

THE Normal College Echo

VOL. II.

ALBANY, N. Y. JANUARY, 1894.

No. 6

CONTENTS.

LITERARY.	PAGE.	PAGE.	
Grass in January.....	1	FIRST DOWN.....	9
Our Voices.....	1	A LETTER.....	10
Reverie from Florida.....	3	A LOVE STORY.....	11
An Alumna's Trip Abroad.....	4	ECHOES.....	11
A Warning.....	5	PERSONALS.....	12
Sonnet.....	5	ALUMNI NOTES.....	12
EDITORIAL NOTES.....	6	AMONG THE COLLEGES.....	12
EDITORIALS.		HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.....	13
Lecture Course.....	6	EXCHANGES.....	13
Resolutions.....	6	EDUCATIONAL NOTES.....	13
Your Name, Please.....	6	AMONG THE MAGAZINES.....	14
The Public Mind.....	6	NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	14
The Demand for Larger Salaries.....	7	BOOKS RECEIVED.....	14
AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.....	8		

GRASS IN JANUARY.

NO flowers with hues so gay
 And perfume sweet to-day.
 A few small blades of grass
 Scarce noticed as you pass.

But pause — this slender blade
 Has grown all undismayed
 From earth still chill with frost,
 In this great world seems lost.

Behold! how fresh and green
 It grew, and who has seen
 Its colors mixed, who knows
 Just how or why it grows?

But the great Master plans
 For its life and for man's.
 Though dark or bright the hues
 He best for us will choose.

H. M. HENRY, '93

OUR VOICES.

THE human voice has been called the most perfect musical instrument ever invented; but, judging from observation and experience, we must admit that it is found so often out of tune as to make us doubt the truth of the statement.

Our "conversational soprano" in childhood, in youth and in old age is generally lacking in the musical quality of tone so much to be desired.

This fact may be due to the harsh sounds given to the elements of our language, to "the rigor of a frozen clime," or to a lack of training of the vocal organs in singing as well as in speaking.

Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes makes the climate responsible for our bad voices when he says :

"Our cold north-easter's icy fetter
 Clips the native freedom of the Saxon lips;
 See the brown peasant of the plastic south,
 How all his passions play about his mouth!
 With us the feature that transmits the soul,

A frozen, passive, palsied, breathing hole.
It can't be helped, though if we're taken young,
We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;
But school and college often try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain."

That the art of speaking distinctly, correctly, and agreeably has been too long neglected is painfully apparent in our school-rooms, our homes, and in most, if not all, gatherings where oral speech is the means of communication.

That the lack of early and proper vocal training is the cause of this condition is also evident to those who have considered the subject.

As a man "looks in a glass and straightway goes away and forgets what manner of man he is," so he speaks without ever giving a thought to the sound of his own voice; perhaps he would not recognize it as his own if he could hear it reproduced by some one else — certainly not if reproduced by the phonograph.

And yet there is so marked an individuality in our voices that familiar friends recognize us by this means, and strangers that we meet casually are either attracted or repelled by our tones as much as by our faces.

The charm of a pleasant quality of voice is not so common as to be heard unnoticed. Really pleasant voices are the exception, and when we meet a man or woman whose voice is finely modulated, and whose tones are musical and sympathetic, we find that person singularly attractive.

Certain of our poets have given us a notion of the ideal voice in woman:

"Her voice changed like a bird's.
There grew more of the music and less of
the words."
— *Browning's "Flight of The Duchess."*

The German woman's voice that frightened Holmes by its sweetness, he says was the outcome of "large, vigorous nature, running back to those huge-limbed Germans of Tacitus, but subdued by the reverential training and tuned by the kindly culture of fifty generations."

Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake," directs our attention to the voice of his heroine —

"What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—

Those silver sounds so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear."

And again he says that when she called
"Father!"

"The rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound."

Can we doubt that such a voice outweighed even the beauty of expression which he also dwells upon in the same description?

King Lear says of his daughter Cordelia:

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing
in woman."

The lines have almost passed into a proverb, yet we are still far from realizing their significance.

Cordelia, the daughter of a king, with the breeding befitting a royal princess and the society of a court, might reasonably be expected to have a voice "soft, gentle and low;" for the courts of kings have ever been the training-schools for tone quality. In these centers of social culture the drama and the opera have been the favorite forms of entertainment for centuries. As a matter of necessity the actors and singers must have prepared themselves to perform their parts in such a manner as to give pleasure to their distinguished audiences.

Those who attained to the highest excellence in their chosen art became the models for those who followed, and so the stage has also given us our standards, variable to be sure, for judging the qualities of voice, as certainly as it has determined our pronunciation.

In the personal recollections of many authors we find especial mention of the impressions left on their minds by the voices of the great players and singers of their own times.

Longfellow has recorded in the following sonnet his recollections of the reading from Shakespeare given by Mrs. Kemble, a famous English actress, of a famous family.

"O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages

Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
 Anticipating all that shall be said!
 O happy reader! having for thy text
 The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
 The rarest essence of all human thought!
 O happy Poet! by no critic vexed!
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
 To be interpreted by such a voice."

Mrs. Ritchie (Thackeray's daughter), who knew Tennyson as a family friend, and had often heard him read his own poems, says: "His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may be between."

As Tennyson was a writer of dramas of a high order, no doubt he had the power of dramatic interpretation in a like degree, as the above reference would seem to indicate. Our public speakers who aspire to become orators, follow the methods of the stage in acquiring the necessary vocal training, for although not all actors, actresses, and public singers have voices that thrill us with their melody, they have the best we are likely to have an opportunity to hear and possibly to imitate.

Whatever may be said of naturalness in speech, the fact remains that our habits of speaking are all acquired by imitation, unconscious imitation for the most part, but imitation pure and simple. If then we would have men and women speak beautifully, their habits of speech must be formed by listening to musical voices, and imitating tone, accent, and pronunciation, as they assuredly will from infancy to maturity.

But let us suppose a less fortunate condition of things for a child than having always heard his own language spoken beautifully and correctly. What can be done for those whose habits are so faulty as to make us almost despair of changing them for the better?

The surest way to correct such faults would be to place the child among associates who always spoke as we would have him speak; but in school life this is impossible, because his everyday companions have quite as many faults as he has, though they may differ from his in kind or in degree. But there are two ways of training the voices of the young in respect to quality and flexibility that every teacher may use to advan-

tage, and in the kindergartens everywhere the first of these methods is already carried out with the most satisfactory results. I refer to the morning songs which the little ones are taught to sing softly and reverently. The idea of teaching children to sing in soft, clear tones, instead of the loud, shrill ones with which we are all familiar, is suggestive of better things to come in our conversational tones.

If the sentiment of the song be such as to awaken the highest and holiest feelings of the heart, the tones of voice will respond to the thought unfailingly. What is true of song is true of poetry in general. But we use poetry too little in the education of the young. We are too eager for mental training, for scientific facts, to give due attention to the culture of the heart and soul as well, and so, instead of furnishing our boys and girls with the purest and best in literature, and that having in it the power to rouse the soul to enthusiasm, we have kept them on mechanical work applied by rule, expecting them to learn to read by having them stand up and say aloud perhaps a dozen lines of printed matter once or twice a day for the few short school years of their lives.

No wonder that we hear head-tones constantly and heart-tones rarely from those subjected to such unsympathetic treatment.

Any young man or woman who has the will to persevere may secure the best kind of voice culture by reading masterpieces of poetry aloud an hour every day for a year, to an audience either real or imaginary.

Begin with lyric or narrative poems; later read Shakespeare's plays, comedies, tragedies and histories. That you may always be sure of the sympathy of your audience, read to some one that you love, and that loves you.

MARGARET SULLIVAN MOONEY.

A REVERIE FROM FLORIDA.

ALONE, discouraged, weary,
 All things around seemed dreary!
 All life seemed dark to me!
 Bright things that spoke of gladness
 To me were only sadness—
 I knew not harmony.

My lagging footsteps bore me
To a woodland stretched before me —
A wood by winter bare.
Under the mosses swinging
Where birds were happy, singing,
I walked with heart of care.

I sat me down and pondered ;
My heavy thoughts they wandered
Along my checkered past.
I thought of hopes now banished,
I saw how joys had vanished,
And felt despair at last.

Ere long I calmed my feeling
And on the dead leaves kneeling
I asked for heavenly aid ;
For hope my lot to brighten ;
For strength my load to lighten ;
For this, and more, I prayed.

Arising, yet still yearning,
(My very flesh was burning),
I hoped through my despair.
My sight a moss-mound nearing,
I saw some white flowers peering —
Some white flowers nestling there.
So beautiful, yet lonely !
These flowers were the only
Signs of life around ;
(Save birds above me seated,
Whose melody repeated
Unheeded did resound).

These dainty flowers, peeping,
No harmony were keeping
With the woodland brown and sere,
Yet they to me had spoken
Plainly, "We're a token
Of coming life and near.

Full long has nature slumbered,
Full long we've been incumbered
By the cold and freezing airs.
Now skies are brighter, warmer,
And passing are our former
Timely, resting cares.

We're nature's first adorning
For her resurrection morning.
New beauties soon will rise.
The coming life will brighten
And infinitely lighten
Your deep despair and sighs."

Ah, truly they had spoken !
They were, indeed, a token —
A harmonizing song.

New life seemed all about me,
Within me and without me ;
New hope had made me strong.

And thus with nature ever,
Her life is one endeavor
To lead our steps aright.
She's our mine of information,
Our strongest inspiration,
Our source of guiding light.

— JONATHAN HOAG, JR.

BELLEVIEW, FLA., Dec. 27, 1893.

AN ALUMNA'S TRIP ABROAD.

OUR passage to London was effected with the usual hardships as well as pleasures of the voyage. After engaging rooms in London and procuring refreshments, we started for the "People's Palace." I learned that it was opened by Queen Victoria, May 14, 1887. The great central hall is 130 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 60 feet high. The roof is vaulted and filled in with stained glass. The balconies on either side are supported by caryatides, and above these balconies between the Corinthian pillars stand the statues of twenty-two queens, Queen Victoria's being the last. When the floor is to be used for athletics or dancing the chairs are let down through a trap-door. The library contains about 300,000 volumes of all descriptions. The swimming bath, a gift of Lord Rosensbury, is a tank 75 feet long and 6 feet deep. The winter garden, which is in a glass gallery opening into the Queen's Hall, is filled with tropical plants and ferns, which make one feel as if in a forest in June.

The educational section, known as the Drapers' Institute, is across from the Queen's Hall. In the basement are lecture-rooms and classes in electricity, photography, and other sciences. As music is very popular there are several musical societies.

If you would learn how stupid any thing could be made you should attend a drawing-room given in England. As you are invited you must certainly attend, go in and pay your respects to the hostess, sit down in the first place you are able to find, and listen to the music.

We attended also a reception given by Queen Victoria. It was quite a stormy afternoon, but that made no difference with the number of people who attended. We were obliged to fall in line, and as we approached the door, to remove the right glove before touching the queen's hand. We had to kneel and kiss her hand, and make a Louis XIV bow to the rest of the royalty, who stood like so many statues.

The next evening a reception was given in our honor. All Englishmen dance alike. They are like a number of pokers bent at just the correct angle, and their waltzing is something extraordinary. With all their peculiarities, they are, I think, as jolly a set of people as I have had the pleasure of meeting.

The next place we visited was Berlin. I enjoyed my stay there extremely well. The Avenue of Victory leads to the "König's Platz," which is one of the handsomest squares in the city. The royal palace, or "Schloss," has 600 apartments.

Having friends at the University of Berlin, and at the School of Design, these buildings were shown us on a day when but few visitors were there, and, consequently, they were seen to a better advantage.

After attending theatres, receptions, etc., we left Berlin for Paris. About the only thing we cared to visit in Paris was the Conservatoire, which is very large, although not a very interesting looking building as there is no grace or ornamentation about it. As you enter you pass through a dark, dingy hall, which reminds you of some promenade in a monastery. The front façade is occupied by the director and secretary. On the left are the class-rooms for harmony, declamation, and composition. Examinations for admission are taken on the ground floor, which is a prison-like place with no windows. In the library are many valuable books in German, French, and Italian. The director is appointed by the government, and he has under him a secretary and accountant, an overseer, and an assistant of the class-room. The teaching is divided into nine sections: 1. Solfège and musical theory. 2. Harmony, organ and composition. 3. Singing and lyrical declamation. 4. Piano and harp.

5. String instruments. 6. Wind instruments. 7. Orchestral and chorus classes. 8. Reading aloud. 9. General history of music and dramatic literature. The teaching body consists of home and outside professors. There are two teaching committees, one for musical and one for dramatic studies, presided over either by the Minister of Fine Arts or the Director. There are eight professors of singing, eleven of piano, one of organ, six of violin, and two of violoncello. Each of the other orchestral instruments is taught by a master. About 1,000 pupils are now receiving the best musical education obtainable.

Of course we visited the stores and made numerous purchases, but the prices were such as we should consider outrageous in America.

ELIZABETH J. DUNHAM.

SONNET.

ON THE GRANDEUR OF MILTON'S VERSE.

Thy music, Milton, calls me like the roar,
The measured cadence, and unending sweep
Of waves from out the ever restless deep,
That beat upon a silent, boundless shore;
Proclaiming and separating, o'er and o'er,
The secrets that the misty caverns keep,
Wherein resistless tempests lie asleep,
And gleaming, glistening treasures strew the floor.
Thy harmony, majestic, solemn, strong,
Like some grand symphony that thrills the soul
With infinite suggestion, sweeps along
Resistless, to its high, far-shining goal.
Oh! mighty singer, thy transcendent song
Forever thro' the poet's heart shall roll.

E. E. RACE, '93.

A WARNING.

SHE fell,— "how dreadfully stupid," —
While skating with George on the ice.
He helped her up in a manner
She thought was "exceedingly nice."

So nice, that thus thought the maiden;
"Now, really, I'm sure there's no harm, —
If I fall once more just on purpose." —
So she fell — but, alas! broke her arm.

C. A. WOODARD.

THE
NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

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

Conducted by

GEORGE A. BROWN, '94, - - - *Managing Editor.*
GEORGE C. STREETER, '94, - - - *Business Manager.*

Assisted by

HELENA S. CURTISS, '94, CHARLOTTE E. LANSING, '95,
MAY A. BALDWIN, '95, M. RANDOLPH SPICER, '96.
HELEN S. DALEY, '94, - - - - - *Echo Artist.*

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

In accordance with the U. S. postal law THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid and notice of discontinuance is received.

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

WEED-PARSONS PRINTING COMPANY, - - - PRINTERS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

So generous are our contributors that we must carry over some of our matter to the February number.

THE positions that our graduates obtain prove the superior standing of our institution. As mentioned elsewhere, two of our February class are to fill positions that only teachers of long experience and marked success could have secured.

THERE is a strong antipathy in this country against all appointive offices. It is not improbable that the United States senate will some day succumb to it. The latest movement of the kind on foot is to allow the people to elect our next Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE ECHO begins '94 happy and in a flourishing condition. We love to meet our friends and tell our story, to carry to you the choicest thoughts of faculty, students, and alumni. One of our readers writes: "I enjoyed the December ECHO more than I did my Christmas dinner."

LECTURE COURSE.

ONE of the serious objections to college life is the narrow world in which it places us. We are not jostled and mixed up with the multitude. This is what fetters so many scholars, cuts them off from usefulness. How our students would welcome to our rostrum a stirring lecture course that would win back our minds to the haunts of men! We are brimful of books. We need to be stirred. There is nothing that will stir enthusiasm like the living lips.

RESOLUTIONS.

WE suppose the same number of New Year resolutions has been made; that, as usual, many of them will be broken. But we have hope for the wrong-doer who has sufficient strength to reach a resolution. For the saint or sinner without a resolution we have no hope. But suppose we break our resolution; does that free us from our obligation? Certainly not. Break it as few times as possible. In the world to-day there are a million to one more Peters than Pauls. "Our chiefest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

YOUR NAME, PLEASE.

THERE is a false modesty afloat in the world with which we have no sympathy. It crops out when a contributor hands us a manuscript with "You must not use my name." Such an article is of no use to the ECHO. Your article is read because *you* wrote it. The managing editor is responsible for all the mean things said on these two pages, but he never has a thought so mean that he is not willing to label, set on two legs, and start it across the continent.

When a man talks through his hat no one listens. When your timid voice comes to us from the shades of obscurity, no one cares to hear it.

THE PUBLIC MIND.

THE two questions that are occupying the public mind just now are the Cleveland administration and feeding the unemployed. President Cleveland has an opportunity of proving

his greatness in manning our ship of state in an angry sea. We have nothing in common with that patriotism (?) that busies itself stirring up the elements to insure shipwreck, if possible, to gain political ends.

After all the hard things have been done and said, how strong the Christian spirit is in our land! How nobly generous even the selfishness of wealth becomes when brought actually face to face with human suffering!

THE DEMAND FOR LARGER SALARIES.

DURING the vacation the school commissioners of the State met in convention at Rochester. One of the points they considered was how to increase their own salaries. This year the regents' department made a vigorous plea to tax the people that a few may be highly educated. Dr Harper of Chicago University has a lengthy article in a magazine on the salary of college professors. He proves that the salary of the teaching profession is too small, and concludes that the college professor ought not to receive less than \$7,000 per year. Mr Robinson in the *American Journal of Politics* shows that the United States is niggardly in the extreme in the salaries we pay our public officers. We should double their salaries several times.

Europe is a continent of beggars because of her gigantic standing armies. Yet we pay our ex-soldiers a larger pension than any European nation pays her standing army. We make no special war upon any one of these movements, unless it be the pension outrage. But we condemn (1) the spirit that demands this outlay, and (2) the spirit that extorts it from the wealth-producing classes—the toiling millions. The ex-congressman of one of our western counties, who drew his salary of \$5,000 per year, and at the same time drew one of the largest pensions in his district, and incidentally, who is fond of delivering commencement addresses, is a fair type of the one. Jay Gould, with his un-

counted millions, paying a tax on only a paltry \$500,000, is a fair type of the other.

All the professional and salaried classes, the handful of men who control the great industries of the country, are moving for more pay. It is the old, old struggle of the ages. It is the warfare between the white, velvety hand of the "upper classes" and the horny hand of labor.

There is a principle of public safety, of clear, natural justice here that few well-dressed people care to consider. To be sure if ability is to come into our ranks it must meet with proper remuneration. But we condemn that insatiable craving for what does not belong to us. We produce not one dollar's worth of the wealth of the country; yet there is a spirit springing from culture, refinement, education, that is conniving for every tithe of it. What code of justice will permit a lawyer or a railroad superintendent \$50,000 per year? What principle of justice will give to every college professor \$7,000, and compel every fifth man to support a family on \$1.50 per day? Do we educate a few to make them more useful to their fellow men or to obtain the highest salaries?

We saw an athlete strain and tremble under the weight of ten men as large as himself. That is what the toiler of the old world is doing, struggling under his load of royalty and an immense standing army. That is the load that the wealth, fashion, culture of our land is determined to saddle upon the backs of our toiling millions. God means that it shall never succeed in this land dedicated to equal rights. He has given us an opportunity to see if we will be just, if we will use well the talent with which He has intrusted us. If not, socialism will relegate our competitive system—the survival of the fittest—to its twin sister, the feudal system. Every unjust burden we hang upon the neck of the lowly, throws its shadow upon the black cloud of anarchy rising above our horizon. Twenty years ago John Stuart Mill gave our civilization fifty years to make its choice—justice or annihilation!

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

WHEN Miss May went from the Normal to take the school at Greenville she carried many schemes for improving the youthful minds intrusted to her care. A loving heart and a level head are two powerful agents to carry into the school-room, and our school-marm possessed the former in no mean degree. But her opinions were variable as a spirit-lever, and frequently needed a careful readjustment before they could strike an even balance. She was by no means lacking in perception, and delighted in psychological investigations, but somehow failed in applying the principles deduced. "Child nature is only human nature after all, and should be dealt with according to fixed principles," she had said. She had yet to learn what, after all, comes only through experience, that the rule of "exceptions" is the only rule to which there is *no* exception.

On the first morning when she presented herself at school she found the building filled with smoke, and damp and clammy as a charnel-house, while standing beside the rusty box-stove stood a boy who looked like the presiding imp of smoke and grime. He stood with down-cast eyes, grinding his toes into a crack in the floor. When, in response to a pleasant "good-morning," he looked up and smiled bashfully, there was a glint of mischief in his blue eyes, a danger signal plainly visible, even to youthful inexperience.

She had found her "exception." From the first he was her delight and her torment. He admired her devotedly, and his loyalty never swerved. He was her right-hand man, built fires, brought water, swept, and every morning trudged two miles to the post-office to bring her the letters which did so much to cheer the long, lonely days in the country. There was nothing he would not do for her — except behave. But there lay the difficulty. He was simply bubbling over with mischief. "George," she said one day, "why *don't* you behave?"

"Teacher," he replied slowly and with an air of conviction, "I jest can't." And in her heart she believed him. Yet what could she do to a boy whose respectful attitude toward her re-

mained unchanged regardless of punishment, and whose good humor, scoldings could not ruffle.

In this way matters went on with comparative smoothness until the Christmas entertainment, when he was to speak a piece. Now, George was the banner speaker of the school, and Miss May had selected for him Procter's "Angel's Story." Recited by this child with his droll accent, the undercurrent of sadness clearly emphasized by the unconscious pathos in his voice, it was a gem.

Miss May was an enthusiastic worker and she put her whole soul into this entertainment. There were recitations, drills, marches, songs, etc. The smooth finish she managed to put on her raw material was really surprising. Her pupils caught some of her enthusiasm and worked hard at the decorations. The boys tramped the woods for miles around to gather greens and holly, with which the girls festooned the room until it looked a bower of beauty.

About this time several of the larger boys took a great fancy to George. He must accompany them on every expedition. Miss May could not understand it. It certainly could not be customary for a smaller boy to be the object of so much attention — such approving nods and smiles, such ardent championship in quarrels with his peers, and such a demand for his society. She thought that perhaps her interest had been too evident and had brought him into undue prominence.

One night after school, an errand calling her down the road in the opposite direction from her homeward route, she saw a tableau which filled her with uneasiness. In the grove by the side of the school-house, a few rods from the roadside, was a group whose central figures were Robert, her oldest pupil, a "six foot two-er," seated on a snow-covered log, and in front of him George, who, with his hands in his pockets and his cap cocked over one eye, seemed making an address at which all were laughing heartily. The instant they caught sight of her, confusion reigned supreme. George gave her one startled glance of mingled shame and defiance, and scampered away through the woods. What

could the little rascal have been doing? Reciting his piece? She had expressly forbidden him to rehearse to any one except herself.

Feeling much displeased, she passed on.

At last the eventful Christmas Eve arrived. It had snowed heavily all day, and roads and paths were heaped with downy whiteness. After sunset the wind had gone down, the night was calm but very cold.

But inside all was warmth, light and jollity. The people had commenced to come early, and by seven the room was filled. Miss May was radiant in her brightest smiles, and a gorgeous plaid silk waist.

Every number of the program was well received, and at last it came George's turn. Miss May arose and announced "The Angel's Story," by George T——, and could scarcely repress a smile as he arose and making a jerky little bow, stood facing his audience, a picture of comical embarrassment. But the smile quickly faded. "What ailed the child?" Frightened? No! The mere idea of George's being afraid of any thing or anybody was preposterous. Then what was wrong?

She noticed that he glanced nervously toward the side of the room where Robert and the other boys sat. All at once a low whistle and a hoarse whisper:—"Go ahead, George, don't you dare back out!"

Then George braced himself and began the Angel's Story.

"I am a lone old bachelor,
My age is forty-four;
I do declare I will not live
With women any more.
I live 'way down in yonder lane,
From women I am hid,
I do not have to dress a wife
Nor take care of a kid."

"Surely, surely her ears deceived her!" But no, the relentless voice went on to the end.

"And when I die and go to heaven,
As all good bachelors do,
I will not have to grieve
Because my wife can't get there too."

At first everyone laughed at the incongruity of title and selection, but somehow the full flavor

of the joke did not seem to be appreciated. The boys, though, hooted and clapped vigorously. "Well done, George!"

Ah no, George, very *ill* done. Just look at your teacher's face!

Miss May was struggling to keep back the tears of wounded pride and mortification. She had been publicly tricked, and by one of her own boys—her most trusted one at that. She felt that she could never again place confidence in a pupil. This humiliation was too great. Worst of all, she suffered in her own estimation. Where was her vaunted cleverness in allowing herself to be outwitted by a parcel of country lads?

But she must give attention to her visitors and smile as if nothing had happened.

And George, seeing how the applause was confined to those who had led him on, realized that the laughter was directed, not at what he had done, but at him. O, horror of all boyish hearts, he had made himself a laughing-stock! He dared not face his teacher, for he realized, when it was too late, that he had done a mean and contemptible act in substituting one piece for another to "help Rob get even with the teacher." With what patience she had drilled him on every line and gesture! And then the thing he had spoken instead!

He really had acted not only as a tool, but as a fool.

He stepped down from the platform, grabbed his hat from the hook and started out into the night. The words of his rejected piece kept running through his mind. It seemed as if they reproached him for having remained unheard.

Verily, teacher and pupil had both learned a lesson.

MARY G. MANAHAN.

FIRST DOWN.]

He was a foot-ball player,
She a maiden petite,
He had a struggling mustache,
Which, of course, he thought was neat.
She was a bit sarcastic
And only laughed at the frown
That spread upon his countenance,
When she asked "Is it first down?"

— *Lafayette.*

A LETTER.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1894.

To the Editor of the Echo, Albany, N. Y.:

Five months have passed since the class of June, '93, separated, and most of them have, doubtless, for the past three months been filling positions in various parts of the State and in other States, inspired by the sentiments of their class, expressed in its class motto, "Not for ourselves alone." With the supposition that not only the class of '93, but that all graduates of the Albany Normal, and especially the loyal subscribers to the ECHO, are striving to excel in the profession which they have chosen, I beg leave through the columns of your paper to compare notes with those who are now teaching, and who have had the same teachers and precepts, in order to ascertain whether the graduates of the *State Normal College* make the same hue and cry as do teachers from other institutions, or whether what we were taught and what we practised there so far *exceeds* the teachings of other training schools.

During the time I was in college preparing for my chosen profession, it was my fortune to occasionally meet those who had spent some time in other schools for similar instruction and who were then engaged in teaching. Our conversation naturally was directed to the benefits derived from Normal schools—what they were doing and had done for teachers. Invariably the sentiments of those whom I met were these: "You will find their theory plausible, but when you are in a position to apply those methods which seemed so practical, the fact that there is a wide difference between theory and practice will be astonishingly real. And so I went at my work in September with anxiety and doubt, expecting my Normal methods to count for nought; but former experience having shown a degree of proficiency left one ray of hope for success. When the morning arrived for work to begin and my department was assembled before me, common sense affirmed that it was judicious to use the system of registration taught at the college, and as one class after another began the study of a

new subject it was introduced in an interesting manner suggested by my previous instruction. So the days have worn away, and as each lesson has been prepared for the following day it has been done according to the theory, if you please, of my worthy instructor at S. N. C. It has not been possible to copy from the note-book kept on that subject statement after statement satisfactory for the next day's recitation, but rather the note-book has been used as a fountain-head of inspiration, so to speak, from which could be obtained practical hints capable of being expanded into useful material. Since the note-book is the subject of discussion before as well as after graduation, for the benefit of those now in college, I mention its value to me, and I believe if it is not found serviceable it is because teachers fail to give it its proper place, and undertake to use it as a text-book rather than an aid to text-books, from which misuse it is condemned.

Now, Mr. Editor, my experience in putting into practice the methods of teaching acquired in the institution of which your paper is an interesting feature may not be similar to those of my classmates, but one thing I have gleaned by my association with more than a dozen Normal graduates the present year is, that those who decry their Normal methods are inferior teachers to those who prize their training in the school which fitted them for their life work, which observation has formed in my mind the opinion that *good* teachers value scientific methods.

In closing let me say, if this is deemed worthy of a space in the ECHO, I hope it will call forth the experiences of other teachers, if not upon this subject, upon others pertaining to school work, that personal interest in each other as graduates of the Albany Normal and as fellow teachers may be kept alive, so that we may feel that, though we cannot meet often, we know something of each other's work. However, bear in mind that, whatever be *your* fortune, the writer is not compelled to say in these times, as the former champions of free trade, that there is a wide difference between theory and practice.

With best wishes for the ECHO, I am, sincerely,

M. E. NEWBURY, '93.

A LOVE STORY.

I KNOW a man not "as old as Methuselah," who, when a boy, was "as lazy as a yellow dog." Why, even his mother said he was "as slow as a snail," and that is a great deal for a mother to say. He used to run on errands, and people often told him he was "as slow as molasses in cold weather." He was tricky, though. It's a hard thing to say, but he was "as sly as a fox," and I wouldn't have trusted him "as far as you can throw an ox by the tail." He had a bad disposition. He was contrary—"as contrary as a hog," and when any one told him of his faults he would get "as mad as a March hare," and "fly off the handle." Some thought him foolish, and even went so far as to say he "didn't know beans." When he was about sixteen years old he had the scarlet fever and was dreadfully sick—"as sick as a horse," and at times he was "as crazy as a loon." When the fever left him he was "as blind as a bat," and "as deaf as an adder;" but he was finally cured, and after that he "turned over a new leaf," and became "as honest as the day is long," and "as energetic as a dog shaking a woodchuck." He took to study, and some said he was getting "as wise as an owl."

He had another foolish streak, however. *He fell in love!* When he broached the subject to the young lady he "trembled like a leaf," but "she was as cool as a cucumber." What did she say? Well, they're not married yet, but he's "as happy as a clam," and goes around "as chipper as a chipmunk."

Is she happy? Oh, yes—"as happy as a lark," and "as busy as a bee"—getting ready, you know. Pretty? Certainly, "as pretty as a peach," and he thinks she's "as sweet as honey." The girl who said she was "as homely as a hedge-fence" was "as jealous as a cat." She's proud, though—don't mention it, but she's "as proud as a peacock." If she knew I said this she'd be "as mad as a wet hen," and give me "a piece of her mind." She's an excellent housekeeper—"as neat as wax." Why, she keeps a house so neat that "a fly would slip up anywhere." It's true, her bread is sometimes "as heavy as

lead," but she can make a cake "as light as a feather"—and not many girls in this progressive age can do as much as that.

They'll be married soon, then—"look out for squalls."

C. A. WOODARD.

ECHOES.

1894.

A NEW YEAR.

What do you think of our picture?

Have you been skating on the park lake? It's good.

After a happy vacation we are all back at work again.

What resolutions did you make, and how many have you already broken?

Examinations are nearly upon us again; how quickly they succeed each other!

The term ends February 6, and the societies are making preparations for their closings.

There being but four to graduate, there will be no commencement exercises this February.

Several of both faculty and students were so unfortunate as to be visited with the grippe during the vacation.

The June class will give the reception, usually given by the outgoing class, at the close of the term.

An entertainment was given by the Camera club in the college chapel, Thursday evening, January 11.

The Albany Kindergarten Association have secured Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin, to give readings from her own works, Tuesday evening, January 23, at Jermain Hall.

The ECHO would repeat the advice given by Prof. Husted: "Don't go to housekeeping under a laboratory," but remember the experience at S. N. C., when the pipes froze and burst, making the Christmas decorations quite lasting.

Several subscribers to the ECHO received as a New Year's gift, a bill for \$1.25, but in this case it is not necessary to wait for another holiday to return the compliment. The sooner the better with us, and we accept cash at any time.

A Highlander in the English Parliament said of an appropriation that it was a "mere flea-bite in the ocean."

Another Scotch member remarked, "You may depend upon it, sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the back-bone of the Indian army."

PERSONALS.

HENRY F. BLESSING has been on the sick list but is now convalescent.

Miss Emma Dorr is suffering from an attack of the jaundice.

Miss Helena Pierson has secured a position at Hoosic Falls.

Miss Edna Nims was confined to her home by illness a few days over the vacation.

Mr M. Randolph Spicer has been absent from college for a few days on account of illness.

Miss Charlotte Lansing gave a whist party to her city friends, Wednesday evening, January 10.

Miss Anna Husted spent a part of the holiday vacation visiting her old friends at Wellesley College.

Miss Belle Wilson, of Lee Center, a student of the college last year, was married, December 27, to Mr C. H. Dewey.

Miss Ella Louise Winne, a former student of the college, was greeting her old friends, Wednesday, January 10.

Mrs Cleveland and Miss Bartlett of Warsaw, N. Y., were guests of Prof. F. J. Bartlett, Wednesday, January 10.

Miss Millie Anteman, a former student of the High School department, visited the college, Thursday, December 14.

We are glad to see back again Mr Sleight and Mr Woodworth, both of whom were ill for several weeks previous to the holidays.

Miss Madge Speidel spent a few days of the holiday vacation, as the guest of Miss Alice Lynch at Canajoharie, before returning to her home at Rome.

We would congratulate Miss Jennie Graham upon the position which she has secured as teacher of Greek and Latin in the New Paltz Normal School where she begins her duties, February 7.

Mr Robert P. St. John, '93, assistant professor of Rhetoric at Amherst, and Mr Milo C. Burt, '94, of the same institution, were present at chapel, Friday morning, December 15.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'82. **MISS FLORENCE C. BUFFUM** of Glens Falls called at the college, Friday, December 15.

'85. Miss Katherine Hasbrouck, who has recently accepted a position in the Academy at Glens Falls, visited the college, Thursday, December 14.

'91. Mansford D. Green is teaching at Evans Mills.

'92. Miss Lucy Smith spent the holiday vacation in the city.

'93. Miss Lizzie Young called at the college, January 2. Miss Jessie Sherman was seen at the college, Tuesday, December 19.

Prof. Raymond E. Brown called on old college friends in the city, Tuesday, January 2.

Prof. E. E. Race of Crown Point spent Saturday and Sunday, January 13 and 14, in the city.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY will move to an uptown site on University Heights before another college year opens.

The University of Chicago came out \$40,000 ahead by renting its dormitories to World's Fair visitors.

Harvard has established a meteorological office on top of volcano Arequipa, Peru, 19,000 feet above the sea level.

For fifty years no smoker at Harvard has graduated with the honors of his class. This looks bad for the advocates of nicotine.

Smith College is nothing if not democratic. Her latest departure from established customs is to print a paper containing no advertisements.

The Yale faculty evidently appreciate the old maxim that "silence is golden," as they have made a rule imposing a penalty for yelling and other noises on the campus.

The Y. M. C. A. of the N. Y. University holds a ten-minute prayer meeting just previous to Chapel each morning. Bible classes have also been started in each class.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton are to have a series of joint debates. The dates have been arranged as follows: Yale vs. Harvard, Jan. 20, at Cambridge. Harvard vs. Princeton, Mar. 20, at Princeton. Yale vs. Princeton, May 10, at New Haven.

The friends of Phillips Brooks have raised \$300,000 with which they purpose to erect a building to be devoted to the religious, charitable, and social interests of Cambridge University; \$100,000 will be expended in construction, and the remainder will be placed at interest as a maintenance fund. It will bear the name of Phillips Brooks.

Hamilton has now a very thorough course in biology, including general biology, physiology, anatomy, animal and plant morphology. Each man is supplied with the necessary instruments for carrying on his own investigations, the professor simply giving general directions. Having finished his original observations he is required to read some standard work covering the same ground.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

MR VAN ALLEN is on the sick list.

We still enjoy the after session music classes.

Miss Fernly, of the first year class, has left school and is now in Denver, Col.

Mr David D. Fisher visited the High School on Thursday, December 22, 1893.

We are glad to report that Mr. Harris Moak, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is recovering.

The accidents that occur in Miss Hannah's chemistry class during Laboratory hour are not generally serious, but they always cause a great deal of excitement.

"Merry Christmas" echoed through the halls many times on the last day of school, and we know these greetings were not for Christmas alone, but for the whole long vacation.

A joint meeting of the Quintillian and Adelphoi Literary Societies was held in the Model chapel, Thursday, December 22, in honor of Mr Charles Kilpatrick. The meeting was very interesting, and every one enjoyed it.

At the election of officers held by the Adelphoi Literary Society, January 12, the following were chosen:

President Mr C. Hallenbeck.
Vice-President Mr A. Boothby.
Secretary Mr L. Rockefeller.
Treasurer Mr Garrison.

We were very sorry to part with our friend Mr Kilpatrick. He was a general favorite among the High School students, and his loss is felt by all. He was an earnest worker in the gentlemen's society, and its success is due chiefly to his efforts. We hope his life as a Union man will be as full of pleasure and of success as his career at the S. N. C. has been.

EXCHANGES.

HADN'T even heard of it. "Do you ever use slang in Boston, Miss White?" "No, never. We always say slung."

The article on Smith College in the last issue of "The Tattler" scintillates with interest and shows that the writer has imbibed the true college spirit.

A modest paper called "The Normal Exponent" has reached us from Los Angeles, Cal. An article in it entitled, "What Do We Know of the Child We Teach?" deserves especial mention.

The dainty little poem entitled "How They Made Up," in the Christmas number of "The Student," from University of North Dakota, presents a New Year's session in a very attractive guise.

The poetical numbers of the January "Polytechnic" far outshine the prose articles in literary excellence. This is something new for this magazine, and an innovation we can hardly view with favor.

We noticed with pleasure an article in the "School Palladium," one of our new exchanges, written by Miss E. Hintermeister, a member of our own family circle, in which she gives a very pleasant and truthful picture of our college life.

The "Nassau Literary" has again reached us. Of course the shining light in this issue is the Baird prize poem, although the dialect story, entitled "From Different Standpoints," is well written and contains many clever bits of humor.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE Buffalo schools have started the free book system.

One hundred thousand dollars have been raised by a meeting of Spiritualists at Liberal, Mo., for a Spiritualists' college.

The course in Philosophy of Education offered for the winter, by President Harris, of Bucknell University, has met with great favor.

The method of writing known as the muscular movement has been introduced in all departments of the Yates Union School and Academy. The change is due to the fact that the Regents are taking off points on examination papers for poor penmanship.

The late Judge Edward Coke Billings has left a bequest of \$70,000 to Yale for the purpose of establishing a chair of English Literature.

A French scientist who is a practised diver has succeeded in taking a photograph of his surroundings when standing on a bed of the Mediterranean, near the Spanish border.

The Senior class at Yale numbers 185 students. Of these, fifty-four wear glasses, and twenty-five per cent of the fifty-four have had to commence their use since entering.

An advertisement — Good family dog for sale. Will eat any thing. Is very fond of children.

Mr Brown — "I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly; I've taken a house on the river."

Mrs G. — "Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day."

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The January number of *Scribner's Magazine* is especially good, both in the quality of its matter and the tone of its illustrations. The first thing we notice is a full-page engraving of Edouard Manet's "The Fifer," by Pettit. F. Marion Crawford's article on Constantinople is rich in descriptions and reminiscences of the "City of Mosques," while the illustrations from the pen of Edward Lord Weeks add much to the interest. John Drew in "The Actor," gives us views of some phases of an actor's life with which people are not generally familiar, and which he, from his experiences on the stage, is well fitted to describe.

The new serial by George W. Cable, "John March, Southerner," from its opening chapters bids fair to be the happiest attempt of an author who has already achieved fame in his delineations of southern life and character. We await with interest the coming chapters. "Stories in Stone from Notre Dame," as told by Theodore Andrea Cook, give us a vivid impression of both the beauty and grotesqueness of the sculpture of the old historic convent of "Our Lady." Frederick Keppel gives us an artistic conception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his life and work. The engravings of the masterpieces of the great artist still more strongly impress us with his power of portraying expression. To the student of Scripture the article on the Exodus will prove of especial interest. In it we have a scientific attempt to fit the Mosaic account into its proper place in Egyptian history.

The short stories are crisp, bright, and entertaining, and the poetry is extremely good, especially "The Wolf at the Door," by Sara King Wiley. On the whole we can congratulate the publishers upon the excellence of their initial number.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Introduction to Botany. By VOLNEY M. SPALDING. Boston, Mass.: C. D. Heath & Co.

To teachers desirous of improving existing methods of instruction in the sciences this book will be very welcome.

The author has spent much time in the effort to develop a natural and practical method of approaching the study of living things, and he believes the pupil will acquire most power if his knowledge is gained by direct personal observation and experiment. In the first pages we find directions to the student and teacher, a carefully selected list of works of reference, and instructions in regard to fitting out a laboratory.

Each chapter consists of a list of experiments to be performed, followed by a review and summary of the work done. The arrangement of the exercises is admirable, and the work selected is such as should be undertaken with high school classes.

Although a comparatively small number of families are studied, the student can hardly fail to grasp the conception of degrees of relationship, a conception that lies at the very foundation of biological science.

The book is tastefully and attractively bound and printed, and cannot fail to make its own way among progressive teachers and students.

Ninety Lessons in Arithmetic. By ELISHA CURTISS, A. M. Rochester, N. Y.: Educational Gazette Co.

This manual is written to assist teachers and students preparing to teach. By its aid it is hoped that the teacher will be able to give students a thorough, systematic review of all the vital principles of arithmetic.

The first four pages are devoted to the Grubé system. These are followed by number lessons on one, two, three, four, and five, and then by the more advanced work with problems.

The problems given are simple, as it is desirable to devote more of the time to explanations. Many are taken from the Regents'

examinations, and the author has attempted to make them all sensible and practical as well as within the comprehension of the pupils.

The manual is not intended to displace any standard text-book, but the author urges that if definitions are to be memorized they should be taken from standard works, and that the forms of analysis given in text-books should be used, as he considers them better than the average teacher would give. The teacher is advised to make himself familiar with the text-book used in his locality, and also to supplement the problems in the manual by similar but more difficult ones from the book.

Dickens' Christmas Carol, and the Cricket on the Hearth. Riverside Literature Series. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, 40 cents.

In issuing this book the publishers, for a nominal price, have given us a great treat in the form of two of Dickens' rare stories. The stories themselves need no comment, having come from the greatest humorist of his time.

The work of the publishers in preparing this book has been well done, the book consisting not only of the stories themselves, accompanied by copious explanatory notes, but also of a biographical sketch of the author and many useful suggestions and helps in reading others of his works.

Elements of Civil Government. WM. A. MOWRY, Ph. D. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

This instructive and useful text-book has been prepared with a view to the fact that so many students in the public schools of today receive their only preparation for life in these schools, and as the knowledge of our government and its history is necessary to every intelligent citizen, the need of a work of this kind is strongly felt. It has been arranged for pupils from twelve to sixteen years of age, and the matter given and the language used are such as can be easily understood by pupils of that age.

The work is divided into two parts. Part I, consisting of a treatise upon local and State Governments; and Part II, a discussion of National Government. Each part is also divided into appropriate subdivisions. It contains numerous illustrations and diagrams which add interest and inspiration to the work.

On the whole the author has succeeded admirably in his attempt to place upon the market a book which shall supply a long-felt want.

Latin at Sight. EDWIN POST. Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Co. Ready in March.

This book is intended to meet the wants of pupils in preparatory and high schools and of collegians in the earlier years of their course. It consists of an Introduction, of suggestions for sight-reading, and of about two hundred selections for practice. It is believed that these passages for practice will be found interesting in subject-matter and that, particularly because of this, many of them are well adapted for translation at hearing. The selections have been graduated to a considerable extent; still, this has not been carried so far as to make it necessary to read the passages in close sequence. The annotation has been subordinated throughout to the end sought after by the use of the Latin passages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times. GEO. HAIRN PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

School Management. EMERSON E. WHITE, A. M., LL. D. New York: American Book Company.