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A MORNING MEDITATION.

ONE fine morning in the chapel,
 Ere with work we had to grapple,
 There sat a quiet maiden,
 Who had some time to wait.
 She was fond of watching faces
 With characteristic traces,
 And, as she looked about her,
 She thus did meditate:

“ There's the girl who has a letter,
 And who is Good Fortune's debtor,
 There are very many types of her
 Both up and down the aisle.
 There's the girl who reads, half tearful,
 There's the girl who reads, quite cheerful,
 And there's the boy who watches
 With a most amused smile.

“ There's that laughter-loving party
 Of gay boys whose jokes are hearty.
 Their eyes are full of twinkles,
 Each thinking of some trick.
 There's the sober lad and studious,
 O'er his methods looking dubious,
 There's a boy of yet a different type,
 Him I label sick.

“ There's a girl in deep contrition
 Making up last night's omission
 By hurried, worried cramming
 In the chapel's peaceful region.
 Two types pervading every spot,—
 The Normalite with Psyche knot,
 The girl who wears eye glasses,—
 And the name of both is legion.”

The bell rang, then, music began,
 In order sat each girl and man;
 And as she took her hymnal,

The maiden felt this knowledge:
 “ All kinds of people make this earth,
 Its solemn gloom, its pleasant mirth,
 All lives make up this world of ours,
 And all types make our College.”

L. LOUISE ARTHUR, '96.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR TRAVELERS.

[For the ECHO.]

GIVEN wooded slopes of hills or mountains,
 a river, a lake, or a bit of sea-coast, clouds
 lighted up by the rising or setting sun, and some
 evidence that the homes of men are to be found
 within the range of vision, and you have a lands-
 cape that a painter delights to copy. These are
 the elements of picturesque scenery.

If a scientist visits a scene that the artist has
 transferred to his canvas, he finds there a thou-
 sand and one objects of interest unseen by the
 master of the brush and palette, but no less
 worthy of study and investigation.

The poet, too, finds inspiration in such a spot
 and he pays his tribute of reverence and love to
 Mother Nature in “ thoughts that breathe and
 words that burn.”

The traveler follows in the footsteps of all of these, striving to see with their eyes the beauty or the truth that they have recorded.

If any event of historic importance has occurred in such a place, the interest of the painter and the poet, and far more that of the traveler is enhanced by a knowledge of the story.

As an illustration of the truth of this statement look at a picture of the Castle of Chillon. Reflected in the clear placid waters of Lake Geneva, it rests under the shadow of the Alps at the base of a beautifully wooded mountain and in full view of not far distant peaks covered with eternal snows; learn its history; then read "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Byron; read also stanzas LXXV-XCVIII, Canto III of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage if you would realize the effect produced, on the poet's feelings and imagination, by natural scenery that is also historic ground.

Travelers from all parts of the civilized world go every year to visit the "Trossachs" and the ruins of Melrose Abbey, led by the magic of Sir Walter Scott's enchanting word pictures; and what he has pictured so vividly in words, the artist has represented on canvas and the illustrator has portrayed in light and shade.

But we need not go to foreign lands to find natural scenes worthy the poet's pen and the artist's canvas.

Irving has given to the Catskills and the Hudson a place in literature parallel to that of the Highlands in the writings of Scott, and, although Irving is not called a poet, he sees Nature with a poet's eyes and uses his pen as if it were the brush of a painter.

Niagara's mighty voice hushes into silence the human voice that would fain attempt to tell of its awful power and majesty; the painter succeeds better in this, that he attempts only to portray its shape and color and to suggest its vastness; but who that has looked upon the reality can forget the sound that seems to overpower all the senses, and that can never be represented by the art of man?

If the object of travel were simply to see picturesque, natural scenery, Americans need not go

to Europe, for we have at home everything that is necessary to fill the mind of the beholder with ideas of beauty, grandeur and sublimity. Many people seem to think this is what attracts travelers beyond everything else. If it were so, would not Europeans come to our country in as great numbers as we go to theirs?

Ask any tourist, just returned from a summer trip abroad, what he saw in any large city that he visited and he will probably tell you that he went to a number of places of interest; among them he will name public buildings, public gardens, public libraries, palaces, houses where distinguished men and women have lived and died, ruins, monuments, galleries of painting and sculpture, cathedrals and other famous churches. In whatever order he names them, these are the objects that have claimed his time and that he has spent his money to see; they include the places of historic interest and the art-treasures that give to every city its distinctive characteristics, its individuality.

The guide-books prepared for travelers give concise information in regard to what will be most likely to interest people of all sorts and conditions, and in looking for the things he *must* see in any town or city of note, the tourist invariably finds that he is directed to *one* famous picture, *one* piece of statuary, or *one* church, usually a cathedral, whose history dates back to early mediæval times; often the latter is mentioned as the only object of particular interest in the place. The eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries saw the natives of Europe building their thoughts into architectural forms that stand to-day as monuments of faith, and that represent to even a casual visitor the knowledge that the people must have gained of Bible history and gospel truth, by having the scenes of both the Old and the New Testaments constantly before their eyes in the form of painting and sculpture.

Read the description of St. Mark's, in "The Stones of Venice," by Ruskin, for conclusive evidence on this point.

In the Middle Ages, so often called the "Dark Ages," when a great victory was won, how was it commemorated? A thank offering was made

by the victor often in the form of an object that would appeal strongly to the people. Now it was a church erected on the spot where the tide of battle turned; again it was a painting commemorative of the reliance of the victor on supernatural aid in time of peril, and into which the portrait of the person was often introduced in the attitude of prayer or thanksgiving; or a piece of sculpture was executed, the subjects usually taken from sacred history, and made symbolical of the event which it was intended to commemorate. These offerings were placed conspicuously in churches and other public buildings, where they were familiar objects to the people from childhood to old age.

These were the means taken to educate the people before the art of printing made it possible to disseminate knowledge by means of books.

Shall we call people, who could not read and write in those days, ignorant? Is he who reads the history of his country in the works of art that its rulers and scholars have collected, and preserved and placed where the poorest and most illiterate may have free access to them at all times, ignorant, because he has studied objects instead of books? The traveler who goes into a gallery of painting or of sculpture in any city, is apt to be confused by the number of objects presented to him at once. He feels that it would take a lifetime to learn even a little about each one, and that there is no use in attempting to do more than to fix in memory the subjects of a few of the pieces that attract him by their beauty or by the fame of the artists who composed them.

Even the few that impress themselves most strongly upon his mind may be half forgotten unless he obtains copies of them and refreshes his memory of them in this way; but one thing he will be able to appreciate, and that is that such a museum is of inestimable value to the city in which it has been formed. He finds out

“That though gold may have its uses,
There are better things than gold,”

for all the wealth of all the millionaires in America would not tempt the authorities to part with even a single picture, or a statue, out of many of these great collections.

He who would become a *scholar* must first be a faithful student of nature, of books, and of art.

In our own land we have no lack of opportunity to look upon nature's masterpieces, and contemplating them, we say with the psalmist, “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.”

If we learn to read the books of all time, instead of contenting ourselves with the books of the hour, we may gain from them some portions of the wisdom of the entire race of man therein recorded. Books that make us neither happier, nor better, nor wiser, do not deserve the name; they are spurious articles in the form of books. Whether we are to become an art-loving people or not, remains to be seen. In the year of our one hundredth anniversary as an independent nation, the World's Fair at Philadelphia contained an art exhibit which was to many their first object lesson in painting and sculpture.

Last year, the fine arts exhibit at the Chicago Exposition challenged the admiration of thousands upon thousands of men and women who had never before had an opportunity to see a really fine picture or statue. But whether we travel in our own or in foreign lands, we shall gain little that will be of value unless we open the eyes of the mind as well as those of the body to all objects that lead the soul to higher and holier desires.

Mrs. MARGARET S. MOONEY.

STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, Oct., 1894.

L'ALLEGRO.

A NORMAL miss at Normal school —
She's learned “development” by rule;
She's sounded “methods” to the core,
She's written “sketches” by the score.
She revels in the depths of logic,
She's full of zeal and animation,
In short, in all things pedagogic,
She feels she can reform a nation.

IL' PENSEROSO.

THREE months have passed — on vaulted stool
She reigns supreme o'er district school;
But oh, what changes time has wrought!
How soon her plans seem come to naught.
As slow her weary head she bows,
In deep and gloomy meditation.
She thinks of former dreams, and vows
Her school's the worst in all creation.

P. E. R.—'93.

MY FIRST DAY.

I HAD just received my appointment as sole teacher in District No. 3 in the town of Larchville, and, as a consequence, was very happy.

And why should I not be? Was I not a graduate of the Normal and this my very first school?

I now felt that at last Rose Lathrop was to be somebody.

It was but a week to the beginning of school, and I spent that time in getting ready my wardrobe and carefully arranging my note-books, plans and sketches.

It was my desire to make the school a success in every way; nothing should be left undone to accomplish that object.

I shall never forget that first morning of school, *never*. I had arranged my plans the Saturday night previous; had my note-book marked at "The First Day in School;" knew what I was to say and do first, what second, etc. For instance, I had planned to be at the school before 8 o'clock; would expect the children to come straggling in ten minutes after or so; would open up a conversation with a pleasant smile, and a cheerful "good morning."

It being a rural district, I was prepared to discuss, with the children, any subject from a horse down to the "peepers" in the adjoining swamp.

I was confident of my success from the very first; and, as I had had three years training for my work, I felt I had every reason to be so.

I had asked my landlady to awaken me at 6:30 o'clock in order that I might have plenty of time that morning and not be hurried. I retired early eagerly longing for the morning.

My landlady was a farmer's wife, and while she and her household were early risers it was habit and not the alarm-clock that caused it.

As for the old clock it was of uncertain age and more uncertain time, no dependence was ever placed upon it and little attention given it.

The next morning I was awakened by a succession of sharp poundings on my door, and, although half asleep, there seemed to come to my brain something about "clock stopped," "reckon it's time to get up."

I lazily reached for my watch, and lo and behold, it was 7:45! Alas, my fond plan of getting to school at 8 was gone!

Much annoyed at this, I hurried through breakfast and was off to school at 8:10. The weather was very threatening, which I did not notice till I got half way to the school. Not being prepared for a shower you can imagine my feelings when in a few minutes the rain began to fall heavily. I was shortening my walk by crossing the fields, and it was not long before I was very uncomfortably moist to say the least.

I had now come within sight of the school, and what should I see but about forty children all huddled up close to the door making vain attempts to get in. Then I remembered the only key to the school was given me by the trustee the week before, and I had forgotten to bring it.

Here was a nice condition of affairs. The windows were all bolted I knew, and there was no possible way of getting into the school building without a key. If I should send a boy to the house for it, by the time he got back we would all be drenched. What was I to do? Nothing, but send the children home, and make my way back as soon as possible.

Just as I had about settled on this plan of procedure, I came within hearing of the children's voices.

"Holy smoke! Here she comes!" "Ketch on to her walk. She'll ketch the train, sure." "It's about time she come." "The idea of our having to stay out here in this rain until she's good and ready to come." "I guess she's pretty wet." "I hope she is."

These remarks were certainly not very flattering nor conducive to a quieting of my feelings.

As I drew nearer they lowered their voices, and, when I finally reached the school, there was complete silence.

Now for my note-book! What should I say or do? No plan had ever been given me for such a complication of affairs as this. I hated, dreadfully, to have to admit before those children that I had forgotten my key. I did not know what to say; I knew less what to do.

Alas! for my well-formulated plans of the

Saturday previous; for my three years' training in the Normal!

I had not bargained for getting up late, for a wet day, for forgetting my key, and all on the *first* day of school!

The Normal School had not said anything about them. In the Normal we had presupposed a fine day; my being there early, and certainly not forgetting the key.

Well, something must be done.

The children were waiting. "Have any of you got a key to open the door?" I asked in desperation, knowing full well that no one had. "The teacher keeps the key," called out one of the large boys. "Haven't *you* got a key?" asked another large boy in tantalizing tones. "No, I have not; that is I forgot" and murder was out. "I guess we'd better go home, fellows," shouted the first speaker.

And there I was left with the girls and a few of the smaller boys.

One of the boys yelled back: "She's lost her key; she's lost her head," while some of the girls tittered.

Then I told the remaining children to go home, and come back the next day.

This was my first *day* of school, and a *bright* day it was in more ways than one.

I went right back to my boarding place, and, as soon as I had changed my wet clothing for dry, sat down and had a good cry.

After a while I must have fallen asleep, for I did not awaken until the dinner-bell rang at my door.

The rain continuing very heavy during the afternoon, I did not go out but spent a profitable time in thinking over my dismal failure of the morning.

And what did I learn from my decidedly disagreeable experience?

I learned that no matter how successful one may be in a practice school, no matter how many notes one may take, or plans make, in the every day life in the district school, success does not depend on any one of these factors alone.

While my Normal School training was exceedingly practicable, and absolutely necessary for

the attainment of marked success in my teaching, yet I needed that adaptability of notes and plans to environment, the ability to do which is gained only in the school of experience.

I needed the experience to know when to reject all rules and follow the exceptions which prove them.

I found that at any time I must be prepared to see all my plans fall to the ground and become useless.

In time I came to realize that the best teacher, other things being equal, is the one who can meet every exigency with just the right method, and carry out her plans with ease and rapidity.

W. J. MILLAR.

THE VIOLET'S LAMENT.

A DAINTY little violet
Upsprang from mossy bed,
And nodding on her slender stalk —
Looked up to heaven and said —

When even comes and in the West,
The great sun sinks — a golden ball —
Then on my drooping, heated, head,
Soft showers of dew refreshing fall.

Soon naught is heard, the forest through,
Save drowsy chirp from folded wing
Until the sun lights up the East —
And wakened birds their matins sing.

When summer's heat has scorched the earth,
And parched the fields and meadows lie,
Thou sendest showers with cooling breath,
From out a dark and threatening sky.

And this in love thou dost for me
Unwearied day by day —
Until the debt of gratitude,
Is more than I can pay.

What can I do for thee and those,
Whom thou dost children call?
I willingly for thee would die,
And thus yield up my all.

And yet methinks to die, were yet
More selfish than to live
And in my humble sphere in life,
Some pleasure try to give.

Then through the tree-tops far and near,
A murmur seemed to rise —
As waves upon a pebbly strand —
That breaks in foam and dies. —

From out the murmur came a voice
To where the violet lay —
And said — "My child, lift up thy head, —
Thy love doth more than pay."

C. E. LANSING.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

SUBSCRIBE for the ECHO.

ALL subscriptions not paid before January 1st, will cost \$1.25. Now is the time to pay.

THE customary Friday afternoon talk to the college students, by Dr. Milne, are continued this year.

NEW students are still entering the college. Among the number, we recognize the faces of former graduates, returned for the classics.

By the number of wedding announcements received, it is evident that many of our graduates are making progress in the right (?) direction.

WE wish to extend our thanks to those friends who, appreciating our efforts, have remembered us with their words of cheer and good wishes for the continued success of the ECHO.

IT is reported that some time, far back in the past, certain colors were adopted as college colors. If this be true, would it not be well to resurrect them at the same time we decide upon a college pin?

UNLESS some unforeseen difficulty arises, our subscribers may look for their ECHO, at the end of each month. After due deliberation, it has

been decided that this is the best time at which to issue the paper.

WE are called upon to note the loss of our financial editor. Owing to an offer in a different kind of employment, he deemed it best to sever his connection with the institution. Our best wishes go with him in his new work.

By this time nearly every student in the college and high school has been asked to subscribe for the ECHO. As a result of the efforts put forth by the ECHO board, seventy-five new names have been added to the subscription list.

WE are pleased to note the interest manifested in our college paper by the new students. It is sure indication that they recognize its importance in the college. Each and all are cordially invited to contribute articles for publication.

As a result of the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting, held in this city, the number of people visiting the college during that week was very large. Not all strangers by any means. Many took advantage of the opportunity to visit their *alma mater*.

MANY catalogues of schools are received, in which the names of our graduates appear, either as principal, or as holding some other important position. We are glad to receive such evidence of progress. It also shows that they are interested in us.

THE excitement occasioned by the organization of a foot-ball team, has all passed away, but apt at any time to burst upon us with renewed force. In an institution of the character of our own, there are many things to be considered carefully, before venturing upon such an undertaking. If we have a foot-ball team, it should be one able to win. This would require a great deal of time in practicing. Have our students this time to spare? It is our opinion that the time of nearly all is fully occupied in wrestling with greek and latin roots. We do not think it is lack of interest in athletic games, that is the cause of failure in this line, but rather lack of time.

ARTICLES are continually received without the name of the writer being added. For the benefit of those who do not know we would say that

there is an unwritten law which requires that nothing shall be printed unless signed. This has not always been followed, but we desire to live up to it in the future. We wish every article printed to be evidence that it is Normal College talent. One of the advantages we have over many other papers is the fact that we copy nothing. An article signed will receive many more readers than it would otherwise. It is read not only because of the thought expressed, but also because *you* wrote it. We invite all to contribute, but please sign your name.

SOCIETIES AND SOCIETY WORK.

THE literary societies connected with nearly all educational institutions are important factors in training the student to think and speak for themselves. They also afford a splendid opportunity for service in the cause of education—a service in fact for which it is impossible to find any adequate substitute. Their appropriate office, moreover, seems to be in connection with some collegiate institution. This does not mean that they are to exist in college only, but it is there that we may expect from them the best possible results, for there they have the wise and continual supervision of those interested in their welfare.

If we may judge from the opinions expressed by those who have finished their college course, and during that time were connected with some one of the various societies, we shall find that there is no branch of their college work which is valued more than the training thus received.

Of the various parts into which the work of a society is divided, probably the one which meets with the heartiest support and from which the most good is derived is the debate. It is because of this fact that many societies engaged in literary pursuits are called debating societies.

The debating society is not a modern institution. In almost every age and country in which the spirit of literature or philosophy has existed, the debating society has appeared under some form where men might meet for the free discussion of some topic of interest. They are the natural result of the workings of the human mind.

They seem to grow out of the very nature of our mental constitution. To a certain extent, every one loves discussion. It may be desire for truth or mere love of conquest,—whatever the motive, certain it is we all engage or readily listen to others engaged in controversial encounters.

A reason for the great popularity of the debate is because it furnishes opportunities which are offered in no other branch of education. In no other part of his college education has the student so good an opportunity for logical disputation as here. By becoming a participant he learns to avoid partial views and hasty conclusions, and to respect the opinions of others. Under the force of active competition he measures with others his own strength, thus enabling him to find a standard which shall serve as a check to self-assertion and over-confidence.

Not the least of the advantages afforded by debating is the opportunity offered for the practice of deliberate oratory. It requires a very slight survey of the almost unlimited extent of the province of deliberate oratory to see its importance. In congress, in the legislature, in organizations of every description,—wherever in a word questions are to be discussed and decided according to the will of the majority, there is its appropriate field.

Such men as Curran, Fox and Webster owe much of their oratorical success to the active part they took in society work while in college. In fact, it is hard to find a man who has ever achieved a reputation in the field of eloquence, who is not under obligations more or less heavy to the opportunities afforded in some debating society.

But the debate is only one of the many interesting and instructive features. To each of the various departments of literary work a part of the time is given so that all, whatever may be their especial aptitude, may find an occasion to cultivate and display their ability. Since the debate includes nearly all of these, it is spoken of in particular. Want of space prevents a discussion of the social relations which are the outgrowth of this work.

Connected with our college are two societies, the Phi Delta and the Delta Omega. They are doing excellent service in the cause of education. Any one may deem himself or herself fortunate who is elected a member of either society.

MY VISIT TO AN OIL REGION.

TWELVE hours ride in the right direction from Albany will carry one into a region where the occupation and qualities of the people, the characteristics of the villages and the type of the scenery are so different from what he has left, that, if the journey be taken in the night, the change will seem as unreal as one in the Arabian Nights. There was a magic in that first morning whose power lasted the whole month through, for me, for when I left the main railroad and was rattling in and out among the hills as the erratic little engine chose to go, the soft tones of a certain little lady's voice drowned all other sounds and put to sleep all possibilities of care or discontent for all the days that I should be within its range. She had come to the "junction" to meet me and make sure that I lost no feature of this last and wildest part of my journey. Under her tuition, I noticed the thick new growth of trees along the hillsides, with here and there among the youthful upstarts a gigantic old hemlock that had somehow escaped the woodman's axe, and remained to tell the tale of the ancient glory of these forests. Now and again the narrow track led us to points where long vistas down the valleys made me exclaim at their beauty; or, as the opening between the hillsides narrowed, it sprang across the depression between, on a trestle so sharply curved that the fireman on the engine might almost have shaken hands with the conductor in the last car. Soon there came into view above the treetops the open framework of the derricks, tall spires in open work they seemed always to me, in spite of the practical uses to which they are put. It was later, however, that a purely feminine understanding of their machinery was given to me, so far from humorous, that I will not offer it to any one. After the tall spire, the huge walking beam is the most striking feature, especially when it is taking its stately promenade, and the oil is thereby being pumped into the reservoir.

In these valleys the oil is becoming exhausted, and in a few moments the small amount flowing into the well in a day's time, can be pumped out. The supply can be temporarily increased by an explosion of nitro-glycerine at the bottom of the tube, and the hills are full of grewsome tales of the premature explosions of the deadly material. In the early and prosperous days of the oil region these were flowing wells, and the bountiful supply was accompanied with such high prices that fortunes were made almost literally in a day, but nature has since grown less generous, and the Standard Oil Company as well. Little money is

now made by the well-owners, though real poverty is scarcely anywhere to be found.

I have wandered from my starting point, but such was our custom in the valley. The woods are traversed in every direction with a net-work of paths leading to the derricks, to the boiler-house, of which there is one for each group of derricks, or to the ridge-road that leads along the top of every hill. We could also walk along the boxes which carry the steam pipes from the boiler to the walking-beams, and on every side while I was there, bushes loaded with luscious blackberries enticed us aside. It was not very hard to become confused among these many turns. I remember one occasion when, after long wanderings on the hillside, we found out where we were by hearing again the steady "clack — clack — clack" of the great pipe by which the Standard Company pumps the oil from the smaller reservoirs on the hills up to the huge round reservoirs which it keeps on the line of the great railroads.

Another means of locating ourselves was offered by the "barkers," derricks with an arrangement in the suction-pipes which gives utterance to most melancholy sounds, growing more shrill and insistent as the oils grows low. All day long these wails are heard as one group after another of the wells is pumped dry. The constant jangle of cow-bells mingles with the other sounds, as the free and easy possessors of these ornaments wander at will over the hills or along the unfenced roads, "seeking what they may devour." Let no one who is fearful of the *bovinæ* hope for any comfort in a stroll through these valleys. The railroad, even, has chosen the alternative of paying for all accidents to the creatures that choose to dispute passage with the engine, to the more hopeless one of trying to fence them out.

I have come back, as we usually did during walks, to the railroad again. On that first day the little engine finally stopped at the platform which served for the station, and after reminding the man in the baggage car that my grip was ticketed for this place we went down to my lady's home, along a board sidewalk whose rotten planks threatened us with constant danger to life and limb. I looked about me with interest, for into such a scene my journeying had never before led me. The railroad ran through the village on a long curved trestle, which seemed to have twisted in inextricable confusion houses, derricks, brooks and pasture lands. Afterward they told me the story of the town which explains its present lack of arrangement. In the old days to which I have already referred, the town was quite a flourishing little city, and money ran almost as freely as did the oil, but one night,

during a heavy thunderstorm, the lightning struck a large oil tank which stood on the banks of one of the little brooks above the village. An oil tank on fire is a royal spectacle, but few could enjoy it this night, for the burning oil broke out from the tank and rolled its blazing flood down the bed of the brook, destroying everything in its way. The remnants of the village are all that is left, low unpainted wooden houses, for the most part, beautified only by magnificent growths of the wood vine and wild cucumber vine. On entering the house, however, comfort, convenience, and sometimes even beauty contradict the dilapidated look of the outside. To the eye of the stranger there is nothing to betray the fact that under the paper hanging there is no plaster, and the use of natural gas for heating and lighting makes conveniences which many a city housewife might envy. It was only when I went to church that I felt again that I was in the midst of a frontier life. It was an ordinary one-story dwelling house, from which the partitions were removed and the irregular space left seated with hard wooden chairs, and but few of the women could be persuaded to attend the services there. In spite of this lack of piety the men are generous, hospitable and sober, they allow the sale of no alcohol within the valley, and their chief diversion seems to be membership in some one of the numerous secret "lodges" which flourish here.

I have given but a desultory account of the observations which I made during my stay in this region, and the secret of the charm which I felt, and which has revived as I know its memories, may not be given to one who did not know my guide, to solve. But to one who went with her through its shady hollow, this were henceforth a "Happy Valley," from which only remorseless fate could summon to the hard worked world outside.

S. E. HAWLEY.

A SURE CURE.

DR. ABERNETHY was a famous physician and wit of the time of Swift, Addison and Pope. He disliked very much to be disturbed at night and once when awakened at midnight by the violent ringing of his bell, the following conversation took place between his visitor and himself: "Doctor, Doctor, come quick, my son has swallowed a mouse." "Tell him to swallow a cat and let me alone," answered the angry doctor as he closed the window with a bang and went back to bed.

'95'S RECEPTION.

ON Saturday evening, September 29, the senior class gave, if we are any judge, one of the most enjoyable receptions which has been held for several years. All day long the various committees were hard at work gathering autumn leaves and flowers, and procuring other means of decoration, so that by evening the dim, bare rooms on the first floor had been converted into bowers of beauty. The guests, who consisted of the faculty, college and high school students, began to arrive about 8 P. M. They were met at the door by certain members of the class whose cordial welcome banished all timidity and restraint, and made everyone feel at home.

Having removed their wraps, the reception committee, Miss Van Arsdale, Miss Fish, Miss Newman, Mr. Risk and Mr. Millar, received them more formally. Then each one was free to wander at will. The marked increase in sociability among the members of the institution since then, is largely due to one feature of the evening which we heartily recommend. Each guest was given a pencil and card, decorated with ribbons of yellow and white, the class colors. Mr. Risk, the class president, then stated that the person obtaining the largest number of autographs was to receive a prize. The excitement ran high as the competitors rushed from one to another, not even waiting for an introduction.

At the close of the half hour, the company was silenced, and Miss Jennie Gillespie, with 105 names, came forward to receive the first prize—a buzzer, symbolical of her activity in securing the names. Mr. Wm. H. Crounse, with five names, took the booby prize—a toy drum with the accompanying sticks, which he *could* beat.

A short program followed; a song by Mr. Rockefeller, a reading by Mr. Risk, and an instrumental duet by Miss Katherine Toohy and Miss Husted. Each one was heartily applauded, Mr. Risk and Mr. Rockefeller responding to the encore.

After the singing of college songs, the good-nights were said, thus bringing to a close an evening which we trust is but a foretaste of those which are to follow during the remainder of the year '94-'95.

QUICKSILVER READING CIRCLE.

FORMER members of the Quicksilver will be glad to know that another year has opened prosperously for the society, both in numbers and in the quality of work done. The limit of membership is again placed at thirty-five, although, as a result, many who would find the work interesting and helpful are denied admittance. The officers for the present term were elected at the first meeting of the year, Sept. 12, and are as follows: J. H. Risk, president; Minnie Waite, vice-president; Katherine Toohey, treasurer; Sarah Hawley, secretary. At this meeting, also, the hour was changed from 1:15 P. M. to 4:45 P. M., with obviously good results. The readings for the past portion of the term have been occupied with the literature of the Norsemen, those half-barbarous sea-kings who terrified the northern coasts of Europe with their ravages, and sailed in their dragon ships as far to the west as our own shores. The work has grouped itself around Longfellow's version of the Saga of King Olaf, which describes the struggle of christianity to supplant the old beliefs and customs of the Northland. Although there was much that was beautiful and poetic in the mythology which we have studied, the cruel and revengeful character of the Norsemen as it is shown in the Sagas, is also reflected in their myths, and we turn with the hope of something gentler to our next subject, the early German literature.

For those not acquainted with the aim of the society, it might be of interest to explain that we have a two years' course in the early literature of each nation, whose development has affected that of the present day, so that, while we are in a sense students of folk-lore, it is with a literary rather than a scientific interest. As can be inferred from the beginning, this year's work will be largely concerned with the nations of northern Europe, with whose characteristic myths we are less acquainted than with those of their neighbors in Greece and Rome, although the former are our own ancestors. While this is properly the second year of the course, it is not dependent upon that which has gone before, but, like the literature which it studies, can stand upon its own merits.

The surplus which was already in the treasury, and the amount which the fees of the present year will bring, is destined to make additions to the library of the society, which has already quite a valuable nucleus.—S. E. H. '95.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(Translation from Virgil's Fourth Georgic.)

ORPHEUS gained from stormy grief, strength and daring,
Dark was his sorrow, rayless seemed the day,
So anguished did he rave and so despairing
For his dear queen most cruelly torn away.

Swift fled she by the softly flowing river,
She the doomed maiden to Death's open door,
Saw not the serpent in the tall grass quiver,
Saw not the coil that girt the verdant shore.

But all her following train of Dryads fair,
Filled the high mountains with their shrieked alarms,
The grim rocks of Rhodope in pity rare
Wept sore; less heartless store such grief disarms.

Orpheus himself so desolate and lonely
On the wild sea-shore soothed his longing love,
Sang with his hollow shell of thee only,
Of thee, sweet wife, when day rose bright above.

Of thee when dewy night sank down profoundly,
From morn till even still he sang of thee,
Till wandering on, forever seeking fondly,
The jaws of awful Tartarus did he see.

He even entered Pluto's gates stupendous —
Death's groves with gloomy horror overspread —
He sought the heavens and their king tremendous,
Hearts unrelenting when all prayers are said.

But moved by his song's passion all inspiring
In eager throngs like swiftly flocking birds,
From Erebus profoundest depths repairing,
Stalked forth the deathly phantoms, airy shades.

Startled were Death's deepest dungeons to unrest,
The Furies with their dusky snake-coiled hair
Enyawning Cerebus his three fierce mouths repressed
And Ixion's whirling wheel was stayed in air.

Now turned he back his steps with sweetest concord,
All dangers overpowered by mighty love,
Close followed by Eurydice restored,
Saw the first glimmer of the world above.

When swift a wild longing for the dear one found,
Seized him up on the very verge of light
And he on his Eurydice looked round —
All wasted was his labor and his might.

For naught then had the bonds of Death been sundered,
For naught the tyrant death-king's law o'er thrown,
Thrice o'er Avernus' lake the echoes thundered,
Thrice sounded through its depths a dismal groan.

Alas now! "was her cry," what madness dire is this?
Again the cruel fates call me from the skies
And heavy sleep with his resistless kiss,
Again has closed my dim and swimming eyes.

And now a long farewell, I pass Death's door,
 Encompassed by thick night, and unto thee,
 O stretch my feeble hands my love— ah mine no more,
 Then her dim melting form he ceased to see.

Like wavering smoke she with the thin air blended,
 No more he saw her, grasping shades in vain,
 Nor could he by Death's ferryman befriended
 Again traverse the intervening fen.

What could he do, where go, twice from her torn,
 How move the spirit, how her life redeem?
 But she now cold and in the dark boat borne
 Was drifting, drifting down the fatal stream.

HARRIET W. BURTON, '95.

THE NORMAL COLLEGE CHAPTER OF THE
 AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

THIS society organization, for the observation and study of nature, has been reorganized and with an additional list of new members is prepared for active and effective work this year.

Although not a year old the society has a large collection of valuable specimens. Three members contributed over nine hundred zoological specimens, secured during vacation.

We are pleased to see the interest manifested by the new students and we take this opportunity to request all who are interested in nature study to join the society for mutual improvement.

The objects of the association are probably too well known to require repetition here, but the formation of habits of observation, the acquisition of valuable knowledge; access to collections of specimens; the benefit derived by pursuing one line of work and presenting the results to others,—these are all well worthy of the time and additional work they may necessitate.

The meetings are held on the second and fourth Fridays of the month. The official paper, "The Observer," will be found on file in the College library.

Mr F. W. Brown gave an entertaining and instructive talk on "Aniline dyes—their preparation and uses," at the meeting October 19th. The subject of the next meeting, November 2d, will be "Color," in charge of Miss H. E. Burton.

A committee has been appointed to prepare a paper to consist of original and selected articles on nature topics of interest, each member being privileged and requested to contribute.

This paper will be read at the meeting of November 16th.

Following are the officers for the ensuing term:

<i>President</i>	M. E. Waite.
<i>Vice-President</i>	H. E. Burton.
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	John McLaurry.
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Maude Beaudry.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ella M. De Witt.
<i>Curator</i>	Miss Bishop.
<i>Executive Committee</i>	Prof White,
“ “	Miss Russell.
“ “	Miss Lockwood.
“ “	Miss Sheehan.
“ “	Miss Smith.

C. M. F.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES died at his home in Boston on the 7th of October, 1894. By his death we lose the last of the great writers of his generation. It is true that many writers have appeared since, clever in their way, but none can be compared to those giants in the literary field, Holmes and his contemporaries.

You ask in what the "Autocrat" excelled. We do not attempt to say. He did so many things well that it is difficult to decide in which he ranks the highest. But the one distinguishing feature of the man and his work is human sympathy. It is this that lends a charm to all his writings and is the cause of his great popularity.

He was always genial, always ready to lend a helping hand and to see the best side of other writers. His was a noble life, a beautiful example to all men. His writings will give him lasting fame, but that which we shall retain is the memory of a character without fear and without reproach.

On the day of his burial the classes in room 210 held appropriate exercises in his honor. The portrait of the Author was tastefully draped in black. The regular order of work was laid aside and the time devoted to readings from his various works.

DELTA OMEGA RECEPTION.

ON October 26th, the kindergarten room was the scene of a very pleasant reception, given by the members of the Delta Omega Society, to a few of their friends. The President, Miss Minnie E. Waite, received, assisted by Miss Briggs, Miss Robeson, and Miss Van Arsdale. The room was tastefully decorated, and presented a very cosy appearance. Chocolate and wafers, were served, Miss Duckworth and Miss Husted, presiding at the tables. During the afternoon a short program was rendered, consisting of a piano duett by Miss Parlotti and Miss Husted, a recitation by Miss Manahan, a solo by Miss Newman, a reading by Miss Lansing, and a vocal duett by Miss Newman and Miss Courtney.

OCTOBER.

THE autumn winds are sighing so softly o'er the lea;
The merry birds are flitting to their homes across
the sea;
The leaves are dropping gently to their silent winter's
bed,
And giving to old nature a wreath of gold and red.
The dainty summer blossoms their petals widely strew,
And nod their fair heads gayly to say good by to you;
The squirrel daily gathers ripe chestnuts for his store;
The cornfields and the meadows prove that harvest
time is o'er;
With all these signs of nature it does not need a seer,
To tell us that October, the golden month, is here.
M. L. W.—'94.

ALUMNI NOTES.

- '75. MISS Sarah T. Dakin of the June class, is teaching in the High School, Lincoln, Nebraska.
- '82. Miss Cora Marsland, who is at the head of the elocution department of the Academy, East Greenwich, L. I., recently assisted at a recital given in Academy Hall. One of the Long Island papers says of her: "Miss Marsland is certainly an elocutionist of rare accomplishments. Her representations of 'Nydia,' from 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' which she dramatized, was artistic and elegant."
- '84. Elmer E. Henderson, June class, is principal of one of the public schools in Brooklyn.
Walter A. Wood has a position as clerk in the Custom House, New York city.
- '85. Mrs Jennie Livingston Cox of Middletown, N. Y., called at the college, Oct. 10.
Miss Eva A. Parsons is now Mrs Edward Kortright of Westtown, N. Y.
- '86. On Oct. 10 Miss Jennie McCoubrey was married to Mr Benjamin Franklin, the solo tenor, in All Saints' Cathedral of this city. Their home will be at 91 Grand street, Troy, N. Y.
- '87. Miss M. Elizabeth Foster is vice-principal of Primary School No. 1, Port Chester, N. Y.
Miss Edith S. Dickey called at the college Sept. 29, having just returned from abroad, where she has been for the past year.

- Miss Mary Lansing of Warwick, N. Y., called at the college, Oct. 4.
- '88. Thomas Thurston is a clerk in the Custom House, New York city.
- '89. E. S. Hawkins and wife visited the college, Oct. 19. Mr Hawkins also has a position in the Custom House, New York city.
Wm. S. Twitchell has been transferred from School No. 7, Paterson, N. J., to No. 3, with an addition of \$400 to his salary.
Miss Black has returned to take the classical course.
- '90. Mrs Jessie Reeve Miller of Livingston, N. Y., visited the college, Oct. 10.
Miss Jennie E. Wiggins of the January class, recently became Mrs Smith Weeks of Patchogue, L. I.
Miss Eva Alice Bush was married, on Oct. 10, to John Emory Middaugh, Jr.
- '91. A. A. Dodds is teaching at New Hyde Park.
Charles H. Anthony has a position at Napanock, N. Y.
Miss Frances Leitzell has returned to take the classical course.
- '92. Miss Anna M. F. McCann has secured a position at Mahopac, N. Y.
Miss Alice Nichols of the June class, called at the college, Oct. 10.
On October 4, Miss Kate E. Sturtevant became the wife of Dr. Arthur W. Johnson of Amsterdam.
Miss Frances Crawford of Cohoes attended the '95 reception Sept. 29.
Miss Katherine Ostrander was also at the reception, and called at the college Oct. 5.
Miss J. A. Tallman of the June class called at the college Oct. 20. She is teaching at Defriestville.
Miss Nettie Warner was recently married to Mr. Wm. Higgins of New Salem.
- '93. George R. Greene is teaching at Morris, N. Y.
Frank Stanbro has returned to college.
Miss Mae E. Vincent is teaching at Byram, Conn.
C. A. Woodard is principal of the school at Fair Haven, Vermont.
Miss Edna H. Tuthill of the June class has a position at Patchogue, L. I.
George Albert Bolles has taken unto himself a wife, Miss Emma L. Smalley of Ithaca.
Paul Riemann has returned to take additional work.
Alfred V. B. Howell has been admitted to advanced standing in the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University.
N. P. Banks Johnson has been elected one of the trustees of the Nyack Free Library.
The announcement has reached us of the marriage of Nathan J. Lowe and Miss Henrietta D. Boyd of Buffalo, N. Y. Their home is in Totenville, N. Y.
Miss Lizzie Young of Copake spent Oct. 5-8 in the city.
- '94. Miss Mary Wilcox attended the college prayer-meeting, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 7.
Miss Jessie McAuliffe spent Oct. 8-13 in the city. She has a position as kindergarten teacher at Ft. Edward, N. Y.
Miss Anna M. Speidel was the guest of Miss Husted, Oct. 26-28.
Miss Katherine Lozier of Newburgh was in town during the week, Oct. 14-21.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

MISS FILKINS was seen in Chapel, October 11th.

Students are busy plotting Hallowe'en sports.

Miss Estella Farrelly of Cohoes visited the College on October 19th.

Mr Robert Wells and Miss Wallace have re-entered the High School.

Mr J. Osterhout has entered the freshman class at the Albany Medical College.

The Misses Nettie Van Derzee and Francis Clark and Mr Franklin Cole are on the sick list.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mae Roff, '93, and Mr G. M. Millar, to be solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents on October 25th.

Great interest and commendable zeal is shown in the Geology class. One member carried a specimen weighing two pounds from Kenwood to her home in Delmar.

The Adelpia Society held an interesting political debate on October 19th. Messrs Hotaling and Sponable defended Republican principles, Mr Berry argued for the Democrats, while Messrs Moyer and Garrison made earnest pleas for Prohibition. With stern composure, advancing arguments that swept all opposition before them, Mr Berry routed his opponents at every point, and carried the day for the Democracy.

Many students of the High School and the Adelpia Society enjoyed the exercises of the Quintilion Society on October 5th. The following program was rendered in a pleasing manner:

Instrumental Solo.... Mae Hall.
Recitation Minerva Hess.
Dialogue Dora Ullman and Helen Wilson.
Music..... Ada B. Graves.
Reading Grace Shaller.
Recitation Nettie Breckenridge.
Music..... Blanch Murphy.

On September 28th the High School societies and their friends assembled in Normal Hall to witness the trial of J. Fay Putnam, accused of murdering John Bogardus. As the supposed corpse visited his friends in the High School on the morning of the trial, the name of Miss Jackson was substituted in his stead. Mr Sponable made an admirable judge, Mr Berry ably represented the people, and Mr Garrison watched the interests of the accused. Notwithstanding the eloquent plea of Mr Garrison, the defendant was adjudged guilty and sentenced to be electrocuted. The case was appealed.

PERSONALS.

MISS HANNAHS spent Oct. 14 in Rome, N. Y.

C. M. Frost spent Sunday in the Helderbergs.

Mrs. Floyd J. Bartlett visited the Model Department, Oct. 9.

Dr Milne addressed the teachers at Tonawanda Oct. 19.

Mrs. Mooney spent a delightful day at Lake George, Sept. 29.

Miss Clara M. Greason has left college on account of ill-health.

Dr. Milne attended the Institute at Jamaica, L. I., Sept. 27, 28.

Miss Sophie Ross, formerly '95, attended the reception, Sept, 29.

Mr. Snyder Gage spent Sunday, Oct. 14, at his home in Johnstown, N. Y.

Miss Edna Bliss '96 entertained Mrs Burdick of Alfred, N. Y., on Oct. 9.

Miss Hamill entertained her brother, Mr. Walter Hamill, of Utica, Oct. 20.

Commissioner Alfred F. Presley, from Onondaga Co., called at the college Oct. 9.

Prof. and Mrs. Slauson, of Bath-on-the-Hudson called at the College, Oct. 3.

Prof. A. D. Dunbar, of the High School, Peekskill, called at the College, Oct. 13.

Miss Roosa, of Middletown, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Susie McDonald, Oct. 9.

Miss Margaret Doyle, '96, spent Sunday, Oct. 21, at her home in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Miss White, of Warwick, was the guest of Miss Genevieve Chrissey, '96, Oct. 21.

Miss Balcom entertained Mrs Graves and Miss Perry of Waterville, N. Y., on Oct. 10.

Miss Porter of the State Normal School, Worcester, Mass., visited the college Oct. 8.

Miss May Miller '95 spent Sunday, Oct. 7, with Miss Caroline Goddard, '94, of Cohoes.

Mr B. B. Seaman, editor of the Richfield Springs "Mercury," was in chapel Oct. 12.

Mrs Horace Shead of Glens Falls spent Oct. 20 with her sister, Miss Blanche Willard, '96.

Prof Geo. E. Gay, Supt. of the Mass. Public School Rev Mr Beckwith of Pleasant Valley, N. Y., occupied a chair upon the chapel stage Oct. 10.

Exhibit, called at the college Sept. 29.

Miss Agnes Marshall, of Clayton, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Duckworth, Oct. 12-15.

Mrs H. D. Waite of Watertown, N. Y., visited her daughter, Miss Minnie E. Waite, Oct. 9.

Prof. Wetmore gave an illustrated lecture on "The Sun" at the Institute, at Coxsackie, Oct. 2.

Dr. Milne was away Oct. 17-20 attending the annual meeting of city superintendents, held in Buffalo.

The Misses Snell of St. Johnsville, cousins of Miss Mabel Tarr '96, were at chapel exercises Oct. 12.

Miss Charlotte West and Miss Lillie West, sister and aunt of Miss West, '95, were in chapel, Oct. 5.

Miss Bertha Reynolds, of Middle Falls, N. Y., was entertained by Miss Katherine Toohey, Oct. 12-15.

Miss Emma Aitken, of Schenectady, spent Sunday, Oct. 21, with her sister, Miss Margaret Aitken, '95.

Mrs. Maegher, of Amsterdam, spent Saturday, October 20, with her daughter, Miss Mary F. Maegher, '96.

Dr and Mrs Milne attended the conference in behalf of the Indians, which was held at Mohunk, Oct. 11, 12.

Mrs. B. B. Drake and Mrs. Millagan, of Wisconsin, spent Sunday, Oct. 14, with Miss Daisy Northrup, '95.

Miss Reeve, critic in the practice school of the New Paltz Normal, visited our institution Oct. 9, 10 and 11.

Miss Anna Arrison of Oxford, N. Y., visited her sister, Miss Jennie Arrison of the kindergarten class, Oct. 8-11.

Mrs G. W. De Witt of Chittenango, visited her daughter, Miss Ella M. De Witt, during the week Oct. 10-17.

Mr W. G. Williams, Supt. of Schools at Watertown, N. Y., visited his daughter Miss Florence Williams, '96, Oct. 20.

The Misses Story of Albany and Miss Bradford of Watertown, N. Y., were guests of Miss Minnie E. Waite Oct. 3.

We extend to Miss Helen Sheehan, our sympathy in the loss of her father, whose death occurred at Troy, N. Y., Oct. 5.

Our editor-in-chief, Mr Henry F. Blessing, was detained from school duties on account of illness Oct. 16, 17, 22, 23, 24.

The popularity of Prof. White as a reader, is shown by the fact that he entertained audiences at the institutes held at Hoosick Falls, Greenwich and Cobleskill, Oct. 2, 11 and 22, respectively.

The State Christian Endeavor Convention which convened in our city Oct. 9 and 10, was attended, to quite an extent, by the members of our institution. It also brought us many visitors.

ECHOES.

AUTUMN leaves.

No holiday this month.

A taste of Indian summer.

Examinations are coming.

Who will boom the college pin?

The reception was well attended.

"October, the sunset of the year."

A very few of our students were so fortunate as to hear Melba.

A few names have been added to the college register during the month.

The following is going the rounds of the college papers. Can you decipher it?

I thee read see that me

Love is up will I'll have

But that and you have you'll

One and down and you if.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

VASSAR has challenged Bryn Maur to a debate.

Harvard has won but one Yale boat race since '85.

Chi Psi has established a chapter in the Lehigh University.

The students of Chicago University have adopted scarlet as their color.

1776 marks the establishment of the first American Greek Letter Fraternity, the famous Phi Beta Kappa.

Twenty-one Yale graduates are coaching foot-ball teams this fall. Whither does a college education lead?

The Glee Club at Vassar has offered a prize of \$10 for the best Alma Mater Song to be set to music by Prof. Bowman.

The new Fogg Art Museum of Harvard College is nearly completed and will be the finest of the Harvard buildings.

The Freshman classes in Latin at Union this Fall are reading Books I and II of Livy instead of XXI and XXII as formerly.

An energetic effort is being made to secure the consent of Psi Upsilon to the revival of its chapter in the University of Chicago.

Speaking of the habit of college classes using the last two figures of their year, as '93, '94, etc., what will the class after '99 call itself. '00?—Ex.

The subject of founding an Infirmary at Harvard is being talked of. As it is now the quarters of the students are but poorly adapted to the needs of the sick and they cannot receive proper care.

Dr Dudley A. Sargent has invented a new game called Battle-Ball. The students of Harvard and the Annexites recently held a contest of skill in this line in which the fair athletes were defeated in a score of 126 to 96.

Over one-half the students at Union are members of the College Republican Club. This club is a member of the National League of College Republican Clubs and several of its members hold important offices in the League.

The Harvard Daily News, a four page publication has just been started on a promising career. A feature which distinguishes it from the other papers at Harvard is that it has for one of its editors, a student of Radcliffe College, commonly known as the Harvard Annex.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE DRURY HOWLER is out in a new gown.

Shall be glad to accede to the request of the Normal Review of New Paltz.

The Wesleyan Argus publishes in its Intercollegiate number for October a very good prize oration.

We are still receiving some of our last June's Exchanges; evidently on the principle of "better late than never."

We congratulate the Oneontion on the excellent picture of its editor and business staff given in the October number.

We have not had space before to acknowledge the very artistic Class Day number of the Student which reached us a short time ago.

Glad to see the University Herald even if its September number was a minus quantity. "A Tale of Summer Woe" is quite breezy and up to date.

We acknowledge "The Sybil" a new exchange from Elmira College. Too much could hardly be said in praise of its artistic appearance and literary excellence.

The College Forum, a somewhat recent Exchange is following in the footsteps of the current Magazines and giving continued articles. The custom is a good one as it not only serves to stimulate interest but also prevents the cutting short of a really good article.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE Indiana State Normal school did not open its doors for work this year until September 18, thus bringing the last term of the year late in the spring. This was for the special accommodation of those whose schools do not close until the last of March. They can thus teach six or seven months and then spend a full term at the Normal.

The microphone is one of the latest products of advance in electrical science. If the instrument be placed upon a table on which a fly is walking, the fly's footsteps can be distinctly heard, and resembles in sound the beating of a horse's hoofs. And still more wonderful a fly's scream at the moment of death can also be plainly heard.

Dr Waetzoldt, in a lecture before several hundred members of the Berlin Lehrerverein, said that the Cook County Normal School is the most important institution for the training of teachers in North America. So definite an assertion coming from the lips of a man of Dr Waetzoldt's experience shows that Normal schools are being more and more recognized as a prominent and potent factor in educational advancement.

A somewhat unique idea for interesting a class in general history is the following:

After the class have studied some ancient country, as for instance Babylonia, request them to write a letter from Babylon, some dating their letter 2000, B. C., and others 550, B. C., etc., in order to bring in the different periods, and the changes which may have happened during them.

To write a consistent letter, free from anachronisms, quite a little research is needed, but the rivalry as to who can produce the most interesting letter in class will be a sufficient incentive to overcome all obstacles

AMONG OUR MAGAZINES.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1894.

The complete novel in the November issue of Lippincott's is "Dora's Defiance," by Lady Lindsay, an author who has made her mark in England, though little known as yet in this country. It is a brightly told story of a very peculiar young lady who could find no interest in life till it came too late to be taken in the conventional way.

"An Arizona Speculation," by Mary E. Stickney, has the full western flavor, and depicts a character evidently drawn from life. Ella Higginson narrates briefly but forcibly a tragical episode. "In the Bitter Root Mountains." In "Rector Warne's Heresy," Gillam W. Ford shows how duty came to the front and drove doctrine into the background. Virginia Woodward Cloud brings to life "The Man who Died at Amherst," and gives him something to live for. "The Roses" of which Fannie E. Newberry tells were sent to the wrong lady, with curious results.

Under the heading, "Ten Dollars a Day—No Canvassing," Phillip G. Hubert, Jr., discusses some queer circulars and the dubious opportunities of wealth they offer. W. S. Walsh collects a number of interesting anecdotes of dignitaries and others who have gone about "incognito." E. J. Gibson explains the labors of "The Washington Correspondent," and Frederick M. Bird discourses on "Magazine Fiction, and How Not to Write It."

Passing to distant lands, we go "Bargaining in Russia" with Isabel F. Haggood, and learn about "Rabbits in New Zealand" from J. N. Ingram. Coming home again, we listen to Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston's recollections of "My Schools," and to Edgar Fawcett's of "Old New York Restaurants."

The poetry of the number is by Albert Payson Terhune, John B. Tabb, and William H. Hayne.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

The November number of *Scribner's Magazine* has for its leading article one of especially timely interest on "Election Night in a Newspaper office," written by Julian Ralph, one of the *New York Sun's* most valued special correspondents and a newspaper man of wide experience. He describes, with his well-known vividness and truth, the exacting and laborious work done by the staff of a metropolitan newspaper at such a time, and gives a realistic impression of the excitement and rush attending the analysis and summarizing of the immense volume of news received during election night. The familiar scenes in front of the office bulletin, the cheering crowds and the humorous aspects of all are drawn with a perfect knowledge and active sympathy. It is fully illustrated with drawings by B. West Clinedinst.

Col. H. G. Prout's second article on "English Railroad Methods" deals with their organization and management. He gives a number of interesting and pertinent facts respecting passenger and freight traffic, cost of construction, etc., in England and America; but the main part of the paper deals with the human element of the roads, the men who run the trains, their characters and duties, chances of promotion, benefit societies, etc. The illustrations are by A. B. Frost.

Prof. N. S. Shaler's article on "The Horse," another of his popular papers on Domesticated Animals, tells in an untechnical and thoroughly interesting way of the development of this fine animal, whose many admirable qualities have contributed so much to man's advancement in civilization. The distinguished French painter Delort has made a series of striking pictures to accompany the text.

"True Pictures among the Poor" are brief sketches which tell, without any unnecessary coloring, of actual incidents which have come under the observation of the writer.

"How Whalebone caused a Wedding," by Joel Chandler Harris, is a good description of the famous Christmas fox-hunt of the South.

An interesting story entitled "The King of the Currumpaw," by Ernest E. Thompson, tells of the terror which an enormous wolf caused the ranchmen of New Mexico.

Other articles of interest are: "The American Girl's Art Club in Paris;" "John March Southeran." This story as it draws to a close is more fascinating than ever.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE children who look forward to Mrs Molesworth's annual story as one of the unfulfilling pleasures of the Christmas-tide will be more than satisfied this year by *My New Home*. A chronicle of childish doings, it is filled with all the abundance of detail that children delight in, and is a tale to make glad the heart of every little one.

Miss Agnes Giberne, who is well known as an unusually successful popular writer on subjects connected with astronomy, has just written a new book entitled *Radiant Suns*, which is a sequel to her *Sun, Moon, and Stars*, and which treats, in an equally clear and happy manner, of the more modern side of astronomy.

A new edition is announced by Macmillan & Co. of a little book by Henry S. Salt, entitled *Animal Rights Considered in Relation to Social Progress*. The writer, who deals with most of the points commonly held in dispute, from vegetarianism to vivisection, is upheld on the latter point by Dr. Albert Leffingwell, who contributes to the volume an essay on Vivisection in America.

One of the most interesting books of memoirs in recent years will be the *Souvenirs of the Prince de Joinville*, now in course of publication by Macmillan & Co. In addition to its importance as an historic document, the volume is noteworthy as unusually vivacious in both style and subject-matter, and it is rendered even more diverting by reason of the spirited sketches scattered through its pages.

Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate publication Browning's *Asolando*, which forms the seventeenth and concluding volume in their Library Edition. It will contain historical and biographical notes, and will be published in uniform style with the other sixteen volumes, so that subscribers may have a chance to complete their sets. The same publishers announce also a new edition of the works of Browning in nine volumes, crown octavo. This edition, which will be absolutely complete, will be as perfect in every detail of workmanship as it is possible to make it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Childhood in Literature and Art, with some observations on literature for children. A study. HORACE E. SCUDDER. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: New York.

Few books that have reached us have appeared to be so necessary to the student of the child as does this one.

Besides supplying a long felt want, it is presented in such a charming manner as to captivate the reader.

It shows careful research and much study.

We indicate its scope by the following contents:

In Greek and Roman Literature.

In Hebrew Life and Literature.

In Early Christianity.

In Mediæval Art.

In English Literature and Art.

In French and German Literature.

Hans Christian Anderson.

In American Literary Art.

One of the most interesting of the romances that have been created out of the memoirs of The White City lies before us. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Publishers.

Sweet Clover, by CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM, is a pathetic love tale, in which the heroine shows her beautiful character under peculiar circumstances.

One of the chief characters, Jack Van Tassel, a Harvard graduate, is a typical college man.

To one who had not seen the World's Fair the pleasing glimpses of the Midway Plaisance must be very entertaining; while to a visitor there in 1893, it will recall many a pleasant memory.

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