

THE  
Normal College Echo

VOL. I

ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1892

No. 3

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ALBANY, N. Y.

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THE  
NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO

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ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1892.

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THE change whereby the section-room system has been abolished, and the students are to go directly to the chapel in the morning, has been effected. While the section-rooms are to be used as formerly, practically the system has been changed, and, in all probability, it is only a question of time when they will be entirely given up. This new arrangement seems—very decidedly so—a step in advance. The change was the desire of our President, and being presented before the students for their consideration was very favorably received. They could not fail to perceive the advantages of the new plan over the old. We feel assured that it will have a bearing in advancing the interests of the institution and

that it will be the means of producing a more liberal college spirit and feeling. The students will be brought more into intercourse with each other. The too great reserve often manifested by the different sections will be overcome in part, at least, so that the one half of the students may feel that they are acquainted with, or at least know of, the other half.

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IT is earnestly desired by the editors of the ECHO that one page in each issue be devoted to verse. It is hoped that this space may be filled very largely by contributions from the students. The greater number of people are very likely to think that the “muses” do not sing for them, but no one really knows whether or not he can write poetry unless he has made the attempt; and certainly harm cannot result from the endeavor. A page of bright, cheery, well-written verse assists materially in making a paper of this nature interesting. It is this department which has made some of our college papers and magazines so widely and favorably known. Several contributions for these columns have been received. We feel encouraged to believe that this part of the work will arouse the interest of the students in its behalf. Verse of four, eight or twelve lines will be well received—in fact, too lengthy poems, unless of exceptional merit, cannot be published.

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THE University of Chicago formally opened its doors to students the first of October. The past two years have been spent in preliminary arrangements and organization. Only a few of the buildings are ready for occupancy.

Nevertheless a band of teachers and students have gathered together, and these, as in all times past, form the *real* university. The much debated question, "Shall the college course be shortened, and if so, how?" is to be solved by this university. The year is divided into four terms of twelve weeks each. Those capable of enduring the strain of studying the entire year can finish the course in the three calendar years. Those attending only the three terms per year will complete it in the four years, the usual time for a college course. There are some advantages in and certain drawbacks to this system. It remains to be seen whether it will prove a success or not.

#### ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN the death of Lord Tennyson, England loses her greatest poet. When Wordsworth passed away in 1850, Tennyson, who had just published "In Memoriam," was the popular poet of the day, and the laureateship naturally fell to him. Had Tennyson penned nothing else the vast range of that one lamentation would have placed him among the immortals. But there are others among his works which will be forever cherished in all homes reached by the English language. It has been said that Tennyson was not a great poet—that he was merely a clever versifier; but as long as "Maud," "The Princess," "Locksley Hall" and a host of other gems stand up to vindicate his memory; it will be a sufficient vindication for those who place genius in the topmost niche.

It has been the fashion to satirize Tennyson as the blind worshipper of royalty. But it would be difficult to imagine a poet laureate as a censor of royal morals. Tennyson has simply done the thing expected of him and it is the universal verdict that he has done it well.

The honors which have been bestowed upon him have always found him the modest, unassuming gentleman, and self-respecting man of

letters. Lord Tennyson's growth and proper recognition among the poets began while the poet was scarcely twenty-one years old. Steadily he grew in the admiration of all English-speaking people until at the age of thirty-five he stood without a rival among the English poets of his time.

Although Tennyson, like most poets, aspired to dramatic honors, he seems to have been peculiarly unfitted for dramatic writing. But Tennyson can well do without the honors of the theatre. His laurel is full-leaved and will be evergreen. To the innumerable readers and lovers of his poetry, his death will come almost as a personal loss. The world is always loth to part with one it has learned to love and revere, and there is no name in literature that will awaken more tender memories than that of Tennyson.

ANNA BRETT.

#### THE POETRY OF SLEEP AND DREAMS.

ALL the researches of modern science have not been able to furnish a satisfactory answer to the questions, "Why do we sleep?" "Why do we dream?" and these two physical conditions, with which we are all so familiar, are as much a mystery to-day as they were in the childhood of the world, when regularly recurring phenomena were accounted for in a very different spirit and manner from those which we employ at the present time.

In that far away age of fable, to which we must go for the beginning of every nation's history and literature, we shall find the origin of a belief in dreams which many people still cherish, while others regard it as a remnant of pagan superstition.

In the myth of Ceyx and Halcyone we have a graphic description of the dwelling place of Somnus, the King of Sleep.

"Near the Cimmerian country a mountain cave is the abode of the dull god, Somnus. Silence reigns there; and from the bottom of the rock the river Lethe flows, and by its murmur invites to sleep. Poppies grow abun-

dantly before the door of the cave, and other herbs, from whose juices Night collects slumbers, which she scatters over the darkened earth. There is no gate to the entrance, to creak on its hinges, nor any watchman; but in the midst a couch of black ebony, adorned with black plumes and black curtains—there the god reclines, his limbs relaxed with sleep. Around him lie dreams, resembling all various forms, as many as the harvest bears stalks, or the forest leaves, or the seashore grains of sand."

The goddess Juno, wishing to have a vision sent to Halcyone, dispatches her messenger, Iris, to the home of Somnus to ask his aid. Having roused himself with difficulty, he inquired her errand. In answer to his question she says:

"Somnus, gentlest of the gods, tranquilizer of minds and soother of careworn hearts, Juno sends you her commands that you dispatch a dream to Halcyone representing her lost husband and all the events of the wreck.

"Then Somnus called one of his numerous sons, Morpheus, to perform the command of the goddess; then laid his head on his pillow and yielded himself to grateful repose.

"Morpheus flew, making no noise with his wings, and soon came to the city, where, laying aside his wings, he assumed the form of Ceyx."

Further inquiry in regard to the parentage of Somnus, the drowsy god, reveals that he was the son of Erebus and Night and that Death was his twin brother.

As poetry may be carved in stone as well as expressed "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the sculptor, Thorwaldsen, has represented this story in a bas-relief, showing Night in the form of a majestic woman, borne through space by a pair of large wings and clasping her twin children, Sleep and Death, in her arms. There is a fine idea of "repose in action" suggested by the pose of the figures and their closed eye-lids.

Probably Homer was the first poet who

made use of dreams as messengers from the gods to mortals. In the second book of the Iliad, Jove is represented as sending a treacherous dream to Agamemnon, addressing it with these "winged words":

"Go, fatal Vision, to the Grecian fleet,  
And, entering Agamemnon's tent declare  
Faithfully what I bid thee. Give command  
That now he arm, with all the array of war,  
The long-haired Greeks, for lo, the hour is come  
That gives unto his hands the city of Troy  
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell  
In the celestial mansions are no more  
At variance; Juno's prayers have moved them all  
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom."

Then follows an account of the manner in which the heaven-sent messenger acquitted himself in carrying out the commands of Jove:

"The Vision heard and went  
At once to where the Grecian barks were moored  
And entered Agamemnon's tent and found  
The king reposing, with the balm of sleep  
Poured all around him. At his head  
The Dream took station in the form of  
Neleus' son, Nestor, whom Agamemnon  
Honored most of all the aged men."

The Dream is then represented as repeating the exact words of the message sent by Jove, and immediately disappearing, "leaving the king musing on things that never were to be." All that follows shows the perfect faith of Agamemnon and his council in this Dream-messenger.

In Virgil's *Æneid* we see our subject from a new point of view. At the close of that wonderful interview between *Æneas* and the shade of his father in the infernal regions, we are told, in the following lines, how he regains the upper world:

"Sleep gives his name to portals twain:  
One all of horn, they say,  
Through which authentic specters gain  
Quick exit into day,  
And one which bright with ivory gleams,  
Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams.  
Conversing still the sire attends  
The travellers on their road  
And through the ivory portal sends  
From forth the unseen abode."

The belief that dreams of good omen came by a different route from those that were sent on purpose to deceive and delude mankind must have been general among both the Greeks and the Romans, for we find repeated allusions to this in the writings of modern poets who, in treating mythological subjects, or by way of illustration, use the phraseology of the old myths.

In "The Masque of Pandora," Longfellow introduces a "Chorus of Dreams from the ivory gate," who, escaping the sentinels set to guard it, whispered in the ear of the sleeping Pandora—

"A tale to fan the fire  
Of her insane desire  
To know a secret that the gods would keep,"

On awaking, Pandora, obeying the voice that said in her sleep "Do not delay," hesitates no longer, but, filled with a desire of knowing good and evil like the gods themselves, opens the fatal chest, and immediately a chorus of Dreams from the "gate of horn" is heard singing the consequences of her rash act:

"All the evils that hereafter  
Shall afflict and vex mankind,  
All into the air have risen  
From the chambers of their prison;  
Only Hope remains behind."

Longfellow uses the same figure in giving an idea of Mr. Churchill, the schoolmaster of the story called "Kavanagh," for whom "Suddenly closed the ivory gate of dreams, and the horn gate of every-day life opened."

The idea of using sleep and dreams as a setting for poetic "pearls of thought" dates far back in the history of literature. Dante's great poem is sometimes called "The Vision," for he represents himself as seized with sudden slumber, and in that state being prepared for the events that follow. Many authors since his time have cast their literary works in the same mold, and it has usually been found a very acceptable one to the reader.

All along the highways of English literature from Chaucer to Tennyson we find "visions"

both in poetry and prose. The "Vision of Piers the Plowman" and Bunyan's dream, which we call "The Pilgrim's Progress," are those best known.

But we must go back still farther in our history of English literature for the model followed by Langland, Bunyan and a host of later writers.

The story of Caedmon's "vision" by which the lowly cow-herd was so inspired that he became first a poet, then a man of learning, and at last a monk in the famous monastery at Whitby, is never omitted in sketching the life of the first Christian poet of England.

Shakespeare has treated the phenomena of sleep and dreams with his usual versatility, sometimes in plain language, sometimes in brilliant metaphor, as in "Macbeth" where after the murder of King Duncan, Macbeth relating the circumstances to his wife says:

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth doth murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve\* of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—"

But it is in the second part of Henry IV that he makes the most eloquent apostrophe to sleep. In the first scene of the third act, the king, weary with the trials and vexations that have beset him in his efforts "to pluck a kingdom down and set another up," finds himself late at night obliged to send for some of his counselors, and while waiting their arrival, he soliloquizes thus:

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?"

\*Slave—coarse, soft, unwrought silk.

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
 And in the visitations of the winds  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—  
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

We might multiply illustrations from Shakspeare's plays, showing his familiarity with the most ancient mythology, as well as with the fables, folk-stories and superstitions of every people about whom he wrote. The supernatural has always furnished food for the poetic soul and inspired the highest powers of genius; and those poets who have held deepest communion with the visible forms of Nature and learned her various languages, have borrowed the forms of expression belonging to the old belief in gods and goddesses who directed the affairs of mortals and guided and controlled all natural phenomena.

Perhaps Milton's classical scholarship accounts for his wealth of mythological illustration. His short poems furnish delightful studies in this subject. When the student whom he portrays in *Il Penseroso*, after spending the whole night in studying the ancient classic writers, goes out into the early morning he seeks a retired spot in a grove through which runs a brook. There he entreats the goddess Melancholy to hide him from "day's garish eye:"

"While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;  
 And let some strange, mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream

Of lively portraiture displayed,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid;  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood."

In the same poem he calls dreams "The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train."

As our own poets touch these two themes, we feel that something of the old reverent spirit has gone from among them, although one of the most charming poems written by the late poet laureate in his young manhood is "A Dream of Fair Women."

As a study in literature, it affords such an opportunity for research in ancient poetry and history, and also in modern, as will repay fully the time and labor bestowed upon it by the student. The dream-form of the poem is especially a happy thought since by means of it the last great English poet, Tennyson, acknowledges his indebtedness to the first, Chaucer. There is a noble dignity in the style and language, and that spirit of reverence that a poet, above all other writers, must have if he would lift the hearts of his readers above their own pettiness and help them to realize the greatest heroism of which human beings are capable—self sacrifice.

MARGARET S. MOONEY.

October 12, 1892.

#### In Botany.

Teacher—We will now turn our attention to another kind of leaf. (Holds up a leaf of a horse-chestnut.)

Boy in back row—Aw, chestnuts!

#### Comparing Notes.

First Coed.—I have had three proposals this summer.

Second Coed.—Oh! I've had six.

First Coed.—But one of mine was a real offer of marriage.

“ALL poets sing of death; sometimes in elegies and ‘In Memoriams;’ sometimes expressing doubts, wonders and trusts; sometimes uttering greetings as they near the life beyond. Emerson gave us his ‘Terminus,’ Longfellow his ‘In the Harbor,’ Whittier his ‘At Sundown,’ Browning his ‘Prospice,’ Tennyson his ‘Crossing the Bar.’ The sea, the voyage, have ever been favorite themes with poets in their writings of death. Contrast Whitman, Emerson and Tennyson in this particular. This from Whitman, sturdy, full of energy and fire:

“ ‘From east and west across the horizon’s edge,  
Two mighty masterful vessels, sailers, steal upon us;  
But we’ll make a race a-time upon the seas—a  
battle-contest yet! bear lively there!  
(Our joys of strife and derring-do to the last!)  
Put on the old ship all her power to-day!  
Crowd extra top-gallants and royal studding sails!  
Out challenge and defiance—flags and flaunting  
pennants added,  
As we take to the open—take to the deepest  
freest waters.’

“And this from Emerson:

“ ‘As the bird trims her to the gale,  
I trim myself to the storm of time,  
I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime.  
Lowly, faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unharmed;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed.’

“And now Tennyson’s ‘Crossing the Bar:’

“ ‘Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.  
“ ‘But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless  
deep  
Turns again home.  
“ ‘Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark;  
“ ‘For tho’ from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,  
When I have crost the bar.’”

#### FRIENDSHIP.

OF the many ties which bind us,  
To our brothers here below,  
There is one which always helps us  
In each other’s strength to grow.  
When we see another struggling  
In his feeble way and slow,  
We in friendship would assist him,  
Lend him strength to onward go.  
And when we ourselves are faltering  
’Neath a heavy, grievous load,  
While so steep and rough and rugged,  
Full of pebbles is the road,  
Then we look to some one stronger,  
Who, our load will make more light,  
And the sunshine of whose faces  
Makes our life and pathway bright.  
If our trouble be heartrending,  
If no human power can sooth  
All our spirit’s sad emotions,  
Or our ruffled conscience smooth,  
We may look to One still higher,  
Who looks down with gracious mien  
And with infinite compassion  
On the mortal deeds of men.  
Friendship when not purely heartfelt,  
Is at best but poorly clad;  
Deeds, though good, are cold and worthless,  
Unless kindly thoughts be had.  
This is friendship true and noble,  
Which in time of greatest need  
Lends a hand both strong and willing  
And a sympathetic heed.

ALVIN A. LEWIS.

#### GOLDEN ROD.

“NODDING and swinging its clustered stalk  
In October’s mellow days,  
Out in the fields where the swallows flock  
And the autumn sunlight plays,  
Golden rod royal is lingering yet,  
Brightening the leaf-strewn floor,  
Carelessly seeming to forget  
That blossoming time is o’er.  
“ ‘But the meadows are growing brown and sere,  
And November drear and chill  
Stands waiting to welcome the ice-bound year,  
With its purpose to fulfill.  
And the flowering field to the winter storm  
Must soon lay bare its breast,  
And the golden rod with its fragile form  
Must scatter its seed—and rest.”

—Brunonian.



## ECHOES.

THE Normal college faculty seem to be in great demand in the institute world at present.

This month has two holidays, October 12th, the State holiday, and October 21st, the National holiday.

The growing demand for efficient teachers of music in the public schools has induced the faculty to extend the course in Methods in Music from ten to twenty weeks.

Several students are availing themselves of the opportunity of taking lessons in French, under the excellent instruction of Professor Jordan.

Miss McClelland will address the Greene County Institute held at Catskill, on the subject of Grammar, October 25.

It is rumored that, as soon as the requisite preparation can be made, we are to receive an invitation to an organ recital given by Prof. Belding. The recitals of the past have invariably proved great treats in the way of classical music brilliantly executed. All are looking forward with great eagerness to the opportunity of accepting the invitation.

Since the death of our "Quaker poet," recorded in the last issue, another of the world's great poets has died. This time England mourns over the loss of her poet laureate, Tennyson.

At the Schenectady Institute, October 25th, our college will be represented by President Milne, Prof. Wetmore, Miss Stoneman and Mrs. Bliss.

Mrs. M. A. B. Kelley has consented to read one of her own poems at Chicago, October 19th. We all feel that somewhat of this honor is reflected upon us.

Miss Jennie Parkhurst of the High school department, has left the college to take up stenography and typewriting. Her many friends wish her success in her future work.

Columbus Day, October 21st, was celebrated by appropriate exercises in the chapel, in which the higher grades of the Model school joined the college students.

The Williams college and the Cornell university foot ball teams will play at the Fair grounds, between this city and West Troy, on Saturday, October 29th.

At Catskill, October 26th, Prof. Wetmore will deliver a lecture on the subject, "Science in our Public Schools," also an evening lecture, October 25th.

Miss Mabel Lewis, '93, will leave in January. to accept a position as music teacher in Ohio. To her are extended the hearty congratulations of the whole school.

Miss Paynter and Miss Ruth Sherrill, also, have accepted positions in Ohio.

Observatory parties are now in order.

The spirit of the election campaign of '92 is growing in the college. The Echo publicly declares itself neutral, but secretly sympathizes with — your party, of course.

It has been suggested that a reception be given at the beginning of each term for the benefit of new students. The difficulty of becoming acquainted would then, to a great extent, be overcome.

Mr. Daniel Hess has left the college to study for the ministry.

The Shakespeare day of the Delta Omega society proved a success in every way.

President Milne addressed the institute at Bath-on-Hudson Wednesday, Oct. 12.

The classes now studying the History of Education are indebted to Miss McClelland for the very excellent plan, recently adopted, of appointing committees on history, pronunciation, geography, etc., thus lightening the labors of each individual, and at the same time giving more thoroughness to the work.

Miss Coon attended the wedding of her sister at St. Johnsville on the 5th of October.

"The melancholy days have come," sighs the student who is to graduate in February.

We are obliged to defer until another issue the names and addresses of last June's graduates.

Mr. Wilford of Hamilton college and Michigan university entered the college this month.

A new department devoted to the review of recent literature has been added to the ECHO, also a column devoted to scientific notes.

October 12 proved such an enjoyable holiday, that all were thankful for the disagreement of state and nation in regard to the date, which should be celebrated as Columbus day.

The Delta Omega society welcomed Miss J. P. Hall back to its presidential chair on Friday, October 6, the day of its open meeting.

The Normal college student may be mad, but who shall say that he has not method in his madness?

A corner of the state library is reserved for a number of books upon the subject of Sanitary Science and History, for the benefit of Normal classes taking those subjects. This is through the thoughtfulness of the teachers of those classes.

Miss Elizabeth Gordon of Newburgh, N. Y., an alumna of June, '92, visited the college Friday, October 14.

C. A. Van Auken, '91, was a visitor at the college the other day,

Miss Mary J. Lee passed through the city a few days ago on her way to New Jersey, where she will fill a position as teacher in a preparatory academic department.

A number of students attended a lecture given at the First Reformed church, on the subject of Turkey, by a native of that country.

Instead of taking a lantern and looking for an honest man, we are looking for the great poets of the future, who may wish to publish their early productions in this paper. Doubtless owing to their modesty, only, we have been somewhat disappointed in the search. Whereby we charge ye, ye youthful poets, fling aside this surplus of modesty and declare yourself to the ECHO.

The campaign has begun. Get out your canes and college colors, clear your throats and watch—Bellows!

Many students went on the excursion to Saratoga on October 15 to visit the Pompeian house. All who went report a very pleasant day.

A lecture on the "Philosophy of the Gifts" was given by Miss Angeline Brooks in the college chapel Friday evening, October 14. Miss Brooks has been for years at the head of the kindergarten department in the New York college for training of teachers. This is the first of a series of lectures to be given by the Albany Kindergarten Association.

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

CORNELL'S new president, Dr. Schurman, in his annual address to the students, was very warmly received. He comes out strongly in favor of many athletics, and congratulates the students on the abolishment of the "cane rush."

We understand that several other leading colleges have followed Cornell's lead in doing away with these barbarous kinds of "fun."

The Greek letter fraternities of the United States will be represented at the Word's Fair by an exhibit of their many and diversified publications.

By the death of Dr. Thomas Chase, LL. D., the Greek department of Brown university suffers a great loss. While president of Haverford college, and as joint editor of

Chase and Stewart series of text books, he achieved a reputation which as the head of their Greek department, during the time he filled Dr. Harkness's place, he reflected great credit on the university, and his untimely death is an irreparable loss not alone to the university, but to the classical world.

Dr. J. E. Bradley, ex-superintendent of schools at Minneapolis, has been elected president of the Illinois college at Jacksonville, Ill.

First Lieutenant George Bell, Jr., of the 3d Infantry has been detailed as professor of military science at Cornell university.

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#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE scientific world will watch with great interest the outcome of the new forced move on the part of the old Arctic whalers. Owing to the prevalent scarcity of their big game in northern waters many of those intrepid hunters of the sea have decided to abandon the Davis strait haunts and to betake themselves to Antarctic waters. The scientific societies of Great Britain, appreciating the rare opportunity of extending the stock of knowledge concerning high southern latitudes, have enlisted the interest of the whaling captains, and have furnished equipments of meteorological and other instruments. It is expected that, upon their return to civilization, they will bring with them valuable records as to geography, meteorology, ocean currents and temperatures, geological formation and the fauna and flora of both land and sea.

Astronomers are already beginning to dispute as to the honor of precedence in the matter of the discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter. Since careful observation with a telescope of twenty-three-inch aperture in Washington wholly fails to reveal its presence, one may well doubt the claims of aspirants with

smaller instruments. Possibly their view rests on a similar foundation with that of the wonderful vision of the moons given in a hand glass.

Among the strange uses to which the Edison glow lamp is put we notice the illumination of the stomach. This has been accomplished with quite a measure of success in Germany, the light revealing morbid growths and locating them in a way most helpful to science—if not to the sufferer.

FINE DIAGNOSIS.—Dr. Lauder Brunton, in a recent address, laid great emphasis on the necessity of care in diagnosis, and gave some amusing instances of errors in this important part of a physician's work, due to too hastily formed opinions. In one case he was among a class of students around a man suffering from heart disease, when it was noticed that the pupil of one eye was much more dilated than the other. At once numerous more or less learned suggestions were made to account for the mydriasis. Eventually the man informed them that the eye over which there had been so much animated debate was a glass one. Another instance related to a learned professor who used to boast that he could tell much concerning the medical history of his patients by their teeth. When holding forth on his favorite theory one day, he was considerably disconcerted by the patient taking out the complete set of masticators, and saying: "Perhaps the gentleman would like to look at them closer."

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—You mustn't expect your landlady to furnish electric lights for it would increase the *current* expenses.

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#### She Couldn't, You Know.

German Teacher—Will you decline man?  
Handsome Coed.—I could never do it.

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The angle worm has 600 hearts. He must make a hearty meal for the little fish that eats him.

### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

THE current number of the *Review of Reviews* is a very attractive number. The frontispiece is a portrait of George William Curtis in his Easy Chair. Under the head of "Progress of the World" there is a review of events containing a vast deal of scientific, historical and political information in a small space. There are articles on Gladstone's cabinet, Curtis and the municipal idea of the church. All the leading magazine articles of the month are reviewed. There is much in little, and well done.

The October number of the *Cosmopolitan* is one of its best. It contains an article on "Southern Railways," the first of a series by President Plant on the "Great Railway Systems of the United States." Murat Halstead discusses the "Liberal Tendencies of Europe." He expresses faith in the perpetuity of the French Republic. The three great statesmen of Europe, Bismarck, Gladstone and the Pope, he believes, are all strengthening the liberal tendencies. The number contains also a pleasing description and history of the cells and cloisters of Georgetown, an article on household manners of Persia by a Persian, an iconoclastic article concerning "Certain Accepted Heroes" of Homer and an installment of "Social Strugglers," a novel depicting the ludicrous attempts of *nouveaux riches* to "get in the swim."

As usual the *Century* is a repertory of good things. The frontispiece, Lotto's portrait of Columbus, is accompanied by an article by John C. Van Dyke substantiating its claims. It contains the final number of Steadman's articles on "The Elements of Poetry" entitled "The Faculty Divine." He emphasizes the importance of passion and of faith in faith and sets the Christian liturgy above other poems. Prof. Jenks of Cornell university gives the results of a careful study of "Money in Practical Politics," pointing out its evil effects and their remedies. The writer of "What I saw of the Paris Commune" describes that last agony and testifies to the good faith of the Commune leaders.

The current issue of *Scribner's* maintains its usual high standard. Mr. Long, always at home on classical grounds, repeats the old arguments and advances some new ones to prove that Homer was a real person. Mr. Brownell devotes his second article on French art to the romantic schools. Paul L. Ford presents *Scribner's* readers with visions of "Jefferson in Undress." The article mirrors the real Jefferson who had a catholic taste for whiskey and paid a franc in Paris to see a learned pig. There are also illustrated articles on the World's Fair, "On Launching Cruisers and Battleships," "A School for Street Arabs and the Education of the Deaf and Dumb," etc.

*Harpers'* current issue is a Columbus number. The article under the caption "The Baptismal Font of America" describes Sainte Die of Lorraine, where the name America was first applied to this continent by an old cosmographer in 1507. Prof. Dr. S. Ruge gives us an idea of the man Columbus who, with all his independence in science, was held fast in the dark prison of religious mysticism. The article on "Education in the West" sets forth the liberal educational ideas of the progressive West, where the university is believed to be the cap-stone of the public school system. There is also an intelligent criticism of the Castor and Pollux of our literature, Beaumont and Fletcher, from the pen of James Russell Lowell. "Art Lessons at the World's Fair" shows the immense influence which the exposition will exert in the world of art. A number of studies are added to the "Collection of Death Masks." The sketch on A. B. Frost, the illustrator, is accompanied by some of his best work in the silent art.

### FANCIES.

"He's a good dentist, but he administers his laughing gas at the wrong end of the operation."

"When should he administer it?"

"Just before he presents his bill."

Miss S.— Mr. Phunnyman, why is this pencil like one of your jokes?

Mr. P.— I don't know. Why is it?

Miss S.— It hasn't any point.

—The September regttas are the last rows of summer.

—Moses would have made a good foot ball player for he was found in the rushes.

### A Parody.

The piano sounds the knell of parting day,  
The cornet shrieks high C,  
The violin saws across the way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

—Straw hats and blue dresses are among the autumn leaves.

### Too Fly.

My dear!  
My dear!  
Said he,  
Come fly,  
Come fly  
With me.

Said she:


Young "Fel!"  
Young "Fel!"  
Don't be,  
Too fly,  
Too fly  
With me.

*Time and the seasons change, fashions and styles  
come and go, but one thing, like Tennyson's  
"brook," "goes on forever."*

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## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

La Débâcle (The Downfall). By Emile Zola. Translated by E. P. Robbins. Paper, 12mo, 565 pages. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.

Emile Zola's last work is an historic novel called Le Débâcle (The Downfall). It is a picture of the collapse of the second empire of France. There is little plot. A slight thread serves to string the rapid succession of events together.

The novel is a successful delineation of passion and instinct run mad when the restraint of law and discipline has been removed. The gloom and anarchy of the period are suited to this French genius, and he has painted the lurid scenes with broad and fearless strokes. As a photograph of the horrible havoc of war and a nation gone rotten, it can hardly be excelled.

As a picture of the panic and despair of this long agony of France, La Débâcle is a literary masterpiece. But from the view-point of history, M. Zola has failed in two particulars. He tells nothing of the German army. Many would like to know what made the Germans so superior. Also, he takes too low a view of France. The book leaves an erroneous impression. The demoralization was not universal. In many instances the French fought with courage and hope, and for six months after the crash came a succession of irrepressible outbreaks were kept up, which showed that the nation lived.


The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland, with Introduction by George F. Parker. Boston: Cassell. \$2.50.

The character of Grover Cleveland should interest every American citizen of whatsoever party. His education was not of the academy or college. He is the product of American institutions, American actualities, men and things. Lowell declares he is of a truly American type. The characteristic which differentiates Mr. Cleveland from most public men is the moral fervor which he applies to politics. No one who has studied his character can fail to discern that it is a moral view which determines his stand on the great public questions.

Although the appearance of his book is opportune, it is more than a campaign document. It is literature. He treats the great questions with Washingtonian simplicity and directness. Some of his sentiments have been stated so tersely and strongly that they have become the property of the people. Whatever men may say of Cleveland, it must be admitted that he is successful in identifying himself with public opinion. Such a man must command interest. His book is the man, and the best avenue to his acquaintance.

Dorothy Willis. An autobiography. By Walter Besant. Longman, Green & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Besant has undertaken in his novels many studies of the working girl, but he has told no story with more literary instinct, simplicity and lifelike effect than the tale of Dorothy Willis. There is no plot. Dorothy tells her sorrows and triumphs in her letters to her lover. The book relates her vicissitudes in addressing wrappers and her trials as a young actress of uncertain income with managers, agents, hotels, boarding houses and railway companies. She is a brave and sensible girl (they are rare in novels), who makes her way sustained by love of her art and her affection for her sweetheart. She has no preaching to do. If she urges anything it is that the young woman who works must perform her tasks thoroughly and not depend upon her sex to excuse her. The object of the Philanthropist of the People's Palace is to encourage those who sew, teach, act, or measure goods, by the example of this noble working girl. The moral of the book is implied rather than stated.


  
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