

# THE ECHO.

VOL. 7.]

ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1898.

[No. 4.]

## THE ECHO.

Published Monthly by the Students of the  
New York State Normal College.

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Contributions are solicited from alumni and undergraduates, the only requisites being merit and the name of the author accompanying the article. Matter must be in by the tenth of the month.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1 25 when not paid by January first; single copies, fifteen cents.

In accordance with the United States postal law THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid, and notice of discontinuance is received. Please notify us at once of any change in address.

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager, Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

THE ARGUS COMPANY, PRINTERS. ALBANY, N. Y.

### CONTENTS.

	Page.
<i>Editorial</i> , - - - - -	1
<i>December</i> , - - - - -	1
<i>LITERARY DEPARTMENT:</i>	
<i>The Christmas Dream</i> , - - -	4
<i>Christmas, Past and Present</i> , -	6
<i>The Old Stone Mansion</i> , - - -	8
<i>The Novel of To-day</i> , - - - -	9
<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> , - - -	10
<i>Authors' Birthdays</i> , - - - -	12
<i>Current Verse</i> , - - - - -	13
<i>News Department</i> , - - - - -	14
<i>Exchange Department</i> , - - - -	18
<i>Review Department</i> , - - - - -	21

### EDITORIAL.

#### December.

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,  
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine  
Is of the holly; in my hand I bear  
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of  
pine.

I celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
And the return of the Saturnian reign;—  
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,  
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to  
men."

[The Poet's Calendar.]—Longfellow.

IT IS with pleasure that The Echo presents its readers with a portrait of the senior professor of the State Normal College, Dr. Husted.

THE interval between Thanksgiving and Christmas has always been peculiarly interesting to the student. He faces two ways, as it were. In memory he looks backward to the family reunion about the Thanksgiving board, and forward in anticipation to the merry Yuletide season, the season of the holly and the mistletoe, and the ushering in of the New Year. The strains of *dulce melos*, "*Domum!*" are not actually heard in the college halls, but bits of conversation and many other indications tell us that the thoughts of the home coming are as a sweet melody to the soul. If it be possible, may the glad reunions of this year bring added happiness to us all.

The Echo takes this opportunity of wishing its readers and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WITH the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris on December 10th, the curtain fell upon the closing scene in the American-Spanish war. It is especially gratifying that the treaty has been signed before Christmas so that there shall have been no break in the peaceful condition of our country at that time since the days of the Civil War. Probably at no time in the history of the world since the first Christmas morn, has the chanting of "peace on earth, good will to men," been of greater significance and more in accord with the universal desire of nations than the chanting of these words will be on Christmas in the year of our Lord 1898.

THE ECHO again urges its readers to make voluntary contributions to its pages. The experiences of the editors in the past have been too much like those of drummers and solicitors. They have found, as a rule, that those who have the most to do and the best excuse for not writing are the ones who make the extra effort at a critical time. The increased number of daily plans, sketches, et cetera, would form a valid excuse if all could not offer it with equal grace. There should be a large number of articles submitted each month in order that those selected may adequately represent the literary tone of the College. Voluntary contributions will relieve the editors of additional worry which is unfairly placed upon them. The editors have no desire to write the *entire* paper, and it is not their office to do so. They hope to suffer from an embarrassment of riches just once before retiring from their duties.

AS A rule, teachers are not agitators, and especially agitators over the matter of their own salaries. Since the

days of the Greeks and Romans teachers have been an underpaid, unappreciated, uncomplaining body of public servants. Seneca says: "What the teacher who instructs us in the sciences imparts to us in noble effort and intellectual culture is worth more than he receives; for, not the matter, but the trouble; not the desert, but only the labor is paid for."

At rare intervals, when salaries have been reduced so that with proper economy teachers cannot live with that degree of respectability demanded by the school board and have anything left in time of sickness and old age, teachers do dare petition, or cause a petition to be circulated, for what is justly due them, but the fact remains that they are at the mercy of the board, and too often their fate depends upon the dictum of some man (or woman) who dominates the board. No one of sound judgment would say that teachers have not been easily reconciled to the comparatively low rate of remuneration which custom has assigned them, and it is a disgrace that there should be any need of their asking for what they have fully earned. "It is difficult to see why the State is satisfied to pay the average instructor or instructress of youth about as much as the city laborer or a horse car conductor receives," says Robert Grant in "The Art of Living," and yet the nation takes just pride in its schools and in its teachers.

To quote again from "The Art of Living:" "We have always professed in this country great theoretical respect for the schoolmaster, but we have been careful, as the nation waxed in material prosperity, to keep his pay down and to shove him into the social background more and more."

If any action toward the increase of teachers' salaries is taken, we may expect "letters from the people" protesting against such proceedings until the fireman, the policeman and every other man in the employ of the city has had his pay increased; if there is anything left, give it to the teachers, say these charitable people.

It is remarkable how lacking in reason, logic and common sense some of these letters are. The knowledge which some writers have on school matters is about as comprehensive as that of a certain small boy, who, at the end of his first day's instruction had learned to spell pig. "Now," said the teacher, "you can tell your grandmother how to spell pig." "My grandmother knows how to spell it," indignantly responded the little fellow; "she's taught school."

Strange to say, some who protest most loudly are those who think that they have "taught" school. It is safe to say that their memories are defective and that they only *kept* school and were overpaid for doing it.

Dense ignorance on school matters is shown by people who lay great stress on the fact that school is in session only five hours a day, and from this infer that the teacher has much leisure; then, by a process unknown to logic, they conclude that remaining in a school room five hours a day and drawing pay for the same constitutes teaching. It would be just as sensible to say that viewing the beauties of the heavens through a telescope on clear nights constitutes the work of an astronomer. The objectors roll "leisure hours" like a sweet morsel under the tongue, but what use, pray, can the teacher make of this leisure time for increasing his income? They are silent on this point. Very likely they are not sufficiently well read to know that the first teacher in New Amsterdam was unable to earn enough by teaching to support himself and took in washings to eke out a living. Certainly here is a method that has been tried.

Although the teacher has had many grounds for complaint on matters pertaining to his salary, he has, nevertheless, kept silent and suffered. He never undertook the work with the idea of getting rich, and consequently any agitation which pretends to set an exact money value on his services has been repulsive to him. "It speaks well for the teacher," says one writer, "that there is scarcely any literature on the subject of his salary; that so little of his brain substance has

been devoted to efforts to increase his pay."

This matter of salaries must interest us who are to be teachers and we should have some well defined opinions on the subject. If we are to be dependent upon this income alone we cannot ignore the matter and tamely submit to be "missionaries" to the people. The salary of every teacher should be sufficient to enable him to live comfortably in the town or city in which his work lies; it should be sufficient to relieve him from all worry about the morrow; it should enable him to buy professional books and to receive the broad culture of travel. When these needs are properly met and there is still something left to lay by for the traditional "rainy day" the teacher will feel that his salary is sufficient. Add to this condition a reasonable degree of permanency in the tenure of office and teaching will offer added inducements to men of ability. The increased amount of scholarly and professional training demanded must necessitate a corresponding increase of reward. If this does not follow teaching can never hope to attain the dignity of a profession.

Space does not permit of an adequate treatment of this subject here. A very candid, clear and interesting article bearing upon this subject—"Theories of Salaries Discussed"—may be found in New York Education for October.

To those who would be satisfied with school keepers instead of teachers, to those who make fine estimates of time spent in the school room and ignore the conscientious work of the teacher outside school hours and would pay on a time basis, overlooking the most important things of all—the character and efficiency of the teacher—we might put the question which Socrates asked of Callias, the son of Hipponicus: "Callias, if your two sons were foals or calves, there would be no difficulty in finding some one to put over them; we should hire a trainer of horses or a farmer, probably, who would improve and perfect them in their own proper virtue and excellence; but, as they are human beings, whom are you thinking of placing over them?"

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

## THE CHRISTMAS DREAM.

## Reminiscences of a Grandmother.

It must have been in the year 1831.

I was just at that age when one says: "I know that I am," but yet feels no impulse or desire to question, "from whence am I, or for what?"

Unconsciously I sat before the raised curtain of life's stage without a presentiment of what the play would bring forth for me. My little heart beat happily, confiding in the whole world and enfolded with arms of love all mankind.

It was during Advent. Nearer and nearer drew the holy Christmas Day. I carried with me the picture book of memory and eagerly turned over its pages. On its last, brightest page, I saw depicted a pine tree of huge dimensions. On its sturdy, widespread boughs it bore lighted wax candles; its thickly grown branches, densely set with prickly needles, were tied with long strings of pearly beads — a dull white against the dark green background. Festoons, made of raisins and almonds, hung in low arches from bough to bough. Rosy-cheeked apples and sweet nuts had hidden themselves in a covering of glistening gold, knowing well that the human eye is blinded by a handsome dress. High above, on the top of the tree, a herald from the kingdom of the "Christkind" hovered, a graceful, winged angel in golden dress — and all of this, with all the other gifts, the "Christkindchen" had brought — so had my mother taught me. And who should know it better than mother?

The winter of this year had not been

very severe. A warm wind had brought a thaw. Then cold weather had again set in, and a thin layer of snow covered the earth as far as my eye could see. With my chilled hands buried under my little fur jacket, I was standing idly at the main gate of our farm, beside my doll's sled in the snow. In the distance I had spied a small, high cart, and now waited for its approach. Slowly it came towards our lonely, isolated home — a high cart with a canvas cover fastened upon arched boughs. Now the tired horse stood still. The wheels made deep ruts in the soft earth under the snow. The old gray-beard who sat on the front seat of the wagon, with his cap pulled over one ear, a short pipe in his mouth, saluted me and I returned the greeting. I had known old Mr. Berner as long as I could remember; I knew that for years he had brought mail and packages from town, and that besides he made a paying business as peddler in the surrounding villages.

"Little Miss," he grumbled in his deep bass, "tell madame mother that old Berner is here."

With childish eagerness I hurried into the house where I found my mother very busy, but nevertheless she promised to come. With this answer I hurried again to the wagon.

The old man who meanwhile had stepped from the cart, fastened the lines, laid aside the pipe, and was pulling out his case of goods. With strong arms he lifted it from the wagon and went with it through the open door into the spacious hall to the great stone table with massive feet, where he laid his burden down. Here, too, I stood close at his side and as he lifted the cover of the box my curious glances burrowed, after the eager fashion of children, among the miscellaneous ar-

ticles it held, among which were some jewelry and trinkets.

Berner took out a necklace of amber beads and held them towards me.

"Genuine amber, little miss, genuine amber — beautiful — are they not?"

He made a motion as if to lay them about my neck, but at the motion I drew back. Nevertheless, the chain pleased me very much. In imagination I saw it hanging from my neck over my pretty red Sunday dress. I took the trinket in my hand and examined it closely. The peddler eyed me smilingly with a side glance. "A nice piece," he went on in praise. "I will persuade madame mother to buy it for your Christmas table."

Startled at his word, I quickly dropped the necklace. Berner seemed surprised. With amazement I gazed at his face, upon the gray beard and bushy hair and cunningly blinking eyes. Surely he did not seem like a messenger of the "Christ-kind."

"Buy!" it again sounded in my ear. "What! are Christmas gifts bought as you buy bread at the bakery or cloth for a dress?" Thoughts similar to this must have gone through my mind in that moment, though perhaps not in such distinct form. Indignantly I was opening my lips to defend what my dear mother had told me, when she entered and sent me out.

Again I stood in the snow beside my doll carriage, gazing with pitying eyes at the tired horse. At last Berner came out again with his case and carried it to the wagon where he placed it under the canvas cover. Then he mounted, grasped the reins, cracked the whip, and the horse began to pull and set the little cart, with its rocking top, in motion. I followed the vehicle with my eyes until it and the road faded in the distance.

As if turned to a pillar of salt, like Lot's wife, I stood and did not hear the maid call me, till she took me by the hand. "Lottie is so quiet to-day. I hope she isn't ill," I heard mother say, but I dared not disclose to her my strange experience.

It was Christmas eve. The call of the bell, which summoned me with all the others of the household to the Christmas tree, ended my longing. There stood again my huge pine tree; with shouts of joy I found everything as before, only the angel at the top seemed larger — he had as I loudly declared, "grown since last Christmas." The lights, the gilded nuts and apples, the strings of beads among the needled branches, and the sturdy boughs bearing their weight of strange fruit — joyful clapping of hands accompanied my exclamations of delight.

And then the "Christkindchen's" gifts under the tree! The doll's trousseau, fashioned after Grecian modes, was really enchanting; the doll's kitchen shone and glittered with dishes gleaming like silver, daintily shaped and painted in gay colors, everything was complete.

"But, Lottie," said my aunt, who was clad in a black satin dress, with a golden chain around her neck, "here, the 'Christ-kind' has given you a necklace too, almost more beautiful and costly than mine."

Mechanically I took the chain, which, in the light of the candles, had a gleam as of gold, from her hand and with shy suspicion examined it. It was really the chain of old Mr. Berner. The others looked at me in astonishment.

"Well, what do you say? Nothing, child?" Not anything? "Everything is nice, beautiful," I cried, "only this — I don't want." And I pushed the chain from me.

"Foolish child, and why not?" cried my aunt and mother in one voice. "Doesn't it please you?"

Silently shaking my head I clung to my resolution. They urged me further. Then I grew angry.

"I don't want it — for it was bought. The other things were given to me by the 'Christkindchen.' Now the truth was out.

I glanced questioningly at their faces. "Don't speak so foolishly," they said. That increased my resentment to open anger; I believed that they thought I only imagined the matter.

"I know better," I cried, and made a barrier between my doll house and the necklace. "This is my Christmas — that is not — for that was bought — from old Berner."

My family were greatly embarrassed, as they confessed later.

A flood of tears closed my words of defense, and in the midst of my sobs I exclaimed: "I am telling the truth — Berner — old Mr. Berner himself told me."

Only dimly I can remember how the remainder of that evening passed. I could not fall asleep, my mother sat down beside my bed and softly caressed my tangled curls. I was her only child — she loved me dearly, very dearly, and sympathized with my grief. Her eyes spoke to me and her lips, too, but what sounded in my childish ears at that moment — I did not comprehend them.

As often as life — as once that gray old man with rude, harsh hand — suddenly rouses me out of a beautiful dream; as often as the ideal in my heart is in danger of being shattered by the face of reality — I think again of that evening. My childish fate is the fate of all.

Whenever the veil of illusion, of beautiful delusion, is torn down that the real

may be seen, there is pain and tumult as there was then in my heart. Now I see vividly why my mother at that time sorrowed for me. How differently would her gentle hand, that every day softly awakened me from sleep, gradually have loosened the magic veil from my eyes. "See, now it has fallen," she would have said, "because it was time for thee; but now is not the time for tears, for dreamily brooding; the naked truth must now be faced fearlessly, eye to eye; to work for, to fight for, and where no struggle can avail, to bear with fortitude. What that old man too soon offered you was but the prelude on life's stage — the main scenes still await thee, and in them thy own part — to act and suffer. Struggle and tragedy will come — that is human destiny."

Thus prematurely, by rough hands, was destroyed my beautiful Christmas dream. It vanished before reality to live sadly in the remembered pictures of childhood. Thus does our earthly lot ordain. Has it been otherwise with thee, dear reader? — [Translated from the German by Julia T. Ast, '97.

#### Christmas, Past and Present.

The festival of Christ's nativity has been celebrated with special ceremonies since as early as 180 A. D., about the time of the Roman emperor Commodus. The Germans and northern nations held their Yule feast in December at the time of the winter solstice. This Yule feast was a part of their sun worship, but was later transformed into the Christian festival of Christmas. To this fact is probably due some of the numerous Christmas customs and superstitions which are familiar in every part of the world.

The people of ancient times bound

straw around an immense wheel, set the straw on fire and rolled the wheel down the mountain. If the fire went out before the wheel reached the river they dreaded the misfortunes which they knew must follow the next year. Then it became the custom to draw a large log from the woods. To the sound of music, the yule log, as it was called, was brought into the house, placed in the fireplace and lighted from a brand of last year's log, which had been carefully preserved for this purpose. If the log did not burn quickly and brightly, ill luck was sure to befall the family.

Many of the old time customs were adopted and have been kept up in England. A large Christmas candle was lighted during the twelve nights of the Christmas festival. In St. John's College, Oxford, an ancient Christmas candle socket of stone, ornamented with a figure of the Holy Lamb, still remains.

The custom of decorating churches and houses with green, on any occasion of great rejoicing, has been handed down to us from a remote past. In very ancient times olive, pine, myrtle and palm, were used. The favorite decorations at the present time are laurel, holly, mistletoe and rosemary, and these have been used for this purpose for centuries. The branches of the laurel are said to be emblems of victory and joy. The holly received its name from the fact that it was used so much in churches it came to be called the holy tree and afterward holly. In ancient times the oak was considered a sacred tree. Since the mistletoe grew upon it, that too was considered sacred, and it was carefully cut off by the priests and carried from the forest to the town to be used in the Christmas festival. Traces of the regard for the mistletoe still remain among the English and Germans, in

their custom of kissing under the mistletoe bough. This bough is hung above the doorway or under a chandelier, and each time a maiden passes under it she must forfeit a kiss. Each time, too, a white berry is picked from the branch. When the berries are all gone no more kisses have to be given.

According to a Spanish legend the reason for the use of the rosemary at Christmas time is that when Jesus was a little child, Mary spread his underlinen and frock upon a shrub of rosemary to dry.

From Washington Irving's "Christmas Sketches," and the introduction to the sixth canto of Scott's "Marmion," we learn of the English hospitality at this season of gladness. One of their greatest pleasures at the Christmas tide was welcoming cottagers and neighbors within the spacious halls of their mansions, to partake of the Christmas games and feasting. In the midst of the gaieties they were not forgetful of the unbounded gift which God's love had given to them, and in thanksgiving to Him heaped kindnesses upon the poor around them. In many parts of England even at the present time, Christmas games and old customs are kept up in the homes of country gentlemen. These things have never had an important place among the festivities in our country.

As the Christmas time approaches do we think of gifts that will be of true comfort to some one who is in need? Do we think of what we might do to give Christmas pleasures to some one whom we are sure is unhappy? These thoughts should not be crowded out of our minds during this holy season. But it is a tendency of people in America to hurry and when Christmas comes, the thought of charity, which should be uppermost in

our thoughts is something we find very little time to think of. We rush from one store to another, hastily glancing at the gorgeous stocks of Christmas goods. While there are many dear to us, whom we wish to remember at this season by sending them Christmas gifts; there are many others for whom we feel forced to buy presents because for years we have been in the habit of exchanging presents with them. Then we think of some one to whom we are indebted for some favor, and feel that there is only one way we can repay him, and that is by giving him a Christmas present. And so, unfortunately, we give many presents which neither love nor charity prompt us to give.

Let us not forget, then, that this is a season when we should reflect upon the mercies and kindnesses which God has given to us. We should rejoice, be thankful and feel that we should like to give something in return. Giving should proceed from loving, and our gifts are not necessarily things, for loving service is the noblest expression of our lives.

M. Genevieve Lynch, 1900.

### The Old Stone Mansion.

In the valley of the upper Susquehanna and distant by less than a score of miles from the home of our famous novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, there is a conspicuous old landmark known by the modest name of the Stone House. In this locality there are no mountains or large level tracts; in fact, all of nature's extremes seem to have been avoided, yet the landscape has the greatest possible beauty—the beauty of simplicity. As we approach from either direction along the country road, the mansion appears

first as a low, gray wall, obscured by surrounding trees and rising from a retired knoll. As we continue, the outline becomes more distinct, and pausing finally where the road brings us nearest we stand face to face with a veritable old manse. It is, however, still at considerable distance, long rows of locust trees intervening between us and the ivy-covered front.

Let it be confessed once for all that this is a haunted house, and worse still, that upon one man rests the blame for this unenviable reputation. The first occupant, it is alleged, was a cruel man, his softer and more tender instincts having withered away through long and profound study of dry facts—especially those of mathematics. As his insight grew, there grew also an almost fiendish delight for inflicting punishment, and to this end he erected whipping posts in the cellar of the mansion. By this means his slaves and servants—of which he is said to have had a great number—were bound and held upright while receiving the lash. A dark cell was also constructed underground and used as a place of chastisement. The spirits of the unfortunates are reported as still lingering hereabouts, occasionally manifesting their presence by moans and cries of distress. It is even rumored that to stand near this enchanted spot too long is dangerous, so we must soon hasten on, but before we do so let us try an experiment.

Separate from the old mansion, if you can, all the invisible that lurks about it. What does it then suggest, lying there so dreamily? Yes, it is an ideal abode for some philosopher. As for me, I still see only the hard-hearted old man, for he was none other than my great grandfather.

W. B. Ford, '99.



**The Novel of To-day.**

It has been said that those who take their novel seriously often take life humorously. Is it not true that we overestimate the value of the printed page? The paper, the binding, the printing — these add nothing to its value.

The man or woman who writes a great novel usually receives an abundant reward during life, but if this does not occur, posterity is sure to estimate the production at its true value.

Some books are written, widely heralded, read and forgotten. "The Christian" and "The Bondsman" are novels of to-day, but what of to-morrow?

If an author writes a book not up to his usual standard it is passed by and speedily forgotten.

The name of the man to whose careful planning we owe that marvel of architectural skill, the Poughkeepsie bridge, is scarcely known beyond the circle of the men of science, but how few are ignorant of the fame of his brother, Thomas Curtis Clark, and of his books! Does it not seem as if the work of the author is overestimated? The fame of the one increases year by year and that of the other will be forgotten in the lapse of time.

Let us consider our author and what he has to offer. Edgar Allen Poe was editor of three magazines and yet his works teem with grumblings at the world.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a striking example of a man contending successfully with adverse fate. Doomed from youth to the life of an invalid, he did not look upon life darkly — his works teem with the healthy expressions of a sound mind. "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," "The Master of Ballantrae" — these alone would insure him a place in literature.

The world is not a guide to life; it is a delineation of life and character. A novel to have value must depict real life; its characters must think, act and speak as real men and real women. Du Maurier, dealing as he does with the unreal, may hold the interest, but he cannot touch the emotions of his readers.

The historical romances of Weyman weave their own spell about the reader, and with cunning skill he paints anew the great characters of French history.

"The White Company" and "Micah Clark" are worthy of Conan Doyle, but the Parasite and the Sherlock Holmes novels might better have been left unwritten.

One of the evils of our self-centered American life is a tendency to provincialism. Take even the most traveled man and the number of scenes that he can visit is limited, but through the wide windows of books he can look out over a broader vista. Very few grasp this opportunity and those late in life. There is a sufficiency in this day of cheap magazines to foster a habit of reading short articles — the book bores you and you put it aside. The book that you have to read carefully is going to make you richer intellectually.

It has been said that novels of the present time are divided into two classes:

1. The novel of the wise man, and
2. The novel of the fool.

Both have large editions and many readers.

The "New Woman Novel" is very conspicuous. "Marcella," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a good example. This whole class of novels is evanescent, and the true woman laughs at it.

The "Sanatorium" novel is easily recognized. A book produced in an unhealthy state of body bears its brand.

The novel that takes a hopeless view of life should be condemned.

The popularity of those three Scotsmen — Barrie, Crockett and Watson, rests in the fact that they are welcomed as a relief from that which is unsound. Their one fault is that they are full of unpronounceable names.

"The Little Minister," "Cleg Kelly," "Drumsleugh," "The Doctor of the Old School," "Domsie" — all are types of the life and love hidden in those Scottish homes. These men come to us full of the simple faith and kindness which centers about the homes of Scotland. Most people believe that poverty is all misery and pain, but open the window of Thrums and see with the eyes of Barrie. Ian Maclaren tells us that intellectual ability, human virtue and kindness are found everywhere in Scotland.

A still stronger note has been struck than by any of these Scotsmen and that by a young man, Rudyard Kipling. He has opened a new field to men. Some say that the field made the man, but he is proving every day that he is equally at home in other fields. "Mine Own People," "Captains Courageous," and the two "Jungle Books," have found a place in popular favor. Stevenson has said: "It is better to die working than to live rusting," and "A man who cannot spend half a day on a phrase ought to give up his work."

It would be well if we could be youthful all through life, and the novel that gives us this view is the novel to read. Novels ought to picture manners as well as character. Take one man and send him into Thrums and he would see only the poverty of the weavers, whole families living in a single room; he would see nothing of that life of love and happiness as revealed to Barrie.

In choosing your book remember the two classes of novels; there are many books on the market, but unfortunately the time for reading is limited. Choose carefully, read carefully; the doors leading to this land of books are ever open.

R. D. MacMahon, '99.

### Nathaniel Hawthorne.

1804-1864.

[A Bibliography.]

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[No reference has been made to the standard works on American literature, such as those of C. F. Richardson, Tyler, Painter, Hawthorne and Lemon, Birs, Adams, Hart, etc., etc.]

Compiled by A. J. Matthews, '99.

#### **Authors' Birthdays.**

Thomas Carlyle.....	Dec. 4, 1795
John Milton.....	Dec. 9, 1608
Edward Eggleston.....	Dec. 10, 1837
Phillips Brooks.....	Dec. 13, 1835
Noah Porter.....	Dec. 14, 1811
Arlo Bates.....	Dec. 16, 1850
John G. Whittier.....	Dec. 17, 1807
Lyman Abbott.....	Dec. 18, 1835
Thomas Wentworth Hig-	
ginson.....	Dec. 22, 1823
Hezekiah Butterworth...	Dec. 22, 1839
Matthew Arnold.....	Dec. 24, 1822
Thomas Gray.....	Dec. 26, 1716
William E. Gladstone..	Dec. 29, 1809

## CURRENT VERSE.

**A Back-Log Song.**

De axes has been ringin' in de woods de  
blessid day,

An' de chips has been a-fallin' fa' an' thick;  
Dey has cut de biggest' hick'ry dat de mules  
kin tote away,

An' dey's laid hit down and soaked it in de  
crik.

Den dey tuk hit to de big house an' dey piled  
de wood erroun'

In de fiah-place f'om ash-flo' to de flue,  
While ol' Ezry sta'ts de hymn dat evah yeah  
has got to soun'

When de back-log fus' commence a-bu'nin'  
thoo.

Ol' Mastah is a-smilin' on de da'kies f'om de  
hall,

Ol' Mistus is a-stannin' in de do',

An' de young folks, males an' misses, is  
a-tryin', one an' all,

Fu' to mek us feel hit's Christmas time fu'  
sho',

An' ouah hea'ts are full of pleasure, fu' we  
know de time is ouahs

Fu' to dance er do jes' whut we wants to do,  
An' dey ain't no ovahseer an' no othah kind  
o' powahs

Dat kin stop us while dat log is bu'nin'  
thoo.

Dey's a'wo'kin' in de qua'tahs a-preparin' fu'  
de feas',

So de little pigs is feelin' kind o' shy.

De chickens ain't so trus'ful ez de was, to say  
de leas',

An' de wise ol' hens is roostin' mighty high.  
You couldn't git a gobblah fu' to look you in  
de face —

I ain't sayin' whut de tu'ky 'spects is true;  
But hit's mighty dange'ous trav-lin' fu' de  
critters on de place

F'om de time dat log commence a bu'nin'  
thoo.

Some one's tunin' up his fiddle dah, I hyeah  
a banjo's ring,

An', bless me, dat's de tootin' of a ho'n!

Now dey'll evah one be runnin' dat has got a  
foot to fling,

An' dey'll dance an' frolic on fo'm now  
'twell mo'n.

Plunk de banjo, scrape de fiddle, blow dat  
ho'n yo' level bes',

Keep yo' min' erpon de chune an' step it  
true.

Oh, dey ain't no time fu' stoppin' an' dey  
ain't no time fu' res',

Fu' hit's Christmas an' de back-log's bu'nin'  
thoo!

[The Outlook.] — Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

**Watching the Yule Log.**

Once more across the earth's white floor  
The feet of winter fare,

And clarion-like, without the door

I hear the north wind blare;

Kindles the fire of old desire

In memory's golden urn,

And while the midnight hours expire,

I watch the yule log burn.

Within the bright up-leaping light,

A radiant face takes form,

Forgotten was the bitter night,

The riot of the storm.

'Tis thus with tender eyes aglow,

The loved and lost return;

And filled with joy's sweet overflow,

I watch the yule log burn.

Through mist and wrack — a woful track —

My way is won at last;

With victor hand have I put back

The barriers of the past;

Death's blinding blur, love's worshipper,

Dreams ne'er will more return;—

Again with her, again with her,

I watch the yule log burn!

[The Munsey.] — Clinton Scollard.

**Under the Mistletoe.**

Under the mistletoe? Would I dare?

Aye, or under a sprig of holly;

Or the twining wreath of her own bright hair

Were all the excuse that a maid need wear

To open the door to folly.

He were a cowardly knave and slow

Who waited around for the mistletoe!

[The Munsey.] — Marian West.

**Quatrain.**

Why fear the night? The sun may sink  
And never rise again on me;

Yet some one that I love shall see

It blaze above the eastern brink.

[The Atlantic.] — John Albert Macy.



distinguish them at a distance of a hundred yards.

The most interesting feature of the lecture was the projection of color views by means of the triple lantern. The triple lantern can throw upon the screen any one of the primary colors, red, green and blue; or it can blend any two of them; or it can blend all three at once. In this way we are enabled to behold the world as it looks to the man who is blind to red, or blind to green, or blind to red and blue. The appearance of the American flag to color-blind people was well illustrated. Dr. Scripture has had these people choose from a color list the colors which they thought corresponded to the red, white and blue of the flag. The flags that were made on the basis of each man's choice were very striking. They were everything but red, white and blue.

C. M. S.

Although life at the State Normal College is a very busy one, there is yet time for fun. As a good beginning for the Thanksgiving vacation, which was so near at hand, the young gentlemen of the College gave the young ladies the novel experience of attending a party at the Forbes' Manor House on Tuesday evening. November 22d.

The gay party of about sixty young people, chaperoned by Miss Bishop, Miss Pierce and Miss Husted, left the New York Central station on the half-past seven local for Bath.

The train stopped at the foot of the hill which leads up to the mansion, and after enjoying a short climb, the party reached the festive hall, which was brilliantly lighted by Japanese lanterns and cheery log fires, built in the immense old-fashioned fireplaces.

Branches of evergreen adorned every

nook and corner, and from the moment the house was entered the cares of college life were forgotten as every one joined in making the event one long to be remembered.

From the marble hall, the guests entered a magnificent library, which served as an excellent place for dancing. From the library, one passed into the spacious drawing-room, which was converted into a typical dining-room. The mantel-piece, over the fireplace was banked with peanuts, which rapidly disappeared as the guests assembled in the room. All eagerly ascended the marble stairway and listened with breathless interest to the tale of the tragedies which occurred there so many years ago. It seemed as though the ghosts of former years revisited the upper rooms of the mansion that evening, at least so thought the young people, who quickly scampered back to the library, where dancing was in order. A harp and violin furnished music, to which many gayly whiled away the pleasant hours, while others indulged in various lively games. At intervals during the evening all were refreshed with lemonade from the punch bowls which seemed to be in the most convenient places.

At about half-past ten all repaired to the dining-room and were served with hot coffee, sandwiches and fruit. Here, as in all other places during the evening, the young men played their part of hosts with great success. After refreshments, dancing and games continued until it was time to begin the homeward journey. Before leaving, all assembled in the marble hall, where a few college songs were sung with much spirit, after which all showed their appreciation of the enjoyable evening by heartily joining in the cheers which were given for Mr. Mac-

Mahon, the one who originated and carried out so successfully the arrangements for the very novel occasion.

This party showed much originality on the part of those who carried it out, and the ladies will always remember it with great pleasure.

The Forbes' Manor House is a place which is not unknown to many of us, but it is only recently that it has been open to parties for social gatherings.

G. A. C., '99.

#### Mr. Fairchild's Lecture.

On Thursday evening, October 27, the Rev. E. M. Fairchild, of Albany, gave an illustrated lecture in the auditorium of the Normal College. The title of the lecture was, "Once Upon a Time Two Boys Had a Fight."

It is Mr. Fairchild's purpose to give children visual instruction in ethics through the aid of the stereopticon. While he is showing reproductions of photographs he takes occasion to teach the advantage of being a good boy or a good girl, from the pictured contrasts of street-fighting and intemperance with sobriety and good order.

It was a glad hour and also a memorable occasion for Mr. Fairchild, for, after more than two years of tireless effort in collecting and arranging his material, he was at last able to present for consideration a new method of instructing youth in matters of morality. Mr. Fairchild is a man of marked individuality, and we feel that the new application which he has discovered will not be allowed to rest here.

#### Institutes.

Dr. Milne attended the Ballston Springs Institute, Thursday, December 8. Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney attended the same Institute, Wednesday, December 7.

#### Alumni Notes.

Maud C. Stewart, '93, lately appointed superintendent of the kindergarten training class at Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss S. Eugenia Buck, '91, and Miss May E. Brown, '91, both teachers in a grammar school at Johnstown, N. Y.

Zeb A. Dyer, '82, of Albany, has just been elected district attorney of Albany county.

L. R. Bowdish, '89, is editor and publisher of "The School Alphon," published in the interests of Rouse's Point Union School.

We are in receipt of "The Oak Leaf," published in the interests of Live Oak school. Mrs. Blundon, S. N. C., '86, is the wife of the editor, Mr. Frank C. Blundon.

George C. Lang, '98, has recently been elected secretary of the Hudson River Teachers' Association.

Miss Clara E. Staude has been appointed librarian at Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Gertrude Hall, '98, called at the College, Tuesday, December 6, 1898.

Miss Annie H. Stewart, '98, and Miss Sarah D. Stewart, '96, who spent their Thanksgiving vacation in this city, called at the College November 26, 1898.

Miss Edith Stowe, '98, spent her vacation in Albany. She is now teaching in Matteawan.

Miss Rose L. West, '96, who is teaching at Catskill, visited the College Thursday, December 8, 1898.

Mr. Elias Chapman has left the Normal College and is now attending the Business College.

Miss Ellen I. Ward, '99, who entered the College in September, has accepted



a position at Akron, Ohio, and began her duties Monday, December 5, 1898.

Several students have entered the College during this ten weeks. Among them are: Mr. Isaac Clark, '95; Miss Rosalie Manning, of Albany; Mr. Edward C. Atwater, A. B., of Rochester University, '98; Mr. James W. Scott, A. B., Westminster, '98; Miss Alice Bates, '94; and the Misses Helen and Jessie Norton, '96.

The reunion of the State Normal College Alumni takes place Friday, December 30, 1898. The officers are as follows:

Thomas E. Finegan, '89, president; Frank Talbot, '86, first vice-president; Mrs. Mary Le Boeuf Becket, '82, second vice-president; R. Rockwell Teller, '80, third vice-president; Wm. V. Jones, '68, secretary; Byron M. Child, '79, treasurer.

#### Marriages.

William S. Coleman, '93, and Mabel H. Gailey, December 21, at Fort Edward, New York.

Ashley W. Cooper and Jessie M. Van De Bogart, '91, married, Tuesday, December 6, 1898, at Bearsville, N. Y.

Mr. Alfred Van Buren Howell, '93, and Miss Bertha Vail, Thursday, November 10, 1898, at Locust Valley, Long Island.

Miss Anna Euphrasia Cross, '91, and Mr. William H. Lynch were married at high noon, Thursday, October 11, 1898, in St. Peter's church, Rome, N. Y. At home at Hotel Mowry, Syracuse.

#### Deaths.

Mrs. Mary Slade Penfield, '59, died at her home in Delhi, N. Y., October 3, 1898.

Mrs. Mary Williams Sanford, '52, at her home in Great Barrington, Mass., September 30, 1898.

#### High School Notes.

Officers of Adelphi Society: President, Niram De Voe; vice-president, Jewett Brown; sergeant-at-arms, J. H. Branan; secretary, R. W. Jones; financial secretary, H. McEwan; senior master of ceremonies, G. Reynolds; junior master of ceremonies, W. Stephens; chaplain, Charles Heath; treasurer, C. Hemstreet; critic, E. H. Adams.

Officers of Quintilian Society: President, A. M. Harlfinger; vice-president, Mary Wilkins; secretary, M. Weldon; treasurer, L. Meserve; critic, N. Lynch; senior editor, Anna Hepinstall; junior editor, J. J. Kelly; marshal, G. Keeler; deputy marshal, H. Tyndall.

Three vocal clubs have recently been organized by Miss A. E. Husted: High School Quartette, High School Glee Club and Girls' Vocal Club.

High School Quartette: Soprano, Miss Helm; contralto, Miss J. Adams; tenor, Mr. Heath; bass, Mr. Niram De Voe.

Girls' Vocal Club: Misses Helm, Lewis, Smith, Snyder, Perry, Wynkoop, Bothwell, J. Adams and J. Campbell.

Adelphi Quartette: Messrs. Eames, Heath, Brown and Niram DeVoe.

#### Exhibition by the Albany Camera Club.

Tuesday evening, November 29th, the Albany Camera Club gave an exhibition of nearly four hundred views in Normal Hall. The pictures exhibited represented a wide range of scenery and of studies. The views furnished by the clubs of New York and Albany were the best, but this is not saying that the others were not excellent. Every lover of the fine arts was well rewarded for attending, as the collection contained many pictures of rare harmony and beauty. It is to be regretted that the students did not attend in greater numbers.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Fannie M. Pendleton. Gertrude M. Vroom.

## Among the Colleges.

Samuel Colcord Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., for fifteen years president of Dartmouth College, 1877-1892, and widely known as an educator and writer, died at his home in Hanover, N. H., November 16, at the age of eighty-one.

"Dr. Bartlett for many years was a conspicuous figure in the educational and ecclesiastical life of our country. He was always conservative in his theology, and during the controversy in the American Board, at first was strong in support of the old policy. But as time went on his attitude changed, and from being a conservative partisan he became one of the most generous and conciliatory of men, and it was largely due to his magnanimity and wisdom that the difficulty was so wisely and effectually settled. He was an able, earnest, brave man of the Puritan type of half a century ago."—From *The Outlook* for November 26.

By the will of David A. Wells, the great economist, a fund is left to Harvard and Williams Colleges, from which an annual prize of \$500 is to be given for the best essay on some selected economic subject, members of the senior class to compete.

Chamberlain, the Yale captain, weighs 182 pounds; Hildebrand, of Princeton, 170; Dibblee, of Harvard, 153; Outland, of Pennsylvania, 178; Murphy, of Brown, 173; and Crolius, of Dartmouth, 160.

The Harvard-Yale football game of November 19 resulted in a score of 17 to 0 in Harvard's favor.

Dr. James Ingraham Peck, assistant professor of biology in Williams College,

died suddenly on November 4th. Dr. Peck was graduated in the class of '87, and since 1892 had been connected with the biographical department of the College.

On Thanksgiving Day Cornell was defeated in football by Pennsylvania, 12 to 6.

The students of Wesleyan University voted to protest against the system of co-education in practice there.

President Schurman has raised the entrance requirements in law and civil engineering. As a result the entering class in these departments has fallen off fifty per cent.

More than half a hundred undergraduates of the University of Minnesota are with the volunteers in the Philippines.

A Latin scientific course has been introduced at Princeton, remedying a great defect.

Of the ninety men in the United States Senate, fifty-three are college-bred men.

Harvard has secured four new professors in the languages, and has in all 423 professors and instructors.

The corporation of Brown University have voted to give free tuition for four years to two or three Cubans. Gen. Joseph Wheeler is to assist in selecting the young Cubans who are to receive this help toward a liberal education.

The position of president is vacant this year at Brown, Amherst, Rochester, Oberlin and Colgate.

At Harvard the sophomore and freshmen classes both have regular training in debate.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland one in 500; in United States one in 2,000, and in England, one in 5,000.

**In the Realm of Pedagogy.****When the Teacher Gets Cross.**

When the teacher gets cross and her brown  
eyes get black,

And her pencil comes down on the desk with  
a whack,

We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,  
As if we had rulers instead of a spine.

It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin —  
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples  
goes in.

When the teacher gets cross and the tables  
all mix,

And the ones and sevens begin playing tricks,  
The pluses and minus is just little smears,

When the cry babies cry all their slates up  
with tears.

The figures won't add, and they act up like  
sin —

When the teacher gets cross and the dimples  
goes in.

When the teacher gets cross all the readers  
gets bad,

The lines jingle round till the chilluns is sad,  
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,

As if he and the lessons were running a race.  
Till she hollers out "Next!" as sharp as a  
pin —

When the teacher gets cross and the dimples  
goes in.

When the teacher gets good, her smile is so  
bright,

The tables gets straight and the readers gets  
right,

The pluses and minus come trooping along,  
And figures add up and stops being wrong,

And we chilluns would like (but we dassent)  
to shout,

When the teacher gets good and the dimples  
comes out.

— Exchange.

"Psychology has taught us that the intuitive emotional impressions can be received best at a comparatively tender age; and such are the very impressions imparted by the early contact with noble literature. The plastic sensibilities are ready for the effect of poetry and imaginative prose; all that stands for the heart-

side and the soul-side of literature may to the best advantage be inculcated during that receptive hour of childhood when the good can be appreciated, tho' mayhap it cannot be explained. It is a splendid victory that has been won in the grasping and engrossing of this idea; instead of the three R's of the old-time educational dispensation, we have substituted the three H's, the hand, the head, and the heart, each to be trained, all to be interrelated — the manual, mental, and emotional evoked in the organic unity which is properly theirs."— Richard Burton.

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 to our fellow-man — we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.— Daniel Webster.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**Mistakes in School Management.**

It is a mistake to sit very much while teaching.

It is wrong to give a command when a suggestion will do instead.

It is a mistake to censure each trifling error too severely.

It is a mistake to complain or grumble much.

It is a mistake to show temper in dealing with parents.

It is a serious mistake to neglect the details of school government.

**In Lighter Vein.**

Don't let her little brother see  
 You kiss your dear farewell,  
 For all philosophers agree  
 'Tis the little things that tell.  
 —Ex.

Reader (of publishing house) — “My dear sir, this story of yours is utterly unprintable, and even if we took the risk of publishing it, the book never could be taken into a decent family.”

Literary Man — “Good heavens! you haven't read the preface. I didn't write the story. It's a translation from the Russian.”

Reader (taking the manuscript again) — “Pardon me. I had not noticed that. We'll print the book, and it will be a tremendous success.”— *Chicago Tribune*.

I saw him tumble on his nose,  
 And waited for a groan —  
 But how he laughed! Do you suppose  
 He struck his funny-bone?  
 —Ex.

The bride was showing her presents with great delight; but when her visitor paused before a fine etching of the Angelus her face fell. “How beautiful!” was the exclamation. “Yes,” the bride responded; “but it is so sad! If it hadn't been given to Henry by his favorite uncle I should propose having it taken out and something else put into the frame. The frame is lovely! But it makes me blue every time I look at the picture. There that poor young couple have just buried their little baby — their first-born, likely! — oh, I can't bear to see it.”— *Brooklyn Life*.

Spain will have to concur because she didn't conquer.— *Boston Globe*.

The Associated Press — See if you cannot evolve a meaning for yourself, gentle reader.— *Harvard Lampoon*.

“Professor Parleyvoo, do you think that you can teach me French by 1900?”

“Oui, Madame, eef you will not meex up zat wat I teach you wiz zat you have already learn.”— *Truth*.

A tutor who tooted the flute,  
 Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;  
 Said the two to the tutor,  
 “Is it harder to toot or  
 To tutor two tooters to toot?”  
 — *Life*.

John Doe — “How will Spain ever get another navy?”

Richard Roe — “O, I suppose she will have to begin at the bottom and work up.”

“I say,” asked Jinks, as he walked into Blinks's shop, sample case in hand, “can a cowhide in a boot shop?” Blinks wasn't at all slow. “No,” he says, “but calfskin.”— *Vanity Fair*.

As Charles was going out one eve,  
 His father questioned, “Whither?”  
 And Charles, not wishing to deceive,  
 With blushes, answered, “With her.”  
 —Ex.

A short time ago a friend residing out of town, paid me a visit, and on our way home I took him through the penitentiary grounds. I pointed out the prison to him, and the white buildings of the alms-house in the distance. While strolling along he suddenly grasped my arm, and in excited tones asked me what that was in the fields beyond. “Is it a prisoner or what?” he inquired. When I saw what he was pointing at I assured him that there was no danger, as it was only a student with a net, endeavoring to secure bugs for his college collection.— *Evening Journal*.

A great many people cast their bread upon the waters, expecting to get milk toast as a result.— *Puck*.

## REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

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M. Louise Watson.      Edna M. Fisher.

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Elements of the Differential Calculus, by James McMahon, A. M. (Dublin), assistant professor of mathematics in Cornell University, and Virgil Snyder, Ph. D. (Gottingen), instructor in mathematics in Cornell University.

An Elementary Course in Analytic Geometry, by J. H. Tanner, Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Cornell University, and Joseph Allen, formerly Instructor in Mathematics in Cornell University, Instructor in the College of the City of New York. American Book Company.

The "Cornell Mathematical Series" has recently been enlarged by these publications, which contain abundant evidence of having been prepared by men who are not only thorough scholars but also skilled teachers.

In its illustrations of definitions, its "easy but vigorous" proofs, and its well-selected exercises, the Geometry is especially well adapted to the powers of the average "Freshman;" but his teacher should not fail to recall his own struggles with "The cissoïd of Diocles," "The witch of Agnesi," and "The spiral of Archimedes," and he should also, occasionally give heed to that wise saying of De Quincey: "Time must be given the intellect to eddy about a truth and appropriate its bearings."

The Calculus follows the same general treatment as the Geometry, and is its worthy successor. The chapter on "Fundamental Principles" and that on "Asymptotes" are "unusually long," but all of the former is needed to thoroughly familiarize the student with variables, infinitesimals, and that very important subject "Differentiation;" while the close

relation of the asymptote to the chapters immediately following suggests that there is little danger of its too thorough discussion.

Both books, before publication, were fully tested in the class-room and approved by the mathematical staff of the University.

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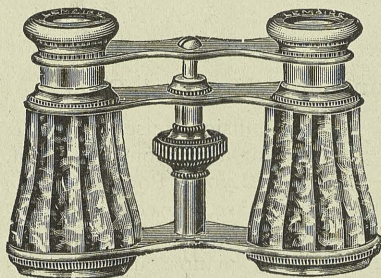
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