

# THE ECHO.

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## THE ECHO.

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### An April Day.

When the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright  
forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's  
cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored  
wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves  
along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope  
throws  
It's shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.  
Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows  
throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

— Longfellow.

THESE have been several inquiries about the picture to appear in this number of *The Echo*. We are pleased to present the portrait of Miss Mary A. McClelland.

AT this season of the year "when forest glades are teeming with bright forms," there are some disadvantages connected with a city college. If one loves and appreciates nature, the confinement of student life in a city of brown stone, brick and iron, probably causes a vague longing for the green fields and running brooks. To one who has never held "communion with her visible forms," close application may be a serious hindrance to the formation of a desire to become acquainted with what is beautiful and historic in one's environment. Unfortunately many people in the world can not help their condition in this respect, but the college student can, especially when there are no afternoon recitations. It is wrong to suppose that because we are situated in a large city there are no opportunities to gaze upon anything but back-yards, lofty fronts, or absent lawns.

Many delightful retreats and historic spots are within easy walking distance from the college. Near here, at Kenwood, on the Normanskill, is the Vale of Tawasentha; and yet there are some in college who have never heard of the Vale of Tawasentha, and perhaps many who, more familiar with the theories of ancients than the natural surroundings of contemporaries, know it only by name. One may cross the river and in the borders of Bath and Rensselaer climb the hills, opposite the city, from whose top a grand view is possible. At greater distance, are the Helderbergs and the

Indian Ladder, which may be reached by taking the train to Meadowdale station. These are only a few of the many attractive localities within our reach. Several historic places are mentioned in the article, "History in Albany," and to proceed further would be to encroach upon the scope of that piece.

A visit to any or all of these places has a health-giving, as well as an aesthetic influence. A ramble through the fields, the songs of the birds, and the sweet breath of woods and flowers are more conducive to study than a stuffy room, the "rags," rumble and hubbub of the street. The exertion necessary to reach these places will be beneficial to both body and mind. One will return home with a clearer head, prepared to do more and better work in shorter time, having the consciousness that there is much in store for the uninitiated who will improve these opportunities of knowing nature and history at first hand.

Professor James's "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, ought to be read by every thinking teacher. Professor James is one of the few writers on educational psychology who does not indulge in metaphysical rhapsodizing, and who enforces his every point with telling illustration. The reading of his articles is a genuine pleasure.—*Learning By Doing*.

A self-denial, no less austere than the saints', is demanded of the scholar. He must worship truth, and forego all things for that, and choose defeat and pain, so that his treasure in thought is thereby augmented.—Emerson.

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## LITERARY.

### History in Albany.

In July of the year 1886, Albany celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the chartering of the city. Albany is the oldest city of the original thirteen colonies, Jamestown, Va., long a rival in point of age, having passed from existence, save in the ruins that mark its site.

"Let the dead past bury its dead" has become our American watchword. Yet it is from the past that we draw our inspiration for the future. History repeats itself, but nothing that is written can impress itself more forcibly upon our minds than the actual existence of buildings, every brick and stone of which possesses a peculiar history of its own, which if written would fill volumes with its tales and legends.

In the southern part of the city, inclosed by a high stone wall, and surrounded by venerable trees, through whose branches the winds of over a century have swept, is the old Schuyler Mansion. It was erected in 1761, by General Philip Schuyler, one of the most

eminent characters of American History — a Major-General under Washington in the Revolutionary War — whose bravery and distinguished services render his name illustrious as a soldier.

During the Revolution the mansion witnessed scenes of border warfare, that the pen of Cooper might have seized for one of his thrilling novels. On account of Schuyler's great wealth and his position in the American Army there were many attempts made to seize or slay him. In one of these attempts the Tory Waltermeyer and his savages gained an entrance into the house. The family escaped to the rooms above; in the sudden flight an infant sleeping in the nursery was forgotten. A daring sister rushed back and bore him in her arms up the famous stairway, barely escaping a swiftly hurled tomahawk which buried its keen edge in the banister.

In 1782, Washington, on a tour of military inspection, accompanied by Lafayette, Kosciusko, Hamilton, Steuben, Generals Greene and Knox, were entertained in this mansion with an elegance and grace worthy of the occasion.

Tradition says that when Arnold was plotting his treason, he visited Schuyler at his home, endeavoring to take advantage of the difficulties existing between Gates and Schuyler, and to turn the patriot from the course of freedom. But the inflexible patriotism of Schuyler prevented even an allusion to the subject by Arnold.

The invasion of the State by Burgoyne and his powerful army, the threatening attitude of the British Army under Sir Henry Clinton, placed Albany almost in the condition of a besieged city. But the victory of Stark at Bennington, and the gathering of the Continental troops, gave hope and courage to loyal citizens.

In the afternoon of the 17th of October, a horseman dashed rapidly up to the home of Schuyler. It was Colonel Varrick, one of General Schuyler's aids, sent to announce the joyful intelligence that Burgoyne and his whole army had surrendered and were prisoners of war.

A few days elapsed and Burgoyne was a prisoner in the Schuyler Mansion. With him came the Baroness Reidesel and her children, the wife of the gallant nobleman who commanded the German troops in the battle.

One of the great attractions of the mansion was a large and well-selected library. Here Burr spent much of his time, preparing many of those legislative and other documents which were to bring him fame. When the Supreme Court and Court of Chancery came to Albany, Schuyler invited the jurists in a body to his home. To these receptions came John Jay, Brockholst, Livingston, and John Lansing. In 1798, Hamilton drafted many of the financial sections of the American Constitution within its walls.

There have been three historic marriages connected with this building. The first, the marriage of Alexander Hamilton to Elizabeth Schuyler, December 14, 1780. The second was that of Aaron Burr to Theodosia Provost, which took place July 2, 1782, in the Dutch Reformed Church, Albany. The third was that of Joseph, afterwards Governor, Alston, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Theodosia Burr, which took place February 15, 1801.

Up to within a few years ago there stood on the corner of Columbia and North Pearl streets the old Pemberton building, which bore the date 1710. Of the time of Queen Anne's reign, while Marlborough was conducting his

wars and Addison was writing for future ages to admire, the building was an object lesson in history, but it has yielded to the onward march of progress.

The communion service now used in St. Peter's Church was presented by Queen Anne to the chapel of the Onondagas.

Philip Livingston, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born on the corner of State and Pearl streets in 1716.

Dr. Elipholet Nott was at one time a pastor and preacher in Albany. Attending his church were Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. When Burr killed Hamilton, Dr. Nott preached his funeral sermon, directed against dueling. It gave the author wide celebrity. Dr. Nott's subsequent career as an educator is well known.

Across the river in the city of Rensselaer is situated the oldest house in America. It was built in 1642, about fifty years before Albany's charter was granted. The timber and brick were brought from Holland, serving as ballast for the ships.

There are many points of historical interest about the place, and not the least is the old well in the rear of the mansion, where in 1775, when the English Army under General Abercrombie was encamped on these grounds, awaiting military reinforcements previous to marching on Ticonderoga, that "Yankee Doodle" was composed by Dr. Shamburg, an English surgeon.

R. D. MacMahon, '99.

The best way to comprehend is to do. What we learn the most thoroughly is what we learn to some extent by ourselves.—Kant.

### Sleepy Hollow and Its Legend.

It is only occasionally that we of the present day give much time or attention to matters of bygone days. Yet we will find in the study of historic Tarrytown, and its many places of interest, much that is diverting and pleasant, and much that is romantic.

Let us imagine that it is a bright May morning, so early that the dew still sparkles on the smooth green lawn, but with the sun well up in the heavens. We are stopping at an old inn, and rising, we look out of our quaint little windows, over the glistening grass to the spot where the noble Hudson stretches serenely calm and blue under the morning skies.

Sloping away to the west are vast, inaccessible forests, impenetrable ravines, and mountain ranges wrought in noble beauty, and gradually we realize that we are in an enchanted land, the fairyland of marvelous tales, the familiar regions of our own Irving's matchless legends; and, with these fascinations of old traditions about us, and steeped in the atmosphere of romance and poetry, we are seized with an irresistible desire to penetrate farther into the land of an earlier time.

Driving through the broad, shady streets, our thoughts at once turn to Sunnyside, the charming home of this famous writer, and after a delightful drive along the country roads, decked with all the beauty of a May day, we turn down a lane well shaded by the tall, leafy trees, and drive into the grounds of Sunnyside. The cottage is covered with vines and flowers, and the Hudson stretching below like a waveless, silver sea, with the great hills casting their shadows on the glittering waters, makes

a view so glorious that we realize more fully the wonderful power of the Creator.

When we have feasted our eyes on this sublime picture for a time, we drive slowly back through that famous Sleepy Hollow, where as a lad, Irving had his "first exploit in squirrel shooting." The Hollow, the old road which wound through it, and, that "small brook which glides with just enough murmur to lull one to repose" have all been so changed that, if the renowned Ichabod, or the Headless Horseman were to return, they would certainly not recognize their old haunts. Even the old bridge over the Pocantico has been changed to a stone arch of modern design.

Farther along this historic road, before we reach the little Sleepy Hollow Brook, indeed, quite in the village of Tarrytown, stands a monument erected on the spot where the unfortunate Andre was captured. Still farther along this road we come to a dilapidated old mill standing within half a mile of the stone bridge. The big wheel of the mill is now silent and covered with moss. Time has shorn it of its usefulness, but the picturesqueness of its primitive beauty still remains.

Leaving this spot we cross the brook and now it is but a short distance up the winding, elm-shaded road to the old Dutch church, a monument of two centuries Washington tells us, in his diary, that in the troublesome days of the Revolution, he rested in the grateful shadow of this church. In its belfry, engraved on the bell, we read the sacred legend in Latin, dated 1685, and our thoughts revert to the time when its tones broke the silence of the wilderness; strange tones they must have seemed to the savage races that had held undisputed control of the solitudes. Verily,

this is a time for retrospection, and as we advance through the "corridors of time," we think again of Washington Irving, who rests almost within touch of its time-worn foundations, and who loved the old church as the embodiment of local tradition. Did he not affirm that the voice of the unfortunate Ichabod still leads a ghostly choir on moonlit summer nights, and that the old lords of the manor listen silently from their snug crypts under the floor?

And now we come to the graveyard. Surely of all places, this ancient churchyard invites to reverie and sentiment. The grave of our beloved Irving is farther up the green hillside, looking down where his created Ichabod was so often seen of a Sunday morning. This grave is marked by a simple white slab, bearing this inscription: Washington Irving, Born April 3, 1783, Died November 28, 1859.

Could he be with us here for a moment, he could see the quaint little church nestled away in the hills, and surrounded by the brown and leaning headstones, seeming like an array of faithful guardsmen. High in the blue heavens, idly circling the summer skies, sails here and there a wide-winged buzzard, far off rise the Catskills, which he loved. Now, in the twilight, the low of cattle comes from afar, and through the dim echoings of far-away traditional bells comes the realization that Sleepy Hollow, the beloved region of Irving's fairest dreams, is not a myth, but a "winsome manifestation of a reposeful reality."

Ethel J. Miller.

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Men who have nothing but memory are but living lexicons, and, as it were, the hack-horses of Parnassus.—Kant.

### Early London Theatres.

The names of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatre are so often associated with the Elizabethan drama, and especially with the name of Shakespeare, that we almost overlook the fact that there were other theatres in the London of Elizabeth. After Elizabeth had been reigning eighteen years (1576), the first theatre was built in London, and a circumstance which well illustrates the rapid changes that were then taking place in England, is that this theatre was built on a part of the site of a suppressed religious establishment. The purpose of this brief survey of early London theatres is not to discuss those that are best known, such as the Globe and the Blackfriars, but rather to direct attention to a few that antedate them in construction.

It is well known that these early theatres were either round or octagonal, or hexagonal in form. This comes about naturally as an evolution from the old Roman amphitheatres, traces of which can still be seen in various parts of England. The Roman amphitheatre at Banbury actually became known as the Bear Garden. In Cornwall several "rounds" or earthen amphitheatres are to be found in a fairly good state of preservation. Here the Cornish people used to give their miracle plays, while in the cities the church was the scene of such plays.

Richard Carew's "Survey of Cornwall" (1602) contains an interesting description of the acting of one of these plays (Guary Miracle):

"For representing it they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the Diameter of his enclosed playne some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides, many miles

off, to hear and see it; for they haue therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the eare; the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud. Which maner once gaue occasion to a pleasant conceyted gentleman of practising a mery pranke; for he vndertaking (perhaps of set purpose) an acter's roome, was according lessoned (before hand) by the Ordinary that he must say after him. His turn came. Quoth the Ordinary, 'Goe forth, man, and show thyself.' The Gentleman steps out upon the stage, and like a bad Clarke in Scripture matters, cleauing more to the letter than the sense, pronounced these words aloud. 'Oh' (sayes the fellowe softly in his eare), 'you marre all the play.' And with this his passion, the Actor makes the Audience in like sort acquainted. Herein the prompter falles to flat rayling and cursing in the bitterest terms he could deuise; which the Gentleman with a set gesture and countenance still soberly related, vntill the Ordinary, driuen at last into a madde rage, was faine to giue ouer all. Which trousse, though it brake off the Enterlude, yet defrauded not the beholders, but dismissed them with a great deale more sport and laughter than 20 such Guaries could haue afforded."

Among other important steps in the development of the early theatre in England may be mentioned the assembling of people in the fields to observe feast days, and the presentation of plays in the inns or inn-yards of London and its environs. These plays were all given by strolling bands, and so general was the use of the inn-yard, that we may say

that it was the immediate predecessor of the playhouse.

In the year of her accession, Queen Elizabeth, prompted by political reasons, issued a proclamation for the regulation of plays. The real object of the proclamation was to prevent the giving of plays without license. In 1572 plays were interdicted in London on account of the plague, and the danger of spreading the contagion. The authorities readily seized upon this pretext, and the mayor and corporation formally expelled all players from the city. As a result of this action the first playhouse was built, the site being one of the liberties just beyond the city boundaries. Instead of the inn-yard we now have the public playhouse.

The period immediately preceding the erection of playhouses was one of great dramatic activity, and in spite of check and hindrance the stage constantly grew in popularity. The erection of public places of amusement made it possible for the players to charge an admission fee, while formerly they had depended upon the largess of the spectators. The building of the first theatre included the possibility of Shakespeare.

The first playhouse in London was very appropriately named The Theatre, the name probably being derived from the platform on which plays were presented. The platform was a moveable one, and when the house was devoted to sports of the ring, this platform or stage was removed.

Reference has already been made to the site of the first theatre. Stow, writing in 1598, says: "The church being pulled downe, many houses have been there builded for the lodgings of noble-men, of straungers borne, and other; and neare thereunto are builded two publike houses for the acting and shewe of come-

dies, tragedies, and histories for recreation, whereof the one is called The Curtein and the other The Theatre, both standing on the southwest side toward the Field."

At the time of their expulsion from the city, ostensibly to prevent the spread of the plague, the players had arrived at a considerable degree of perfection in their art, and people had become accustomed to the stimulus of dramatic representation, and a mile or so of distance was not going to prevent them from attending "vain shows and stage plays." Not even the coarse and dissolute characters that haunted the playhouse, not even the risk of death from the plague could keep the Elizabethan playgoer from the pastime he loved. Therefore, the erection of the theatre in view of the city of London is not to be considered a flagrant violation of authority, but a natural outcome of sports and pastimes heretofore encouraged by the corporation and the court, and also as the best way of meeting a popular demand.

The theatre was round and had scaffolds or stages around the arena; it was built of wood and was open to the weather. It was little more than a circular enclosure. "Activities," such as tumbling, vaulting, rope-dancing, and "shewes," such as fencing matches and exhibitions of skill in the art of defence, and performances now classed as vaudeville, were given in the arena. When a play was to be presented, a moveable platform or stage was set up in the arena.

The theatre was built by James Burbage, a player and joiner, of London, and the building was largely due to this combination of callings. We have no information as to the dimensions of the building, but facts show that it was of

considerable size. It probably cost £600 or £700, a large sum at that time. Possibly considerable money was spent on decorations and accessories, for one writer says that it was a "gorgeous playing-place."

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has collected some allusions to plays presented at the theatre. Among them is the old play of "Hamlet," which preceded Shakespeare's play by the same name. In a play by Lodge (1596) a person is mentioned who "looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cries so miserably at the theator, like an oister-wife, 'Hamlet, revenge.'" Marlowe's "Faustus" was also presented at the theatre. In the "Blacke Booke" (1604) is the following allusion to this play: "He had a head of hayre like one of my divells in Dr. Faustus, when the olde theatre crackt and frighted the audience."

Although there was provision for collecting entrance fees at the theatre, and such a thing as a "poor house" was unknown, James Burbage did not become rich, and at his death, in 1597, bequeathed to his heirs little except negotiations with Giles Allen for a continuation of the lease for the land on which the building stood. The heirs, Cuthbert and Richard Burbage, would not agree to the conditions imposed by Allen. They finally resolved upon a desperate measure. According to the original lease, if a minimum of £200 had been expended upon buildings or upon the estate, the lessee had the right to take down and carry away "all such buildings and other things as should be builded." In accordance with this stipulation, notwithstanding the fact that the lease had expired, the building was removed in December, 1598, or January, 1599. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in



his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," gives the following narrative of the removal of the theatre, as given in Allen's bill of complaint against Cuthbert Burbage:

[Cuthbert Burbage] "unlawfully combyninge and confederating himselfe with sayd Richard Burbage and one Peter Streat, William Smyth, and divers other persons, to the number of twelve, to your subject unknowne, did aboute the eight and twentyth daye of December, in the one and fortyth yeere of your Highnes raygne, and sythence your highnes last and generall pardon by the confederacye aforesayd, ryoutouslye assemble themselves together, and then and there armed themselves with dyvers and manye unlawfull and offensive weapons, as namelye, swordes, daggers, billes, axes, and such like, and soe armed, did then repayre unto the sayd Theater, and then and there, armed as aforesayd, in verye ryotous, outrageous, and forcyble manner, and contrarye to the lawes of your highnes realme, attempted to pull downe the sayd Theater; whereuppon divers of your subjectes, servauntes and farmers, then goinge aboute in peaceable manner to procure them to desist from that their unlawfull enterpryse, they the sayd ryotous persons aforesayd, notwithstanding procured then therein, with great vyolence, not onlye then and there forcyblye and ryoutouslye resisting your subjectes, servauntes and farmers, but also then and there pulling, breaking, and throwing downe the sayd Theater in verye outrageous, violent, and riotous sort, to the great disturbance and terrefyeing not only of your subjectes sayd servauntes and farmers, but of divers others of your Majesties loving subjectes there neere inhabitinge; and having so done, did then

alsoe in most forcible and ryotous manner take and carrye away from thence all the wood and timber thereof unto the Bancksyde in the parishe of St. Marye Overyes, and there erected a newe playhowse with the sayd timber and wood."

This violent onslaught of less than a score of men is thus related in a manner that would almost do justice to the storming of the Bastile. The outcome of this unlawful, violent and "outrageous" enterprise is more important than the mere event, for that "newe playhowse" was none other than the famous Globe Theatre, rendered immortal by its association with the greatest of Shakespeare's plays.

Space does not permit any extended treatment of other early London theatres. It has seemed best to speak more in detail of The Theatre, because it was the first playhouse erected, and its history, to a very large extent, reflects the history of the others. The only point of special difference is that the other theatres passed a more peaceful career.

The Curtain, so named from the ground on which it stood ("the Curtene"), was the second theatre built in London. As to who built it, how much it cost, the date of its opening, we know nothing; we know at what time it flourished, because it is frequently alluded to in connection with The Theatre. The name still survives in Curtain Road, Shoreditch.

Shakespeare's "Henry V" was acted at the Curtain, and in this play he speaks of the theatre as a "wooden O."

"Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
Within the wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Here, also, were presented "Romeo

and Juliet" and Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour."

Other theatres of this period were the Rose, Hope Theatre and the Swan. These, together with The Theatre and the Curtain, were the principal theatres of London before the erection of the Globe, and in their history we have the introduction to the golden age of the English drama in the time of Shakespeare.

Archibald J. Matthews, '99.

### A Summer Experience.

The day had been one of pleasure and expectation fulfilled. The trip to Thousand Island Park had been long discussed, and at last we were on our way. The beginning witnessed the usual number of accidents which invariably attended my friend upon all her expeditions. The hackman failed to appear at the appointed hour, and she hurried down the back street to the station in time to discover that her baggage had been taken to the wrong station.

Fortunately our train was late, and we were able to start with the full quota of baggage, lunch-boxes and bundles. As far as Rochester the journey was uneventful, but here its excitement and interest increased. Schoolma'ams, tall and short, large and small, but all weary and worn, from every town, village and hamlet along the line, were flocking to the summer school at Thousand Island Park.

At Clayton we found the large, fine steamer, the "St. Lawrence," awaiting our train, and all the fatigue and vexations of the day vanished at the sight of the beautiful stream, with its picturesque islands and banks.

Gladly would we linger over the delights of that first ride on the noble river,

but even, as then, we reached our destination all too soon, so we must hurry on to the park.

At the dock what a scene of bustle and confusion! Imagine these hundred or more schoolma'ams, all talking at once, gathering about some meek little man, plying him with questions as to the best boarding-house, the shortest way to get there and other questions equally hard to answer. Truly, the man who ventures to go to a summer school at the park is brave indeed!

Leaving them still talking, we started on our own quest. Having found a pleasant abiding place, after tea we rowed out on the river to watch the sunset. As one floats along and feasts the eye upon the ever changing glories of the sky as the brilliant orange and red fade away to the delicate pink, violet and gray of the afterglow, one cannot but feel that this place, above all others, might well be called the Gate of Paradise.

Awed by the wondrous beauty of the scene, we strolled quietly back to the house, ready and willing to forget the events of the day in quiet sleep. Fatigued as we were, our slumber was deep, when suddenly into the midst of our dreams came the cry, "Fire! Fire! the house is on fire; come down for your lives!" So startled was I that for a moment I did not realize that it was actually our house, till my friend shook me, saying, "Wake up, the house is afire. What shall we do?" Fully aroused at last, my first thought was to save our belongings. Partially dressed, I rushed to the closet, filled my arms, grabbed a telescope in one hand, a hand bag and umbrella in the other, and started, on my way calling to my friend to come and not to worry, I had her white duck skirt.

Of course, the parts of the telescope separated going down the stairs, and the garments were scattered from top to bottom of the stairs, but after one frantic effort to recover them, I grasped my umbrella more firmly and passed on. My friend, possessed with the idea that she must save her books and a certain box of treasures, rushed back into the room, dived into her trunk, secured the box, filled her arms with books and started down again; but, alas! she stepped on another woman's gown, tripped, fell, and women, box and books rolled together to the bottom of the stairs. Fortunately no one was injured, and nearly suffocated with smoke we ran across the street, piled our possessions on a piazza and sat down to guard them. There we sat, my friend bemoaning her lost glasses and Daughters of the Revolution pin, I wondering why my good angel had not prompted me to save my hat instead of my umbrella, which last might be of use in a deluge, but was not a source of real comfort in a fire.

All was wild excitement and confusion, when suddenly, upon the upper piazza of the burning house, appeared a little Quaker woman, dressed as for a reception. Above the din and tumult we heard her calm and measured tones, "Is this house to be saved?" A policeman, by no means so calm, thundered, "No, madame; come down, come down at once!" She came down, and marching up to one of the boarders said, in the same deliberate tone, "I am all dressed; I have saved everything." Mrs. R. looked at her and said, "But where are your teeth?" That was indeed a sad omission in her careful toilet. The little woman's calmness and dignity vanished. She ran to the ladder and had

started up it, when a man from above called out, "Go back, go back; this is no place for a woman!" "But, friend," she cried, "I have forgotten my teeth!" "Where are they? I'll get 'em." "In the teacup on the left-hand corner of the dresser." The man darted into the room and returned with the missing teeth. The next morning the knight of the teeth adventure was formally introduced to the fair lady, and the following conversation ensued: "Madame, I shall always remember you as I rescued your teeth. I wear false teeth myself, and I know you would rather have them than seven suits of clothing." "Yes," she replied, "because they fit." Though he was a widower, unfortunately she was not a widow, so we could build no dreams upon this romantic encounter.

The fire was soon under control, and though we could not return to our room, we sought shelter at a neighboring house. Laughable indeed were the varied experiences related at the morning breakfast table.

Our overly warm welcome to the island had not dampened our zeal to explore the place, and the same day we began our round of excursions. The fifty-mile trips among the islands, the search-light excursions, the fishing, rowing and sailing all made it a time long to be remembered. One of the pleasantest of the all-day excursions was the trip to the quaint old town of Kingston. As we approach the city, the old forts, so long considered impregnable by the French and English, stand like sentinels extending a greeting. The trolley ride through the narrow streets, the busy, bargaining crowd at the marketplace, all are pictures not soon to be effaced from memory's canvas.

In our wanderings about the streets

we stopped at the city hall and were shown with pride the mayor's chain. It is the custom of each mayor to add a link of original design, upon which is engraved his name and date of office; the pendant is a fac-simile of the city seal. This chain, now very long, is worn by the mayor on all state occasions.

We lingered long in the assembly room of the hall, and too soon were forced to hurry to the dock for the homeward trip. On our return we were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the pilot, a rugged old Englishman, who had sailed the *St. Lawrence* for many a year. As we watched the ever-changing beauties of bank and stream, he, proud of his river, told us many a wild, romantic legend of the picturesque isles, set like gems amid the blue waters of the river, ever dear to those who have once known its beauty and charm.

M. M. W., '99.

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### Nature Study.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

(Copied from *The Outlook*.)

"I am often asked by editors of educational journals and by teachers and principals of schools to write or talk upon Nature Study. My reply is, Why should I, who never study nature, write or speak upon Nature Study? I have loved nature and spent many of my days in the fields and woods in as close intimacy with her varied forms of life as I could bring about, but a student of nature in any strict, scientific sense I have not been. What knowledge I possess of her creatures and ways has come to me through contemplation and enjoyment, rather than through deliberate study of her. I have been occupied

more with the spirit than with the letter of her works. In our time, it seems to me, too much stress is laid upon the letter. We approach nature in an exact, calculating, tabulating, mercantile spirit. We seek to make an inventory of her storehouse. Our relations with her take on the air of business, not of love and friendship. The clerk of the fields and woods goes forth with his block of printed tablets, upon which, and under various heads, he puts down what he sees, and I suppose foots it all up and gets at the exact sum of his knowledge when he gets back home. He is so intent upon the bare fact that he does not see the spirit or the meaning of the whole. He does not see the bird, he sees an ornithological specimen; he does not see the wild flower, he sees a new acquisition to his herbarium; in the bird's nest he sees only another prize for his collection. Of that sympathetic and emotional intercourse with nature which soothes and enriches the soul, he experiences little or none. Though the sportsman has long since died out of me, yet I sometimes react so strongly against these calculating nature-students that I am glad when my boy takes his gun and goes forth upon the river for ducks or into the marshes for woodcock, instead of upon a biological or botanical cruise. He will get a larger nature, he will get nearer the spirit of the whole, he will have a more intense and personal experience, he will pit his wit against that of the wild creatures, he will have a better discipline for his eye and ear and hand, and when he comes home at night, if he have less science, he will have more love and relish for nature and a free life in the open air.

"The knowledge of nature that comes easy, that comes through familiarity

with her, as through fishing, hunting, nutting, walking, farming — that is the kind that reaches and affects the character and becomes a grown part of us. We absorb this as we absorb the air, and it gets into the blood. Fresh, vital knowledge is one thing; the desiccated fact is another. Do we know the wild flower when we have analyzed it and pressed it, or made a drawing of it? Of course this is one kind of knowledge and is suited to certain minds, but if we cannot supplement it with the other kind, the knowledge that comes through the heart and the emotions, we are poor indeed.

“ I recently read a lecture on ‘ How a Naturalist is Trained,’ and I was forced to conclude that I was not and never could be a naturalist at all, that I knew nothing about nature. It seems, from this lecture, that the best naturalist is he who can cut a fish-egg up into the thinnest slices. Talk about hair-splitting; the egg-splitting of the modern biologist goes far beyond it. An egg is to be split into sections so thin that twenty-five of them will not equal the thickness of paper, and these slices are to be mounted and studied with a microscope. Are the great naturalists really trained in this way? I could but ask. Darwin certainly was not. Darwin was not an egg-carver. His stupendous results were not the result of any ‘ training ’ of this sort, but ‘ originated,’ says Professor Eimer, ‘ from the simplest observations that presupposed no scientific character, and were open to be made, with a little tact, by every sharp eye and clear head.’ A large and open-eyed study of nature and of natural forms, how much more fruitful it is than this minute dissection of germs and eggs! A naturalist is to be trained through his ordinary faculties of

human observation, as Humboldt and Goethe were.

“ Not long since, in a high school in one of our large cities, I saw a class of boys and girls studying nature after this cold-blooded analytical fashion. They were fingering and dissecting some of the lower sea forms, and appeared to find it uninteresting business, as I am sure I should have done. If there was a country boy among them, I am sure the knowledge of nature he had gathered on the farm was worth a hundred fold, for human purposes or the larger purposes of science, more than all this biological chaff. Of the books upon nature study that are now issuing from the press to meet this fancied want in the schools, very few of them, according to my thinking, are worth the paper they are printed upon. They are dead, dead, and neither excite curiosity nor stimulate observation. I know a New York teacher who usually manages to have in her school-room some live creature from the fields or woods — a flying squirrel, a chipmunk, a young possum or turtle, or even a chicken. This the boys come to love and to understand. This is the kind of biology that interests them. The purely educational value of nature study is in its power to add to our capacity of appreciation — our love and enjoyment of all open-air objects. In this way it adds to the resources of life, and arms a man against the ennui and vacuity that doth so easily beset us.

“ I recently had a letter from the principal of a New England high school putting some questions to me touching these very matters: Do children love nature? How shall we instil this love into them? How and when did I myself acquire my love for her? etc. In reply I said: The child, in my opinion,

does not consciously love nature; it is curious about things, about everything; its instincts lead it forth into the fields and woods; it browses around; it gathers flowers, they are pretty; it stores up impressions. Boys go forth into nature more as savages; they are predaceous, seeking whom they may devour; they gather roots, nuts, wild fruit, berries, eggs, etc. At least this was my case. I hunted, I fished, I browsed, I wandered with a vague longing in the woods, I trapped, I went cooning at night, I made ponds in the little streams, I boiled sap in the maple woods in spring, I went to sleep under the trees in summer, I caught birds on their nests, I watched for the little frogs in the marshes, etc. One keen pleasure which I remember was to take off my shoes and stockings when the roads got dry in late April or early May and run up and down the road until I was tired, usually in the warm twilight. I was not conscious of any love for nature, as such, till my mind was brought in contact with literature. Then I discovered that I, too, loved nature, and had a whole world of impressions stored up in my subconscious self upon which to draw. I found I knew about the birds, the animals, the seasons, the

trees, the flowers, and that these things had become almost a grown part of me. I have been drawing upon the reservoir of youthful impressions ever since.

"Anything like the accurate or scientific knowledge of nature which I may possess is of later date; but my boyhood on the farm seems to have given me the feeling and to have put me in right relation with these things. Of course writing about these subjects also deepens one's love for them. My boy is a passionate lover of woods and waters, but mainly as a sportsman; now he is in college, and I see by his letters that he, too, has discovered that he has another love for nature, and has a fund of impressions to draw upon when he writes his themes. I have never tried to instil into him a love for the birds or woods, but only to give him free range among them, and to let him grow up in their atmosphere. If nature is to be a resource in a man's life, one's relations to her must not be too exact and formal, but more that of a lover and friend. I should not try directly to teach young people to love nature so much as I should aim to bring nature and them together, and let an understanding and intimacy spring up between them."

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## VERSE.

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### Don't Know.

There is a spectre called "Don't Know."

His visage, it is sad.

He haunts us just before exams

And nearly drives us mad.

He sits beside us in each class

And whispers soft and low,

"I know you don't; you know you don't.

Why don't you, don't you know?"

We set our teeth and buckle to,

This spectre we will show

That he is quite mistaken when

He says that we don't know.

Alas for us! Alas! Alack!

How deep and dire our woe,

If he is right, and at exams

We really don't, you know.

— F. M. P.

**Day Dreams.**

She sat in the dim-lighted parlor,  
 Gazing dreamily into the grate,  
 As if from the coals there before her  
 She was trying to read her fate.

She held in her hand a letter  
 From her lover far away,  
 And the message in it was, "Come, darling.  
 I am waiting. Don't say nay."

As she gazed on the dying embers,  
 She thought of a time long ago—  
 Of the days when they both were children,  
 Yet loved each other so.

They sat by the fireside one evening,  
 Making believe with all their might—  
 The tiny, golden-haired "lady,"  
 And the manly, brave, little "knight."

"I'll fight all your battles for you,  
 And protect you from all harm;  
 And you shall give me your favor,  
 To wear 'mid the battle's alarm.

"And when all the battles are over,  
 A castle we'll build in Spain,  
 And I will be lord of the castle,  
 And you shall be *châtelaine*."

The maiden gazed sweetly at him  
 With her dreamy eyes of blue;  
 He was her ideal of courage,  
 And all that he said must come true.

And through all the years that followed  
 She trusted in him still.  
 And he was true to his "lady,"  
 Always doing her will.

At last he crossed the ocean,  
 Like the storied knights of old,  
 For, ere he could claim his princess,  
 He must win name and fame and gold.

So she waited in trusting silence,  
 Till at last the message came  
 That all the battles were over,  
 And his loved one he could claim.

So now she sat there in the firelight  
 With his letter in her hand,  
 Picturing scenes of the future,  
 In the sunny southern land.

— Lillian M. Brown, '00.

**The Soldier's Morning Hymn.**

(From the German of William Hauff, 1824.)

Oh, morning red! morning red!  
 Shall I this night be among the dead?  
 Soon will resound the battle cry,  
 Soon in the pangs of death I'll lie,  
 With many a gallant comrade.

Before we think, before we think,  
 To the dark abode of death we sink.  
 Yesterday, proud on prancing steed,  
 To-day, the wounded breast may bleed,  
 To-morrow, away to the silent grave.

Alas, how soon, alas, how soon,  
 Disappear youth and beauty's bloom.  
 Art thou proud of thy ruddy cheek,  
 The color of roses, fair and sleek?  
 Alas, but the roses wither.

And what avails, what avails  
 All the effort life entails?  
 Mid cares and sorrows that must be borne,  
 We toil and labor from the morn,  
 Until the day is over.

I'll be content, I'll be content,  
 Accept whatever God has sent.  
 And, therefore, will I boldly fight,  
 And if I suffer death ere night,  
 I'll die, a gallant soldier.

— G. W. Chapman, '99.

**THE MONTH'S NEWS.****College Notes.**

Among the many visitors who have been at the College during the past month are the following alumni: Miss Drusie Denney, '88, Cold Springs; Mr. L. O. Wackham, '72, superintendent of schools, Haverstraw; Mr. Frank W. Bennet, Esq., and wife, both of the Class of '89, Mount Vernon; Miss Ellis, Newark, N. J.; Principal Oscar Coburn and wife, both of the Class of '93, Mount Vernon; Mrs. Jane Anne Sheridan Gallup, '78, Albany; Miss Jessie Winters, '95, Warren, Ohio; Miss Minnie Van

Essen, '96, Wimple; Miss Alice M. Kautz, '96, Woodside; Miss Vera De Voe, '97, New York; Miss Silva Youngs, '96, Corona; Miss Bertha W. Bagg, '98, Flushing; Com. Orin Q. Flint, '90, Athens; Miss Jennie A. Utter, '61, Albany; Miss Myra M. Ingalsvie, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Esther L. Scudder, '92, Walton; Miss Gertrude Hall, '98, Walton; Miss Jennie A. Dellin, '98, Norwich; Miss Mary C. Deane, '96, Norwich; Miss Minnie Waite, '95, Norwich; Miss Helen M. Hamilton, '96, Norwich; Miss Myra L. Adams, '96, Elmira; Miss Josephine L. Burlingame, '97, Coopers-town; Miss Jennie Shannon, '86, Mechanicville; Miss Florence E. Henry, '98, Hoosick Falls; Miss Emma L. Turner, '70, Rondout; Miss Edith Esselstyne, Ballston Springs; Mr. E. M. Sanford, '98, Argyle; Miss Lola Cadman Rowell, '91, West Charleton.

Among the guests of the College who are not alumni were: Professor J. M. Thompson, Dundee; Professor Guss, North Adams Normal School, Mass.; Professor Pettit, Lawrence; Miss Helen Greenwood, Waterville; Mrs. Gregory, Utica; Miss Jenkins, Huntingdon; Professor Farnham, Oswego; Mrs. Babcock, Miss Babcock, Miss Caldwell, Miss Lynch, Malone; and Miss Parsons, of New Haven, Conn., who was visiting Miss Bishop.

Professor White attended the Institute at Oswego, April seventh.

Miss Isdell addressed a mothers' meeting at Waterford, March twentieth.

On April eleventh Miss Helen Ives Haight, '99, began her duties as assistant in Latin and Greek in the Emma Willard School, at Troy. While in college Miss Haight won many friends, and all will join in wishing her the success

which her ability and enthusiastic devotion to her work will surely bring.

Mr. A. J. Matthews, '99, has recently been elected principal of the Glens Falls High School.

Albany, N. Y., deservedly compliments itself on the fact that during the recent February blizzard it was the only great city in the country that kept its local street-car lines in full operation. The Albany trolley cars are not the only model thing of which the Capital City of the State boasts. Albany has a model Normal School, its graduates holding important places all over the country.—Leslie's Weekly for March.

#### Course for Supervisors of Schools.

Beginning next fall the State Normal College at Albany will, for the first time, offer a course of instruction for supervisors of schools.

This course has been prepared for the purpose of giving superintendents, supervisors, school commissioners, directors of teachers' training classes, critics in normal schools and others an opportunity to secure a broad pedagogical and philosophical basis for their duties, and as much practical training as can be given under the circumstances and in the time spent at the college.

#### Admission.

To gain admission to this course, the candidate must possess one of the following qualifications: A college graduate's certificate issued by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, a State certificate issued since 1875, a New York State Normal School diploma, or a school commissioner's first grade certificate obtained under the uniform sys-



tem of examinations, dated at least three years previously.—New York Education for March.

#### Masques.

Friday evening, March seventeenth, the Delta Omega Society presented to a large audience of invited guests a charming comedy of four acts, entitled "Masques." The four leading characters were assumed by Misses Cushing, Calhoun, MacGregor and Robinson, and were executed with an ease and grace which would do credit to those who have made the art of amusing a profession.

Immediately after the play dainty refreshments, consisting of cocoa, chocolate wafers and salted almonds were served. The merry company were next invited to an adjoining room, where an informal reception was held and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. At a late hour the guests departed, all agreeing that Delta Omega had surpassed its previous record of entertaining.

Winfred Decker.

#### The Albany Camera Club.

During the past month the College has again had an opportunity to enjoy one of the delightful entertainments of the Albany Camera Club. The pictures presented were unusually interesting and beautiful, and could not fail to please those who were so fortunate as to see them.

#### Code of Inter-Society Rules.

A. Invitations for membership.

1. During the year invitations shall be sent only on the third Saturday of each month.

2. All invitations shall be written and sent through the mail.

3 a. Until members-elect have replied

to their invitations, the exclusive right of communicating with them with regard to society matters shall be reserved to the president of the society.

B. No society member, either honorary or active, shall attempt to discover in any way or shall intentionally influence the society opinions or preferences of a non-society girl with regard to any society.

C. No student shall be invited to join any society until she has been in College one quarter.

D. No change shall be made in these rules without the consent of all the societies.

E. These rules shall go into effect when adopted by all the societies and shall continue in effect until June of 1899, when they shall be open to revision, at the call of any one of the societies.

October, 1897.

Signed: Kappa Delta Society.  
Delta Omega Society.  
Eta Phi Society.  
Psi Gamma Society.

#### Resolutions.

Whereas, It has seemed best in the wisdom and love of our Heavenly Father to take from our number Miss Edith Woods. Be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '99 of the State Normal College, tender our heartfelt sympathy to her family in their bereavement.

That we express our appreciation of her noble and beautiful character, her cheerful disposition and her great earnestness.

That we sorrow in the loss which we have sustained, and cherish the memory of her life as an inspiration to us.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved parents, that they

be published in the College paper and that they be placed on the records of the class.

Archibald J. Matthews.  
Raymond B. Gurley.  
Emily A. Hilliard.  
Winifred L. Jones.  
Agnes E. Saxe.  
Edna M. Fisher.  
Gertrude M. Vroom.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom inscrutable and his ways past finding out, to remove our classmate and friend, Henry De Voe, from our midst and from the scene of his earthly labors, which were so cheerfully and faithfully performed; and,

Whereas, He enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him, on account of his genial manner and the influence of his noble character; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Class of 1900 of the State Normal College, do hereby express our deep sorrow in his death.

Resolved, Second, That we cherish his memory as a precious legacy which shall ever call to mind a character pure in motive and rare in attainment.

Resolved, Third, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in their sorrow.

Resolved, Fourth, That these resolutions be published in the Normal College "Echo," a copy of them sent to his parents and another copy placed upon the minutes of our class.

March 31, 1899.

Albert G. Frost,  
Estella A. Lester,  
Mary B. Harnish,  
James F. Vavasour,  
W. H. Edwards,  
Committee.

March 31, 1899.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our dearly beloved Brother De Voe, and to

receive him in that home eternal in the heavens not made with hands; and

Whereas, We deeply feel the loss of a brother who was so active and helpful while with us; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of the Phi Delta Fraternity, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents and brothers of our most highly esteemed brother; and furthermore, be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the State Normal College "Echo," that a copy of the same be sent to the parents and brothers of the departed and that they be also entered in the minutes of the fraternity.

O. B. Sylvester,  
A. R. Coulson,  
C. H. Eckerson,  
Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira De Voe and family wish to express their heartfelt thanks to the Phi Delta Fraternity, to the faculty and members of the State Normal College and Normal High School and to the Adelphoi Society for the many kindnesses shown them during their recent bereavement.

#### Alumni.

'55. Died, in March, 1899, Dr. Amelia Christie Perry, '55, of Hornellsville.

'82. Mr. Charles F. Randall, teacher in the Central Grammar School at Amsterdam, has recently had a successful operation for appendicitis at the Albany Hospital.

'89. Married, March 28, 1899, at Cobleskill, Gazena D. Cross, '89, to David R. Dorn. At home at Danne-mora, N. Y.

'92. Married, April 5, 1899, at Middletown, Ada B. Marvin, '92, to Edward S. Bull. At home after July first, at Walton Lake, Monroe, N. Y.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

### The College World.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, declines the call to Amherst.— Ex.

Dr. Henry Barrows has commenced his work as president of Oberlin College, which now has an enrollment of over one thousand students.— Ex.

The Carlisle Indian School has 898 students, representing 61 tribes.— Ex.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D., pastor of the Brick Church in New York, has been called to the chair of English Literature in Johns Hopkins University.— Ex.

Li Hung Chang graduated at the head of a class of 15,000.— Ex.

At Berlin universities are 188 women, of whom 18 are married and 3 are widows. The oldest pupil is 62.— Ex.

A class has been organized at Johns Hopkins University for the purpose of co-operative study of current congressional history.— Ex.

Out of 262 United States cabinet officers, 178 have been college graduates. Of this number, Princeton has 22 and Yale and Harvard 21 each.— Ex.

Tufts College has the skin of Jumbo, the largest known elephant in the world. It forms the nucleus of their museum, to which P. T. Barnum gave \$95,000.— Ex.

The United States government supports 147 well-equipped boarding-schools for the education of the Indians. These schools enroll 23,952 pupils.— Ex.

A History Club has been organized at Columbia, open only to faculty members and candidates for the doctor's degree.

Current historical literature will be studied.— Ex.

The plan of continuous session, degrees being granted without ceremony when a certain amount of work is completed, is gaining favor in America. The University of West Virginia will adopt the plan after next June.— Ex.

In the American army at Manila the college men have organized a club known as the University Club of Manila. It now numbers over 150.— Ex.

Jobera Komura, who is Japan's ambassador to this country, is a distinguished alumnus of Harvard, having graduated in the Class of '80.— Ex.

The oldest college in the world is Mohammand College, at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1,000 years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.— Ex.

United States is the only country in the world that spends more money on education than on war equipments.— Ex.

### In the Realm of Pedagogy.

In his recent address to the Harvard students, Dr. Edward Everett Hale laid down three rules, which, he said, had been the greatest help to him all his life: "Be in the open air all you can. Every day hold converse with a superior. Rub against the rank and file daily."— Ex.

"There is no school that disciplines the mind and broadens thought like contact with mankind."— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dr. Hale, after advising young men to daily associate with some one who is a superior, added: "The first superior

that you meet to-morrow may be your bootblack, or he may be the motorman who takes patiently the impertinence of the passenger."— Ex.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without working for it.— Horace Greeley.

If a man really has an idea he can communicate it, and if he has a clear one he can communicate it clearly.— Emmons.

To Bismarck is attributed the saying that "one-third of the students in the German universities destroy themselves by dissipation, one-third wear themselves out by overwork and the rest govern Europe."— Ex.

"The formula of life is reduced to these six words, 'I will to will God's will.' It is the ring on which all the keys of our nature are hung."— F. B. Meyer.

Order is the mere outward appearance of a school, with respect to the conduct of the pupils, while discipline is the will of the school working responsively to the will of the teacher. Plenty of teachers can, by dint of commanding personality, "keep order" in a school, but who are not disciplinarians in any right sense of the term. A great brawny bully may keep a school in good order by the fear he inspires, or a weak, but pretty, sweet-tempered and popular young lady may coax or hire a school to "be good," either temporarily or permanently. But this is not discipline; it is, in fact, the very opposite of it. Discipline, in the school as in the individual, is a capacity for self-control and effective work. Discipline, therefore, is power, while order is a mere condition.— Learning By Doing.

### In Lighter Vein.

Smart Lawyer — "You say the evening wore on. What did it wear at that certain time?"

Witness — "The close of day, I guess."— Ex.

"Mamma," lisps a little tow-headed fellow, "did you ever tell a lie?"

"I am afraid I have, Arthur."

"Did papa ever tell a lie?"

"I guess he did."

"Did Aunt Hattie ever tell a lie?"

"Why, Arthur, why do you ask so many questions for?"

"Oh, I was thinking how lonesome George Washington and I would be in heaven."— Ex.

Mamma (to Willie, who is sliding down the cellar door)—"Willie, what are you doing?"

Willie — "Making a pair of pants for a poor orphan boy."— Ex.

Good Samaritan — "Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse up hill so fast?"

O'Connor — "Up hill, is it? Oh! begorra, the nag's blind and he can't see it."— Ex.

An abandoned church in a Western town bears over the entrance the inscription: "This is the Gate of Heaven." Beneath it is a sheriff's notice containing this line: "Closed by order of the American Loan Company."— Ex.

Prof. (exasperated) — "Why don't you speak louder?"

Pupil — "A soft answer turneth away wrath."— Ex.

He — "I beg your pardon, but I never can get your name."

She (naively) — "No? Then possibly I might get your."— Ex.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Art of Questioning," by Joseph Landon, F. G. S., vice-principal and late master of methods in the Saltley Training College. Cloth. Price, 50 cents. Published by C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.

Many teachers owe their success to their ability in questioning. For a young teacher "The Art of Questioning" glows with hints and suggestions, which are so natural, practical and helpful that they may be absorbed readily and put in operation without studied effort. On the other hand, it is no less useful to the older teacher, who has, more or less, unconsciously gotten into "ruts." A reading of this little volume cannot fail to give new inspiration and added power.

The clear, plain printing and the neat arrangement of large type at the beginning of each paragraph present at once an inviting appearance to the busy student or hurried teacher, and lend ease and pleasure to the reading. It is certainly a book which, when once read, will be referred to often or entirely reread.

It is compiled from various sources, chiefly those of Joseph Landon, and comprises what is most worthy of attention and most useful. One of the paragraphs on the Elements of Skilful Questioning:

"Brightness of Manner and such strong sympathy with children that they feel the stimulus and enter into their share of the work with eagerness, \* \* \* to keep them active and full of ardor is half the battle, and this is especially true in the employment of questioning."

"Introductory French Prose Composition." By V. E. Francois. Boards. 25c. American Book Company.

Under the above title, Victor E. Francois has written a hundred-page book for use in high schools and academies. In the preface the author states that the book is intended for those who have gained some knowledge of French grammar, and have done about one year's reading work. The author outlines the method to be pursued in using the book, and lays much stress on correct pronunciation. He says the teacher should read each exercise aloud when the lesson is given out, and should have the pupil carefully repeat every word after him. The references are such that any good French grammar may be used in connection with the work. The teacher should have pupil make as many constructions of the original sentences as possible, by means of transposition and the introduction of the different personal pronouns. The book consists of forty exercises, each of which includes the text (in French), the work in transposition on the text, questions to be answered in French, the grammar drill, and English exercises to be translated into French. The author says that the teacher should demand complete answers in French to all the questions, and have these answers given in as many ways as possible. The book contains a complete vocabulary. On the whole the book seems to be admirably adapted to its purpose.

Education cannot be wisely administered except from the highest ground of the spirit of civilization.—W. F. Harris, LL. D.

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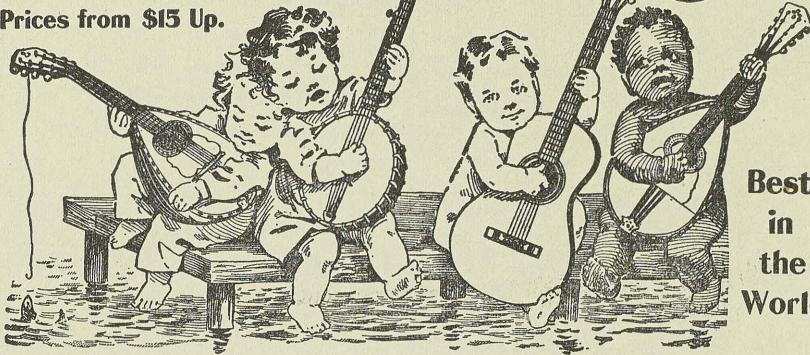
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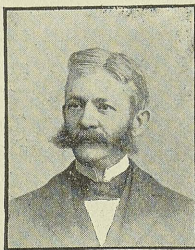
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