

THE ECHO

An Educational College Journal

Vol. II

January, 1903

No. 5

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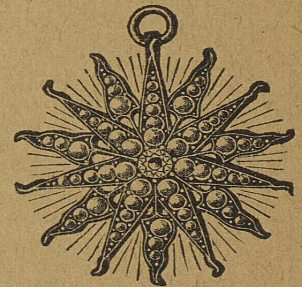
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THE ECHO.

VOL. II.]

ALBANY, N. Y., JANUARY, 1903.

[No. 5.

THE ECHO.

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

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

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EDITORIALS.

THE present issue of The Echo will probably reach a larger number of old students and graduates of the N. S. C. than any other issue ever published. This fact suggests to us the thought that

there may never be a more convenient opportunity of emphasizing its needs than now.

The Echo needs 2,000 paid-up subscribers.

It also needs 2,000 contributors to its columns.

It needs a cover bearing an appropriate design, which it can afford if it has the necessary subscription list, and it needs to contain two or three times as many pages as it usually has, well filled with such literature as ought to be typical of the best in the pedagogical line, in order to be worthy of the attention of 2,000 such brilliant readers as the Alumni of the institution which it represents.

One dollar from each alumnus whom this number reaches will keep him in touch with his Alma Mater for one year, and, if accompanied by a brief statement of the present location of the remitter, our Alumni Column will become a source of intense interest to all whose thoughts still wander back to these college halls.

The substance of our hope is that the present year may furnish us the largest subscription list and the most valuable literary and pedagogical contributions ever yet possessed.

THE columns of the present issue are given up entirely to the use of those who helped to make the reunion of 1903 a success. All literary contributions

which have been received for the January number are excluded, not because wanting in merit, but because of lack of space.

Report of the Second Twentieth-Century Reunion of the Alumni Association of the State Normal College, Albany.

The second twentieth century reunion of the Alumni Association of the College assembled in Normal Hall Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, for the literary exercises, and was favored with fine weather and an intelligent and appreciative audience. The attendance was good, the hospitality warm, and the greetings cordial. The registration of graduates was not as large as we would wish, but all manifested a hopeful, aggressive and enthusiastic spirit, which counted for ten times the number when this spirit is not present. All drank freely of the wine of good cheer, the nectar of the gods, and were young again.

The Executive Committee evidently believes in evolution and not revolution, and the association, under their wise guidance, is keeping in step with the College in its rapid advancement, in the spirit of faith and hope, along the untried path of the future. The past, as a teacher, has afforded them clearer visions and formed in them stronger resolutions to make all the meetings of the association interesting, instructive and helpful. The new departures, instituted by them in recent years, have added interest, met expectations, won approval and undoubtedly will find a permanent place, as long as valuable, in the future undertakings of the association. It is better to follow even the shadow of the best than be content with the imperfect, and we confidently expect that the sky of the

future will be found to be like "a cup of blessing full of tranquil light."

A banquet may be served next year (the sixtieth anniversary in the history of the State Normal School and College) in connection with the evening reception, but the Executive Committee, with their usually progressive spirit, will make adequate provision for the "feast of reason and flow of soul" at the regular literary exercises. In fact, it would not surprise us to learn that they were already preparing the next course for our entertainment, and from our knowledge of their past record, we can guarantee that it will be very palatable.

Some called the reunion an old graduates' tea party, and claimed that the program at the literary exercises was too short, because it was all cream. Indeed, it differed much from the Boston tea party of 1773, but the conferences and exercises were worthy of the time, the place, the name and purpose. We are glad to be able to give our readers a bit of the good things. The order of exercises follows:

Music, hymn; invocation, Rev. Charles McKenzie, Albany, N. Y.; music, vocal solo, Mrs. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; greetings, by President Milne, of the College; response, by President Hinds, of the association; music, vocal solo, Mrs. Winne; address, by Rev. Geo. Francis Greene, D. D., Cranford, N. J.; music, vocal solo, Mrs. Winne; announcements; hymn, "America;" benediction, Rev. M. H. Smith, Ballston, N. Y.

The musical selections were under the efficient charge of Prof. Samuel B. Belding, who is always ready to assist in every good work.

President Milne extended his personal greetings and those of the faculty in a felicitous manner, and it is with much

regret that we are not able to reproduce his terse words of welcome.

President Hinds responded for the association. He said in part:

President Milne.—I assure you that it affords us much pleasure to return to our Alma Mater and to receive through you her cordial greetings and hearty welcome. As often as it has been our privilege to attend these meetings we have borne back to our scenes of labor helpful thoughts which have proved an inspiration in the performance of hourly tasks and daily duties, and as a result, we have been able to render more faithful and satisfactory service. And ere this meeting closes I am confident that we shall hear such thoughts expressed in an earnest manner as will cause our hearts to burn and will enable us to catch, in some degree, at least, the spirit of the worthies who have graced and honored with their presence the teaching profession, and through the years in a faithful and efficient manner have prepared thousands of young men and women for noble, honorable and successful careers. Our hearts have swelled with commendable pride as we have watched the growth of this institution from the Normal School of a few years ago to the Normal College of to-day with its more splendid equipment. The school of the past and the college of the present believe that a well-rounded character is demanded in the teacher, and as a representative of the Alumni Association I wish to express our unbounded commendation and hearty approval of the wise course you are pursuing in the preparation of teachers for their important work.

You have taught and are still teaching how the students may add to their graces and multiply their virtues they already

possess. And the word "add" as we here use it carries the idea of selecting the leading virtue or grace, and adding to it till the number is complete. We are not speaking of a circle of graces, but a series. It is not add to your faith virtue, and knowledge, and temperance; but add to your faith virtue, and to your virtue knowledge, and to your knowledge temperance, and to your temperance patience.

Faith comes very appropriately first among the graces which adorn the character of the ideal teacher, for it is first everywhere in life. We must trust our mental faculties in order to know the plainest facts and simplest truths, and we must trust one another in order to live together in harmony. If we take faith out of the world human life would be of little value. It is reasonable to have faith in friend and associate, but absolutely essential in the underlying facts of all knowledge and the eternal truth as spoken by man's greatest Teacher which bind the universe into order and give life its meaning.

But faith is not sufficient, and we must add another grace to the character of our teacher called virtue. And we mean virtue not only in the modern sense, as an expression of integrity and purity, but also in the old Roman sense, as an expression of manly courage which gives boldness to defend and steadfastness to maintain the right. It not only means that we shall have clean hands and a pure heart, but an energy with which to accomplish what the hands, the feet, the mind and the heart find to do. And this is a very essential adjunct of faith, and is the opposite of a flabby unmuscular and fibreless grace that becomes weak in the presence of every difficulty, is unreliable when work is to be done and

cowardly whenever the enemy shouts across the battlefield "you must fight if you would reign." But they who add real virtue to their faith nerve themselves for every emergency, they manifest a manly and vigorous energy in surmounting every obstacle and maintaining integrity in times of trial; they are always prepared to brave dangers, endure hardships; encounter adversaries and to stand fast and immovable when truth is assailed. In these times the teacher requires the bravery of the soldier, the integrity of the martyr and the energetic action of the person "who dares do all that becomes a man."

And to virtue the teacher must add knowledge. We must be alert to gain wisdom from many sources. We must be intelligent, wise, discriminating men and women of sound judgment and good common sense. We are never excused from exercising our intelligence. We are "to prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Energy may do much damage if it is not controlled by knowledge. Virtue without knowledge is like a fiery steed without the guidance of the skilful driver which rushes on to destruction. It is like a "wild engine," full of steam and energy, which may wreck itself and sacrifice life, but with the hand of knowledge on the lever it will pull a train of cars with speed and in safety across the state. Faith is good, energy is excellent, but without knowledge this virtue, of which we speak, may bring disaster. Samson had faith and energy, but he made a sad wreck of life through folly.

And to knowledge the teacher should add temperance, self-control, the virtue by which one masters his desires and passions. Self-control in thought and

deed, in speech and action is demanded and can be acquired. Temperance is aptly joined to the other graces, faith, virtue and knowledge. The mind through the grace of knowledge sees what is to be done, and it cannot perform the work unless it can control itself and concentrate its powers on the end in view. Each person is an army of faculties, thoughts, feelings, passions and purposes. The teacher must keep all of his powers in subordination and make them move together or he will fail. If one of the lower powers secures control, such as appetite or passion, he is gone. A man's power is in proportion to his self-control. However strong and brilliant he may be in other faculties if he lacks self-control he is weak. If he cannot control himself he cannot control anything else. Self-control is a master force in success.

Members of the faculty, you taught us to add these graces to character for the true development of life, and in our experience as graduates and teachers we have learned that it is very desirable to add other virtues, such as patience, the regal grace, which is another name for the power to endure suffering, to stand firm under disappointment and bear the heavy burden though failure stares us in the face. Patience bids us stand at our post of duty, be brave, work hard and wait in hope and faith. Patience hushes the turbulent passions of the heart, she stretches out her sceptre of peace and the throbbing heart of sorrow begins to sing. Patience does not lighten the load, but it assists in carrying it. It does not wipe sorrow's tears away from the eye of the mourner, but it does ease the pain and sweeten the bitter cup. It does not shorten the road, but it does give

songs in the night and furnishes rest and refreshment in the shade of the tree of life.

And as we continue our development through various experiences we may add to our patience godliness, the index finger of patience, and to our godliness brotherly kindness, the opposite of selfishness, suspicion, jealousy and envy; and to brotherly kindness charity or love, which means unity of thought and harmony in action. Where love reigns heaven greets the earth, and many unpleasant barriers to progress are removed. Lack of sympathy is like a cinder in the eye, it irritates and shuts out the beauties and delights prepared for us.

These graces are the eight singers of a chorus choir, the eight notes on the musical staff, or the eight instruments in the orchestra. Faith is the key-note of character, and the other graces are harmonic variations of it. In other words, character is the harmonious combination of these graces, and we should have them in as well balanced condition as possible. The eight strings in the harp of life should be in tune. Each grace or virtue should sing her own part. The instrument should be kept at concert pitch, and there should be daily practice. I feel sure that it is our strong desire to teach the children to be musical in character and in harmony with the right. And thus may we proceed to sound these notes of character in triumphant songs that will make our future days a chorus of joy.

Then "Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift."

Shun not the struggle; face it, 'Tis God's gift."

After a second vocal solo very artisti-

cally rendered by Mrs. Winne, the President introduced the principal speaker of the afternoon, who fully met the expectations of his friends in a racy, witty and practical address, which was frequently punctuated with merited applause. He spoke substantially as follows:

Address of Rev. George Francis Greene, D. D., Cranford, N. J.:

Mr. Chairman, Fellow Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen.—After I recovered from the first shock that followed the receipt from our Executive Committee of my invitation to be one of the speakers on this occasion I came to feel, like a good Presbyterian, that I was predestined to accept. My thought was what I suppose was often the feeling of the sailors of the era of Ulysses when they first heard the music of the Sirens—"There is no escape from your fatal charms, young ladies of the sea. You'll be the death of us, most likely, but it's almost worth going to destruction to listen to the sweet measures of your song." The members of this committee—Dr. Milne, Professor Husted and Dr. Hinds—are the masculine sirens, if that expression will pass muster, who have been luring me toward the rock on which my oratorical craft is in some danger of being wrecked this afternoon. I cannot understand why these gentlemen have selected me for this place of honor. Perhaps their thought has been similar to that of a small boy in the country I have heard of who came in from the barn and told his mother that he had set the old speckled hen on two dozen eggs "Why," said she, "you don't expect her to hatch twenty-four eggs, do you?" "No," was the reply, "but I just wanted to see the blamed old thing spread herself!" (Laughter.)

When invited to speak here on a similar occasion in 1889 I accepted with alacrity, for youth is audacious, and "fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" but I am a dozen years older now, and I have grown modest and timid; and hence I must truthfully say that the evening after I received my invitation to address this audience I took to my bed, and I dreamed that my head was being squeezed between a copy of the Century Dictionary and a copy of Hart's Rhetoric—the book we studied here in my student days—a case, I am sure you will agree, of being ground between the upper and nether millstone. I was in the condition of the after-dinner speaker who began his speech in these words: "Gentlemen, Demosthenes is dead, Cicero is dead,—and I am not feeling well myself!" (Laughter.) But I recovered somewhat, and—here I am.

When I was a student in this institution in "days of auld lang syne" the most of the present undergraduates were, I suppose, unborn. But I want to say to the new generation of Normalites that a good many people are still able to waddle about who believe that a good training of intellect and manners was afforded the students here a quarter of a century ago. (Applause.) My own experience as a Normal student was unhappy; but it was, I like to think, exceptional. Let me unburden my heart about my own case. This is the first time I have ever told this secret. I as a student tried, in the first place, very hard to teach mathematics to my youthful instructor, Professor Husted. I loved him, and hence I naturally tried to make something of him. But he positively refused to learn anything from me. He acted as if he actually thought he knew more about cube roots and loga-

rithms than I did. You never saw such conceit and stubbornness. The result was that I grew tired of the subject, and, mathematically speaking, I have not been a conspicuous success. For example, when, the other day, my daughter who is in the high school propounded this problem to me, "If coal is twenty dollars a ton, and coal operators are unregenerate, how many weeks would a school teacher keep from freezing to death in Eastern New York in January if her salary were twenty dollars a week?" I had to give it up and suffer humiliation in my own household. Husted is to blame for it. (Laughter.) Then again, my experience in the department over which Miss Stoneman had charge was equally unhappy. Miss Stoneman was in those days hardly more than a child in years, but she was a regular Lord Macauley in knowledge. (Laughter and applause.) She taught us geography, penmanship, drawing, physiology, deportment, systematic theology, political economy, international law and a few other of the minor elements of the curriculum; but it was in geography that she led me astray. So well was she acquainted with the natural and political divisions of the earth that you might easily have believed that she had had a hand in the original creation. I think she could, in those days, at a moment's notice, draw a map of every election district in the United States—those were days before the noble art of gerrymandering was practiced by the solons of our state legislatures (laughter)—and give a list of all the villages in the Russian Empire, and spell and pronounce them correctly. (Merriment.) I soon discovered that I could never compass her knowledge, and so I yielded to despair, and now I am a spectacle to

my own children in my deplorable ignorance of geography. This is a striking illustration of the fact that it is a misfortune for a teacher to be too well acquainted with her subject. But generally speaking, those who went through the two years grinding of the Normal mill a quarter a century ago, and who survived, were given a sharpness of analytical judgment, a grasp of logical method and a habit of accurate expression that were to serve them well as players in the game of practical existence.

The new régime is doubtless better than the old. The Normal College of to-day is an advance upon the Normal School of 1876. I for one rejoiced when the scope of the institution was changed, and it became a true professional school. The change was in line with the development of the teacher's calling toward the point of its recognition by the public as one of the learned professions. And is it not likely that the sort of technical work that has been wrought in this College, situated as it is in the most conspicuous state capital in the Union, has served measurably to lift this noble calling—one of the younger of the learned professions, as Mr. Gladstone called it—to a higher level in popular appreciation, as it has certainly served to increase the efficiency of the teaching body throughout the commonwealth by sending forth a steady stream of men and women who have been instructed in the art of teaching according to the most approved and up-to-date principles? This institution has always led its class. (Applause.) The Albany Normal School of a generation ago was the best Normal School in the country. The Albany Normal College is probably the best Normal College in the land to-day. And let us not fail to ac-

knowledge the debt that is due, in view of this fact, to the cultivated, resourceful and charming gentleman who is at the head of this educational center. We are all justly proud of Dr. Milne. Let us not hesitate to tell him this; for "an ounce of taffy is worth a ton of epitaphy." (Laughter and applause.)

I suppose I ought now to begin to try, what I shall not attempt, to give you some profound advice on such a topic as "The Metaphysical Features of Pedagogy." I assure you I can speak learnedly when I wish to do so. I once preached a sermon on the "Hittites, the Hivites, the Amorites and the Perizzites," and one of our deacons fell asleep, and snored so loudly that you might have thought that Gabriel was at work with his renowned trumpet; and I have written articles for learned reviews that have been on the most approved dry-as-dust pattern. (Laughter.) And if I were to try to tell you teachers and professors how to teach I would serve you right; for I have often enough been advised by school teachers how to preach. It was a teacher who taught me how to pronounce bronchitis and paresis; and it was a teacher who once undertook to explain to me the mystery of sin. He said he knew all about the subject; and after listening to him for an hour I concluded that he did. He told me that he had studied in Albany. But I don't intend to trespass on Dr. Milne's preserve. If I were to venture to-day to give a lecture on applied pedagogics our President might get so jealous of my wisdom and experience as to go and drown himself in one of his own text-books! (Laughter.)

I cannot, sir, but feel impressed with the fact that those whom I am addressing are of the sources of the most copious and vital streams of influence that

are irrigating the soil from which is springing the American citizenship of tomorrow,—the influence upon habits of thought, social and political attitudes, above all upon character, that issues consciously or unconsciously from the American teacher. I cannot, therefore, resist the impulse to urge you, ladies and gentlemen, to stand personally for a principle that has been receiving somewhat of my thought during the past few years,—the principle of Peace as opposed to the spirit of Militarism. I suppose I am beginning now to strike an unusual note for an occasion of this sort. As the cat said to the owl when the bird of wisdom complimented puss on his melodious voice, “Your compliment is doubtless deserved, but it is certainly unusual.” But I continue. For one I believe that the only serious danger to the American commonwealth is involved in the martial spirit, now, indeed, dormant among the masses, but which is liable some day to burst into violent flame through the irresponsible utterances of sensational newspapers, or the selfish appeals of demagogues. I do not agree with the Society of Friends on this subject. I believe that there are just wars,—those in defense of a national existence or in defense of popular liberty; but I condemn the martial spirit, or the glorifying of war as a good thing in itself, the enthronement in the popular heart of red-visaged Mars. Now in our day princes and tyrants no longer drag their people unwillingly into the miseries of civil or international strife, but foolish majorities of the populace force cabinet ministers and congresses to let loose the dogs of war. And hence, while I admire Mr. Roosevelt very greatly on many accounts, I cannot but feel that it has been superfluous for him to preach the

doctrine of a “strenuous life” to our people. Americans do not need to be told to admire the man with epaulettes; they need rather to be taught to recognize the terrible wastefulness, the ghastliness and horror, the stupendous criminality before God of any war that is unadvisedly entered into, or whose issues might be settled through arbitration or other rational agencies. Now I believe that Ruskin was right in saying that the women of any land might slay the war spirit of that land by the simple expedient of dressing in black, the emblem of mourning, so long as the gate of Janus is open. And I believe also that if every school teacher in America were to stand for the principle of arbitration as against the spirit of militarism white-winged Peace might be finally enthroned as the good angel of our national well-being. I think it is Channing to whom I am indebted for the thought of the extent to which the war spirit has been fostered in our school-rooms. Our school histories have as a rule given more prominence to the deeds of the battle-field than to the triumphs of agriculture, trade, literature and religion. We have taught our children to declaim the orations of war, and to sing the songs that have echoed the booming of cannon and the roll of drums. We have rehearsed to school children the great sentences of dying warriors—like Sidney, Wolfe, Nelson and Lawrence, and we have encouraged them to admire the tinsel and glitter of war, while we have concealed from them the true picture of battle-fields, with shrieks and curses of the wounded and dying, a veritable hell on earth, and the companion picture of broken-hearted widows and orphans in ten thousand homes remote from the field of carnage. Shall all this continue,

or shall our schools better honor the holy love of Peace? I would that I could induce every teacher in America to study anew, and with perfect openness of mind, the subject of war in the light of the utterances of Him whose birthday the whole world was celebrating a week ago yesterday. Perhaps many of these might in consequence come to indorse the thought presented in the homely lines of the Biglow papers:

“ Ez fer War, I call it murder. —
 There you hav it plain an’ flat ;
 I don’ want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that.”

There is, I think, another great service the American teacher can render,— perhaps I should say, *is* rendering,— to our youth. It is our privilege,— for I include the preachers— to stand firmly in what we personally are, and in what we attempt, for the supremacy of moral ideals over the power and glamour of material possessions. Here is a truth that was never more needed than in our age and by our people. We are living among a race that seem to have gone money mad. The ten thousand seem to measure every element by the standard of the dollar. Never were there so many worshippers of the Golden Calf. Isn’t this true? Don’t we hear as the first inquiry concerning a new book, not, “Is it a good book?” but, “How is it selling?” Can we refuse to believe that many a candidate for office is making as his chief inquiry, not, “How can I herein serve my state or municipality?” but, “What is there in it for me?” Is it not true that fathers are increasingly asking concerning a proposed college course for their sons, not, “What may the course do for the characters of the boys?” but, “Will it help them to make money?” Is it not a fact that the heroes our school boys are

worshipping to-day are not men of the stamp of Whittier, or Morse, or Beecher, or Lincoln, but men of the style of Gould, or Schwab, or Cecil Rhodes? Even ministers of the Gospel are often popularly designated as a “thousand-dollar preacher,” or a “ten-thousand-dollar preacher.” We find the dollar stamp in many a place where it has no right to be. The tendency is strong about us to vulgarize life in every department, even its most sacred features, through the blighting ministry of sordidness. There is another side to this evil of gross materialism, or commercialism; it works not only to vulgarize, but also to foster in the national character an element of brutal cowardice. A wholly brave man will look with a stout heart not only into a cannon’s mouth, but also upon the face of poverty. But how much of this latter sort of courage do we discover in the men and women about us? Here is a spectre that many a hero of former days has looked upon boldly that few of our countrymen or countrywomen can now view without their hair standing on end. We trample on one another, and are cruel in our haste to run from his presence.

But, thank God, there are still the four thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. There are still men of the stamp of Agassiz,— who wrote to a committee that had offered him a princely price for a series of popular lectures,— “Gentlemen, I am too busy to stop to make money.” And while I certainly wish that our teachers were a better paid class, I rejoice that their calling is one that offers peculiar facilities of showing the world good work wrought for its own sake rather than for the sake of the pecuniary rewards that are attached to it. It is possible for a merchant or

banker to follow high ideals, to be ruled by sentiment, to look beyond the returns for his tasks that can be measured or counted; but the calling that is honored by the possession of such names as Timothy Dwight, Thomas Arnold, Mary Lyon and Alice Freeman Palmer has an exceptional opportunity to stand pre-eminently for imperishable realities, for ideals that are as high as heaven, for the things that are essentially unseen and eternal. (Applause.)

I have only this to add. Honor your own calling. Do not allow yourself to contrast your form of service with some other line of activity, to the disparagement of your own mission. Take your work seriously, and seek poetry in it every day. Cultivate the sense of humor in order to retain mental sanity and health. And last of all, write it down as your final judgment that no better work can be done this side of heaven than that you are in the line of doing. As Luther said, "Count it one of the highest virtues upon earth to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do their own." (Applause.)

THE RECEPTION.

The reception given by President Milne in the evening was as pleasant as it was brilliant, was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and reflected great credit on the committee who had so carefully arranged for the graduates' enjoyment.

BUSINESS.

Saturday morning at ten o'clock the several class meetings were held, and at eleven the association was called to order for the transaction of business. After the usual routine business, reports were in order from the decennial, quarto-centennial and semi-centennial classes

and the short pithy addresses were a feature of the meeting and greatly enlivened the proceedings.

The nominating committee, consisting of Wm. M. Strong, '98, C. Ellery Norton, '91, Henry E. Mereness, '69, the Misses Stella E. Whittaker, '93, and Anna E. Husted, '95, reported the following persons for officers and members of the executive committee: For president, Principal Marcus A. Weed, '63; vice-presidents, Principal Loron M. Burdick, '80, Junius L. Merriam, '98, and Miss Marie A. Berry, '02; secretary, Miss Anna E. Pierce, '84; assistant secretary, Miss Anna E. Husted, '95; treasurer, Mr. Byron M. Child, '79; for member of the executive committee to serve three years, Prof. James R. White, '93, Mrs. Ezra H. Stevens, '95, and Prof. George G. Groat, '97; and for one year, to fill vacancy, Principal R. W. Wickham, '88. After a lively discussion of the subject of a banquet in the evening of the reception, the association adjourned to meet at the call of the executive committee.

List of graduates who signified their intention of attending the reunion, though not all were able to be present:

Francis Ferry, '47.

Mrs. P. J. Le Boeuf, née Sarah A. Saunders, '49.

R. Melinda Guernsey, '49.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Anthony, née Eliz. S. Cole, '49.

Lucy J. Bullock, '50.

Mrs. B. Wood, née Elizabeth Van Derzee, '52.

Thomas G. Smith, '52.

Mrs. M. L. Hotaling, née M. Louise Wilson, '53.

Sarah F. Buckelew, '54.

Mrs. Margaret Wallace, née Margaret Brown, '55.

- Mrs. John P. Stearns, née Martha Turner, '56.
 Mrs. Mary E. Wentworth, née Mary E. McClellan, '58.
 Mrs. M. S. Blessing, née Magdalene Slingerland, '58.
 John W. McNamara, '58.
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 Eliot B. Norton, '83.
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REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

Gregg's Outline of Physiology. By F. M. Gregg, A. M. 390 pages, cloth, 50 cents. Published by C. W. Barden, Syracuse.

The book is arranged topically and furnishes a condensed summary of information on each topic. To each topic a list of practical and suggestive questions is appended. It is a book every teacher should own.

Wolfson's Essentials in Ancient History. By Arthur Mayer Wolfson, Ph. D., assistant in history, De Witt Clinton High School, New York. Half leather, 8vo., 528 pages. Price, \$1.50. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This is the first to appear of a four-volume series, prepared on the plan recommended by the committee of seven, under the general editorship of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard. It is a concise book, with a definite purpose, including only the essentials, presented in a way both comprehensible and interesting to boys and girls. It contains work for one school year, each chapter being intended for a week's study. The book deals only with influential men and important places, so that the pupil will gain a clear idea of the characters and careers of the great men of antiquity, and the location and importance of all the centers of ancient civilization. The numerous maps indicate physical and political conditions, and show only the places mentioned in the text. At the end of each chapter are lists of topics for further study and research, bibliographies of parallel reading, and references to both ancient and modern authorities. The illustrations, while adding to the attractiveness of the book, have been

chosen primarily with the purpose of accurately explaining the text. The book is an important addition to the volumes available for college preparatory work in history.

Pitman's Stories of Old France. By Leila Webster Pitman, author of "Another Girl's Experience." Cloth, 12mo., 312 pages. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Well suited to serve as an introduction to French history, this book presents charming stories of the most salient characters and events of Old France, written with the utmost fidelity to truth and at the same time clothed with romantic interest. The work gives frequent glimpses of all classes of people, and shows French life in its every form. The author has made skillful use of illustrations chosen from the masterpieces of French art, and of photographic views of many of the scenes of the stories. A map of the old provinces renders easy references to geographical points. This is the latest addition to the well-known series of Eclectic School Readings.

Milne's Advanced Algebra. By William J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D., President of New York State Normal College. Half leather, 8vo., 608 pages. Price, \$1.50. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This book has the same scholarly yet simple treatment, and the same clearness of presentation, that have made the other volumes of Milne's Mathematical Series so successful. It represents the most modern presentation of the science, and embodies the latest and best pedagogical ideas. It contains enough matter to cover either the entrance requirements

of any scientific and technical school or the optional examination in Advanced Algebra now offered by many colleges and universities to candidates for matriculation. The treatment is sufficiently full and rigorous for both these purposes, and will give an adequate basis for specializing in the science.

Maxwell and Johnston's School Composition. By William H. Maxwell, M. A., Ph. D., LL. D., city superintendent of schools, New York city, and Emma L. Johnston, A. B., principal of Public School No. 140, Brooklyn. Cloth, 12mo., 224 pages. Price, 50 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

The topics for composition suggested in this book are those which will appeal to children,—their occupations and games, the world as seen through childish eyes. The pupil is shown how to present these subjects clearly and interestingly by his analysis and imitation of models chosen with care from the leading authors. This analysis is carried on by the making of synoptic outlines. The scheme of work is therefore essentially inductive, and correspondingly helpful. Exercises in the correct use of words and in the formation of typical sentences are given instead of drill in the correction of faulty English, which appears in so many books of this character and is often injurious in its effects. This is a practical and teachable work, and will be welcomed by the many teachers who already use the other books in Maxwell's English Series.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself (?) hath said —
As he stubbed his toe against the bed —
—!—!!—!!!—!

— La Plume.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Some Definitions.

Freshman: Doesn't know that he doesn't know.

Sophomore: Doesn't know that he knows.

Junior: Knows that he doesn't know.

Senior: Knows that he knows.— Ex.

A Winter Idyl.

Out in the evening twilight,
Where the cold wind freezes the lea,
'Mid the silent drear of the darkening shades,
'Tis lonely for you and for me.

Out in the evening twilight
A star now twinkles on high;
Another, and so till a myriad band
Flash forth their light in the sky.

Out in the evening starlight,
Aglide on the frozen lake,
We join to the song of the ringing steel
The music our own hearts make.

Out in the evening starlight,
Though the cold wind freezes the lea,
'Mid the gladsome cheer of the winter night,
'Tis joyous for you and for me.

— Joseph F. Wickham.

A new definition of education:

Introduction of the individual into the experience of the race is education.

Professor — Do you know the nominative form of nive?

Pupil — Nit.

Edith — Mamma, didn't the missionary say the savages don't wear any clothes?

Mother — Yes, dearie.

Edith — Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box? — Ex.

"Patrick, you haven't given fresh water to the goldfish."

"No, Miss, they aint drunk wot they had already." — Ex.

"Say, Seedy, thought you took analytics last year."

"I did, faculty encored me though." — Ex.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself (?) hath said —

As he stubbed his toe against the bed —

— ! — !! — !! — !

— Exchange.

Willie — I met our new minister on the way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday.

Mother — H'm! And what did you say to that?

Willie — I said, "Get behind me, Satan," and walked right on and left him.

"Please, ma'am," said Hungry Bill, the tramp, as he chewed his bread and mutton, "would yer please do one ting more for me, and sew some pants on dis button?" — Ex.

"Some times you expect the answer yes and get the answer no."

Professor — I guess you have been out to see the young ladies lately, haven't you?

Professor — What word in English comes from the word facilis, meaning easy?

Scholar — Faculty.

A judge, in reprimanding a criminal, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied:

"Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor — here the culprit stopped, but finally added — "takes me to be."

"Put your words closer together," said the judge.

Prof. — Mr. Day, why is pedes in the accusative?

Mr. Day (looking at his own) — Extent of space.

The latest prodigal son wrote home as follows:

"Father, I am coming home for the holidays."

But the wise father answered:

"You're a liar, John, and you know it. You're come home for money."

Criticism can not hurt him who is strong. Any decided action is liable to call forth a comment of approval or censure. It is better to do something of importance than to live a wishy-washy existence.

"Goodness! we'll miss the opera," she said impatiently; "we've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, somewhat testily.

"Our!" she cried rapturously. "O, George, this is so sudden." Then she fell upon his neck. — Ex.

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To Draw Out Others.

Most people can talk, yet one rarely meets with a truly good conversationalist — that is, one who has the power to draw out others while saying little and who listens to what is said with interest.

It is, however, in the power of any educated person to become a good conversationalist and the secret of it lies in forgetting self and showing real interest in the person with whom you are thrown. Almost every person has some favorite topic of conversation; learn it, and if you cannot talk intelligently on the subject, listen attentively.

When talking, the voice should not be raised above its natural tone, giving your listener the impression that you are talking at him rather than to him.

If you find that your companion is somewhat despondent and irritable, lead the conversation into pleasant channels; tell him the amusing things you have read and do all in your power to make him forget himself, and he will forget himself if you interest him.— Mrs. J. Burnett.

Franklin's Great Triumph.

When the Treaty of Paris, which established peace between the United States and England, had been finally signed and sealed, Franklin turned to the English Commissioners:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I observed you cast an eye upon this old, spotted velvet suit I wear. Let me tell you what I would have you tell to England. Once, years ago, when these differences we have just concluded lay still in the seed, I bore a petition to your English privy council. I was laughed and jeered at, if you will, as an outlander and a savage of no rights, by the grave chief justice and his associates. They put forward a Scotch cur, one Wedderburn, to mouth and

worry me. I was helpless, with no friend save my conscience. On that, my day of heaviest burden, I was garbed in these spotted velvet clothes. I will not pretend I was unmoved, and in my hate and rancor of the moment I made a mental vow that this raiment, worn in the hour of my humiliation, I would yet wear in the hour of British humiliation and defeat. From that day to this I have laid these garments by; and now, please God, I keep my vow and put them on." — Alfred Henry Lewis in Everybody's Magazine.

Any club or society of whatever name is a Ten Times One or Lend a Hand Club which accepts the Wadsworth motto:

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand.

It should have for one, at least, of its objects, the uplifting of some person, neighborhood, or institution outside the club itself.

A club may organize as it will.

Each club may choose its own name, make its own constitution and select its own work.

The badge is the Maltese cross; the watchword, In His Name.

The clubs are bound together by the Lend a Hand Society. They are thus enabled to accomplish helpful work which is too large for single clubs to undertake.

Lend a Hand is an unsectarian work of public spirit.

For further particulars, address the central secretary, Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lend a Hand Office, 1 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

"Have you asked Edith's father for her hand?"

"Yes."

"How did you come out?"

"Through the window." — Ex.

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Old Money-Bags, with cunning mind,
Thus constant schemes his life away:
“The poor must have each day their flour,
I’ll raise the price this very hour—
And none will dare to say me nay!”

Thus garnered he where he’d ne’er strewn,
Thus gained he lands and precious pelf;
His neighbor toiled, while sweet he slept;
His neighbor’s crop he joyous reaped—
He loved not neighbor as himself.

“Ha! millions mine! Great genius I!
Man of most might, might and thought;
Grand institutions I’ll endow—
Fine monuments for self, I trow!”
Thus philanthropic schemes he wrought.

No man e’er spake as this man spake,
In words of living, glowing light:
“The poor, my poor, are ever near,
Their anguished cry ye can but hear
From early dawn until the night.”

Though power had he to turn to gold
The very stones, and e’en the sod,
Yet had not where his head to lay—
A tramp ye’d deem him here to-day,
The meek and lowly Son of God.

“Inasmuch as ye have aided these,
My brethren,” thus He gravely said,
“Ye’ve done it also unto Me.”
O, that blind Money-Bags might see
How blest His following would be—
How blest His living and His dead!
—Fanny L. Fancher, in *The Pilgrim* for
February.

Old gentleman to young truant—“Young
man why aren’t you in school, studying your
lessons?”

“I don’t want to,” replied the boy.

“Then you’ll never be governor of this
State.”

“Nope,” said the lad, “don’t intend to
be. I’m a Democrat.”

THE TWO GREATEST SHOES

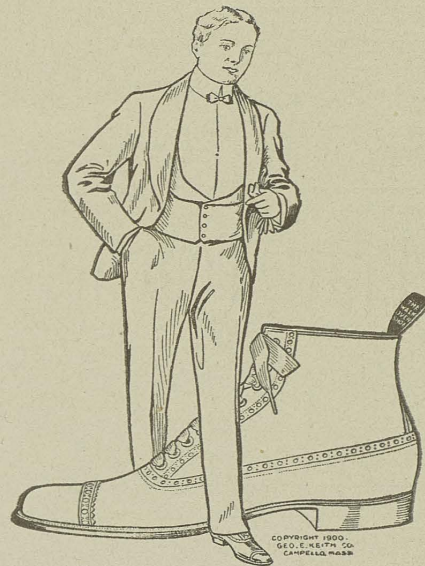


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