The question might now be asked: Are the colleges doing their duty in advancing the student in his knowledge of the use of English? Those who are interested in this question will find a frank expression of opinion in the current number of the *Educational Review*; the article is on "Why college graduates are deficient in English." The author of the article speaks fearlessly, and in her opinion, the colleges are now at fault because they regard English in the light of literature rather than in the light of literature and composition. It is found that in some colleges of high standing it is possible, by careful selection of elective studies, to receive a degree with

scarcely any training in English. If this is so, and students are foolish enough to avail themselves of the opportunity, surely an added responsibility rests upon the secondary schools.

"The discrepancy between the catalogue requirements for admission," writes Miss Searing, "and the condition of the work done in junior and senior years is inexcusable. It is inexplicable that a student can get in and having got in that he can get out bearing a degree, with such an ignorance of ordinary English as amounts to illiteracy."

There is no doubt that the college training in English is not what it ought to be, and not what it will be when colleges are able to employ a large force of capable critics to correct English work. We must never lose sight of the fact that critical work in composition is both slow and laborious.

Naturally it is pleasing to the teachers of English in secondary schools to see the colleges thus sharply criticised. Still, the teaching of English in secondary schools is far from perfect and teachers need waste no time in self-congratulation. What we need is better teachers of English, those who have had training in subject-matter and methods of instruction, for of all the subjects taught in our public schools, composition and literature are, pre-eminently, the culture studies, and the time is fast approaching when they will be recognized as such.

Irish's "American and British Authors" has been adopted in a large number of schools, normal schools and colleges. At a recent meeting of the board of education of Columbus, O., it was unanimously adopted for use in the high schools of that city. They intend to use it also as a supplementary reader in the upper grammar grades. See advertisement.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Winifred L. Jones. Katherine V. D. Merwin.
Leola D. Weed. Alvah G. Frost.

NATURE STUDY.

The Emotions of a Little Russet Partridge.

[The Partridge tells her own story.]

You know that partridges go in flocks and nest together in hollows or furrows of the fields in order to rise at the least alarm, scattering in their flight like a handful of grain that one sows. Our company was gay and numerous, settled in a plain on the edge of a great wood, having food and fine shelter on two sides. Thus, ever since I have known how to run, being well feathered and well nourished, I have been very happy to be alive. However, something disturbed me a little; it was that famous opening of the hunting season of which our mothers began to speak very softly among themselves. But an old bird of our company said to me often: "Have no fear, Rouget"—they call me Rouget on account of the color of my beak and my feet—"have no fear, Rouget; I will take you with me the day of the opening and I am sure nothing will happen to you."

He was a very wise and vigilant old fellow, active yet, though he had the horseshoe already marked upon his breast and some white feathers here and there. When quite young he had received a grain of shot in the wing, and as that had rendered him a little awkward, he looked twice before rising on the wing, took his time and kept out of danger. Often he took me with him as far as the entrance to the wood. There was a curious little house here nestled among the chestnut trees, silent as an empty nest and always closed.

"Look well at that house little one," said the old fellow; "when you see the smoke rise from the chimney and the door and blinds open, it will go ill with us."

And I trusted myself to him, knowing well that it was not his first hunting season.

The other morning, at the peep of day, I heard some one call again and again, quite low: "Rouget, Rouget!"

It was my old friend. His eyes had an extraordinary expression.

"Come quickly," he said to me, "and do as I do."

I followed him, half asleep, gliding between the hillocks like a mouse. We went to the side of the wood, and I saw in passing that there was smoke from the chimney of the little house, light at the windows and before the wide open door, the hunters all equipped, surrounded by leaping dogs. As we passed, one of the hunters cried:

"Let us do the plain this morning; we will do the wood after breakfast."

Then I understood why my old friend had brought me at first under the lofty trees. All the same, my heart beat, above all, in thinking of our poor friends.

All at once, just as we reached the outskirts, the dogs began to run towards us.

"Keep close to the ground," said my old friend to me, lowering himself quickly. At the same moment, ten steps from us, a frightened quail opened his beak with a cry of fear and flew away. I heard a dreadful noise and we were surrounded by dust of a strange odor, very white and very warm, although the sun was scarcely up. I was so afraid that I could no longer run. Happily we had entered the wood. My comrade hid himself behind a small oak. I placed

myself near him and we remained concealed there peeping between the leaves.

In the fields there was a terrible fusillade. At each report I closed my eyes, dizzy with fright; then when I decided to open them, I saw the broad, naked plain, the dogs running, searching in the grass, in the sheaves of grain, turning upon each other as if mad. Behind them the hunters swore and shouted; their guns shone in the sun. At that moment, in a little cloud of smoke, I thought I saw some thing like scattered leaves flying, though there was no tree near; but my old friend told me that they were feathers, and, indeed, a hundred steps before us, a superb gray partridge fell to the ground, his head bleeding.

When the sun was very hot, the firing suddenly stopped. The hunters went back toward the little house where a great fire of branches was heard crackling. They talked among themselves, discussing the shots, while the dogs came up panting, their tongues hanging out of their mouths.

"They are going to breakfast," said my companion, "let us do likewise."

And we entered a field of sassafras which is near the wood, a large field part in flower and part gone to seed. Beautiful pheasants with reddish-brown plumage were picking there; they also lowered their red crests for fear of being seen. Ah! they were less proud than usual. During this time the breakfast of the hunters, at first quiet, became more and more noisy; we heard the click of glasses and the popping of the corks from bottles. My old comrade found that there was time to go back to our shelter.

At this hour one would have said that the woods were asleep. The little pond, where the deer go to drink, was not dis-

turbed by any lapping tongue. Not a rabbit's nose was seen in the wild thyme of their feeding ground. One felt only a mysterious trembling, as if each leaf, each blade of grass sheltered a menaced life. The natives of the woods have so many hiding places, holes in the ground, thickets, brushwood, and then the ditches, the little ditches which hold the water long after a rain. I confess that I should have loved to be at the bottom of one of those holes, but my companion preferred to remain uncovered, to have plenty of space to see a long distance and to feel the open air before him. We acted wisely, for the hunters now came into the woods. Oh! that first fusilade in the forest, which riddled the leaves like a storm of hail and scratched the bark! I shall never forget it. There were two or three heavy flights of large pheasants and a tumult in the low branches in the dry leaves and in the air from the explosion which agitated, awakened, frightened all the creatures that live in the woods. The moles ran into their holes. A horned beetle, starting from a crack in the tree against which we were hidden, rolled his large stupid eyes, fixed with terror. And then the little blue dragon flies, the bees, the butterflies, poor insects, looked wild on all sides. Even a little scared cricket with scarlet wings came and alighted very near my beak, but I was too frightened myself to profit by his fear.

My old companion was as calm as ever. Very attentive to the barking of the dogs and the shooting; when they came nearer he made me a sign and we, well concealed by the foliage, went a little farther out of reach of the dogs. Once, however, I believed that we were lost. The path that we must take was guarded at each end by a hunter lying in wait. At one end by a large, gay fellow with black

whiskers, who made his hunting knife, cartridge box and powder horn clink at every movement; at the other end a little old man leaning against a tree smoking his pipe tranquilly, winking his eyes as if he were sleepy. This one did not make me afraid; it was the large one.

"You don't understand, Rouget," said my comrade, laughing, and fearing nothing, with wings spread wide, he flew almost between the legs of the terrible whiskered hunter.

And the fact is that the poor man was so embarrassed by his hunting implements, so occupied in admiring himself from head to foot, that while his gun was still on his shoulder, we were already out of reach. Oh, if those hunters knew, when they believe themselves alone in a corner of the wood, how many little eyes watch them from the bushes, how many little pointed beaks try to refrain from laughing at their awkwardness!

We kept going on and on. Having nothing better to do than to follow my old companion, my wings beat time with his, but folded themselves as soon as he alighted.

I have yet in my mind's eye all the places that we passed — the rabbit warren, rosy with heather; the little green alley where my mother partridge had so many times built her nest, where we jumped to pick up the red ants that climbed to our feet, where we met the proud little pheasants that would not play with us.

I saw it as in a dream, my little alley, at the moment when a roe crossed it, his large eyes open, ready to bound away. Then the pond where the partridges came in flocks of fifteen to thirty; all rose on the wing at the same moment and flew to drink the water at its source and

splash themselves with drops which rolled from their glossy feathers. There was in the middle of the pond a very thick cluster of alders; it was in that islet that we took refuge. The dogs that would have come to seek us there must have had famous noses. We were there only a moment when a stag came dragging himself on three feet and leaving a red track upon the mosses behind him. It was so sad a sight that I hid my head under the leaves, but I heard the wounded creature drink in the pond.

The day closed. The shots seemed farther off; they became more rare; then all died away. It was finished. Then we came back quietly toward the plain to learn the news of our company. In passing before the little house by the wood I saw something dreadful.

At the edge of a ditch, the hares with reddish fur and the little gray rabbits with white tails, lay side by side cold and still. There were little feet joined in death which had the attitude of asking mercy, lifeless eyes which seemed to weep; there were the russet partridges, the gray partridges which had the horse-shoe on their breasts like my comrade, and the young ones of that year which had, like me, the down under their feathers. Do you know anything more sad than a dead bird? On the wing it was so alive. To see those wings folded and cold makes one shudder. A large deer, superb and calm, its little red tongue hanging from its mouth as if to lick again, appears asleep, not lifeless.

And the hunters were there bending over their slaughtered victims, counting, pulling towards them their game-bags, without a thought for the bloody feet, the torn wings and all the other fresh wounds. The dogs stood still, wrinkling

their lips as if they were getting ready to dart again into the copse.

While the great sun sank to rest and they all went away, their shadows lengthening upon the ground and the paths moist with the dew of evening, oh, how I cursed them, how I detested them, men and beasts, all the band! Neither my companion nor myself had the courage to throw, as usual, a little note of farewell to the day which had just ended.

On our way we met with the unfortunate little creatures, killed by a chance shot and left abandoned to the ants and the moles; the magpies and the swallows, struck in their flight, lying upon their backs and holding their little stiff feet toward the sky. The night came quickly, but cold and wet, as it does in autumn. But the most heartrending of all was to hear at the edge of the wood, on the border of the meadow, and low in the osier ground of the river, the anxious sorrowful, scattered calls to which no one responded.— [From the French of Alphonse Daudet.] Translated by Margaret S. Mooney.

How the English Study the American Revolution.

The movement of events points to much closer relations between the American people and the English people than have ever existed in the past. The people themselves are getting acquainted. Governments may understand each other and yet the people of each be quite estranged. When governments converse, it is in the smooth-tongued speech of diplomacy. Of this the people understand but little. When the people of one nation communicate with the people of another, quite a different form is used. Straightforwardness, sincerity, even bluntness, are evident without the polish

of high sounding phrases. Any such communication, to continue for a period of time to the advantage of both parties, implies an understanding each of the other, and a confidence that each will strive for the good of both.

To know a people, the history of that people must be understood. Not that one must know the chronological order of a long list of events. That may not help in the least. The leading events of the past affecting both peoples in common must be understood as to the spirit of the age in which they occurred and the motive which prompted them. The way in which the American looks at English history, and the point of view taken by the Englishman in noticing American history must necessarily influence the relations of these two peoples toward each other.

It needs but a suggestion to call to mind the instruction Americans receive regarding England. It is much greater in amount than that received by Englishmen about America. No universities have courses in American history. Something has been done by Bryce in his analysis of our government. A history of the land called America, to be published in several volumes, is being written by an Englishman, graduate of Oxford. But these works are not for the youth.

To furnish material for younger people, and to influence them at the age when impressions are so easily and so permanently made, Mr. Samuel Plimsoll has made a collection from twenty-four books of English history. These extracts relate to the American revolution. It is from them, as a part of English history, that American revolutionary history is to be taught more fully. They

are to be used in grades corresponding to our second and seventh, inclusive.

A close examination of these English accounts, of which we know the other side so well, proves very interesting.

King George III is roundly blamed for the whole affair. "The king was more to blame than any of his ministers," is found in the Royal English Reader Series. "The chief causes," says another account, "are to be sought in the high notions of prerogative held by George III, his infatuated and stubborn self-will and in the equally absurd self-conceit of his English subjects. "In this there is an agreement with the American patriot, who objected to having every gamin in London speaking of "our American subjects." Again is found: "George III backed his ministers with his usual dull obstinacy, which he took to be the firmness of a great ruler." Thus the children on both sides of the water will have about the same opinion of George III.

The accounts give much more space to the justification of taxation than is given to the same subject in American texts. There are no statements, however, which would not be considered fair to both parties.

The success of the Americans is attributed in Macmillan's History Readers, to "two things," which "assisted them greatly, one being the extraordinary powers as a general developed by a man among them, George Washington; the other being the assistance that was sent over to them from France." Philips' School Series states that "to Washington was mainly due the success of the colonists. This noble patriot might be described as the type of an English gentleman; a man without eloquence and of great modesty, but having great administrative powers, moderation and self-con-

trol. His character, great in itself, seems greater when placed in contrast with the men that surrounded and the opponents that confronted him." The word "patriot" is striking when we remember that to the English government of 1776 he was a rebel.

Of Franklin but little is said. One account simply states that Benjamin Franklin resided in London "as the agent of the Massachusetts house of assembly." A tribute to Patrick Henry is given as follows: "But eloquence as great and more effective than Burke's was at work on the other side of the Atlantic. Patrick Henry, an orator of the loftiest order, brought forth resolutions against the stamp act which were instantly adopted."

The accounts of Bunker Hill are short and state that the British troops drove the Americans from the hill. Yet the true results of the battle are given in about the same form as is found in American accounts. "The attempt (to hold the hill) failed; but it proved to the colonists that it was possible for undisciplined patriots to meet on equal terms the best troops England could send against them. Thenceforth the success of the revolution was assured." Here again appears the word patriot.

French aid is made very prominent, emphasizing the fact that England was involved in a war with France by the act.

Of Valley Forge, the account in the Royal School Series says: "During the winter the soldiers of Washington were shoeless and starving in Valley Forge, near Philadelphia, but inspired by the noble patience of their leader, they bore their sufferings bravely and thenceforward America had decidedly the best of the war."

The lesson to England from the war is pointed out clearly. In fact, the story seems to be for the purpose of showing England the benefit to her from her loss. The epochs of English History Series states that England "had much fighting to do in America, where she was beaten. She was fighting for a bad cause, and freedom and good government came from her defeat. While America gained very much, England lost little more than the lives and the money spent in the war." In another place is found: "The resistance in America had taught them (the English) the lesson that, powerful as the English government was, it could not do as it pleased. From that time there was more consideration for the wishes of the governed in England itself than there had been before."

Speaking of the feelings at the present day, one account says: "For many years after the war there was ill-feeling between the two countries and quarrels frequently arose, but in our day the feeling is warm and friendly. The British islands are looked to as the central home of the widespread Anglo-Saxon race, and even Americans own our queen as the head of the English-speaking peoples of the world." "The inhabitants are fond of business and clever at making money; wealth, perhaps, occupies too high a place in the thoughts of many."

To return to King George; we may hold a more favorable opinion of him by taking some of his words spoken at the time of the recognition of our independence. Their omission will be unfavorable, rather than favorable, to a closer sympathy between the two great peoples. In November of 1783 he entered the House of Lords and read a paper acknowledging the independence of America. This reading he closed with a prayer that

neither England nor America might suffer from the separation. The English authorities treat this as a sincere utterance; but John Fiske, looking over the water from colonial New England, his point of view, says that hoping the Americans would not suffer, "meant, of course, that he hoped they would suffer from such evils." True, there was danger, as the period of Confederation clearly shows; and it may be that the king expressed that danger. If we allow that the prayer, or wish, as Fiske calls it, implied that there was great danger ahead of the young States, then it will not differ greatly from the English interpretation. For the king to imply that there was danger ahead does not necessarily mean that he hoped the State would not escape it. The real meaning of the king seems more evident from the following: Replying to our first minister, John Adams, on June 1, 1785, the king said: "Sir, I wish you to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but, the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." Mr. Adams, in writing of the interview, said: "The king was indeed much affected and I confess I was not less so."

These various accounts all treat the story simply and, on the whole, very fairly. If English children become impressed with the spirit which they show, it is hardly to be doubted that they will look very fairly back on the events of political separation and recognize that

fact, so difficult for Englishmen as well as for Americans to acknowledge, that they were in the wrong, and aroused too far the independent spirit of the colonists. It is this that can lead to the most profitable reunion. G. G. G.

His Maiden Effort.

1009 Beacon Street.

My Dear Paul.—I am going to ask a great favor of you. My son says that you are not going home for the holidays this year, and so I want you to run up to Boston for a few days. I am sure that you and Jim would have a fine time together; he has become so interested in other things that he needs his college chum to make him remember good old times. My daughter Ethel is to be at home then. It seems queer that you two do not know each other. I am afraid, though, that you will see hardly any more of her now than you did when she was away at school. Her literary club takes up so much of her time.

And now that I have touched upon the subject of clubs, I must tell you what I want you to do for me. Won't you speak to my Working Girls the evening of December twenty-third? We are planning a little Christmas entertainment for them and we want it prefaced by an address. I am sure that you, with all your knowledge of social problems, are just the person to give this. Of course, you understand that I don't want you to prepare a scholarly speech. Give the girls a little friendly talk and some good advice. That is what the poor overworked things need.

Now, Paul, I am sure that you will do this for me, and so I shall expect you on December twenty-third, or before that if you can possibly come.

Very sincerely your friend,
Elizabeth Miller.

When he had read this letter, Paul Clarke leaned back in his study chair and smiled. To be called upon to address an audience so soon after taking his degree was a bit flattering. The discomfiture would not be great in talking to people of — well, inferior capacity. Besides, there was the added pleasure of a short visit to his college friend. A fellow working for his second degree needed a vacation as much as any freshman.

He sat up late that night preparing an address full of helpful advice to working girls, and when he finally slept it was to dream of himself preaching to a large gathering of women on the vanities of the world.

* * * *

When the 7.10 express from New York pulled into Boston at ten minutes before eight, Paul Clarke hurried out to surrender himself to the first grasping cab driver. But before he reached the pavement outside, a negro in footman's livery touched him on the shoulder.

"Scuse me, but are you the lecture man from New York?"

Paul bowed.

"Then Miss Ethel, she say will you please step right into the kerridge, suh, and she hopes you won't min' comin' to the club first, 'cause its so late, suh."

Meanwhile he had possessed himself of Paul's dress-suit case, and now led the way to the carriage, shut the young man inside with a decided slam of the door, as if to make sure of his safety, climbed up beside the coachman and they drove off rapidly.

After a few blocks, the carriage stopped, the footman again appeared and ushered his charge up a flight of stone steps and into a brilliantly lighted reception hall. "These Bostonians do nothing by halves, it seems," thought the

young man. He had taken off his great coat and stood for an instant fumbling in the pocket for his notes. A voice behind him made him turn quickly.

"I hope you will pardon the lack of formality, but the people are waiting — I am Miss Miller," she said.

Paul bowed in some confusion. "Ah; most happy" —

She interrupted him. "In here," she said, and Paul did the only thing possible — followed her.

He could not fail to notice the well-dressed appearance of his audience. They looked exceedingly intelligent, too. He felt that he should meet with sympathetic response to his remarks in the minds of these girls.

The address was not long, but it was extremely forcible, bringing out emphatically the two essential points in his social creed, the dignity of labor and the debt that civilization owes to the working classes. Owing to his intense feeling in regard to the subject, the young man's views were almost socialistic. Intermingled, however, with his expressions of contempt for the rich people who lived in idleness adding nothing to the production of the world's wealth, were some practical suggestions which he thought would be helpful to his audience. He spoke of the foolishness of the false pride which kept so many people from entering the industries best fitted for their capacities, showing how this was likely to detract from the dignity of labor. He compared many of the occupations of women and pointed out that that which seemed most menial, domestic service, was really of just as much value in the industrial world as many of the higher professions. He exhorted his listeners never to be ashamed of their condition in life, however much they might desire

to raise themselves above it, and closed with these words:

"My young friends, it is not by going out of the station into which we have been born that we most benefit ourselves and others. Within the narrow radius of each person's own world are her greatest opportunities, to help by her sympathy her fellow-workers, or to become the mainstay of a home; for, in the long run, it is upon the home and especially the woman's influence in that home that the welfare of our nation depends."

As the lecturer finished he looked around for Miss Miller or her mother. The people had risen and were moving towards an open door at one side of the room. No doubt he would find them in a minute, and in the meantime it would be better to make himself at home among these young women. Perhaps some of them would be glad of an opportunity to talk with him. He felt that he had left so much unsaid that might be of help to them. Near him stood a young girl, whom he afterward found to be Daisy Owen, smiling in an amused way. He smiled back at her.

"It is always safe to follow the crowd, I suppose. Do you know the place?"

"Yes," she said. "I like to come here out of hours."

"Then you are the person I want," he declared. "You can take me round and introduce me to some of your friends. Miss Miller seems to have deserted me. Don't you want to tell me about your club; what are you trying to do through it?"

"We try to have a good time," answered the girl, "away from our families."

"Yes, very restful; and do you have a library here? Do you have an opportunity to read much?"

"We find some time for it, and we have papers every week," she said.

"Like Harper's Weekly, for instance?"

The girl paid no attention to this last question, only saying: "Please excuse me, but my committee duty calls me away. You might talk to that girl near the door. I know it would please her. She is rather shy, though."

Paul Clarke might have wondered what her idea of duty might be, had he seen her hasten across the room and talk to Miss Miller in an excited whisper, after which they both disappeared into the hall, only to take their position on the other side of the heavy portieres not five feet from himself and the diffident maiden he was now addressing.

"Pardon me, if I introduce myself, Miss — ah —"

There was no response.

"One of your members has just been telling me that the principal aim of your club is social."

"Indeed!"

"I'm afraid, if that's the case, that my lecture must have been very stupid for you. It was so technical."

The young lady stared.

He continued: "I hope, on the whole, you agreed with my conclusions. The more I see of the world and the attitude it takes towards unprotected women the more strongly I feel that a woman's place is in her own home. Of course, a club like this is a good thing, because it relieves the monotony of life. Have you ever thought, though, of adding other features to your club, something educational, for instance?"

"No," shortly.

Paul was beginning to despair of drawing her out. Her shyness seemed to be, indeed, an impassable barrier; but he resolved to make one more attempt.

"Is your home conveniently near to the club so that you can make frequent use of its privileges? You must be glad to have such a pleasant place to come to after your day's work is over."

While he had been talking to the young lady, he had allowed his eyes to wander about the room that he might not embarrass her by too close attention. Now, as he brought them back to her, he was startled by the flush that had overspread her face by what seemed a haughty expression. In fact she was positively glaring at him.

"You must excuse me," she said, and left him just as, to his great relief, he saw Miss Miller approaching him.

* * * *

Meanwhile, another conversation was going on in the reception hall. James Miller had dropped in to take his sister home, and, encountering her friend, Miss Daisy Owen, was indulging in a little teasing of that charming young person.

"Fine lecture you had this evening, I suppose."

"Very delightful," vouchsafed Miss Daisy.

"A telegram announcing the lecturer's illness came just after sister left and mother said — she's on to you girls, you know — that you'd probably have an impromptu debate or something, and didn't bother to send the telegram around. I bet you've had a regular gossip party the whole evening and haven't left a single one of your friends with a whole character. Come now, confess."

"We had an interesting lecture," declared Miss Daisy.

"You don't mean the man came after all?"

"I do."

"Well, you fared better than mother

did, then. She asked a friend of mine who's grinding away down in New York to get a second degree in economics, up for a few days' visit and, by the way, to give a nice little talk to those precious Working Girls of hers. He didn't come, and he didn't send a telegram, either, so mother had to talk to them herself. Where's Ethel?"

"She has just gone in to talk to the lecturer. Don't you want to meet him?"

"No, thanks. I'm afraid I must be going."

"But you can't, you know, without Ethel."

"Oh, well, then, since I must." He dropped into a chair near Miss Daisy, with an alacrity quite astonishing in a person acting under compulsion.

"You can tell me about the lecture, and I won't have to be bored by talking to him — see! Begin, I'm ready."

"Ahem," imitating the manner of the lecturer, "Young ladies, there is nothing so noble as labor, especially housekeeping and washing dishes. That is the duty for which you are best fitted; therefore, you should each hasten to have a home of your own —"

"Excellent advice."

"Don't interrupt — because the conduct of the nation depends on you. You see he makes us responsible for the actions of the men. I wonder who is responsible for him?"

"Ethel, I guess," said young Miller, for at that moment Miss Miller appeared in the doorway and behind her was the lecturer.

"Daisy," she began, "may I introduce —" but her brother had sprung forward and caught hold of him.

"Why Clarke, old man! when did you turn up? Did you and Ethel concoct this scheme to —"

“To play a joke on Miss Miller’s literary club? Hardly.” Paul Clarke turned toward Daisy Owen, whom he had thought to be only the “working girl,” and said: “I have been apologizing to the best of my ability, but to you — I am wholly at your mercy. What can I do?”

Miss Owen, who from her hiding-place behind the curtain, had enjoyed the discomfiture of Clarke and his shy companion, laughingly replied: “Nothing. I have had my revenge.”

R. McCall, '99.

Literary Prescriptions.

For action read Homer and Scott.

For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson, Emerson.

For clearness read Macaulay.

For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

For conciseness read Bacon and Pope.

For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.

For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Twain.

For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.

For interest in common things read Jane Austen.

For logic read Burke and Bacon.

For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton.

For simplicity read Burns, Whittier, Bunyan.

For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.

For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.

For sublimity of conception read Milton.

For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.— Exchange.

A Tragedy.

Who’s that walking on the moorland?
 Who’s that moving on the hill?
 They are passing ’mid the bracken,
 But the shadows grow and blacken
 And I cannot see them clearly on the hill.

Who’s that calling on the moorland?
 Who’s that crying on the hill?
 Was it bird or was it human,
 Was it child, or man, or woman,
 Who was calling so sadly on the hill?

Who’s that running on the moorland?
 Who’s that flying on the hill?
 He is there—and there again,
 But you cannot see him plain,
 For the shadow lies so darkly on the hill.

Who’s that lying in the heather?
 Who’s that lurking on the hill?
 My horse will go no nearer,
 And I cannot see it clearer,
 But there is something that is lying on the hill.

—From “Songs of Action” by A. Conan Doyle.

Authors’ Birthdays.

George Bancroft	Oct. 3, 1800
Noah Webster	Oct. 16, 1758
Helen Hunt Jackson	Oct. 18, 1831
S. T. Coleridge	Oct. 20, 1772
Thomas Hughes	Oct. 23, 1823
T. B. Macaulay	Oct. 25, 1800
Von Moltke	Oct. 26, 1800
Sir Moses Montifore	Oct. 26, 1784
John Keats	Oct. 29, 1795
John Adams	Oct. 30, 1735

It was a music teacher bold,
 Who loved a fair young maid,
 And when to her his love he told,
 Something like this he said:
 “Light of my sol! my life’s bright re,
 I love you near or fa!”
 The maiden turned her head away
 And gently murmured “La.”
 “Such flighty nonsense doesn’t go,
 You’re not the man for mi;
 I want a man who has the do,
 So you’re not in it, si?” — Ex.

VERSE.

Bitter Sweet.

Creeping by the roadside
 On a sloping hill,
 Running through the fences,
 Struggling as it will:
 Grows a little blossom,
 Long and green and white,
 Grass and weeds and daisies
 Shield it from our sight.

Long and low it hides there;
 Strangers come and go:
 Many flowers are gathered,
 Still its tendrils grow.
 Spring has turned to summer,
 Summer turned to fall,
 And this flower lies hidden
 Lovliest of them all

Days grow short and shorter,
 Winds blow loud and cold:
 Flowers have ceased to blossom,
 Trees their leaves unload.
 When beneath these branches,
 Berries red and gay,
 With their scarlet centers
 Form a bright array.

Thus it is with many,
 Quiet, humble, shy,
 Knowing naught of friendship
 As the days go by;
 Building for the future,
 While their neighbors bold,
 Striving for the power,
 Leave them cheerless, cold.

Working on in silence
 Waiting for the time
 When the season changes,
 Like our little vine.
 When the noisy people
 Beat a loud retreat,
 Forth they come in power,
 Like our "Bitter Sweet."

—Harriet Bushnell.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
 Abroad at night alone;
 A chaperone she needs till she
 Can call some chap 'er own.

—H. S. Journal.

Procrastination.

Procrastination, that well known thief of Time,
 Will gather to himself all worthy things of
 thine.
 He'll steal and he'll murder thy fame and thy
 good name,
 Oh, when begun, you'll surely lose with him 'f
 you join the game.

So quietly will he enter and with you make his
 home,
 That seeing not, you still believe yourself
 now quite alone.
 From out the many hours you have, a small
 part he will take;
 And as there's a to-morrow no difference 't will
 make.

All things will soon go crooked, the world will
 look askew;
 The failures will be many and heartaches not a
 few.
 This thief though never visible, will leave his
 tracks behind;
 On all your plans he'll lay his hands, to spoil
 them you will find.

Some more forsaken duties, more precious time
 slips by
 Unheeded by the thief, now standing ever
 nigh.
 He takes the sweet all from you, the bitter
 leaves behind;
 Mourn now, too late! when emptiness you find.

Now when the awakening cometh, oh, how
 much you have lost;
 Though nothing you have gained, how peerless
 was the cost;
 You wonder how it happened, and ask, What
 can it be?
 The thief Procrastination then you can plainly
 see.

Oh, Procrastination, that well known thief of
 Time
 Has gathered to himself all worthy things of
 thine;
 Has stolen and has murdered your fame and
 your good name;
 Oh, when begun, why did you play with him
 and lose the game?

—M. A. E.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Grace D. McGregor. Florella Hawkey.

Changes in the College Building.

Since last spring several important changes have been made in the College building. One of these is the removal of the primary department into the building to the south, which has been purchased and remodeled and is connected by a corridor to the main building.

On the first floor may be found the primary chapel and office, both of which are tastefully furnished, the former being noticeable for the new piano and chairs and the beautiful pictures on the walls. The class-rooms of the second, third, fourth and fifth grades are on the second and third floors, while the first grade at present occupies one of the new rooms on the first floor of the old building, made by combining the former class-rooms, 120 and 122.

The former primary chapel, once so bright and attractive, has assumed the grave and bookish air of the reference library, which opens its doors to students from 2.30 to 5.30 in the afternoon and from nine to twelve on Saturday mornings, being at these times in charge of one of the College faculty. Many new books treating on pedagogical subjects are to be added to the library soon.

What formerly was the library is now the President's office, much larger and pleasanter than the one formerly occupied, tastefully furnished, being noticeable especially for the new skylight, chandelier and the beautiful pictures on the walls. At the right is a tastefully furnished room where students may receive calls and visits from their friends.

Passing along the corridor to 211, the old Echo office, we find it has grown, with the addition of 212, into a fine reci-

tation room. The Echo office is now located in 123 on the first floor of the building. Rooms 213 and 214 have also been combined into one large room used by the method classes in Latin.

On the first floor the small class-rooms, 115 and 116, 120 and 122, formerly used by the primary grades, have been combined into two larger rooms, one of which is used by one section of the ninth grade of the intermediate department and the other by the first grade. The old first grade room, 127, is occupied by one section of the eighth grade.

Not the least among the changes are the two new class-rooms on the fourth floor. They are lighted by skylights and are reached by stairs ascending to the right of the door of the High School chapel. The one at the left, 403, is the best lighted room in the building and is used by the advanced science classes. The one at the right is used by the drawing classes and is furnished with some very fine desks.

Another additional change is to be found in the twenty-seven copies of some of the masterpieces of art distributed along the corridors and adding much to the appearance of the building.

M. A. N., '99.

Kindergarten Lectures.

Under the auspices of the Albany Kindergarten Association, a course of eight lectures and lessons for kindergartners and primary teachers will be given by Mari Ruef Hofer, of Chicago, at the State Normal College, October twenty-eighth to November fifth. The lectures will begin at eight o'clock. Admission for the course, one dollar; single admissions, twenty-five cents. Tickets may be obtained of kindergartners. The following is a list of lecture topics:

1. Voice as Vital Expression — Cultivation through interpretation.
2. Interpretation of Songs — Their vocal treatment.
3. Children's Voices — Vocal principles applied.
4. Piano Music in the Kindergarten — Rhythm, Musical Sketches, Marches, Breathing, etc.
5. Analysis and Classification of Songs — Music Programs.
6. The Music Language — How to present to Children.
7. The Symbols of Music — Notation and Music Reading.
8. Illustrated Rhythmic Movements and Games in the School Room.

New Pictures in the Corridors.

It is of the utmost importance that the pupils in our schools should become acquainted with the beautiful in art. The man or woman who comes to maturity without this knowledge misses a great part of life, and should at once make an effort to acquire an education in this direction.

With the idea in view of pleasure and benefit to the students, a large number of fine pictures have been gathered together and now charm the halls of the College. Some of these pictures are copies of famous works of art and others represent places or buildings of historical interest. It is needless to say they are a source of much pleasure to all.

At the west end of the hall, just at the left as one enters, is the picture of St. Mark's, Venice. Its style is Byzantine, and is world renowned for its grace and beauty.

As one passes on toward the east, in the direction of the stairway, he will see at the right a view of the cloister of "St.

Paul's, beyond the walls," in Rome. Next to it is the bust of Hermes, now ascribed to Praxiteles, who lived in the fourth century B. C.

At the left is the picture of Parthenon, and next to it is the Winged Victory, recently found on the island of Naxos; this is sometimes called the Winged Nike, and is one of the great attractions of the Louvre.

Turning to the right from the great hall, one will see the view of the Acropolis, and the Cologne cathedral. At the left is the Erectheum and the Matterhorn.

On the west wall of the gallery hangs a picture of St. Cecilia. It is a copy of the famous painting which is now in the Royal gallery, Dresden. On the same wall is also a picture of the grand canal, Venice. On the south wall is a copy of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, and a picture of the Milan cathedral. Opposite, on the north wall is a copy of Murillo's Madonna of the Immaculate Conception, a picture of the Vatican library and The-seus. The latter is a picture of a piece of sculpture taken from a frieze of the Parthenon.

In the north hall is a picture of the Pyramids and Sphinx; in the south hall hangs a picture of the baptistery, cathedral and leaning tower of Pisa.

Dr. Milne attended the semi-annual meeting of the Principals of the New York State Normal Schools at Oneonta, Friday, October fourteenth. Every principal was present at this meeting.

In the State of New York there are eleven Normal Schools and one Normal College. Five out of the twelve principals have been elected within one year: Dr. McLachlan, Jamaica; Dr. Poucher, Oswego; Dr. Smith, Brockport; Dr.

Hawkins, Plattsburg; Dr. Bugbee, Oneonta.

Through Dr. Milne, the College has secured the services of Prof. E. G. Scripture, the physiological psychologist of Yale University, who will deliver a lecture the evening of November eighteenth on the "Science of Sight." This lecture will be illustrated by lantern slides and apparatus. To this entertainment, the Hudson River School Masters' Club, of which Dr. Milne is the president, is most cordially invited.

Institutes.

The institute at Hudson was attended by Dr. Milne October 11th, Miss Bishop October 13th, and Mrs. Mooney October 14th.

The institute at Lansingburg was attended by Dr. Milne October 4th, and Prof. White October 7th.

Prof. White attended an institute at Berne October 25th, where he spoke three times during the day, and lectured in the evening.

Miss McClelland attended the same institute Wednesday, October 26th; Miss Russell, Wednesday, October 26th, attended an institute at West Sandlake.

Dr. Milne also attended the West Sandlake institute, Thursday, October 27th.

Dr. Milne will attend an institute at Whitehall, Tuesday, November 1st.

Personals.

Within the past month there have been many visitors at the College. Among them there have been: Miss Ehman, '94, Chatham; Miss Mary Nichols, '97, Kinderhook; Miss Eleanor Nichols, '97, Wallkill; Miss Bergen, '97, Wallkill;

Miss Tuthill, '93, Hoosick Falls; Miss Bancroft, '97, Port Henry; Miss Casaday, '98, Hudson; Miss DeWitt, '98, Hudson; Mr. Zimmerman, '98, Yorktown Heights; Miss Disbrow, '98, Plainville, Conn.; Miss Gagen, Akin; Miss Fawcett, '98, Rondout; Miss Bannon, '98, West Newburgh.

William E. Pettit, '98, has been seriously injured, and will be laid up for some time. The nature of his injuries was not learned.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of William Melville Pride, which occurred at Florence, Alabama, September 19th. Mr. Pride was a member of Company B, First Alabama Volunteers, and while in camp at Jacksonville, Fla., contracted a fever which terminated in his death. The many friends of his sister, Miss Susan Pride, extend their heartfelt sympathy to her in her sorrow.

'99 Class Reception.

On Saturday evening, October 8th, the Class of '99 held a reception to the faculty and students at the College building. As the guests passed through the front corridor, which was decorated with palms for the occasion, they were received by the class officers, Mr. Gurley, Miss Pendleton, Miss Orcutt, Miss Wilson and Miss Vinton. An orchestra in the play-room induced some to enjoy dancing, and all had a pleasant evening of social intercourse.

Kappa Delta.

At the invitation of the Kappa Delta Society, a large company assembled at the College Saturday evening, October 1st. The kindergarten play-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with

palms and autumn leaves. A vocal solo was rendered by Miss Bailey, after which Prof. Wetmore gave a delightful talk on "Constantinople." No one is better qualified to speak upon this subject than is Prof. Wetmore, who spent some time in that city several years ago and is thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs which prevail there. At the conclusion of his remarks the company returned to the new world and after a pleasant social time bade their hostesses good night.

Psi Gamma.

That the Psi Gamma did themselves credit by their first public appearance, was the opinion of all who had the pleasure of being present at the talk given by Dr. Leonard Woods Richardson, under their auspices on Friday, the 16th inst. The talk was given in the main hall, which was tastefully decorated with palms and autumn leaves. The president of the society, Miss Watson, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the guests and introduced Dr. Richardson.

His subject, "Books and Reading," was especially suited to the literary character of the society.

He discussed Emerson's famous saying that you should read no books but those which are a year old, those which are famed and those which you like. He agreed with Emerson that in reading books fresh from the author's pen, we read much worthless trash, but also that on that basis we would lose much of the spirit of the time which could be gained by reading magazines and the novels of the day.

In discussing the second clause of Emerson's saying he recommended the works of the four great masters of literature, viz.: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare

and Goethe. The writings of each tell us much of the life and spirit of the time in which these authors lived.

In regard to the last clause he spoke of the fact that we could get much more out of a book if we liked it. The society is to be congratulated on having such an able and interesting speaker for the entertainment of their guests.

After the talk, the guests were asked to see how many autographs they could secure on the cards with which they were provided. This proved a delightful way of passing a few moments, and a prize was given to the one who secured the most names.

At six o'clock the guests departed feeling that the Psi Gammas had proved themselves royal entertainers.

The Eta Phi Tea.

From four to six o'clock Saturday, October 14th, the young ladies of the Eta Phi society entertained in the reception hall of the Normal College. The President, Miss Everett, assisted by the vice-president, Miss Hasbrouck, and Miss Russell, Miss Bishop and Miss Hannahs, of the faculty, received.

Friends of the society added to the pleasure of the afternoon. Miss McLaughlin, a graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory, recited the "Boat Race," and "Seein' Things at Night," with so much effectiveness that "My Ships" was also added by request. The vocal solos, "Lullaby" and "Laddie," by Mrs. Kellar, and the two violin solos by Miss Collins, were charmingly rendered.

The hall was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and large ferns in vases, entwined with pink. The prevailing pink in the costumes of the young ladies completed the harmonious effect.

Class of 1900.

The first regular meeting of the Class of 1900 was held Friday evening, October 14th. After a short business meeting, a large representation of the class enjoyed an interesting program prepared by the committee in charge. Hereafter the regular meeting will be held on the second Saturday evening of each month.

The following is a list of class officers:

President, Mr. A. G. Frost; first vice-president, Miss L. M. Clark; second vice-president, Mr. E. S. Brink; secretary, Miss M. B. Harnish; treasurer, Miss W. H. Edwards.

Executive Committee.—Messrs. Devey and Bloomer; Misses Kent, Campbell, Purdy.

Program Committee.—Misses Lester, Moe, Wright, Boyles; Mr. Eckerson.

Social Committee.—Misses McBurney, Brooks, Lynch; Messrs. Vavasour and Boothby.

High School Notes.

The current topics of each week are given on Friday by a member of the graduating class. They are very interesting and prove beneficial to the students.

At a regular meeting of the Class of '99, the following officers were elected: President, Nicholas Devoe; vice-president, Isabelle Eckert; secretary, Myram Devoe; treasurer, Clinton Hawn.

Miss Josephine Rock has left school.

Married.—At St. Patrick's church, Watervliet, N. Y., September 13, 1898, by Rev. Father Curtin, Mr. James Quinlan, of Albany, and Miss Johanna Fitzgerald, of Watervliet, Class of '98.

The Athletic club has begun its regular meetings in preparation for the season's sports.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Fannie M. Pendleton. Gertrude M. Vroom.

Among the Colleges.

Plans are being drawn for a new library building for Stanford University in California, at an estimated cost of \$150,000, and with a capacity for 80,000 books.

Willard L. Dean, treasurer of Vassar College, died at Poughkeepsie October 5th. Mr. Dean was fifty-seven years of age and had been connected with Vassar College twenty-seven years and held the position of treasurer for fifteen years.

The freshman class at Dartmouth College numbers nearly two hundred.

Col. Oliver H. Payne has given \$1,600,000 to Cornell University. This princely donation is to be used in founding and endowing the greatest medical college in the world. The building for the college is to be constructed in New York city. Six hundred thousand dollars will be expended for an entire block of land and the fine building to be erected upon it, while the remainder will be an endowment fund.

At a recent meeting of the corporation of Brown University, the resignation of President E. Benjamin Andrews was accepted. Benjamin Clark was chosen to succeed Dr. Andrews.

Columbia University began its 145th year October 3d, with 2,000 students.

David J. Hill, ex-president of Rochester University, has been appointed assistant secretary of state to succeed John Bassett Moore, resigned. Dr. Hill is a scholarly man and is particularly known for his knowledge of international law.

Cornell is to have a new and handsome Alumni Hall. The funds to erect the building are to be raised by subscrip-

tions from the graduates. Plans for the hall were submitted by alumni and \$500 was divided into five prizes of \$100 each for the successful competitors.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine's gift of \$250,000 to the University of Chicago to establish a college for teachers, was put to use October 1st.

Harvard graduates in Boston have given \$14,000 to the athletic committee for use in the improvement of Soldiers' field. During the summer changes were made which will increase the ground available for athletic purposes to forty acres—twice the present area.

The new year opens at Hamilton College with a class which, when all are there, will number about forty-five.

Theodore Roosevelt, the candidate for the Governorship of New York State, graduated from Harvard.

President McKinley has received the degree of LL. D. from Chicago University.

The entering class at Williams contains ninety-nine members.

Harvard has expended \$14,000 on improvements at Soldiers' field this year, and has raised \$18,000 of the \$25,000 intended for a 'Varsity boat-house.

Prof. E. B. Frost, of the department of astronomy in Dartmouth College, has been called to a similar professorship in Chicago University.

Williams Football Schedule.

October 8, Yale at New Haven.
 October 12, Union at Williamstown:
 October 15, Carlisle Indians at Albany.
 October 19, Colgate at Williamstown.
 October 22, Wesleyan at Williamstown.
 October 29, Trinity at Williamstown.

November 5, Cornell at Buffalo.

November 12, Dartmouth at Hanover.

November 19, Amherst at Williamstown.

Amherst begins her 78th year with the largest entering class in five years, 120 men, and a total enrollment of 370 men. Several additions to the faculty are reported.

Amherst Football Schedule.

October 12, Harvard at Cambridge.
 October 19, Wesleyan at Middletown.
 October 22, Trinity at Amherst.
 October 26, Wesleyan at Amherst.
 October 29, M. I. T. at Amherst.
 November 5, Dartmouth at Amherst.
 November 19, Williams at Williamstown.

In the Realm of Pedagogy.

Geography furnishes a field as large as the world itself in which to show nature in all her marvelous wonder.—School Journal.

Are we sure that our ideals are right? Dr. Stanley Hall has had a glimpse of that as a proper question, for he sometimes says our failures may be due to the fact that in our wisest endeavors we work at cross purposes with nature. Granting that nature's plan has been to lengthen infancy and childhood and delay maturity are we not endeavoring by all means at command, intimidation and pressure, to shorten that period and bring maturity of mind to immature bodies?—Journal of Pedagogy.

There is something radically wrong with a teacher who has no educational creed. Education is a responsible and complicated work, which must be carefully planned from beginning to end. There must be a definite aim and a clear understanding of the ways and means of

reaching it. In other words, the educator must have in mind some fixed principles of action. Without them he is like the captain of a ship without a compass. Every fad that stirs up a breeze may turn him from his course. If he is a routinist, his pupils will be deprived of many opportunities for educational development. In short, only a teacher who has clear and rational educational convictions can be safely entrusted with the training of children.—School Journal.

"History is, for the most part, a story agreed upon by posterity."—Thoreau.

The teacher is often surprised to find, after reading a selection to the pupils, that it does not move them as it did him. The mental preparation of the teacher had fitted him to respond to those ideas, but they meant little to the pupils. Precisely the same is true of adults. Who of us has not at some time been chagrined to note how flat a paragraph from a favorite author has fallen, although we read it in our very best manner to a circle of grown-up people? If we had taken a few minutes to prepare their minds, to develop the proper associated ideas, and to point out kindred facts in their own experience, the case might have been different.—Ohio Educational Monthly.

The thought that grows in the mind and heart and goes out into the world by the aid of skillful hands and holy lives, is the thought worth preserving and presenting to the growing, ripening years of humanity.—New York Education.

We must place before the children in our schools the best the world has in art and literature and all responsible for the education of the child should aid him in reading the stories of the long ago transmitted to us by the intellectual giants of the ages.—New York Education.

In Lighter Vein.

"Jokes of all kinds, ready cut and dry."

"Laugh and be fat, sir." —Ben Jonson.

"I believes," said Uncle Eben, "dat de human race would be consid'able wiser an' happier ef you could git 'em to foller an ahgument as easy as you kin git 'em to foller a circus puhcession."—Washington Star.

A Juvenile Logician.—"Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "Ma, I've had it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, what do you want, sonny?" asked the grocer. "I 'most forget what mamma sent me for," said the perplexed little boy, "but I think it's a can of condemned milk."—Our Dumb Animals.

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

"I wish," said the soldier in the trenches, "some military genius would think of a scheme to allow the man who goes to the front to leave his appetite in the rear."—Puck.

"Tell your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a lodger to a female domestic. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as extra rent."—Christian Endeavor World.

The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. This question was as follows:

"Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days?"

"All of them, sir," replied a boy in front.—Ram's Horn.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To cast o'er ithers spells,
And thereby make them always see us,
Just as we see oursels. — Ex.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

M. Louise Watson.

Edna M. Fisher.

"The Tides."

The wide diffusion of scientific knowledge, with all the benefits resulting therefrom, was made possible only when scientists abandoned Latin and began to write in the mother tongue. A great mass of scientific fact is still, however, so deeply buried in the language of mathematics as to make it inaccessible to a large body of readers, and any attempt to popularize this portion of scientific literature is heartily welcome. Such is the nature of "The Tides," by George Howard Darwin, from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., August, 1898. "A mathematical argument is, after all, only organized common sense, and it is well that men of science should not always expound their work to the few, behind a veil of technical language, but should, from time to time, explain to a larger public the reasoning which lies behind their mathematical notation."

The above quotation from the preface suggests the nature of what is to follow, and the reader is not disappointed. Chapters 1-3 discuss, respectively, oceanic tides, seiches in lakes and tides in rivers, and, what is fully as welcome to teachers at least, tell how the facts are obtained. Chapter four traces the history of man's ideas concerning the tides from the early Chinese writers to Newton. The nature of the tide generating force is set forth in a remarkably clear and concise manner, so that the cause of "the tide on the side of the earth opposite the moon," that bugbear of teachers of physical geography, is made perfectly clear and simple. The remaining chapters discuss, in a non-mathematical way, the physical principles involved in an understanding of the tides, the equilibrium and the dynamic theories, tides in lakes, tide tables and tidal prediction.

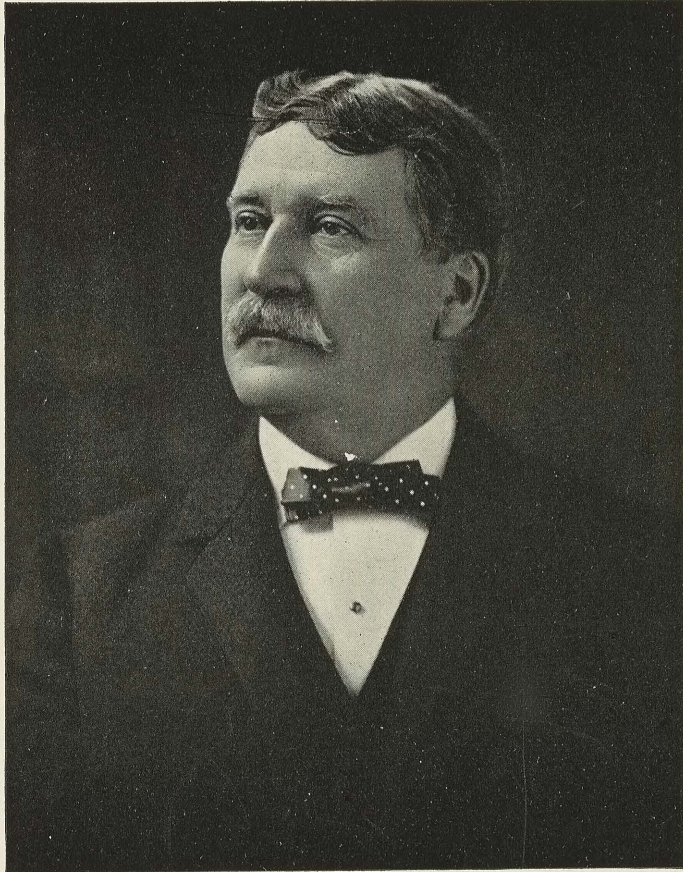
That the genesis of the moon, the shape of the earth and of the orbits of the planets, the evolution of celestial systems and Saturn's rings should have any connection with the subject of the tides will be wholly new to many readers, yet this connection is shown and the treatment of these subjects made very interesting to the general reader.

This volume is the first attempt at a thorough and at the same time popular treatment of the tides, and will be eagerly sought by those who have so often been discouraged in trying to get any light on the subject from such discussions as the article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which is admirable, but so intensely mathematical as to be unintelligible to most readers.

C. S. G.

The Review of Reviews for October contains several articles of especial interest just at present. Under the title of "The Man at the Helm," Gen. A. B. Nettleton reviews President McKinley's course of action from his nomination to the close of the war. In the questions arising at the opening of his administration he showed himself dominated by no party, but seeking the welfare of the whole people and this nation's proper position among the others of the world. In war he has ably filled the position of commander-in-chief, consulting with others in authority, it is true, but in the end relying on his own clear judgment. To this fact is due in large measure the brevity of the war. How he will settle the problems now arising can be conjectured only by judging the future by the past. Dr. Carroll Dunham writes on "Medical and Sanitary Aspects of the War." The work done by the army and by the navy is proportionate to the physical condition of the two bodies. The condition of the navy can be traced directly to long discipline. If we had kept a standing army whose numbers bore any proportion to the increasing population and whose discipline was rigid, the men would have been better trained to act and the officials to care for them.

E. L. O.



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