

THE NORMAL COLLEGE ECHO.

A COLLEGE JOURNAL DEVOTED TO EDUCATION.

VOL. V.

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No. 3.

THE STORM.

ALL day long the trees have bent
In the wind that blows from the sea;
All day the waves at the foot of the cliff
Have beaten ceaselessly.

The gathering storm and the darkness
Come in hand and hand.
A mist caught up in the path of the wind
Settles over the land.

A sea bird, beaten down by the rain,
Utters a plaintive cry;
A wet wing brushes against my face;
A dark form flutters by.

And I, held close in the arms of the storm,
Have ceased to struggle more.
Together the mist and the bird and I
Are beaten along the shore.

EDITH STOW, '97.

HER SUCCESSFUL TEACHING.

PROFESSOR B— sat in his study
Intent on the mail just brought in,
There were newspapers, magazines, letters;
He hardly knew where to begin.

But hastily scanning the postmarks,
He finds one that gives him a start;
It comes from a far western village,
From trade-centers somewhat apart.

He knows it to be from a lady,
Who recently went from his school
A graduate, well up in methods,
Proficient in reason and rule.

And tearing the seal he unfolds it,
Prepared to hear tales of success;
"I came, and I saw, and I conquered,"
He'd predicted for her nothing less.

"Dear Sir," it began, "since I came here
I've followed suggestions you gave,
And so far I've been so successful
The folk over me fairly rave.

"I've only been teaching a fortnight—
We've not begun study as yet
I haven't had time to develop,
Simply tried their attention to get.

"I have in the front of my notebooks
Suggestions, that you were so kind
As to give me last year, and I'm trying
These thoughts to instill in the mind.

"This one I have underscored deeply,
You must interest pupils, and so
I have had certain games in the class-room,
Shooting matches and boxing, you know.

"I wanted to gain their *attention*
And fix it upon the main thought;
We were talking of grammar that morning
And this is the method I sought:

"I tacked the book up near the ceiling
And let them shoot up at the name;
'Twas successful—and, more than that, rapid,
Which is as you know, a great aim.

"Their interest rose to a high pitch;
Attention was perfect as well,
And were they to meet it in Europe
That grammar I'm sure they could tell.

"I like to concentrate attention
Like that on the subject in hand.
Thank you kindly, indeed, for past favors,
I'm yours truly, Dora DeLand."

The Professor sat stunned for an instant,
Then rose with a purpose sublime,
And telegraphed out to her parents:
"Send for Dora, while yet there is time."

TO THE TOP OF VESUVIUS.

BY JAMES ROBERT WHITE.

EVEN amid the glories of the "Eternal City" came the desire to visit Naples and to gaze upon Vesuvius.

The ride from Rome was a memorable one. A special observation car had been provided, with a narrow balcony extending along the entire length of one side. From this we gained an unobstructed view of the ever new and changing landscape. Fertile fields stretched out on all sides, and through groves of olive and fig trees we caught occasional glimpses of the blue Mediterranean.

Not far from the hour of sunset, we arrived at Naples, and almost the first object we beheld was the famous volcano with its smoky summit towering into the heavens. It grew more and more fascinating. As night settled down upon the beautiful bay and city, scarcely the dim outline could be seen. Then it was that we received the first impression of its supernatural character. It seemed like a mighty cyclops of the universe suddenly awakened from an awful sleep. Down upon humanity once more it cast its fiery eye as if again seeking prey whereby to satisfy its cravings. The reader must remember that the ancient crater from which came destruction to Pompeii and Herculaneum, is now extinct, and, that from the present cone, the growth of centuries, a new crater is bursting and developing which, in years to come, will be the channel of activity. It is this opening in the side of the mountain that presents so grand, and yet so fearful, an appearance when night comes on. Where in the daytime only great clouds of smoke roll upwards from fissures in the side of the volcano, at night there appears a bed of hot lava and ashes, that sends out great scorpion-like arms in all directions as if striving to encircle the mountain.

But the mere view of Vesuvius could not suffice. So, after an early breakfast on the morning following our arrival at Naples, we went by rail to Pompeii, a distance of about fifteen miles. Ascending a winding path that leads from the small station, we soon came to the principal entrance, known as the "sea-gate," although the sea-coast is now more than a mile away.

The feeling is inexpressible when one first realizes the fact that he treads the original pavement of that long-buried city. About seventy acres, comprising nearly one-third of the space within the walls, has been excavated up to the present time. The remainder lies buried in ashes to the depth of twenty feet.

The principal objects of interest are the amphitheatre, with thirty-five rows of seats; the theatre; the forum; three triumphal arches; temples of Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Augustus and Neptune; the barracks, in which were found sixty-three skeletons; the baths; houses of Diomed, Meleager, Sallust, Pansa, Glaucus, the Fullonica, the villa of Cicero, and two museums.

The first stories of most of these buildings are in a fair state of preservation. In many the wall decorations are surprisingly clear, the brilliancy of the coloring not having been lost through the centuries. Passing along the streets one can look within the open shops and see the great earthen vessels standing as if trade had just ceased.

Returning from Pompeii we alighted at Portici, and from there proceeded by carriage to the base of the volcano, and part way up the side. The road makes an ascent of some miles, winding among vineyards and olive groves, crossing the lava bed of 1858, and making numerous zigzags till it reaches a point near the observatory at the altitude of 2,218 feet. Thence the lava bed of 1871 is crossed

in a slow but interesting manner by means of donkeys, which, upon our arrival at this point of the ascent, we found ranged along one side of the road, each in charge of an Italian guide. After some little necessary delay in getting comfortably mounted—for the experience was not only somewhat new to most of the company, but rather trying—we continued our journey. Unlike the “merrie companye” that wended its way to Canterbury, we did not while away the hours by telling tales, but found sufficient amusement in the braying of the donkeys, and in their trying to dislodge the burden imposed upon them. But at length we reached the little inclined railway, from the upper terminus of which we were soon plodding through loose ashes to the verge of the crater.

The scene at the top defies description. At best, language can be only suggestive of the realities there experienced. The traveler realizes his surroundings through not only one sense, but through all his senses combined. At very short intervals he feels the shaking of the ground beneath his feet, and his ear catches the low rumbling sound that bespeaks activity within. The surging sound grows louder and is suddenly followed by an expulsion of lava and ashes. Sulphur is thrown out in sufficient quantities to give a brilliant yellow coloring to the lava deposit around the crater. Standing upon the very edge of the crater one can see the sparks of fire thrown up as the boiling mass rises in the cone. This is a most fascinating sight, but one that is not unattended with considerable danger. Our guides insisted upon rendering us support, however, as we peered into the fiery depths that no accident might follow the effort.

Although the fumes of sulphur rendered it unpleasant to linger long at the

summit, nevertheless we turned rather reluctantly to retrace our steps to Naples. The view of the surrounding country had been passed by up to this time. But now we looked off upon the broad bay bathed in blue, and beheld a no less beautiful vaulted dome of pure cerulean. The city began to lose its outline as we descended to the base of the volcano, and by the time we arrived at Naples the buildings and streets were all brilliantly lighted, giving a most charming and fanciful appearance to the place. The streets were thronged with people and the shops and stalls were the scenes of considerable bustle.

Vesuvius still looked down upon us, but in a less startling and fearful manner than formerly. Our trip to the summit had put us in harmony with a new and wonderful revelation of the Divine Hand in nature.

KINDERGARTEN'S EXTENSION.

JUST as people often fail to recognize the beauty and fragrance of the arbutus beneath their feet, so many educators, as well as so-called cultured persons in other circles, ignore the kindergarten as a factor in the scheme of education.

Those people will hardly deny that development of character is one great end of education. They cannot consistently deny that the development of the soul precedes that of the intellect. They cannot deny that the impressions made upon the child mind are deep and lasting, or that for the sacred work of developing a human soul, those upon whom the duty falls should be ideally fitted.

These facts alone are sufficient to warrant a wider extension of the work in our schools and a more careful study of its principles by the parents and teachers of the growing generation.

THE USEFULNESS OF EDUCATION.

EVERY person possesses knowledge which is not acquired by instruction or by attending school. This knowledge is gained mostly by experience, and is necessary for our existence without any improvement or advancement of ourselves and the rest of humanity. But improvement is what we should strive after. Education is useful because of the pleasures of anticipation which we enjoy in acquiring it.

Anticipation of honor and usefulness will urge one on to strive for this end. Even in school the desire to pass an examination, or the hope of graduating, will help one to accomplish his work. It is not always for the good that one expects to receive for himself, but sometimes only for the honor gained by completing his course, that one strives for an education. Although this should not be our motive, yet it is better to work for this than for nothing, for the honor and reputation that we acquire may be the means of our attaining positions of usefulness and honor.

Higher education promotes civilization and refinement and gives men higher ideals. The human race would be no more than a herd of wild animals if they had only the knowledge that they possess by nature. They would try only to satisfy their impulses and appetites, which are nothing more than those of the lower animals.

Progress, to say nothing of the mere existence of the professions and higher institutions, would be impossible in such a stage of civilization. We would have no ministers, no lawyers, no schools and colleges, no beautiful cities, not even a newspaper.

The time spent in acquiring and using an education gives employment to hours of leisure—which might otherwise be spent in idleness and crime. Often the

boy who refuses to go to school takes, by this neglect, his first step in the wrong way. He begins by spending his time sitting in saloons or standing on store steps; and, little by little, he continues from one step to another, down to the lowest crime. If he had spent his time at school his vicious life might have been virtuous. Enough of these cases have existed to warn us to spend our lives in industry and thus to escape the punishment of a criminal.

Knowledge elevates us to a higher plane of living. We may easily see this by comparing the first inhabitants of this country with the present population. The Indians knew nothing of the inventions, improvements and education, which we enjoy; and as these advantages and inventions increase and improvements are made, we may conclude that the next race will be one of higher beings, and will advance still further the present civilization.

As education is good in itself, so the results occasioned by its works are good, and what is good is honorable, and worth striving for. For "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left are riches and honor." Our reputation and fame live after we are dead. Let us then earn this as a monument for our remembrance.

Again, education makes our lives those of pure and virtuous enjoyment. Without a certain knowledge of science and history, we would be unable to enjoy many things, or have any interest in them. If a person knows the history of a place, how much more does he enjoy a visit there, than if he is ignorant; for he is eager to explore that about which he has learned, and is desirous of learning more. A knowledge of languages enables one to understand words which he might not know, if he was not familiar with the foreign words from which they are derived.

Still further, education opens distinguished and respectable positions in business and society. It is not easy for a man to obtain a distinguished place in the world, unless he has knowledge sufficient to perform the duties of such an office. A distinguished position in business is usually accompanied by a similar one in society, and raises the most obscure to esteem and attention.

A higher education should be gained by some, that they may carry on the great pursuits which have exhausted the abilities and perseverance of wise men that have lived before. If one completes the work which has been commenced by another, he may gain the reward due to the other. Some should be prepared to carry on great pursuits like those of the astronomer. He may complete a computation, or establish some important law, and thus gain renown.

Education should be used for the welfare of humanity. This we can do by imparting our learning to others, not always as teachers, but sometimes as friends; or by putting it to such a use that it will be a benefit to all who know us. This will be a step in the advancement of civilization, in which we may benefit ourselves as well as others.

Its greatest utility is the improvement and elevation of our own minds. If each person sought this for himself, it would be the only requisite for the perfection of refinement and culture. Each one must acquire it for himself, for it cannot be transmitted to heirs or successors, as can patrimonial possessions.

But this is not all. Education should lead to virtue and morality. These two constitute true wisdom. Socrates was considered the wisest man of his time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than at greatness. Such an example is worth following, and may we

who have chosen the teachers' profession, devote the useful education we are receiving to the adornment, dignity and welfare of humanity, and strive for the greatest virtue and morality that can be attained.

MATTIE L. MAIN.

STORY OF THE CLOUDS.

BY KATHARINE ORR, '96.

WHEN you came to kindergarten this morning, was there something you did not see? Something that was here yesterday? Why can't we see the sun this morning? Yes, would you all like to hear a story about a very large cloud?

One day, just a little while ago, the great sun far up in the sky said to his little helpers, the sunbeam fairies, "Dear fairies, I shall need a great many clouds next week; and I would like to have you help me make them." This made the fairies very happy; why they were so happy that they ran back and forth from the sun to the earth a great many times.

They were very helpful little fairies, and they were always happy when they were helping some one. The sunbeam fairies had helped the sun so many times that they knew just how to go to work. Some of the fairies ran down to a great, hot city, and they found some drops of water on the stones, and on top of some of the houses, and they carried them right up to the sun just as fast as they could.

Some of the other fairies went down into the country early in the morning, and they gathered some drops of dew in the fields and some drops of water that were down by the grasses' feet.

The rest of the little fairies ran down to a little brook and carried just as many drops from it as they could.

By and by the great sun said, "Dear little sunbeams, you have brought me

so many drops of water that I have enough to make a great many clouds," for you know that the clouds are made of a great many drops of water.

After the great sun had the clouds all ready, he thought, "Now if Mr. Wind were here I am sure that he would blow the clouds just where I want them to go."

Soon the sun heard Mr. Wind coming, and then he said, "Mr. Wind, can you help me to-day? I've a great many clouds to send out, and I want them to go to different places."

Mr. Wind said that he would be very glad to go. Then the sun said, "Mr. Wind, way over in the hot city, the streets are very hot and the trees are thirsty, so please take these clouds over there and give the city a drink."

By and by the clouds were right over the city, and soon the little rain-drops went falling down on the houses and the trees and the streets; and they were all so glad to have a drink. And the same little drops of water that the sun-beam fairies had carried from the city were now back in their old places just where they were before.

Then the wind went back to the sun and said, "Dear sun, I have taken those clouds to the city, now where shall I take the others?" And the sun said, "The farmers in the country would like the rain to make their grass grow; so take these clouds over into the country." Mr. Wind blew very hard, and soon the clouds were up over the fields.

In a few minutes the rain-drops said, "Good-bye, Mr. Wind," and hurried down on the fields. And do you know, the same rain-drops which the fairies carried from the fields fell on the same fields again. So the little drops of water were just where they were before the fairies touched them.

While Mr. Wind was away this time, he looked down upon the earth, and he saw a little brook in which was just a little water and he thought, "The fishes in that brook need more water so I will send a cloud over there." When he heard Mr. Wind, he said, "Please take these clouds over by that brook." And so he did, and the rain fell down in the brook, and the fishes had plenty of water. And it is so funny—those same little drops of water which the fairies took from the brook fell right back into it again.

So you see the little drops ran up by the sun and then they came back again. And this was all because the little sun-beam fairies carried the drops of water up by the sun, and because Mr. Wind blew the clouds just where the sun thought they ought to go.

So you see we have to thank the sun, the sun-beam fairies and Mr. Wind for giving us, and everything on the earth, a drink.—[*Kindergarten News*]

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

“LITTLE Boy Blue! Come, darling now,
For mamma must put you to bed.”
And she pushed the curls with a tender
hand
From her darling's golden head.
Come, Little Boy Blue, put up your drum
And your soldier suit so gay,
And rest your head on the pillows soft
For the land of dreams away.

“All right,” he said, with a happy smile,
“I'm a soldier now, you know,
And I have to do what my captain says
And go where she says to go.
For you are my captain, mamma, dear,
And now, when I go to bed,
I want to be like the soldiers are
And sleep with my drum 'neath my
head.”

So under his head she put his drum
And folded his hands on his breast,
And smiling sweet with a sleepy grace
He quietly went to rest;

While his mother thought of days before
 When another lad so gay
 Had shouldered a musket and gone to war
 From her loving sight away.

The years passed on, and Little Boy Blue
 Bade his mother and home good-bye.
 His step was firm, and his heart was brave,
 But a tear stole in his eye.
 He carried a drum, and his suit was blue,
 Like that he used to wear,
 When he played at soldier long ago
 With a heart so free from care.

Another year passed by, but, where?
 Where is Boy Blue to-day?
 There, in the thickest of the fight
 Beating the foe away.
 His lips set tight, and his face so pale
 While the drops start from his brow;
 Still he leads them on till the victory's
 won
 And he is their leader now.

The shades of night hid the awful scene
 When there on the field he lay,
 With the faithful drum beneath his head
 And his blue eyes closed for aye.
 The angels whispered, "Come, brave
 Boy Blue,
 The time has come to sleep."
 They laid him to rest, with his hands on
 his breast,
 In a slumber long and deep.

That was the last of Little Boy Blue;
 His mother will wait in vain,
 For she never will look in the smiling
 face
 Or see her boy again;
 For he lies in peace where the violets grow,
 In an everlasting sleep,
 While the wavelets weep and the wind
 moans low
 As a loving watch they keep.

ANNIE E. WILLIAMSON,

Grade VII.

Age 12.

The stronghold of our nation is in its
 common schools.

Our voters, our statesmen of to-day
 were the pupils of yesterday.

Pupils do not find time for mischief if
 they have plenty of work, and it is the
 right kind.

STRAY THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS.

To develop in the individual all the
 perfection of which he is capable, is the
 great object of education.—*Kant*.

There is no substitute for thorough-
 going, ardent, sincere earnestness.—
Dickens.

"What we are, we teach, not volun-
 tarily, but involuntarily."

Perseverance can sometimes equal
 genius in its result.—*James Fields*.

I find the great thing in the world is
 not so much where we stand, as in what
 direction we are moving.—*Holmes*.

Order is Heaven's first law.—*Pope*.

He that will believe only what he can
 comprehend, must have a very long
 head or a very short creed.—*Colton*.

The best way to comprehend is to
 do.—*Kant*.

A handful of good life is worth a
 bushel of learning.—*Herbert*.

An idle reason lessens the weight of
 the good one you gave before.—*Swift*.

Ponder well, and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might;
 Haste not! Years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done.—*Goethe*.

Nothing great was ever achieved with-
 out enthusiasm.—*Emerson*.

"Who learns and learns, but acts not what
 he knows,
 Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never
 sows."

"Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing
 quality; it has been called the bright
 weather of the heart."

Be noble; and the nobleness that lies
 In other men sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise to meet thine own.—*Lowell*.

Next in importance to freedom and
 justice is popular education, without
 which neither justice nor freedom can
 be long maintained.—*Garfield*.

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

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

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EDITORIAL.

THOSE who wish to purchase college pins can obtain them of Mr. Avery S. Gardner, 17 Maiden lane, New York. The design, which is a very pretty one, was adopted last year.

IF Li Hung Chang had arranged his questions in more logical order and had proceeded from the known to the unknown (related) he would have been more successful as a developer during his recent American trip.

CRITICISMS remind the young teacher that the way of the transgressor is not the softest, but he must remember that, only after being ground for a long time does the diamond become a brilliant gem.

NOT all teachers are materialists, but a short experience in teaching elementary science or geography (journey method) tends to make one materialistic.

IT is said that Normal schools are becoming jealous of the success of our institution. We do not know how true this is, but should such a feeling exist, we would suggest that they have no more cause for envy than a freshman has to envy a senior. This College is far in advance of the Normal School and that is all there is of it.

THE editor of a college paper is sometimes in a position similar to that which confronts the inventor of perpetual motion machines. He is required to create something out of nothing and overcome existing obstacles besides.

Mr. Darwin worked long and faithfully to find the missing link that should connect the different parts of his chain and prove the descent of man. The teacher, however, is more interested in forging the links that shall connect the mind of the pupil with the knowledge to be taught. Method is the link and by no other means can the two be brought into their proper relation.

IF we have the spirit of success in us, we must consider our work in the Normal College as a pleasure, even though the work be often difficult and the mistakes many. We should learn to welcome criticisms because they have come before other mistakes of the same kind have been made.

IN its practice teaching our College outranks any school of pedagogy in the country. However thorough the method work, however scholarly the teacher, an experience teaching under a competent critic is invaluable. Close supervision in school work cannot fail to produce good results.

ORATORY IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

THE unusual quantity of oratory that is being expended during this political campaign makes very *apropos* a few inquiries into its causes and effects, and for us, in particular, its relation to education. History tells us that oratory like literature has alternately risen and fallen, some periods being characterized by their orators while others were equally marked by their absence. Most classical as well as many other students are familiar more or less with the achievements of Lysurgus and Demosthenes, of Cicero and Quintilian. In these days every American school boy who has completed his fourth reader knows in a way, however vague, that Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry were famous men. A little more careful study of these men shows that their oratory was the result of the combination of three things, the man, the subject, and the opportunity. Concerning the man it will be said that orators are born like fleet-footed horses and poets, and no one will dispute them, because, with the single exception of Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy," most persons are born. It will be remembered, however, that Demosthenes used to recite with his mouth full of pebbles for the training of his voice and that Webster utterly failed in his first attempt before an audience. They doubtless possessed the soul of eloquence or its germs, but they certainly were obliged to cultivate the means of making it reach their hearers. This soul of eloquence may properly be said to be inborn, but its power is augmented by a skillful use of language and a well-trained voice. Mr. Byran's speeches may be largely extemporaneous (assuming that his oratory is of a high order), but he has been years learning how to measure his audience, how to

adapt his language thereto, and how to modulate his voice to produce the desired effect upon his hearers.

Wendell Phillips once sat in Faneuil Hall at a meeting called to denounce the murder of Elijah Lovejoy, of Alton, Ill., who was shot for writing a denunciatory editorial on the burning of a negro alive. The freedom of the press had been assailed in a free State and a free man had been ruthlessly murdered. Boston was thoroughly aroused, but the meeting was about to be adroitly turned by a skillful speaker into a *quasi* indorsement of the atrocious deed. Such would have been the result, had not Phillips sprang upon the platform and carefully but powerfully won the audience back to the side of right, not by loudness of voice but by skillfully placing his predecessor in an embarrassing position while saying nothing at all violent. In not precisely the same line but with equal force did Garfield pour the oil of eloquence upon the troubled waters of disorder when he said to the angry mob eager to avenge the death of Lincoln: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!"

It may be argued that elocution and oratory train people for emergencies or for particular lines of work like preaching, lecturing, or practicing law, and doubtless this accounts in a measure for the greater attention given to this study in private schools over those of our State system, a superiority only too noticeable. In public schools the matter of elocutionary training is either almost entirely ignored or treated as a matter of mere form, a state of affairs which it would seem demands a change in these days of educational reform. We, of course, cannot afford to educate pupils for emergencies, so called, but when they become almost daily in their frequency they cease to be such.

In our democratic government, its citizens are prone to discuss among themselves questions of the day concerning politics as well as matters of business, religion, or society, to say nothing of the organized meetings into which discussion enters. In all of these cases, if the use of language has any value at all then, its scientific use through the instrumentality of a well-trained voice should be far more effective. If more people understood how to use their voices, and the effect of different tones upon the feelings, there would be fewer cases in which friendly discussions would end in quarrels or even stubborn refusals to be convinced.

The study of elocution and oratory has another and even more important phase. It develops the student. It leads him to look through the words, the so-called dress of thought, to the thought itself, and to feel with the writer or speaker; while in so doing he experiences a feeling of power that leads him onward, as he learns that a new field of pleasure lies before him, and he becomes enthusiastic for his work and his school.

Of the teacher who enters this field peculiar qualifications are required. Since eloquence must be inspired in a measure, the teacher must, in a corresponding degree, be able to lead the student in that way, and to show by example as well as precept what elocution is. He should, however, derive pleasure from his work in seeing his students acquire power as well as polish, while he feels that he is growing in power himself. With our overcrowded curriculum it may seem difficult to find much more time for this work than is now given it, but if nothing more, every lesson should be made something of a lesson in the speaker's art.

PERSONAL MENTION.

MISS HEFFERMAN, '92, is teaching at Kensico, N. Y.

Miss Sherrill attended the Institute at Catskill, Oct. 7.

Miss Meta Toohey, '95, is teaching at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson.

Dr. and Mrs. Woodruff, of Woodhaven, L. I., called at the office Oct. 6.

Mrs. Leona Gray, of Granville, N. Y., visited Miss Goodman, '97, on Oct. 6, '96.

Miss Lyman, of the Albany Female Academy, visited the College, Sept. 18, '96.

Miss Estelle Bradshaw expects to return to College at the beginning of next quarter.

Mary E. Evans, '87, was married to Arthur Church, of High Falls, N. Y., Sept. 9, '96.

Mrs. Chas. Kent, of Providence, R. I., was recently the guest of her sister, Miss Sherrill.

Miss Agnes Magill, '92, was recently married to Mr. Philip V. Whipple, Greenbush, N. Y.

R. B. Redfield, '97, who was obliged to leave College several weeks ago on account of sickness, has accepted a position in the High School at Davenport, Iowa.

John J. O'Shaughnessey, of Ephratah, last year a member of the class of '97, has been nominated for the office of school commissioner by the National Democratic party of Fulton county.

Miss Josephine Burlingham not long since was called to her home in Cooperstown to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Mary Louise Burlingham, and George Farmer Barney, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. T. M. St. John, 407 W. 51st street, New York, an Alumnus of our college, is now an extensive publisher of games, puzzles and books on educational amusements. He has just published an interesting book entitled "Fun with Magnetism," with apparatus to accompany it. His books are all helpful to teachers of elementary classes, particularly in science.

The Eta Phi Fraternity gave a very enjoyable reception to their friends in the Kindergarten rooms of the college, on Saturday afternoon, October 17, from four to six o'clock. The Misses Delin, Ast, Stafford and DeWitt acted as reception committee. Among the out of town guests was Miss Arrietta Snyder of Sandy Hill.

DE ALUMNIS.

MISS JESSIE OWEN, '93, and Dr. Edgar Zeh were married at the home of the bride's parents in Cohoes, N. Y., on Tuesday, Oct. 13. Dr. Zeh and Mrs. Zeh will reside in Waterford, where the former is a practicing physician.

Edward G. Barnes is now teaching in King's Park, L. I.

Miss Harriet Slater, '93, was married September 15th, to Henry Bird, of Middletown, N. Y.

Mr. Philip V. Whipple, of Greenbush, was married September 17th to Miss Agnes Magill, '92.

Miss Margaret Cox, '95, and Miss Ella Wingate, '95, have been elected to positions in Woodhaven, L. I.

Miss Mary G. Manahan, '95, called at the *Echo* office recently on her way to Atlanta, Ga., where she is teaching this year.

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Alice Grey Bothwell, '91, to Mr. George Kohlmetz, of Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday, Sept. 24.

And still the work goes briskly on. This time Miss Margaret Allen King and the Rev. Henry C. Cussler, of Cairo, N. Y., were married October 6th.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Mr. Ellery Norton, '91, to take place Oct. 20. She who will be the bride is now Miss Jennie M. Reed. Mr. and Mrs. Norton will reside at Pittstown, where the former is an enterprising farmer.

The tendency among our graduates seems to be toward correlation. Frank Stanbro, '93, now principal of the Brookfield, N. Y., Union School and Academy, is now assisted by Mrs. Frank Stanbro in the capacity of preceptress.

Again we see the results of Cupid's penetrating arrows in the marriage of Miss Sarah Furman Briggs, '95, to Mr. Frederick Arthur Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. The wedding took place Sept. 29, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith are now at home in Rochester.

Edward Coe Seymour, A. M. Ph. D., academic principal of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, died September 17, 1896. He graduated from the State Normal College in 1849, and two years later married Miss Laura White, also a graduate of the College.

CLASS OF '98.

THE class of '98 was organized quietly Sept. 18, 1896, at 1:15 P. M., in the College chapel with about 120 present.

Mr. Armstrong acted as chairman and called the meeting to order.

The following persons were elected to act as officers for the present semester:

Mr. C. W. Armstrong, President.

Miss Ruth Norton, Vice-President.

Miss Bertha Bagg, Secretary.

Mr. Elias Chapman, Treasurer.

We, as a class, have leaped into the arena, young, vigorous, and ready for action. Our purpose is to create a love for our Alma Mater, to become better acquainted, to inspire each member with a desire and a purpose to look beneath the surface of all questions pertaining to our college work, and to be not content with the mere view, but to content ourselves only when we have solved every difficulty which may arise.

We hope to make this class one of the most enthusiastic and best the college has known. This can only be accomplished by the co-operation of each member. We therefore ask you as individuals to take part and in this way help us to reach the point to which we aspire.

We have chosen a high standard, and, though our glittering arrows may not reach the mark of our proudest hope, yet they will fly higher than if aimed at the cottage eaves.

Newspapers and magazines are valuable store-houses for teachers of geography who use modern methods.

The school should be made so attractive that the child will recognize in it something for which he has respect and love.

SIX WEEKS IN PSYCHOLOGY, OR
HOW JOHN MARSDEN WON HIS
ALTER EGO.

CHAPTER I.

"All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told."

JOHN Marsden was a student in the State Normal College. There was nothing peculiar about John that would claim one's attention. His hair was not parted in the middle, he wore no "kiss me quick" button in the lapel of his coat, he was quiet and dignified. But John Marsden had fallen in love.

There was nothing strange about her, either. She was not a new woman. She was simply a sweet, dignified, lovable little influence that had taken full possession of John's heart, and John—well, nobody ever heard John complain that his auricles or his ventricles were uncomfortably crowded.

But John Marsden was doomed to a sad experience. He began the study of Psychology. "Why not," said John, "for is not her name Psyche? Is she not my Psyche, and why should I not study Psychology?" Now there was nothing strange in all this. John's life was wrapt up in his soul, and in the soul of his soul, and to know his own mental states and activities was only to know her better. "But to know her was to love her," and "their spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips," as John told Psyche that he was going to study her—ology. Oh joy, oh bliss, oh rapture!

CHAPTER II.

"The stuff that dreams are made of."

John Marsden had studied Psychology six weeks. Thoughts which John had never had before now occupied his attention. Strange doubts and misgivings

filled his mind. "I love her," he soliloquized. "I? What is this that I call 'I'? I don't exist. At any rate I could never prove it to her should she demand the proof. I love? But love is only a train of associations. A little curl, a ruby lip, a dimpled cheek, two coy brown eyes—and there results in consciousness a sensation which men (if there are such beings) have labelled love! I love her? Absurdity of absurdities! Her? Why she is only a percept in my mind (if I have any). The curl, the lips, the coy brown eyes, have affected my sensorium (whatever that may be), and through some synthetic activity of mind, in accordance with the law of contiguity, I have united these ideas and projected into space a something which I call 'her.' She is only a percept, then, and as a percept is only a state of my own soul, shall I declare that I have fallen in love with myself? Not if I know myself (and I am not at all certain that I do). I will call on Psyche, or rather on that charming little percept, and tell her my doubts and difficulties. I *will*? How do I know that I am free to will? By Jove, I promised to meet Harry in Greenbush to-night. Psyche lives in Bath. Here are two motives influencing me in opposite directions. If I am not free to go in the direction of the strongest motive, it seems to me that I must go to a place midway between these two and land in East Albany despite myself (myself! confound the word!). But I must see my Psyche, or at least experience such a sensation."

* * * *

He goes. And reader, believe me, no amount of psychical study could make a young man believe that he cannot see his "fairest fair" if he knows the street and number, and has the requisite car-fare.

CHAPTER III.

"Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

John is seated in the parlor and Psyche enters. John (*to himself*): "Ah, here she comes, or rather, since men can never know the outer world directly, but only through percepts, here comes that state of my soul which I call her. (*To her*): Fair percept, through an excitation of my sensorium there resulted in my consciousness a sensation which impelled me hither (if, indeed, I am here and you are here). I took a train of association to reach you, thou lovely occasion of sensations, that we might once more be contiguous. How often we have occurred together in consciousness before! And do we not, shall we not always tend to occur together hereafter. The sensation which you occasion — but perhaps you don't occasion it. At any rate the sensation which results in mind when you are near is as firm as ever. I can never fail to retain you, to recall you, and, having recalled you, to recognize you. Men call this memory. O, joy ecstatic! What a more or less pleasurable sensation results in consciousness as I think (though perhaps I don't) of our contiguity. Will you be mine, fair sensation projected into space, fair percept, sweet — —," but she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

"All's well that ends well."

How John Marsden found his way back to Albany that night he has never been able to explain to his friends. Perhaps he was a creature of circumstance for the once, and was brought to his home by chance. This mystery will never be solved. But Psyche spurned him and became true to another. John continued to study Psychology, but, alas, became a victim of its influence. The law of contiguity was too

much for him. On the other side of room two-nineteen, just in front of John, there sat each morning the most charming combination of percepts. It became a fixed habit with John to recall these percepts and recognize them *ad libitum*, and to make relations with them when nobody was near. Often he found the percepts there when, do his best, he could not free himself by any train of association, or by any exercise of his will. John Marsden and his *alter ego* can never be made to believe that they do not both exist, and that this fact is essential to the happiness of each.

The reader knows the rest. Suffice it to say that cards are out announcing the engagement of Mr. John Marsden to Miss Sarah Bratton. S. G.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

THE Quintilian Society has chosen the following as officers for this quarter: President, May Crawford; Vice-President, Frances Nally; Secretary, Anna Carroll; Treasurer, Josie Fitzgerald; Senior Editor, Carrie Mead; Junior Editor, Loretta McGraw; Critic, Nellie Goldthwaite.

Miss Sherrill has asked the students of the High School to bring in material illustrating the subjects taught in their different classes. Pictures, printed matter, etc., are now brought in daily by the pupils, who are eager to have a good collection, and to make a showing for the class.

The class of '97, which numbers about forty members, met last week for the purpose of organizing. The following were elected as officers: President, J. F. Putnam; Vice-President, Miss Littel; Secretary, Miss Oliver; Treasurer, L. T. Hunt.

The Adelphoi Society has entered upon its year's work. A number of new students have been initiated during the past five weeks.

Chas. Terwilliger, '96, who is teaching school near McKownsville, called at the College last week.

The chartered cars running to and from West Troy, and the College, are a great convenience to pupils coming from that place.

ALL SORTS.

TWO ladies were admiring a statuette of Andromeda, which was labeled, "Executed in terra cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego. "I'm sure I do not know," was the reply, "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it is."—*Ex.*

What is the difference between Bryan and Buffalo Bill? Buffalo Bill has a show and Bryan hasn't.

What is the sweetest tree in the world? The yew (you) tree.

To remove paint: Sit on it before it is dry.

Young lady (in grocery store)—"Have you any tack nails?" Clerk—"We have some tacks. You might be able to get tack nails in a hardware store."

When you sit in our studio for a photograph you are guaranteed perfection, from proof to finished portrait. Cornell & Dickerman, 67 North Pearl street, opposite hotel Kenmore.

Henry (a young business man)—"Isabelle, I adore thee and wish thee to be my wife. Wilt thou, dear?"

Isabelle (a college educated woman)—"Homo, hominis, homini."

Henry (interrupting)—"Yes, but I do not quite understand."

Isabelle—"Nothing—only I was just declining man."

Henry—"Oh, I see."

Teacher (after a careful lesson in teaching pupils the name of the town and county in which they live)—"Now, I hope you all understand just where you live."

Charlie (raising hand)—"I do."

Teacher—"Where do you live?"

Charlie—"I live right over there in that yellow house."

Teacher of Latin, give the dative of donum.

Pupil—Don' know (*dono*). Teacher—Very true.

Scene at charity hospital:

Patient—"Say, boy, will you call the doctor? I want him 'ter once."

Doctor (graduated in '96)—"I am the doctor."

Patient—"Don't they have any others around here?"

The teacher asked: "And what is space?"

The trembling student said:

"I can't think of it at present,

But I have it in my head."—*Ex.*

CONCERNING '97.

THE class of '97 has determined not to be outdone in the matter of social functions by any preceding class or classes. To this end it has elected to attend to those matters, as well as to manage its business affairs, the following officers:

Wilbur B. Sprague.....President.

Miss Julia Ast.....Vice-President.

Miss Myra Smith.....Secretary.

George G. Groat, A. B...Treasurer.

The class has already held two regular monthly social meetings, one September 18th and the other October 16th. At each a very pleasant evening was spent in social intercourse, which cannot fail to be remembered with pleasure in after years.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On August 13th, Sir John Everett Millais, president of the Royal Academy, died. In losing him England lost another of her distinguished sons. Some of the best known pictures of Sir John Everett Millais are: "The Huguenots," "The Princes in the Tower" and "No."

It is said that Cornell has secured the \$5,000 lathe that was offered at the World's fair to the most popular technical school.—*Ex.*

Harvard will make a new departure this year in foot-ball practice. The eleven will line up for practice only three times a week, the alternate days being given to some light form of exercise as different from foot-ball as possible.—*Ex.*

A new French academy, composed of ten writers of talent, has been established by the will of Edmund de Goncourt.—*Ex.*

Don't see everything that happens in your school, and try not to give undue importance to things that are of little or no importance.—*Ex.*

Keep one eye on the main end of all education and training, formation of character, and let lesser things adjust themselves in part.—*Ex.*

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Do what you are doing while you are about it, and let other things wait. Think on what you are thinking, and, until you have thought it out, or dropped the subject, bar the mind against all other topics.—*Ex.*

So that inextinguishable boyishness of the boy, the terror of the schoolma'am and the wonder of the pedagogue which in days of yore was seen only as an element of turbulence and confusion, conformed by the rod and its agents, is now looked upon as the current by which the proper development must proceed. The problem is solved when we place along this current the subjects and problems of nature, life and art, with which his outstretching spirit may successfully and lovingly grapple as the current becomes more intensified and stronger. We have to learn not how to check those restless feet, but how to direct them gracefully into the right paths, and when there how to supply the heart and mind with the nutriment which they with joy can receive and assimilate. This educational process is altogether wrong as long as there is any pain or disinterest about it. Remove these and you have accomplished that for which all humanity is begging.

Let us then learn to study the temperament of each child and seek to adapt our methods to the children as we find them, in all the variety, rather than force them, with their native originality and quaint conceit, to fit themselves to our artificial system of education as they so often find it.—*Ex.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THERE is an article in the September *New Ideas* entitled "Common Sense Education," and this article certainly does contain some good, sound common sense.

The *Art Education* contains many practical suggestions for those interested in that line of work.

One of our most valuable exchanges is the *New Education*. It gives hints and suggestions that are not simple theories, but which have been gained through the school of *experience* with which we are all more or less familiar.

We are glad to see the *Vidette* again. There is always something worth reading in that paper.

We have not yet received all of our exchanges. However, those which have reached our table show that the work is starting off briskly in those institutions which they represent. When we are preparing the material for our papers it would be well for us to ever bear in mind the fact that very often the only means that an outsider has of judging of our work is through the medium of the school-paper. Since this is the case those who are connected with the staff of the paper should ever strive to make their paper a true representation not only of the work done in the school, but also of the spirit and aims of the institution.

Thus far we have received the following exchanges: *The Teacher's Institute, The Hermonite, The School Bulletin, New Education, University Forum, University Herald, The Vidette, Educational Gazette, Normal News, The Tattler, The College Forum, The Review, The Calendar, The Wesleyan Argus, Union School Quarterly, New Ideas, and Art Education.*

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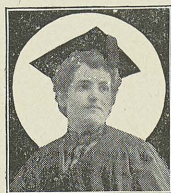
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