

THE
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No. 4.

DAY DREAMS.

IN the cool shady paths, as I wander,
While the sun overhead shineth bright,
With the whispering trees all about me,
Brightened now and again by the light,
I dream o'er again my loved fancies,
And live in the days long gone by,
In the days of my childhood so happy,
Where tenderest memories lie.

I feel the old gladness steal o'er me,
I call back old pleasures once more,
And with them come gently the friendships
That brightened the glad days of yore.
I see for the time those dear faces,
Which ever in memory live,
And feast on the joys they bring with them,
For sweet are the pleasures they give.

Yet the peace that they bring is but transient,
Stern duty is calling, I know,
I must leave all these fancies behind me
And back to life's burdens must go;
But ever in joy and in sorrow,
Thro' clouds and thro' golden sunbeams,
There's nothing that's sweeter or fairer
Than my beautiful, happy day dreams.

M. RANDOLPH SPICER.

VACATION IDYL.

IN silence evening draws her veil,
The full moon shines resplendent, pale,
While cool night breezes blow o'er hill and
dale.

The oars splash softly in the water,
The merman courts the mermaid's daughter,
While sings the nightingale the song love
taught her.

Yon twinkling star that shines so bright
Makes doubly beautiful the night
With thought that *she* rejoices at its sight.

C.

OUR FIRST DAYS IN SCOTLAND.

On the afternoon of the eleventh of July, as the great red sun rolled slowly down into the sea, there appeared in the east a rainbow that spanned the heavens, building a bridge of light from shore to shore. It was a sight both grand and unusual, and one never to be forgotten.

The morning of the twelfth dawned bright and clear. Land was sighted early, and Tory Island soon rose into full view. Low hanging clouds at first bore a fancied resemblance to land in the distance, but not until they had broken apart and lifted could the coast hills of Ireland be seen dimly outlined above the horizon. The entire northern coast is picturesquely irregular, and the lovely characteristic green of the Emerald Isle fascinates one.

After landing passengers at Moville for Londonderry, and passing the Giant's Causeway at a distance, we soon steamed into the Firth of Clyde, just as the hour of sunset was drawing near. From then until the time when we dropped anchor off Greenoch, we were held spell-bound by the fairy-like beauty of the changing scene. The mountains, as they reared their craggy summits aloft, assumed strange shapes in the shadows of twilight. The many indentations and low-lying places widened to immense proportions in the fading light, and imagination peopled the rocky fastnesses

with fantastic beings. But the crests of these irregular masses stood out in bold relief, lighted with beautiful, delicate hues, as if the rainbow of the previous night had fallen and broken upon them. It was a quiet Sabbath evening, and when the throbbing and beating of the pulse of the great ship had ceased, and the ocean voyage had passed away with the last breath that had wafted us into a foreign port, a new life seemed suddenly to spring out of the old, for the lights of the city gleamed out across the quiet wave as if extending a hearty welcome to all on board.

Gladly we disembarked early Monday morning, and, after threading our way through the custom house, proceeded to Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland.

The growth of this city is marvelous, and to-day its inhabitants number nearly one million. Unlike Edinburgh, which derives an added importance from its imposing situation and its many historic associations, Glasgow is a comparatively modern manufacturing and commercial city, whose resources lie in the mineral wealth of the surrounding country. The chief buildings of interest to the traveler are the Cathedral, with its deservedly famous crypt, where Scott laid the scene of the meeting between Rob Roy and Osbaldistone; the University crowning Gilmore hill, and overlooking Kelvin Grove Park, and the Municipal Buildings, facing George Square, which contain superb decorations in marble and alabaster, and a grand staircase that is a work of art.

Lesser attractions proved no less enjoyable. The noonday lunch was made memorable from the fact that for dessert we had served to us luscious strawberries that far outrivalled both in size and delicacy of flavor the choicest specimens of our American growers. Weighed

down with rich cream from the dairy, they furnished a dish not a whit less appetizing than the ambrosia upon which the gods subsisted, and certainly far more substantial. Together with the gooseberries, which are equally large and delicious in Scotland, they sharpened in a surprisingly short space of time the appetites dulled by the voyage.

Day lingers long there during the summer months, and the twilight steals on into the night. Comparatively few were the hours of rest that intervened ere we made the record in our journals of the incidents of our second day in Europe.

About forty miles south from Glasgow is the village of Ayr, and but two miles thence, the birthplace of one of Nature's own children, the poet Burns. Besides the simple little cot in which he first saw light, and which is the scene of his "Cottar's Saturday Night," many other familiar scenes of his boyhood and youth attracted our attention. Old "Alloway Kirk," though now a roofless ruin overgrown with ivy, and surrounded by the graves of many long-forgotten, in fancy suddenly became the scene of revelry and mirth as upon that dark and stormy night when Tam passed shudderingly that way. The keystone of the old "Brig o'Doon" once more resounded with the clattering hoofs of the fortunate, yet tailless Meg. The little wayside daisy became the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," that made immortal one of the simplest of Nature's creations. Burns grew familiar with his lesser brothers around him, in nature, and, through lingering fancy, endowed them with almost human attributes. How charmingly has he woven into verse the commonplace realities of his simple existence! Many pleasant hours may be spent about Ayr, wandering from one point of interest to

another, and breathing in the spirit of the place.

The trip from Glasgow to Balloch is only a short one. There we embarked on a little pleasure steamer, and were soon skimming over the waters of Loch Lomond. Despite the fact that rain was falling all the morning, we counted the trip a pleasant one. Rain falls so frequently and so easily in Scotland, during the summer months, that one at home among the lakes looks upon a pleasant rather than a stormy, day as exceptional, and the traveler unconsciously grows to smile upon a condition that would call forth a frown in almost any other place. There was something in the dull gray tone of the atmosphere that enhanced the scenery along the shore, and the pattering raindrops became liquid notes poured forth in accompaniment. Ben Lomond was occasionally revealed to us through rifts in the clouds, and seemed magnified in its brief and uncertain appearance. The effect was mystical and fascinating. We glided in graceful lines among

"Those emerald isles, which calmly sleep
On the blue bosom of the deep."

and occasionally darted in toward shore, to make a landing. At irregular intervals appear cozy summer cottages, or lordly mansions that bespoke wealth and nobility. A slender spire here and there marked a clustered village half-concealed among the trees. The effect was so restful to come silently and gradually upon some such sylvan scene, and as easily glide away.

Loch Lomond may well be called the pride of Scottish lakes. All too soon we landed at Inversnaid, near Rob Roy's cave, and entered upon our first coaching experience abroad. On and up we went, over highland and moor, now skirting some deep and dark ravine,

whence issued the sound of dripping water, now dashing beneath low over-arching branches that cast peaceful shade around, and once again bounding out upon the open way narrowed down by the luxuriance of heath and heather. A characteristic ruggedness is seen in every expression of nature, and the traveler marvels not that the Scottish people show a courage and strength that reflect their natural surroundings.

Just before reaching Loch Arklet, and only a short distance from Loch Katrine, we passed the childhood home of Helen McGregor. The isolated and rude little cot stands deserted now, yet fails not to attract attention from all who pass that way. Soon Loch Katrine gleamed out in the distance, and, dashing down a gentle hill, we suddenly checked rein in front of a charming inn near the edge of the water. By this time the sun was shining, and long ere we rounded "Ellen's Isle" at the further end of the lake, everything appeared so clear and distinct that "Scotch mist" and rain seemed impossibilities. Nestled close to the extreme end of the lake lies that little island made famous by the magic pen of the "Wizard of the North." Gently it rises from the water.

"So close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there."

The Silver Strand of Loch Katrine, formerly a feature of marked beauty, is now unseen, as the waters of the lake have been raised to give Glasgow an additional water supply. But in memory it will always be known as the place where the fair Ellen first interviewed the Knight of Snowdown.

Soon we landed at a little rustic pier at the lower end of the lake, where

coaches were waiting to convey us through "The Trossachs." This narrow defile extends from Loch Katrine to a point opposite Loch Achray, where stands the Trossachs Hotel, a fine turretted structure. This was one of the most delightful rides imaginable. The road winds about through the narrow valley skirting along the very base of mountains whose sides are thickly covered with forests. The deep shade adds solemnity to the scene, and an eternal hush seems to have settled over all the place.

Nothing can be more satisfying than such a day spent in the very bosom of nature. Everything bespeaks the eternal fitness of things, and no one can make this roundabout trip from Glasgow to Edinburgh without feeling a desire to come into a closer harmony with the world and fellow-man.

JAMES ROBERT WHITE, PH. B.

"ENGLISH AS SHE'S WROTE."

SHE was a maiden unique
 With a dimple in only one chique
 When she walked down the aisle
 The people would smaisle
 For she really appeared very mique.

She sang at one time in the choir
 Her voice it went hoir and hoir
 It went out of sight
 They found it that night
 Way up in the top of the spoir.

One evening she put on her sacque
 And went for a ride in a hacque
 But the people all sighed
 When they heard of the righed
 For the maiden she never came bacque.

S.

CHILD-STUDY.

THE present movement in child-study began in America about sixteen years ago. Before this time Darwin and Preyer had made careful studies of their own children and had published the results. No organized effort had been made in Europe, however, to extend this sort of study. In this country the interest in child-study has been steadily increasing since 1880. Interesting articles on the subject of child-study have appeared in many magazines, and several books have been published.

One very interesting series of papers on this subject is Sully's "Studies of Childhood," which appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* about a year ago. One or two incidents might be given as examples of the sort of material used. In a study of children's fears, the author speaks of a child four years old, who was afraid to go to sleep in the dark, and was allowed to have a candle in his room. One night a building near his home was burned, and after that the child was so much afraid of fire that he slept in the dark. One day he said to his father, "Do you know what I thought dark was? A great, large, live thing, the color of black, with a mouth and eyes." One incident illustrates both the fear and the fearlessness of children. "A little boy fell into a brook. On his being fished out by his mother, his sister, aged four, asked him, 'Did you see any crocodiles?' 'No,' answered the boy, 'I wasn't in long enough.'"

Some of the theological and psychological ideas of children alluded to in these papers are very amusing. Several of the stories show the material idea of God which most children have. A child nearly four years old saw some workmen on the street one day, and asked "Mamma, is these Gods?" "God!"

exclaimed his mother, "Why?" "Because," said he, "they make houses and churches, mamma, same as God makes moons and people and little dogs."

As yet the work done in child-study has consisted chiefly in observing children. Some generalizations have been made from the material obtained in this way. In several States organizations have been formed for the promotion of child-study. Suggestive syllabi are sent to teachers, who are requested to gather as much material as possible. This material is afterward classified and the results are published. A great deal of this work has been done under the direction of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University.

A very interesting collection of children's ideas about the man in the moon was made some time ago. This illustrates the method of much of the child-study at present. Children were asked to tell how the man got into the moon. Five hundred and fifty-five children, from four to fourteen years of age, responded. The answers were written as a composition exercise, without previous suggestion. The children had no idea of the teacher's purpose in asking them to write. The youngest children thought that the man climbed into the moon, went up in a tower or wagon, or that God put him there. Some thought that he is God. Children a little older thought that he jumped in, flew in, went up in a balloon, grew in, or went there when he died. Some thought that he was born there, others that he got there by electricity. Several little skeptics, from eight to fourteen years of age, said that there was no man in the moon. A few gave a scientific explanation.

In this State a study of children's hopes is being made. Teachers are requested to have their pupils write what they wish to do a year hence, and when they are grown, giving their reasons in

each case. As yet not enough material has been received to warrant any generalization.

Some students of this college have been studying children and recording their observations. These include reasonings, theological ideas, imagination, investigation, plays, fears and other subjects. One student knew a child who thought that the moon and its company talked about the people on the earth. The crescent moon was going visiting, the full moon was coming home. The moon shone while the sun was asleep. When the moon was not very bright it was not feeling well,

Another child saw a loom taken apart, and played with the roller on the barn floor. The next time that he heard thunder he thought that a loom had been taken apart in the sky and that the roller had been given to little boys to play with.

A little girl of six was trying to count a million. Last spring she had counted to seventy thousand, and thought that she would never reach the end of the million, it would take such a long time.

One little girl four years old saw some small silk flags and said, "We have some big fellows up in our garret." Upon being asked what the flags were used for, she said, "We put them on the window when it's cold." She made the same reply several times when questioned.

As yet the work done in child-study has little scientific value, but the effect upon the teachers who have become interested in it is excellent. They learn to consider individual children, rather than "that pedagogical phantom, the child." As they gain a better appreciation of child nature they are able to work more intelligently and sympathetically for the children under their charge. E. CHRISTINA RACE, '97.

A DEVELOPMENT LESSON.

The town of Memphis, N. Y., although ancient in name was, in most respects, quite modern. It had formerly been a small hamlet of two or three hundred people living quietly on accumulated means, but had grown into a manufacturing town of about three thousand. In its early days its wealthy residents had founded a boarding school, which, although at a low ebb like many such schools of to-day, was still regarded as quite the thing. Although the village had grown and now possessed many modern improvements, the public school figured but little in the affairs of the town. It was controlled by a board of trustees who were greatly more interested in the academy, and by a principal, a mere figure-head, entirely under their control. This principal had long been considered a failure, but he still retained his position. One day, however, a party of boys, with whom we shall become better acquainted later, deserted the school to play foot-ball with the academy boys. Never in sympathy with anything that lent spirit to the school, the principal accordingly expelled two of these youths, discriminating in favor of those connected with the trustees.

In the eyes of the majority the affair seemed too trivial for such punishment, and the favoritism unjust. Accordingly, at the end of the year, a thorough canvass of the village was made, and at the next election a majority of the trustees chosen were in favor of securing a new principal, who should build up their school and give it such a standing as its size warranted. Such had been the success of the graduates of the State Normal College that it was thought best to engage one to regenerate this school, and a young man was engaged in this capacity; but, during the week preceding the fall opening, he very sud-

denly died. Naturally enough the board again looked to the same source for a teacher, but it was now late, and the president was obliged to reply: "Our men are all engaged, but I can send you Miss Etta Wemple, who, although comparatively inexperienced, will give you satisfaction if you employ her." Suffice it to say, Miss Wemple was engaged on Friday night to begin on Monday. In order better to understand our story, let us introduce our teacher. It is not safe to say she was beautiful (you do not know her), save for a pair of piercing black eyes that could alternately send encouragement to the heart of a dull pupil, or terror to that of a refractory one, and a mouth that revealed culture, but silently voiced a great determination. Her strength as a teacher lay in her perfect assurance that she was doing the right and in her winning attractive ways. Monday morning found her at her desk, the center of all the interest a woman in her position can excite.

We have previously mentioned a party of pupils in this school who had been not perfectly exemplary. At the head of this party stood Ralph Southwick, a robust physical specimen of dawning manhood, but mentally a conundrum. His mother, a woman of considerable native talent, was exceedingly weak willed, and from being petted on account of ill-health had, unfortunately, become very petulant. To add to this she had married a man of almost stubborn will, who was in addition addicted to drink. All these things had conspired to render Mrs. Southwick a victim of pessimism, and naturally enough she believed Ralph, when she perceived that he inherited his father's stubborn will, to be likewise destined to no good end. The home, being thus unattractive, this young man early found his way

into the streets, where he could follow his own will free from the constant nagging he received at home. In this way he sought his own pleasures with eagerness, and with equal earnestness hated whatever he was told to do simply because he never did anything by halves; and as he never received any encouragement, he never sought any by trying to please others. In school it was the same; compelled to go at first, he disliked it for that reason. In his sports he was the type of happiness and zest; in the school-room under restraint he bristled like a porcupine. The more he was kept after school to learn an assigned lesson in the text-book the more he resolved not to get it. His usual answer to a question was put in the negative form, and the teacher generally answered: "I should not think you would."

Although 18 years of age, no feeling of chivalry had yet thrilled Ralph's veins, so instead of resolving, when he heard of Miss Wemple's election, to become for a time, at least, her champion, his mind immediately set to work to invent a means of annoying her, supposing, of course, that she would early annoy him.

During the preceding week a fair had been held in the village, and among its usual display of novelties was a phonograph. A five-cent concert at the ear-trumpet of one of these had completely captivated Ralph, so much so that one of his fellows whose father had purchased a cheap one for the entertainment of his family was an object of envy. Working under this stimulus and forming such associations as only a schoolboy can, Ralph's mind hit upon a plan. He would inveigle into the plan the youth who had access to this marvellous instrument, and who, like his father, was not favorable to the new teacher; and with his help, and that of two others, they agreed upon a scheme.

Saturday afternoon, late, they stealthily conveyed the mechanical songster to the school-room, and carefully removing a loose board from the floor, placed under it the phonograph. Then borrowing from the dilapidated school laboratory a long piece of rubber tubing they carried it along under the floor and inserted its end in a mouse-hole just behind the teacher's desk. Another piece they gave an outlet in the rear of the room, so as to change the place from which the sound should come, and thus give the effect of ventriloquism. An ingenious contrivance was arranged by which one of the conspirators in the rear of the room could change the connection and set the thing in motion. Everything was arranged except placing the device for starting the machine. This was to be arranged Monday night, as it was decided to wait a day and see what the teacher was like. The two songs selected for Miss Wemple's entertainment and their own fun were: "She had never seen the streets of Cairo," and, "Our Harrison, he'll be there."

On the first morning, the teacher assigned lessons just as each predecessor had done during the pupil's school career, yet it was noticeable how self-possessed she seemed. It was little less than a surprise, however, when she announced that the class in history would recite at once. Miss Wemple, those who know her, will remember, made a specialty of history in college and had prepared a series of very fine development lessons on the Civil War. So when she observed that a large number of the young men most likely to cause trouble were in this class, she decided at once to set them at work and if possible interest them. During her two days' stay in Memphis she had noticed also that our friend Ralph was a youth of varying

temperament, but exceedingly interested in his own pleasures. This coupled with the sullen look on his face when he came into class made him all the more interesting. Ralph was evidently prepared for the question, "What is history?" Imagine then his surprise when in a tone of gentleness and encouragement the teacher asked him some questions concerning the campaign, whether he was in favor of Harrison or Cleveland and why? She created a discussion in this way, and when all were interested led them back to the campaign of 1860. From political battles she adroitly led them to the subject of military battles, and told them that the next day they would learn something of Abraham Lincoln.

After school closed, the band remained to complete arrangements for the morrow's fun, which was to occur during the history class. For some unknown reason Ralph did not feel so much interest in the affair as he had expected. In fact, he more than half wished he was out of it entirely. Why, he thought, should he annoy the only teacher who had ever taught him an interesting lesson? In this spirit, he went to school the next morning. The other leaders were already there preparing to enjoy the fun, and under their influence Ralph soon caught the old spirit.

In due time the history class was called but the boys had little more thought of Lincoln than of Cæsar. Miss Wemple had anticipated this and was ready. She read some exciting stories of the campaign of 1860 and of the lives of Lincoln, Douglas, and others of their time, dwelling particularly on the early trials and hardships of Lincoln and how he rose from obscurity, by self effort, to the height of fame; what regard he always had for the rights of others. Occasion-

ally she appealed to the class, and particularly to Ralph, whose mind was by this time in a desperate state. All the good qualities of his ancestors seemed fast developing in him. He was converted. He was interested, and yet every minute that phonograph was liable to begin to sing and the teacher could not fail to hear it from where she stood. What should he do? Should he prove such a bully as he had planned? Taking a pencil from his pocket, he slyly wrote on a slip of paper: "Miss Wemple we fellows have got a phonergraf under Jim Moore's seat. It's goin' off right behind your desk." He rose hurriedly and handed the teacher the slip, saying, "I forgot to give you this note this morning."

Waiting for no further developments, he left the room. As he passed through the door, ashamed, the music began, and the boys, although hearing it but faintly, snickered, conscious that the teacher was hearing all. She, however, waited until it stopped and began again in the rear of the room, when she walked back and heard the second selection. She seemed to enjoy it so much that it became oppressive to the conspirators and they were glad when it ceased. As if nothing had happened, Miss Wemple resumed her work with the remark, "Yes, Harrison will surely be elected, as surely as Lincoln was, and I thank you for the music. Nevertheless, if next time you will place the instrument on the desk, instead of under the floor, we shall all enjoy it better. As we were saying—"

The next morning Ralph came back, and silently went to work, as did several others. Of course they often transgressed, but never again intentionally. For three years no boys ever studied harder; few teachers ever did more earnest work, judging by results. It was nearly commencement and Ralph was

prepared for college, when one afternoon Miss Wemple said, "Mr. Southwick will you remain after school a moment, I wish to speak with you?" Ralph remained to hear a request for some help in procuring some material for commencement decorations. This was his answer: "Miss Wemple, to please you, I would become a slave such as Abraham Lincoln liberated in the first lessons you taught me. I can never repay you. I am going to college. When I finish may I try to repay you?" The decorations were procured. Ralph graduated and went to college and took his degree. He is now professor in a college in New England and is striving to pay his ante-college indebtedness. Miss Wemple, *non est*, has now resumed her development spheres in a smaller but not less useful sphere.

LEWIS M. DOUGAN.

THE ORGAN RECITAL.

IT is seldom that the students of the State Normal College are afforded such a rare treat as was the organ recital given November 14 by Prof. Belding, to the faculty and students of the college. Prof. Belding is well known in the musical circles of Albany, and the mere announcement of the recital from the chapel rostrum was an earnest of a feast of good things. The first number on the program was the overture "Euryanthe," by Von Weber, and was well received by the audience. Handel's "Largo" followed, and was played with feeling and expression. In contrast to this was the "Grand Sonata," by Thayer, in which the magnificent technique of the organist was manifest to all, and called forth appreciative applause. One of the most pleasing numbers on the program was the "Fantasie (Daughter of the Regiment)," by Donizetti. The close attention of the audi-

ence was held through all the changes of the Fantasie.

The pleasure of the recital was greatly enhanced by the baritone solos, "The Three Singers," by Tours, and "Where is Heaven," by Marti, by Mr. Merrihew. The rich tones of the singer won the audience at once, and the number received the strong applause that it merited. The "March Religious," by Guilman, was followed by Buck's "The Holy Night." The piece was rendered especially enjoyable to the audience by the explanation given by Prof. Belding of the theme. The idea of the piece was well brought out in the rendering. Choutal's "Paraphrase on an air by Louis XIII," which followed Batiste's "First Communion," was, perhaps, the favorite of the afternoon. The voicing of the piece is particularly pleasing, and the excellent Vox Humana of the organ was appreciated by all. In the double number (a) "Be Thou With Me," by Hiller, (b) "If You But Knew," by Gilbert, the sweet alto of Mrs. Barrett at once won the sympathy of the audience. To all lovers of classical music it is sufficient to say that the next two numbers were respectively "Traumeri and Romance," by Schumann, and the "Overture to Tannhauser," by Wagner. The pieces were well interpreted, and received the hearty applause of the audience. The program closed with a descriptive piece, "The Thunder Storm." The effect of the piece was heightened by the extinguishing of the gas. The artistic rendering of the bag-pipe, the roll of the thunder and the "Vesper Hymn," were strikingly real. The students should avail themselves of every opportunity of this kind to become acquainted with the best works of the great composers. Classical music affords an æsthetic culture which is obtained in no other way. Prof. Belding has the hearty thanks of the students.

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Contributions, especially items of interest concerning our alumni and students are earnestly solicited from all friends of the college. All matter intended for publication the same month should reach us not later than the 10th of that month.

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EDITORIAL.

WE call attention to the story "Sermons on Stones," found on another page, as an illustration of how stray scientific facts, and events of every day life, may be profitably used in teaching.

IT was only a little thing, but it showed the drift of thought. A student in this institution, a graduate of one of the universities of this State, said recently that he had found the work in psychology that he received here more helpful to him than any similar work he had done in the university.

"Language," says George Elliot, "is a stream that is almost sure to smack of a mingled soil." How important it is, then, that the soil of which it "smacks," be as pure as possible.

WE submit to our readers this month for their consideration a 20-page journal. To make a successful paper of this size we need *your* subscription; we should be glad of your contribution. As you enjoy reading about your friends do not forget us when you have some news.

THIS month we are again favored with an article from the pen of Prof. James Robert White, on his European trip.

It is a good time just after Thanksgiving to decide upon something to be thankful for, a year hence.

Now that election is over the small boy's demand for old barrels and tin horns will fall off quite perceptibly, and society and the newspapers will resume their *normal* condition.

Since a teacher of method works into his teaching his own experience, why will some people argue that the study of methods is unnecessary to success?

It is said that lecturing to pupils may sometimes inspire them. It is noticeable, however, that the interest quite often expires at the same time.

It is a noticeable fact that wherever "Foundation Studies in Literature," by Mrs. Mooney, finds its way into the hands of teachers, it meets with favor. This fact shows that the pedagogical leaven is working.

There is a bit of philosophy exemplified in the slot machines that stand on street corners and in public places. Unless one puts in a sufficiently large coin he does not draw the prize. Our profession is not unlike such a machine conducted on the European plan, it yields success in proportion to the amount of coin put into the slot.

It is the wise teacher who knows what to do next. Show your wisdom by subscribing for the ECHO.

AMBITION IN EDUCATION.

THE typical American, if there be such an one, is not easy of description. Writers have won distinction by their accuracy of personal description, each nationality being characterized by certain peculiarities not easily mistaken; but, although no one would venture a picture of a blue-eyed Italian or a dark-haired Swede, either or both of these adjectives may be used to describe an American. He may be light or dark, short or tall, slim or stout, yet his Americanism cannot be questioned; but in regard to character, if he has any one trait that is distinctively his, if he is stamped with any individuality, that stamp spells ambition. It matters not how he came by it, whether by education, by form of government or by environment, it is, nevertheless, his, and he who is without it holds a doubtful claim to his title.

In its relation to education ambition is two-fold: first, we shall mention its influence upon the teacher, and second, its importance as a factor in the training of the pupil. To illustrate the former thought we cannot do better than compare the work of those teachers who are ambitious to make their profession a success as a life work with that of those who use the calling as a stepping stone to something else which is given the benefit of their ambition. That which we give this title has been defined as a spirit of discontent, a strong element of progress, but this spirit must be interpreted with caution. Rightly interpreted, one may owe to it all his success; wrongly understood, it may result in little less than failure. With his ambition to inspire him to overcome the failures of to-day by inventing ways of strengthening his weakness, he becomes earnest and enthusiastic in his work, because he regards the success of his later career as dependent in a large measure upon the

thoroughness of his present labor. The question of work then becomes not, "How much I can shirk and retain my position;" but "how strongly can I hold it and how much promotion can I warrant by what I can do?" Such a state of affairs can hardly exist without a determination to follow one line of work to its successful end.

Without this spirit of restless activity the work of the teacher becomes monotonous for himself and more so for the school. One of the aims of our institution is to inspire in its students such a spirit, such determination.

The native ambition of the pupil is the most hopeful trait for the teacher to work upon; with it many things are possible; without it few are not impossible. Every thoroughly American boy or girl, according to our idea, must have some spark of latent fire that will produce a flame if properly fanned. It may be a desire to be a doctor, merchant, statesman, explorer, or even a bandit. It will be something, and it is the teacher who must determine what it is. If it be a right one, it must be fostered; if it be a wrong one, it must be turned in the right direction. Whichever it be it is often the only means of stimulating the pupil in any direction. Even though a pupil be reared in miserable circumstances, if his ambition can be aroused he can be moved to work for better things, for a home that shall mean something more than a mere dwelling, for surroundings better than those his parents enjoyed or endured. Who knows, then, but that greater results may follow? The ambition to please others, to glorify himself before others, to outdo some one else; all these can be turned to good account. The successful teacher, then, fosters his own ambition by encouraging a noble one in his pupils.

“SERMONS IN STONES.”

DID you ever see a stone that could talk? Well, it isn't very often that one has the opportunity to see such a curiosity, but, if you will go down Dove street to the place where workmen are grading for the new city park, you may see there a large round pebble, whose story is stranger than fiction. The stone cannot talk to any one who does not know where it was found, so I will tell you about this.

When the workmen began to level off the hill just northeast of State Geologist Hall's museum they found a thick bed of yellow clay about twenty feet deep. When this had all been carted away, it was found to be underlaid by a thick bed of blue clay. Now there is one thing peculiar about this clay. If you will take the trouble to examine it, you will discover that it is found in even layers, and this fact means a great deal. A very long time ago, even before Columbus discovered America, yes, even before Adam and Eve were married in the Garden of Eden, there was no clay bank here at all, but this spot, and all the ground where Albany now stands, was covered with very deep water. The Hudson river was, of course, unheard of then, but many other streams flowed into this great sea and brought down tons and tons of fine mud. As this mud settled to the bottom it became sorted, and formed this bed of blue clay.

But where did this large pebble come from, so snugly packed away twenty-five feet below the surface? I will tell you the story as the pebble told it to me.

THE PEBBLE'S STORY.

“A great many years ago there was a large ledge of rocks away to the icy North. I was part of that ledge. One day it was very cold, and the water

which had trickled into the crevices of the rocks was frozen, and I, with other pebbles, was broken off as the water expanded in freezing. We fell into the ocean beneath and were nearly drowned. A huge wave grabbed us and threw us against the rocky shore with fearful force. Then another and another wave came. As fast as one wave dropped us another picked us up and hurled us against the rocky ledge. Oh, how we were pounded! All the sharp corners were knocked off from me, and in a short time you would hardly have believed that I was the same pebble that was broken off from the rocky ledge. So we were tossed about for weeks, and months, and years. We were ground by the sharp sand of the beach, and before long I was smooth and round as you now see me, except that I did not have these scratches.”

Then the pebble rolled over and, sure enough, there were several long scratches on one side.

“Yes,” said the pebble, “it was an awful experience. The ocean that had pounded us so cruelly began to freeze, and after we were held in its icy embrace for so long a time that I became numb with the cold, we seemed to begin to move slowly over the surface of the earth. I don't know how fast, nor how far, nor how long we moved, for I soon became insensible. After a very long time, I imagine, I was aroused to my senses by the breaking off of that part of the ice in which I was held, and immediately felt a delightful sensation. We seemed to be gliding through space so smoothly and with such a charming motion. There was a big mountain of ice over me, but we were all floating in water which was warm and blue and deep.

“Just as I was wondering where the other pebbles were that had been pounded with me away up north in the

cruel sea, the mountain of ice let me drop. Oh, I thought I should never reach the bottom! I kept going down, down, down. The sea was full of monstrous fishes. All of a sudden I stopped. I struck on the back of a large fish and rolled over into a cluster of sea-weeds. It was strange down there. The fishes all swam away when they saw me strike, and the little fishes peeked at me from behind the big ones, and hid in the seaweed. Everything seemed so strange, and I suppose I seemed strange to everything there. It wasn't very light down on the bottom of the sea, and soon I found that there was a lot of mud falling. The fishes swam so fast that they got out of the way, but I could not move, and after a while the mud half covered me, and finally I was all covered over with blue clay.

"I don't remember anything more until yesterday, when, all of a sudden, I received a fearful knock. Then it appeared to be very light and some queer beings said, 'I wonder how it came here any way?' At least they said something that sounded like that. I wanted to tell them all about it and how glad I was that they had taken all that heavy clay bed off from me, but they would not bend their ears and listen to my story as you have done. One of the queer creatures said he would like me for his 'museum,' so I suppose they will label me soon, and put me in a dark drawer to be looked at once in awhile by curious beings like those who dug me up. It's warm here. Isn't it? I hope I shall never be buried in ice and mud again as I have been."

The stone could not hear. It could only talk, so I said nothing. How long do you suppose it was that the pebble was covered over with the blue clay? The pebble did not know this, but, if you

would ask a great many questions of Nature, she would gladly tell you. You remember I said it was long before the marriage of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Oh, yes, it was very long before that! The water had not even begun to flow over Niagara then. There wasn't any Mississippi river, nor any Catskill mountains, nor any Great Lakes. Nothing here but this great sea and the big iceberg, like the one that dropped our pebble. I wonder if you can conceive how long ago this was? If you should begin now and count one every second, and should live to be two hundred years old, you could not begin to count the number of years that have passed since then. That is a long time, isn't it, to be buried up in a clay bed?

Don't you think this is an interesting story the pebble told me? There are many stories, stranger than this one, which pebbles and rocks can tell. Perhaps I will tell you another some time. I hope you will go and see this wonderful pebble that can talk. Do you suppose Shakespeare had in mind anything so wonderful as this when he spoke of "sermons in stones"?

G.

Patriotism is now being thoroughly taught in our schools, but is there enough attention in the preparation of teachers paid to such noble pioneers of education in America as David P. Page and Horace Mann?

What men want is not talent, it is purpose, in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—*Lytton*.

You are said to have learned to obey. If so, you have learned to rule.—*Kingsley*.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within.—*Emerson*.

PERSONAL MENTION.

AMONG those who were out of town on November 3d, presumably in McKinley's interest, were G. G. Groat, A. B., '97, Gloversville; C. S. Gager, A. B. '97, Greene; L. J. Cook, Middlefield; W. B. Sprague, Moriah; G. S. Rosecrants, G. B. Sim, I. H. Clark and L. M. Dougan.

Miss Harris, '97, is teaching in Cohoes.

G. G. Groat, A. B. (Syracuse), '97, had charge of the class in drawing methods during Miss Stoneman's recent absence.

Mrs. John DePeyster Douw of Annapolis, Md., recently visited friends in College.

"No news is good news." Ours this month is almost as good.

Mrs. De Lancey Stow, of Clyde, spent a week recently with her daughter, Miss Edith Stow, '97.

Miss Estelle Bradshaw, '97, who has not been in college, this year, is expected to return soon.

Miss Sara Goodman, '97, and Miss Mary Buttles, '97, are at their homes for a few days in search of better health.

In the absence of Prof. Wetmore at the Delhi Institute his class in physics methods was in charge of R. L. Cottrell, '97.

The class of '98, will meet Saturday evening, Nov. 21.

Miss Stoneman and Prof. Wetmore lectured at the Institute held at Delhi, last week.

Harlow McMillan, '97, has just returned to complete his course.

Chas. M. Lillie, A. B. Pd. B., '96, was in town Nov. 16.

The Delta Omegas gave a very delightful open evening Nov. 20. A fuller account next month.

DE ALUMNIS.

'96. William J. Millar, principal of Mt. Kisco Union School, called upon friends in the city and college Nov. 7 and 8. Mr. Millar is very pleasantly located in a flourishing school, housed in a new building, and taught by six teachers besides the principal.

'96. Eugene Woodward, former business manager of the ECHO, looked in upon his old desk Nov. 14.

'86. Prof. Charles H. Phelps, A. M., of Bennington, Vt., and five assistants, visited college Nov. 13.

'68. Miss Elizabeth J. Gibson, former principal of primary department in this Normal College, sends us greeting from Los Angeles, Cal.

'93. Prof. Ernest E. Race, A. B. Pd. B., after a course of study abroad, is now instructor in biology in the High School, Evansville, Indiana. Prof. Race has begun a series of lectures before the grade teachers of the city. The first of these lectures, delivered Oct. 10, is printed in full in the Evansville Courier, and is very highly complimented.

'92. Miss Grace Denny, '92, and William Marvin Fort, '92, were married at the home of the bride's mother in Cold Spring, N. Y., on Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1896. Mr. and Mrs. Fort are at home in Chittenango, N. Y., where the former is principal of the Union School.

'93. Merrit E. Newberry, formerly at Johnstown, N. Y., has entered Columbia College, New York city.

'91. E. A. Fuller is now principal at Roscoe, N. Y.

- '82. Milton R. Quay, Pd. D., sends us welcome encouragement from Elizabeth, N. J., where he is teacher of Mathematics in Pin-gry School.
- '95. Miss Mary G. Manahan is teaching methods in drawing at the Mont-gomery State Normal School, Alabama.
- '84. Miss Isdell was at Rhinebeck at-tending an institute Nov. 11 and 12. She also attended the insti-tute at Granville.
- '96. Miss Mabel Tarr has been obliged on account of illness to give up her work in Glen Cove, where she was teaching.
- '96. During institute week at Granville, N. Y., recently, Miss Arrietta Sny-der, '96, gave a supper to the graduates of the Normal College who were in attendance. Miss Snyder is making a great success of her work as training class teacher in the Sandy Hill Union School.
- '96. Miss Zinnia P. Wood, '97, has ac-cepted, and is now filling a po-sition at Clifton Springs, N. Y., vacated by Miss Jennie Hanna, '96, who was called to a position in Rochester.

'96 SOCIAL.

The class of '97, will long remember Friday evening, Nov. 13, if pictures have any value as an aid to memory. The occasion was the regular class meet-ing and the entertainment was the picto-rial representation on the black board of different titles of songs or books, "Jack and Gill Went up the Hill," for instance. Although not artistically correct, the effect of drawing methods was very apparent. Anyhow it was a very enter-taining feature and the social committee deserve much credit.

ALL SORTS.

PROVERB: "Second thoughts are best. God created man; woman was an afterthought."—*Ex.*

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morn-ing," Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."—*Ex.*

Professor (to first arithmetic class): "How many in a family consisting of husband, wife and child?"

Smartboy: "Two and one to carry."—*Ex.*

Teacher: "Johnny, what are your boots made of?"

John: "Of leather."

Teacher: "Where does the leather come from?"

John: "From the hide of an ox."

Teacher: "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you enough to eat?"

John: "My father."—*Ex.*

This is a tough world for women at best. They must either marry or be-come old maids.—*Ex.*

Some one has said, "I would give five cents to sit on the fence and see myself go by." That may have been true, but had it really happened the chances are sixteen to one that he would want his money back.—*Ex.*

Polite Clerk: "Have you been waited on, Miss?"

Young woman: "Yes, John — waited on me all last year."

Question. Did you ever see a person for whom Cornell & Dickerman of 67 N. Pearl street, had made a photograph otherwise than delighted? We guess not. Their work is perfection.

ALL SORTS.

Teacher—"Why should you keep your feet on the floor when you are sitting down?" Small Boy—"Because they'd pull your knees out of joint if you let them hang."

The University of Chicago offers 1,086 courses, all departments included.

A man slipped on a banana peel ;
The fall it made him wince ;
He was laid up in bed with a very sore head,
And he hasn't banana where since.

Fifty-four thousand dollars was spent in athletics at Yale last year.

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

Latin and Greek are no longer required at Cornell for the A. B. degree.

"I simply dote on Horace,"
Said the Boston girl ; "don't you ?"
And the maiden from Chicago
Wonderingly queried, "Horace who?"

So practical are the Röntgen rays considered by the medical department of the English war office that two sets of Röntgen rays apparatus, it is reported, were sent up the Nile to be used by army surgeons in locating bullets and determining the extent of bone fractures.

Teacher—"Herr Bates, bitte schliessen Sie die Thur."

Herr Bates—"I am not prepared."

They are trying a new experiment at Harvard. The athletic committee have appointed an instructor in base ball. All students who desire may enter the class.

The following is on a church door in Ireland: "No one is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those desiring to be buried are requested to apply to me. Ephraim Grut, parish clerk."

There is but one failure; not to be true to the best one knows.—*Canon Farrar.*

We should aim not so much to do *new* things as to do *old* things in the spirit of a new consecration.—*Phillip Brooks.*

Would any one believe that such a country as the United States would spend \$20,000,000 in chewing gum? Yet this is authoritatively stated.—*Ex.*

When I basked in her favor,
For flowers that I gave her,
I always received
Billets doux
But now since I am jilted,
For flowers that have wilted,
The post only brings me
Bills due.—*Ex.*

Grammar class teacher (after a long lecture on the use of "ought not"),—"Pupils, I tell you again you hadn't ought to use 'hadn't ought.'"—*Ex.*

One of the most successful teachers that I know of in New York is a man whose boys "romp" all over him, and who plays with them; while the best women in the profession everywhere are those with whom the children play and who complete each childish game or party, in school and out.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What is brine?"

Clement (with show of importance)—
"Candidate for President, of course."

"I never knowed I was good lookin' afore," said old Uncle Hayseed; "but when I came out of the depot this mornin' all the cab-drivers come up and yelled 'hansom!'"

After the final settlement of the Stanford estate, and the Stanford University has gotten its share, the institution will have an income three times as great as that of Harvard, the richest American university.—*Ex.*

STRAY THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS.

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
with the process of the suns.”

Every mind has its own method. A true man never acquires after college rules.—*Emerson*.

“Mind is the only reality, of which men and all other natures are better or worse reflectors.”

“The world exists for the education of each man.”

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.—*Michael Angelo*.

The art of true wisdom is to keep within limits.—*Ebers*.

To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge.—*Herbert Spencer*.

Reputation is what the world gives a man; character is what he gives himself.—*Racine*.

If we work upon marble, it will perish, if we work upon brass, time will efface it, if we rear temples they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster*.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.—*Beaconsfield*.

Knowledge is power.—*Bacon*.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

Cheerfulness is the sky under which all things flourish except poison.—*Jean Paul*.

It is not the quantity but the quality of knowledge that is valuable.—*Sorbiere*.

Kind words are benedictions.—*Saunders*.

All instruction will meet with easy success in proportion as its method is according to nature.—

It is of little traits that the greatest human character is composed.—*Winter*.

Examples of justice are more merciful than the unbounded exercise of pity.—*Machiavelli*.

SARA ELLEN SNELL.

THE following resolutions have been drawn up by a committee appointed by the class of '98 for the purpose:

WHEREAS, Our beloved classmate and friend, Sara Ellen Snell, has been taken into the divine keeping of our Heavenly Father; and,

WHEREAS, Her death has caused sorrow to us all.

Resolved, First, that we, the members of the class of '98 of the State Normal College, do hereby express and record our most profound sorrow in the sudden removal of our classmate.

Resolved, Second, that we extend to her bereaved family our sincere sympathy, and trust that they may receive comfort from the thought that God has called her to a higher work.

Resolved, Third, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, a copy be placed in the minutes of the class, a copy published in the NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO, and a copy in the Mohawk Eagle.

(Signed.)

C. V. BOOKHOUT,
RUTH W. NORTON,
ELIZABETH W. SCHIFFER,
S. MABELLE HONSINGER,
ALFRAETTA ALLEN.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

MISS MAY MILLER, '96, visited her friends at the High School last week.

Mr. Harvey Radley has returned to complete his course.

Miss Josephine Diener gave a party to a few of her schoolmates, at her home in Loudonville, on Tuesday evening last.

Miss Van Alostyne called last week at the High School to see her former class mates.

Mr. Thomas Murray, who has been ill with typhoid fever for several weeks, is reported better, and we hope to see him among us soon.

Mr. Meggs has returned after three weeks' illness.

A number of enthusiastic students participated in the Republican parade on the evening of Oct. 30.

Niram Devoe is also on the sick list.

Mr. L. T. Hunt spent a few days last week with W. V. Moak at Bethlehem Centre.

William H. Jones, '96, has entered the Troy Polytechnic.

The class of '98 has organized and elected the following officers: Pres. Niram Devoe; Vice-Pres. Miss Hallenbeck; Treas., Gertrude Foy.

The students who are musically inclined are now given an opportunity to display their talent, by playing for the marching from the High School chapel.

Henry I. DeVoe, '96, has entered the College.

Milton Devoe visited the High School recently.

The students experienced a feeling of relief after the strain of a week's examinations.

Miss Catherine Mead is detained at her home on account of illness.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Emerson, in his essay on self-reliance, states that Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. No one knows better than Ralph Waldo Emerson the cost of this experience. He began life as a copyist, an imitator, but the quick intuition of the man discovered that the world demanded something more of him. He responded, and we have now in our literature what is known as an Emersonian style, a style distinctly his own. This is what gave the man fame and saved him from obscurity. This is what we want in the teacher, and until we get this our teaching will go on in the same mechanical way.—*New Ideas.*

While the American scholar may well desire to imitate German thoroughness of method, he will do equally well to follow the English and French colleges in striving after a clear and attractive literary style.—*Normal College Echo.*

The teacher especially should strive to live in an even-tempered mood. She should never be too highly elated by favorable criticism, or too greatly depressed by unfavorable criticism.

The songs used for opening exercises in schools have a great influence on the behavior of pupils. All that tell of woes and death should give place to the cheerful and patriotic songs.

Lack of interest on the teacher's part is soon detected by the pupils, and often brings confusion and disgrace to the recitation.

Would you pause and question what are you really teaching and measure what is your success? Just observe your pupils and then you will know better than the marks of any examination or any critic can tell you.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WE were glad to find among our exchanges of October the *Western College Magazine*. It contains much interesting reading matter.

The *Holy Cross Purple* contains a good article entitled "Being Perpetually Misunderstood."

Eugene Field and his writings are brought before our attention in the October *Crucible*.

Thanksgiving! What means that to teachers and to us who are preparing for that grand profession? It means that there is something for which we can and ought to be thankful. When we stop to count these gifts they multiply rapidly, but we should remember at least a few of them in our columns.

Never before has professional training for teachers been so popular. Next New Years' will the law requiring the qualification of experience or professional training for eligibility to a position in a city school go into effect. This past season more Boards of Education than ever before sought for professionally trained teachers. Such is the trend of public opinion, and for this we are thankful.

The men and women engaged in teaching in the professional institutions for teachers in this state and those associated with them, as members of the Board of Regents, or officers in the Department of Public Instruction, surely equal in nobleness of character and in high ideals, persons formerly likewise

engaged. Great enthusiasm for his work is a marked characteristic of each one of these individuals. For such teachers and companions again we bring our thanks. With these two existing conditions we do not hesitate to hope for even grander, nobler results than what have been achieved. For this hope we render thanks to the God of all, the Creator of all things noble and beautiful.

How do you know Hamlet had a bicycle? Because he said, "Watch over my safety while I sleep."

One of New York's politicians said that 16 to 1 means "nuthin to ate."

The smallest, and also the largest, university in the world is in Africa. The former has five students and fifteen instructors. The other, in Cairo, has ten thousand students.—*Ex.*

"If you ever come within a mile of my house, stop there," said a hospitable man, who was unfortunate in choosing his words.—*Ex.*

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally just the reverse.

AMONG the late excellent publications is a small handbook of suggestions for kindergarten work, by Marion Strickland, Supervisor of Kindergartens, Syracuse, N. Y.—C. W. Bardeen. It should be in every teacher's library.

Has it ever occurred to you

That the Normal College Echo is from our press. An Indiana couple, after a courtship of twenty-five years, were married the other day. It takes some people a long while to make up their minds. Make up your mind at once that we are the best printers for you and turn your order over to us. College work a speciality.

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