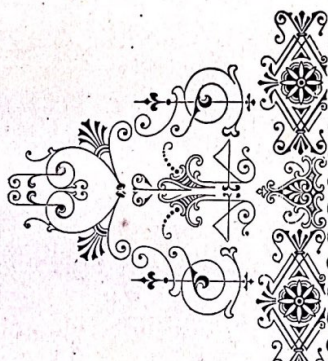


The Normal School



Published Monthly
by the Students
of the
East Stroudsburg
Normal School.

September Number.

EAST STROUDSBURG

State Normal School

Geo. P. Bible, A. M., Prin.

THE SECOND SCHOOL YEAR opened Sept. 3, 1894, with an increased attendance over that of last year. With new and elegant buildings, handsomely furnished throughout; A strong and competent Faculty, each a specialist in his or her line; Good boarding and homelike treatment; With a location which for healthfulness and picturesqueness, is unequaled by any similar institution in the state, the school has continued to grow in popularity and prosperity.

Courses of Study.

While our Courses are the same as those prescribed for all the Normals in the state—we are at liberty to give as much more as time and the generosity of a progressive school will permit.

We have, therefore, the following departments, viz:

NORMAL AND TRAINING DEPARTMENT.
COLLEGE DEPARTMENT. COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT. ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.
MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

It is to the last Department we wish to call the attention of

Thoughtful Pupils and Parents.

The Manual Training Department includes the following lines of work, the Educational as well as the Practical value, is at once apparent to all.
Mechanical Drawing, Clay and Plaster Paris Modeling and Casting, Plain and Fancy Sewing, Cutting and Fitting, Dressmaking, all lines of Needle Work, Embroidering, etc., all of which belong to the regular courses and for which no additional charges are made, except in special cases.

Winter Term Opens Dec. 31, 1894.

Spring Term Opens March 26, 1895.

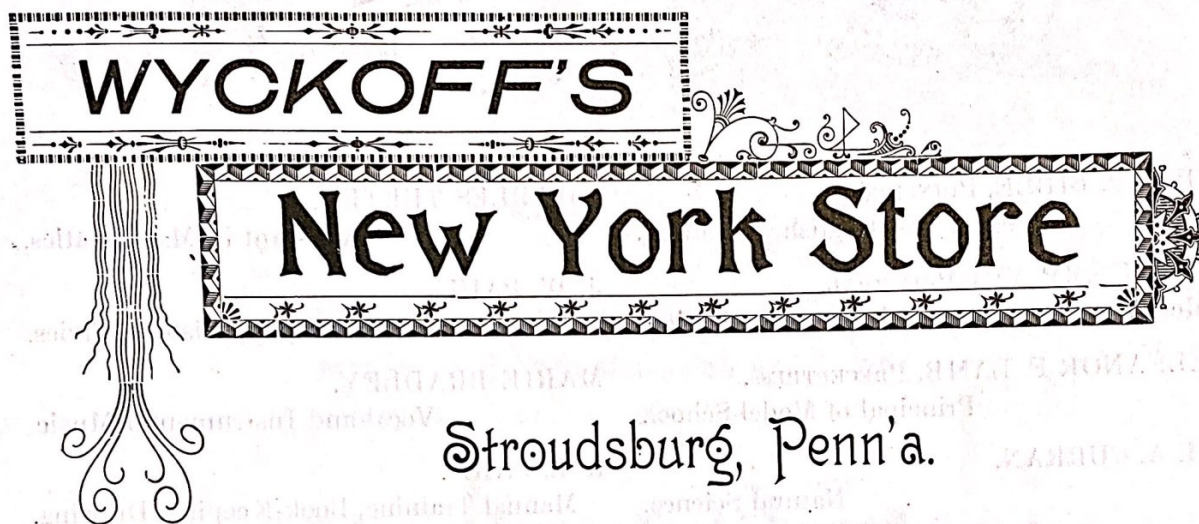
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GEO. P. BIBLE, A. M., PRINCIPAL,
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

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1875.

1894.



NEARLY 20 YEARS of merchandising in our own exclusive lines of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Gent's Furnishing, Cloaks and Shawls has kept us in close touch with our customers and their wants, and with constantly increasing trade we have broadened our buying operations and in many cases now go to the

Fountain Head

of manufacturers and importers for our supplies thereby insuring to you always the bottom prices, and our never-failing axiom of the

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THE NORMAL ECHOES

THE NORMAL ECHOES

Published Monthly.

Edited by the Senior Class of the East
Stroudsburg Normal School, under the
supervision of

Miss Gertrude Edmund

BUSINESS MANAGER,

P. M. GRAUL.

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1894.

Editorial.

THE NORMAL ECHOES extends to all—faculty, trustees, students and patrons, an autumn greeting. May He. who ruleth over all, guide and direct the efforts of those, who send forth this—our first issue of the ECHOES. May its influence ever be found on the side of truth and right. May the divine brotherhood in us, the real equality of our Father's spirit breathed in us at our creation overflow the outward boundaries of our humanities and echo soul to soul, that the spirit of the writer and the reader may ring responsive and true to each other without effort and without simulation.

* * *

THE NORMAL ECHOES will represent the literary efforts of the Senior and the Junior Classes of this institution. The publication of this journal is made a part of the regular work of the school. Freedom and correctness of expression are learned, not so much by set rules, as by daily practice in composition, followed by a criticism that encourages the student to seek after higher ideals. Speaking and writing the mother tongue, intelligently, clearly and concisely, is a habit, dependent on continual practice. During no year, from the Kindergarten to the University, can it be safely dropped from the curriculum. The future issues of this monthly will comprise a review of current events, pedagogical reforms, and a resume of the work done in our leading Colleges and Normal Schools, personals regarding our former students and alumni, and articles from time to time by various members of the faculty. Current literature will be treated in the form of book reviews, which will be a part of the composition work in which each pupil will give his classmate in outline the drift and sentiment of the last book that has pleased him, with choice extracts. The East Stroudsburg Normal School must and will keep abreast of the times.

The East Stroudsburg Normal School enters upon its second year with every assurance that the present year will, in every sense of the word, be a prosperous one. Prof. Bible, our worthy President, is a man of influence and power. Gifted with rare perceptive faculty, a sympathetic and cordial nature, he stands among the progressive educators of the day in his endeavor to make the Normal Schools institutions of advanced pedagogical thought. With no old time precedents to fight against, its easy access to the great educational centers, its picturesque situation, our Normal must and will take rank among the first in the land.

* * *

Our New Ventures.

The monthly publication, Educational Foundations, has been introduced into the Senior Classes of the Normal, as a regular text book on advanced pedagogical thought.

The new department of Manual Training, plain and fancy sewing and dress fitting, with Miss Hochleitner as instructor, has proved a success from the start. Although we are the first Normal in the state to introduce such course, we are by no means launched upon an untried experiment. Intelligent oversight in this line of work is much needed, and such training is far more practical than much of the Manual Course of Study carried on in our public schools.

Prof. Park's large and enthusiastic classes in clay modeling prove conclusively that Manual Training meets with approval in the East Stroudsburg Normal.

As many of our students desire to fit themselves for the scientific course in college, German and French will hereafter form a part of the curriculum. As Miss Hochleitner, the instructor, speaks both languages with fluency, we may expect excellent results from her classes.

* * *

Self Deception.

Our state of consciousness at any one time

is a very complex thing, a mass of feeling and active impulses, combined and blended in a most inextricable way. It would seem that a person ought to have perfect confidence in oneself, but it is nevertheless true that we are often deceived in ourselves, or more correctly, deceive ourselves. Most of us are capable of imagining that we are having enjoyment, when we conform to the temporary fashion of social amusement. It has been said that people go into society less in order to be happy, than to seem so. How is self deception brought about? Does the holding of some representation in the upper region of clear consciousness hide from view that something underneath? Could we but sweep away the representation and view the real feeling of the time, we might become aware of our error. If we were always certain of our own state of mind, we would be prepared for those resistless bursts of emotion which cast away our bearings, and leave us in a state of wonderment as to where such feelings were retained, and how originated. Just as we deceive ourselves within certain limits as to our emotional condition, so we can mistake the real condition of our intellectuality. When any idea is pleasing to our minds, we can easily imagine it to be true, even though there should be a sub-conscious process of criticism going on, which, if attended to, would produce disbelief. Many persons act as if they enjoyed being deceived. There are few persons really intellectual ones included, who are not willing to be flattered. Even when careful reflection must show that the words are exaggerated, the flattered person indulges in the pleasant half illusion that they are true and is happy thereby. A vivid representation is called up by the flatterer's assertion, which acts as a stimulant for the form of a belief. Our social environment imposes upon us certain habits of feeling, which often conflict with our personal propensities. As a member of society, there are various reasons why we attribute certain feelings to ourself, that serve to obscure what is actually in the

mind. Let us suppose a case. Here are two men, who entertain a friendly regard for each other; both are men of supposed good character, but one of them commits a mean act. Which feeling is now the stronger in the other man? Is it the feeling of indignation against his friend for having committed the act, or is it the personal one of sympathy? Ten to one the latter feeling would be the stronger, even though the person may have supposed that his indignation completely outweighed his compassion. It is in this way, we impose on ourselves, disguising our real sentiments by a thin veil of make believe. In our moral and religious life, in respect to our real motives, our dominant aspirations and our experiences, we are also apt to deceive ourselves. We find many examples in the converts of "revivals," "Christian scientists," spiritualists, and others. People mistake the fictitious for the real, the monetary and evanescent for the abiding. The reasons for such self deception are plain. Under the influence of emotion, there is always a disposition to exaggerate such feeling and when there is a wish to feel a particular way, we sometimes take the wish for the possession of the feeling. A rigid self examination at stated periods is essential to the highest mental development. When indulged in to excess, this process of introspection may take the form of morbid melancholy. The process of moral self anatomy, as it is sometimes called, is characterized by many difficulties and even philosophers and theologians are deceived as to themselves. We must expect a certain amount of deception from other people, and that we shall many and many a time deceive ourselves, for the matters toward which we direct introspection are the most subtle and complex things of our life.

GERTRUDE MARGUERITE EDMUND.



How the Faculty Passed their Vacation.

PROF. BIBLE spent the greater portion of the Summer at the Normal in hard work. During the month of August in company with his family, he made a visit to Bellefonte, thence to Niagara Falls and Ohio. The Board of Trustees made no mistake in their selection of a progressive educator to build up our Normal School.

PROF. KEMP accompanied his family to Wilmington, Del., where they remained for several weeks. The professor spent the greater portion of August in visits to Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Carbondale, and towns of lesser note. He made the return trip from Orwigsburg on horseback, by way of the famous Pocono region. Prof. Kemp's scholarly attainments and genial personality have won for him many friends.

MRS. ELEANOR LAMB, the preceptress of the Normal and the principal of the Model school, to whose tireless industry much of the success of the Normal is due, studied advanced kindergarten work from a psychological point of view at Chautauqua.

THE GENIAL FACE of our popular scientist, Dr. Curran, made glad the hearts of friends and relatives at Carlisle and Lake Winola. Mrs. Curran spent most of her vacation in Carlisle.

MISS MARTHA NOYES, the accomplished and witty instructor in Grammar and Elocution, rusticated at Lake Chautauqua and studied the various systems of physical culture.

MISS MARIE BRADLEY, whose soul overflows with music, to whom much praise is due for the high standard to which she has raised the music department, summered at Bradford, Pa.

MISS LILLIAN ROSENKRANS cultured mind and cheerful countenance gladdened the hearts of parents and friends at Newton, N. J.

PROF. PARK made several speeches and gave his very interesting chalk talk on temperance in Allentown, Philadelphia and many other large towns in the state. Prof. Park is an expert in his line of work.

MISS EDMUND remained at the Normal, working on a history of education. During the latter part of August she visited Boston and lectured before an Ethical society in Harvard.

PROF. PAUL, our admirable teacher of history and geography, delighted many of his friends in Asbury Park, Northampton county and vicinity with his cheery presence.

MRS. GRAY passed the summer at the Normal, receiving the many visitors with that gracious dignity of manner that betokens the lady of birth and refinement.

DR. A. H. HIBSHMAN, the newly elected Professor of Mathematics, is a graduate of Heidelberg University, a gentleman of culture along many lines. He is much liked by the students.

MR. CHAS. TEETER, the assistant in mathematics, has the reputation of having been one of the brightest students in Princeton.

MISS HOCHLEITNER, the new instructor in German, French and dressmaking, is an Austrian lady of high birth, her brother being an officer in the Austrian army.

Review of Current Events.

Business is reviving throughout the country. The woolen mills of Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan and Ohio have begun working with capital varying from \$50,000 to \$600,000.

The Oriental War.

Upon the seas of the Orient and the lands of Corea, there is taking place, to-day, one of the most prodigious struggles in the history of mankind. China with her innumerable

millions and Japan with the modern improvements of the Anglo-Saxon race, are locked in fearful strife.

Thus far Japan seems to have won the battles; her force occupy the bone of contention, Corea and a new army of 80,000 men, co-operating with her numerous forces in the peninsula, are stealthily advancing upon the capitol of the Chinese Empire.

China seems to be in a condition of utter demoralization, her Viceroy, Li Hung Chang has been disgraced; her interior provinces are in a state of tumult and riot; her numberless millions cannot be fed, and the forces of the Japanese, under Prince Arisugawa are at the very gates of Peking. Russia, as yet, has taken no part in the Oriental war, though at the present time, a large Russian fleet is assembled at Vladivostok prepared for immediate action. If this be the case, with the chance of English interference, there might be a war stamped in the far east, which would satisfy all the prophecies of old.

There is one thing certain gained from this war, the civilized nations of the Earth are learning a great lesson in modern warfare. And according to the Times of London, "a new power, Japan, has risen in the far east. Ping Yang and Yulu have opened the eyes of all, not blindly, willfully, or indifferently, that a new state has taken her rank in the hierarchy of nations and that her voice can no longer be ignored in their councils.

Dr. Parkhurst and the Lexow Investigation.

The whole civilized world, looks to-day with admiration, upon that indefatigable worker and extraordinary genius, Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst, of New York. When Dr. Parkhurst first commenced to denounce the municipal government of New York, from the pulpit of the Madison Square Presbyterian church, little over two years ago, he was denounced and ridiculed by every newspaper in New York. To-day the newspapers of

this country have turned their columns in his behalf. He has been a tireless worker and has braved many dangers before which stronger men would have quailed. He has boldly and fearlessly gone down into the pits of iniquity and sin and has exposed it from the pulpit and through the press. The effect has been evident; the Lexow Investigation has been authorized by the State Senate of New York and through the brilliant tactics of Attorney John W. Goff many startling facts have been developed. This proves that the words of Dr. Parkhurst were true and that the municipal government is but a sham affair, courted by Tammany Hall. It has been proved that the police were in league with the saloon keepers, green-goods men, gamblers and every form of iniquity. It is a shameful affair that Tammany Hall has ruled New York and the state so long, but we hope the prophetic words of Dr. Parkhurst will soon prove true.

"It seems to me impossible for this investigation to go forward much longer at the present rate without producing that intensity and solidity of indignation which will bury the organized coterie of banditti known as Tammany Hall in a grave deepened beyond the reach of resurrection."

The Coxe Movement.

A few months since and people turned their eyes toward the state of Ohio, there to see merge forth a peculiar band of fanatics under the leadership of one, J. S. Coxe, who claimed as the object of his expedition, good roads and the employment of the starving millions.

Simultaneously with this movement, there arose in nearly all our large cities, banded organizations, which were to co-operate with Coxe and make Washington, the Mecca of their wanderings.

Bravely they went forth like armed knights to victory, and as we saw them pass by with their glittering banners, which pictured the woes, trials and tribulations of

earthly life as we heard the steady tramp, which with marked precision, kept step to the tattoo of the tomato can, we felt that there must be some glory in Napoleonic leadership. Thus they journeyed on, sometimes by foot, sometimes by rail and sometimes by canal. Their route lay through large cities, small country towns and scattered farming settlements. Everywhere people contributed food to them and camping ground in abundance.

At last, like Hannibal, they crossed the Alps of their wanderings and pushed through passes of the Pennsylvania mountains into the lowlands of Maryland. Here tramps flocked to them from every side; Hungarians, Italians, Negroes, Polanders and Germans all contributed their mite to make up the patriotic band.

Under the leadership of the dashing Browne, with stately grace like Caesar of old, they enter the portals of the Capitol and with gallant strides go marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, amid the shouts of derision and the plandits of a digusted crowd. At the steps of the Capitol the uniformed tools of the millionaire monopolist meet them with gentle grace and as the day wears on we see them retreat in crest-fallen despair, their banners trailing in the dust behind the city patrol wagon, like unto the march of the captive warriors through the streets of Rome.

What these people sought to accomplish is the mystery that most people cannot solve. To be sure, their leader was placed in the Washington jail; his notoriety sounded throughout the world, and his nomination for Congress made by the wild Populist party of the west. He may pose as a famous man, to be emblazoned as such in the history of our country, but we think he will be mistaken, and the lustre of his name will soon fade away and be forgotten. If it remain at all, it will be as one of the most despicable names in American politics.

The Tariff.

After many months of tariff agitation, the

country has at last a rest. The new Gorman tariff which went into operation the day it became a law, was one over which many battles had been fought. As reported from Mr. Wilson's committee in the House, it was essentially a low tariff measure. But after months of wearisome debate in the Senate, it was reported to the Conference Committee with some six hundred odd amendments. It was in the form of a Protective Tariff measure; many articles were admitted with higher duties than under the McKinley act; some with little, if any duty.

But of all the many Senators who indulged in Tariff debate, Senator Hill occupies the enviable position of having been the only Democrat who stood up for party principles.

Poetry.

The Normal Echoes.

"What shall we call it—Pocono?"
Some sagely shake their heads, "O, no."

"The Normal Monthly, it shall be,"
Spoke up a youth with manner free.

"Nay, let us call it The Review,"
But those who approved were very few.

"Class Echoes of '94" was called,
But once again, were sadly stalled.

The Normal Echoes our printer said,
And so this name you see at the head.

BY THE TRIO.

Forget-me-not.

There is one little flower that blooms so sweet
In fragrant profusion along by our feet.

From early Spring till late in fall,
It's little face is turned to all.

Though dainty in color—a beautiful blue,
Ever an emblem of the brave and the true.

LAURA EVANS.

Once on a time we went to class,
And what do you think there came to pass?
Our teacher said at a certain time,
We should bring to her three stanzas of rhyme.
Then was one filled with great dismay,
But alas! there was no other way,
Than to take our weapons without a frown,
And call on the "muses" to come down.

We needed their aid, but it never came,
That's why this poem will not win fame,
And to the waste basket with other trash,
We'll now consign it quick as a flash.

M. SHAFER.

National Flower.

What flower greets the morning,
Our wild woods it's brightest adorning,
In pleasant nooks and valleys found
And decks American fields around?

With stalk upraised as one inspired,
The Golden Rod stands quite retired,
Unfolding perfumes at her side,
Her soul subduing odor tries.

And thus it is what e'er befalls,
In time of peace or in time of war.
The stormy wind shall wave abroad
The fragrance of our Golden rod.

JOSEPHINE McCAULEY.

Onward.

Onward let our watchword be,
And strive to reach the goal,
Let our soul be full of hope,
Then soon the mystery we'll unfold.

Onward let our watchword be,
Although our task be hard,
Remember that our life is short,
Our progress then do not retard.

Onward let our watchword be,
While we remain at school,
If we do not strive to win the race,
Surely, we cannot expect to rule.

IRA L. KINNEY.

Autumn.

The Autumn winds are sighing,
The green is changing to scarlet and gold;
The Summer flowers are dying,
While nature's new mysteries unfold.

The golden rod and asters
Are blooming by the way;
So quickly passed the summer
It seemed but one brief day.

And now the scene is changing,
Slowly, softly, day by day,
The hills and vales appeareth
All in gorgeous array.

There is something sad in the Autumn,
Even tho' its dress is gay,
For we know that the year is dying,
That the brightness will soon fade away.

But we cannot have Springtime always,
With its sunshine and its flowers,
And the Summers also come and go
With long bright eyes and silvery showers.

Thus it is in the life of man, [breath;
There are some winds blow with chilling
There must be some Autumn days,
"And to all come the "shadow of death."

AGNES BARTEAU.

Happy Christmas Day.

Oh, how happy we shall be,
When from toil and care set free,
We homeward tread our weary, weary way.
How we long for the time
To hear the blessed chime
Of the bells, on happy Christmas Day!

Though we've been happy here
In the Autumn of the year,
Still we long for our home and friends so dear!
And the memory of it clings
Around us, till it brings
The happy, happy Christmas of the year!

When at length we reach home,
And our friends and parents come
To welcome us with smiles and kisses dear,
May we have a happy time
And also hear the chime
Of the merry, merry bells on bright New Year.

LIZZIE METZGAR.

Bicycling.

Can any pleasure in life compare
With a charming ride in the sunset air?
With cycle light and shimmering wheel,
And tires whose resistance you scarcely feel.

Your wheel is off for a splendid dash,
And needs no touch of an urging lash.
You feel the puff of the startled air,
It sways your ribbon and lifts your hair.

The wheel marks time in its measure beat,
For the missing nostril that scorns defeat.
Yes, a spirited wheel of royal breed,
With more style and speed than any steed.

One glorious day in early Spring,
Two boys were out with their new wheels, "King."
Though they were rich, it was their design
To buy themselves better wheels than mine.

By their side was the sweetest girl in town,
Of handsome features and eyes so brown,
That gazing in where the lashes curled,
Seemed like a view of another world.

Where the angel lives and the angel sings,
 And she was the one that had dropped her wings;
 And came to earth just to let man see,
 How sweet the angels in heaven may be.

I envied the boys with their wheels that day
 And jogged my own in a leisure way,
 That five mile run to the Indian spring,
 To test the speed of their new wheels, "King."

I know my wheel was a trifle old,
 But you couldn't buy it with all your gold.
 I beat them all from the very word "go"
 And that is the reason I love cycling so.

E. F. BURCH.

Twilight.

As I look in the close of the evening,
 Toward the beautiful sun in the west;
 As I watch that heavenly body,
 Sink quietly into rest.

The darkness obscures my vision,
 The verdure creeps into the gloom;
 The mountains are lost in the distance,
 And nature seems dark as the tomb.

And I think of the hours I've wasted
 And the battles that I might have won,
 The kind words that I might have spoken
 And the good deeds I might have done.

Vacation Days.

Vacation days have gone at last,
 And now there's something of the past,
 To school at length we all do throng
 And here we'll have to stay so long.

Our lessons we will try to get,
 And then we'll have no time to fret
 For the friends and pleasures dear,
 Of this our past vacation year.

Of home and friends so kind, bereft,
 We've nothing but the happy memory left
 Of the many pleasant days we've spent
 In joyous bliss and self-content.

Vacation days are o'er, and to the Normal
 we repair.

Our Senior work and study to prepare.
 Then farewell to home and friends so dear
 Until we meet again next year.

To co-operate with our teachers one and all,
 Is the aim of every student great and small,
 So that when Vacation days again arrive
 We'll all comprise the class of Ninety-five.

ANNIE A. McCADDEN.

Criticisms on Nathaniel Hawthorne.

It is a difficult matter to praise Nathaniel Hawthorne by picking out stray beauties or masterly passages here and there. It is certainly the reverse of difficult in the case of most writers. Not that Hawthorne has not his brilliant intervals, nor that his genius does not at times burst forth with an overwhelming impetuosity and an almost supernatural energy; but how can any one know even this until he reads Hawthorne the second time? You don't discover it at first reading, because it is impossible to think of the author while reading his story. His own personality is lost in the magnetic personality of his style. The story throws its narrator into temporary obscurity. There have come down to us from both the remote and the recent past, literary gems of the first water, which seem to lay claim to no particular author. Literary foundlings they are, lovely, if wild waifs, keeping their undisputed place, though their beauty is a wierd and unconventional one. Nor does any one have much care as to their origin. Enough that they exist. Immaterial whether they were written by a Pope or a Burns, by a Philistine or a Bohemian. Now this is the case with Hawthorne's literary legacy. Indeed it often seems to the reader as if these deathless events, so graphically chronicled in his pages had by some magic of their own, written themselves. Like the old sagas, or the folk-love preserved in quaint prose and verse they are ripple-marks upon the sands from which the waves of a once warm and stirring life have long since receded. Read about Governor Sewell and his pine tree shillings, or about the romantic events that took place in the old Province House in Boston: then read actual fact, sober, historical matter, like the Salem witchcraft. the careers of the Mathers; compare these with the above tales, and tell me if you can. which of the two sources is more authentic, which of the

two versions is more credible, which is fact and which fiction?

No; it is impossible to detect any traces of man's workmanship in Hawthorne's sketches. You are not sensible of that musty and sweaty odor peculiar to the literary workshop.—What name, then, shall we give such consummate art, which so punctiliously meets the greet requirement of the highest art—its own concealment?

Turn again to Hawthorne's pages. He has woven here and there some web of his own contrivance into the texture of fact submitted to him. Sly Hawthorne! He knows you couldn't point out for the life of you which is which!

But what rare self-control he must have exercised! A man acutely susceptible to the emotional side of everything purporting to be of human interest, a man so intensely sympathetic as to feel pain at the mere contemplation of pain, Hawthorne yet exercises a self-command that is marvelous. In his preface to the "Twice Told Tales" he tells us that he remorselessly burned many of his sketches—those sketches which a moment ago he confessed to have written for the pleasure it afforded him. How ruthlessly, inhumanly, he treated himself! It must have been to him like the "jostling of a limb," as Lowell remarks of the barbarous criticism of Keats' "Endymion." And we can easily imagine Hawthorne's voice palpitating with a tremor while bearing the touching message.

We might not be able, perhaps, to affirm these things of Hawthorne did we not know of certain sketches in which he gives free of the barbarous criticism of Keats' Endymion, and we can easily imagine Hawthorne's voice palpitating with a tremor while hearing the touching message.

We might not be able, perhaps, to affirm these things of Hawthorne did we not know of certain sketches in which he gives free reign to his sensitive, nervous, emotional, over-eager nature. Take "Little Annie's Ramble." Here you have more than a mere

tale—the harmless license of a dreamy mood, you have a study of himself. In that unbounded, exuberant fancy, that panoramic imagination, that child-like eagerness and craving for the wonderful and the fairy-like, that tumultuous swarming of all the lights and shadows of his nature around the innumerable objects that cannot escape him, you see him for once throwing his literary scruples to the winds, as though he said, "Go to! I am sick of playing the hypocrite." The same peerless art that could conjure to life, from its shapeless dust, the genius of earlier times, here paints its master's portrait with the self-same skill and severity. Here you have Hawthorne—the Hawthorne whose distinctive personality will ever after cling to the name. And having him, everything else is to you only of relative value. A moment ago the sketches filled the horizon of your admiration; but now they fade into the greater glory of their Creator.

For myself, the contemplation of this great man suggests something which my command of language is inadequate to express. I might call it "abundant life," "a larger life," "profound appreciation of life;" I might appreciate Lowell's happy phrase applied to Agassiz, "Taking life as simply as a tree;" but what are all these phrases but dead things that cannot communicate the dictation of the soul? The best I can do is to search for exemplifications of my idea—like Agassiz, Whitman, Landor, Emerson. These men like Hawthorne can awaken incidental thoughts in different guises. The main thought is, that this life is a great deal more enjoyable than men suppose. You need have only a genial, open-windowed nature, a love for all God's creatures, great and small; and you open the gates for such enjoyment to enter. In society, you must throw off all reserve, and not scruple to obey any impulse that proceeds from a sincere and open heart. You must be true to yourself, natural and unaffected. You must not give ear to the fallacies which a false modesty would suggest. Don't regard the conventions

of society, if they conflict with those natural laws that work harmoniously toward making you more and more the ideal man, which society itself is seeking. These conventions while they may serve to balance the irregularities of the masses, may work directly against the generous instincts of the individual. An open, generous nature, like that of Agassiz, given its own way, is capable of developing a courtesy, a consideration for those around it, which we little men, confined to a dead level of social conformity, cannot appreciate. Above all, this higher life consists in knowing one's self thoroughly and if there is anything intrinsically noble within us, in giving it room for exercise. It is making the most of every faculty of brain and heart.

But I could not make much progress with this idea, though I were to prose away for pages. I could not focus the whole extensive category of thoughts into a single burning sentence, carrying its own conviction, and if I were to sit at Hawthorne's for the remainder of my life. This is the privilege only of genius. Read Hawthorne; and if we may suppose a common basis of literary effect, you will be possessed of my idea. From the works of Hawthorne, you will naturally proceed to the man himself, and you will find him greater and more inspiring than all the creatures of his brain together. He will tell you what I may not dare.

H. G. A., U. of P. '94.

Athletic.

The Athletic Association has been re-organized with Prof. Hibshman as president.

The candidates for the foot ball team practice every evening and will play their first game with the Scranton State League team Oct. 13. Dates have been secured with some of the leading schools of the state. Our team has good material to select from and the games scheduled promise to be interesting.

The Stroudsburg Base Ball club, with the

assistance of Pitcher Southard, late of the Reading State League, met defeat at the hands of the Normal boys Saturday, Sept. 22 by the score of 12 to 8.

The tennis grounds have been put in good condition and are in constant use.

Personals.

Alumni.

We have, so far, failed to secure information from several members of our Alumni, but trust we may be able to do so before the October issue. Nearly, if not all of our graduates have lucrative positions, many through their own exertions, others through the influence of Prof. Bible, who is ever alert to favor a deserving student.

Miss Anna Brady, the salutatorian of the class of '94, has secured a position in the grammar department in Wilkesbarre.

The school at Drover's Home will be taught the coming winter by Miss Winifred Scanlon.

Miss Lizzie Cyphers will, no doubt, teach nearer the Normal than any other graduate; she will have charge of a grammar grade in the public school of East Stroudsburg.

Miss Annie Kelly has resumed her musical studies at her home in Mauch Chunk.

Miss Sarah Weaver, one of the gifted members of the Alumni, is enjoying a vacation in Pittsburg.

Miss Bessie Connel is employed as teacher in the Nanticoke grammar school.

Miss Nettie Vail, one of the members of the class of '94, will make a prolonged tour of the west during the winter, in company with her father, visiting California, Yellowstone Park and various other places of interest.

Miss Anna Bush, a member of the class of '94, will be near the Normal, as she teaches at Craig's Meadows. But we think if she is pleased with Philadelphia she will not tarry long with us.

Miss Ella Heberling, our valedictorian, is teaching near Philadelphia.

Miss Jennie Kline is engaged in teaching at Nesquehoning.

Miss Daisy LaBarre is engaged in her chosen profession at East Mauch Chunk.

Miss Maggie Kerwin is one of Lansford's pedagogues.

Miss Emma Stuckley is one of Prof. Bevan's staff of instructors at Mauch Chunk.

Miss Hattie Corby is one of Nesquehoning's pedagogues.

Miss Mary Morrow's calm countenance is seen in the primary grade in East Mauch Chunk.

Miss Ethel Hancock teaches the young how to shoot at Nesquehoning.

Miss Lottie White is teaching at Weatherly.

We are pleased to note that Mr. H. A. Jackson, who not only completed his senior year with credit, but found time to take charge of the Normal book room, has secured an excellent position in the White Haven grammar school.

Mr. J. P. Lord, president of the Alumni Association, was successful enough to obtain a principalship. Mr. Lord has been canvassing for the Normal during vacation.

Miss Emma Henrick, one of the honored students of '94, has been employed teacher of the grammar department at Bethlehem Heights. She has proven herself an earnest worker while here, and we trust that she will do likewise in her new sphere.

Miss Maud Williams, a young lady gifted with elocutionary power, has entered the training school at Scranton.

Miss Lizzie Regan, an earnest worker of the Shakespearean Literary Society, has been elected teacher of the primary department at Wilkesbarre.

Among the many graduates, none seem to have a higher ambition, than the class president, Mr. Costenbader, who has entered Dickinson college for a four year's course, on

the merits of his diploma without further examination.

Of all the teachers of Northampton county, there is no one who will do more thorough work than John L. Culberson, who has been elected at Lancaster.

Among our graduates drawing sixty dollars a month we notice the name of John J. McGill, Sandy Run, Pa. Mr. McGill was a brilliant student and a crack ball player.

Miss Newmiller will spend the winter with her parents at Lansford, Pa. Her many friends at the Normal hope she may have a pleasant time.

Miss Anna Corbett will enter the Teachers' Training School, of Scranton, Pa. Miss Corbett is an earnest worker and will no doubt succeed in her undertaking.

Miss Coxe will teach in the public schools of Parsons, Pa. May she be a successful teacher.

Miss Gaughan in order to better fit herself for teaching will enter the Training School at Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Frank McCarthy, a member of the class of '94, is teaching in one of the public schools of Jermyn.

Miss Gertrude Snyder, of '94, has begun her interesting work of teaching at South Bethlehem.

The Misses Kate Cunningham, Grace Morrow, Susie Gordon, and Tillie Coolican, all members of our first graduating class, are teaching in the Pittston public schools.

Miss Lizzie Hess is following the noble profession of teaching at West Bethlehem.

Located among the many graduates of other Normal schools, in Lancaster Mr. Kunkle may be found upholding the dignity of the East Stroudsburg Normal.

Our veteran journalist, Richard Rinker, is first assistant in a grammar school at East Mauch Chunk.

Miss Griffith is doing efficient work in the schools of Slatington.

None of our graduates made a better im-

Prof. J. H. Curran, who has been visiting his father, Dr. H. A. Curran, left for Hacketts-town to resume his duties at the Hacketts-town seminary.

Prof. Kemp contemplates Saturday trips for the senior class, to study the physical features of Monroe county.

We are delighted to notice that the vacancies in the Athletic association made by the graduation class are being filled by the new students.

How the Seniors Spent Their Vacations.

After spending a week at home I visited friends at Wilkesbarre, Pittston and Nanticoke. Returned to Stroudsburg and enjoyed a month of reading, fishing, canoeing and bathing. I attended several picnics and other social gatherings. Before the opening of school I spent several days with friends at Brodheads ville. C. D. APPENZELLER.

About two weeks after my return home, I started to visit the following places: Wilkesbarre, Binghamton, Lake Winola, and New York. Returned home for my final stay about three days before vacation was over, delighted with my visits, and sorry that September days were so near at hand. F. McGUIGAN.

On leaving the Normal I visited Easton, Bangor and Belvidere. Celebrated the Fourth of July at East Stroudsburg, and worked at the saddler's trade in Portland the remainder of the summer. When the disastrous fire threatened the safety of the entire town of Portland, I formed one of the bucket brigade that assisted in extinguishing the fire. This was the only exciting scene through which I passed. W. J. DETRICK.

My vacation was spent at my home in Pittston in reading, boating, in unsuccessful attempts at riding horseback, roller skating, enjoying excursions and parties. Being left behind by many swiftly gliding trains, and

attending the opening plays of the season my July and August days were spent. JOSEPHINE McCAULEY.

I spent three weeks of my vacation with one of my friends at Martin's Creek. While there, I attended parties, picnics, and entertainments, and had a most delightful time. After my return from Martin's Creek I enjoyed one week in New York visiting relatives and friends. The remainder of my vacation passed very rapidly and before I was aware of it, it was time to return to the Normal. FLORENCE S. EDINGER.

My vacation was quietly passed at my home in the lower part of Wayne county, taking short walks and drives occasionally. ELSIE BROWN.

My vacation, which was very interesting to myself, was passed in riding, driving, reading some literature, practicing music a little, attending informal evening parties, walking, attending pleasure excursions and games. KATHARINE HICKS.

A portion of my vacation was spent visiting friends at Bethlehem. While there the time passed very pleasantly entertaining, attending picnics, band concerts, learning to dance, and trying to play croquet. The remaining time was spent at my home in Quakertown, preparing for Normal life. KATE HOLZEMAN.

After bidding good-bye to my friends at the Normal, I returned home, when I spent a day of recreation. I then went to work and labored through the month of July in the harvest field. From the first of August to the first of September I was engaged in keeping books for the proprietor of the Far View House. I enjoyed many pleasures in the line of festivals, fishing, rowing, etc. I. H. KINNEY.

During the month of July I remained at my home at Craig's Meadows. I attended many evening parties at Lakeland House, Liberty House, Marshall's Falls House and Monroe Cottage. I had the pleasure of appreciating many beautiful drives to noted

places, as Delaware Water Gap, Bushkill Falls, Marshall's Falls, Mossy Glen and Lake PoPONOMING. During the month of August I visited many friends and relatives and prepared for my return to the Normal.

EDITH MAE BUSH.

My vacation was spent at my home in Carbon county. I worked for a time, made an occasional visit, meeting many friends and schoolmates. I spent a little time in fishing, boating and base ball.

ED. FAWKES.

I spent the greater part of my vacation at my home, having been away for a long time I was glad to be there. I visited many places of interest, among which are Lakes Ariel and Winola. Lake Ariel is a summer resort situated in Wayne county, and is visited annually by tourists from all parts of the country. While there I enjoyed myself in boat riding and on the steamer. Lake Winola is a summer resort situated in Wyoming county, about sixteen miles from Scranton. While there I enjoyed boat riding and other amusements. I also visited some of my Normal schoolmates at Wilkesbarre, Plymouth, and Duryea, who all seemed to enjoy their vacation.

MATTIE JONES.

Instead of going to the seashore I remained at home, let my mother and sisters go, and became the maid of all housework. While at home I attended several picnics, excursions, parties and socials, also made a trip down into the mines.

KATE TIMONY.

The departure of the disturbers of the peace of Normal life made all anxious to see home faces. During vacation I visited Harvey's Lake, Mountain Park and many towns in Wyoming Valley, and attended picnics, entertainments, excursions, receptions, and socials. The sight of the first catalogue and advertisements bearing the photograph of Our Normal, with its full grown trees, its huge stone steps, its imposing lawn, and its attractive water fountain, helped us to sing "We'll be there and a-waiting when September comes." The time passed so rapidly

that ere we were in "the land of electric cars" it was time to return to the "Land of Dummy's."

A. EDWARDS.

Soon after returning to my home at Leighton, I entered upon usual summer duties—reading, sewing and helping in and about the kitchen. I also enjoyed many of the pleasant evenings in taking walks and drives through the surrounding country.

MARY FENSTERMACHER.

I passed the greater part of my vacation at home working. I had a few days of leisure, one of which was spent visiting many of the public buildings of Scranton.

GEORGE GILPIN.

Throwing aside my books for eight weeks I had a jolly vacation at Asbury Park, Trenton, Milford and the Delaware Water Gap, passing the hours in bathing, dancing, rowing, driving, walking, visiting and entertaining, eating ice cream and napping.

AGNES BARTEAU.

My vacation passed very quietly at my home in Columbia, N. J. I took a few trips to the Delaware Water Gap and various places of interest, where I saw some of my school friends. I attended picnics and social gatherings, where I enjoyed myself very much playing croquet, rowing, fishing and bathing, entertaining friends and visiting relatives. I awaited with pleasure the time for returning to the Normal to resume my studies, and meet my friends again.

EVALYN M. COOL.

My vacation was spent at my home in Stroudsburg, with the exception of a week at Scranton, and a few days picnicing at the following places: Bushkill, Hygiene Park, and Mt. Pocono.

RUTH HELLER.

In riding, boating, driving, picknicing at the Water Gap, Black Rock and Centreville, and in visiting friends at Delaware, my vacation was delightfully passed.

SUE B. MILLER.

My vacation was very pleasantly and quietly spent at my home in Wilkesbarre. I attended a number of the picnics to Harvey's

THE NORMAL ECHOES.

pond lily, which floated so gently on the placid waters of the Lake.

At noon we partook of an elegant luncheon served at the hotel near by, this was one of the pleasant features of the day as it was a decided change from the table d'hote of the Normal, although in this particular our school is not surpassed by any other Normal in the State.

The afternoon glided swiftly by in rowing and wandering through the shady forests close by the Lake and the time for our departure arrived only too soon. With reluctance we started on our homeward way. Ah! the pleasures of a moonlight drive through leafy glades, beside murmuring streams!

After a few hours of disturbed slumber, I arose to prepare for my departure from the Normal and left at 11:45 after the farewells with friends and teachers.

As I had previously reached the conclusion that the longest way round is the shortest way home I went by way of Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Allentown to visit students in those towns.

I arrived at Wilkesbarre shortly after 2 p. m., where I decided to call on my cousin and spend a few days in visiting friends.

Enjoying myself very much, I prolonged my stay for a week and in that time I visited Nanticoke, Pittston and Kingston, suburban towns of Wilkesbarre. I visited the spot where now is situated the monument which marks the spot where some of the original settlers of Wilkesbarre gave up their lives for their country's freedom.

On the Fourth of July I visited Scranton and saw the bicycle races, which were well worth the journey.

Realizing that I had a home and that my parents were looking forward to my return, I departed for Green Lane, Montgomery Co., near Philadelphia. On my journey home I passed through the picturesque Lehigh Valley, and on arriving at Allentown I stopped off for a short time and visited friends and relatives.

My home was reached on the afternoon of the 9th, when I surprised the members of the family who nevertheless accorded me a hearty welcome. It might interest some to know that Green Lane is the finest little town in the picturesque Perkiomen Valley. Realizing that vacation was not only for pleasure, I concluded to settle down to something. My almost daily companion was a U. of P. graduate of '94, and such a companion is not found every day, who is as close a student during vacation as when at school. We laid down a plan of study and recreation, which we closely followed during the remainder of the vacation. The first part of each day was spent in studying and the afternoon and evening in tennis, rowing, fishing, bathing, napping and in conversation relative to our studies. Numerous fishing expeditions were made, mostly at night as then we were always the most successful even if it was only in mosquito bites. We had such luck each time as encouraged us to make subsequent trips.

Numerous moonlight excursions on the water were made and certainly anyone who has never been boating on a beautiful moonlight eve when thousands of melodious frogs and owls are making merry music on either shore in the dense forests, has not as yet tasted of genuine pleasure. But all this would not be near so charming if the company were not composed of ladies as well as gentlemen and oftentimes we would quietly drift with the current until midnight singing appropriate songs.

My entire vacation was one ceaseless round of pleasure and study, and almost before I could realize it, the time had arrived for me to prepare for the Normal, in vigorous health well prepared for another year's siege of hard study.

After a few days trip to Allentown, partly for pleasure and partly for business, I left home on the 1st of September and arriving at Allentown, once more remained until Monday morning when I started for East Stroudsburg, arriving at 10:45 a. m., Sept. 3.

Many other students were on the same train and soon we found ourselves again inside the walls of the Normal.

Then it was that we first realized that vacation had ended, that moonlight drives, sequestered nooks and the trill of the night owl among the leafy bowers of the stream and unrestrained freedom were things of the past.

P. M. GRAUL.

My Vacation.

When I returned home after the close of the school year, I determined to improve the time well in the work of the coming year, but with the exception of a little review of Latin, I accomplished nothing. If there be any virtue in a long rest, I am much better fitted for school work than at the close of last term.

During the summer I visited Lake Schawanse, a resort in Luzerne county. This Lake is the largest in Pennsylvania and the largest of its altitude east of the Rocky mountains. Around it are pleasant shady drives, hotels and cottages with most attractive lawns. Two steamers carry passengers to various points of interest. They are not the unsightly scows with splashing wheels, such as we frequently see at resorts, but are trim and pretty and are driven by screw propellers. They are all a modern steamer should be and a ride around this popular lake is a delightful experience. Situated as it is, almost in a forest wilderness, far from the harrowing sounds of traffic, it is an ideal resting place.

I also spent a few days at Lake Winola, an exceedingly pretty place in Wyoming county. It is somewhat in the form of a bow, and years ago, when its beauty was unappreciated, it was known as Oxbow Pond.

There is an interesting legend connected with the name of this lake which has been put into verse. Winola was the name of an Indian maiden who became desperately in love with a white man who was a prisoner of her tribe. On his being put to death, her grief was so great that she drowned herself

in this pond hoping to meet him in the happy hunting ground.

Fishing seems to be appreciated with vacation. It is a strange vacation that has no fishing in it. I went fishing, not so much because I enjoy it, but because it seemed the proper thing to do. I met with the usual result and believe I could have sympathized with those fishermen of long ago, who toiled all night and caught nothing.

My vacation passed quickly by and almost too soon I found myself packing my trunk for the Normal.

W. JAYNE.

One Summer.

Introduction—Before leaving Normal decided where to spend it. Discussion—Arrival at my friends. Pleasures—driving, rowing, riding, walking, dancing, entertaining, eating, sleeping. Conclusion—Return to school.

My heart felt heavy as I bade farewell to many of my dearest friends on Commencement Day, but after the noise and bustle of departure was over I began to realize that vacation had commenced in earnest.

The first four weeks I remained at Normal spending my time in various occupations. I will remember one pleasant walk taken by a party of five. We left Normal after 1 o'clock p. m., passing through Stroudsburg, up the Highland Dell road and after resting at the Dell House, we started for the Delaware Water Gap, by way of the Lower Cherry Valley road, reaching the Gap after 6 o'clock. Here we all decided to take the train for home as we did not feel equal to three miles more. Another stroll, which might be called a "crawl" instead of a climb, was made up of six who decided to climb the Pines. It was most amusing to see the ladies and gentlemen, on hands and knees and dragging their mountain canes behind them, slip and slide on the pine needles as we neared the top. The incline was so great it took the strength of two to give us firm footing on the top of the knoll.

The parties I attended gave me great pleasure, also the receiving and returning of calls, playing tennis, driving, visiting the Water Gap and other picturesque places within easy access of the Normal.

Time flew only too quickly and I found myself deciding a very difficult question—whether to return to my home or spend the remaining five weeks with friends that I had made during the school year. I finally concluded to visit, so leaving Normal and many pleasant times behind me I started on a visit that proved to be one of the most delightful I ever experienced. The mountains and all the scenes along the Schuykill were beautiful and everything presented fine opportunities for a lovely time. The day after my arrival I attended a carnival, where I met quite a number of young people from the village, who figured in many of the after pleasures.

The firm conditions of the roads furnished excellent driving which we took advantage of. Our parties generally consisted of four, and I fear quite often we yielded to the temptation of racing our spirited steeds to see what time they could make.

One week I spent near Tumbling Run Lake, a small body of water in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania. A strong man standing on the edge of the lake could easily cast a stone to the other side, and with a little effort he could hurl it from one corner diagonally to the other, and yet within this tiny space, there is bathing, and still greater joy—rowing all the season. Along the edges are artistic boat houses, in the groves around are many pavilions and a large hotel. The music furnished here is grand, and as the sound comes softly stealing on the moonlit air, keeping time to the musical swish of the oars at your side, you feel as if in Fairyland. Regatta Day, on August 23rd, was one of the important affairs at the lake this season—the number of people present was estimated to be over 6,000 persons.

As I had access to a fine Rambler bicycle, a very pleasing escort, I enjoyed spins along

the beautiful country roads. The mountain paths looked so inviting that many warm mornings found me with a friend, perched on a high rock or strolling toward a difficult climb.

Notwithstanding the warm weather, the summer girls in their airy toilets graced the dancing halls, drawing-room, at homes, etc. I received my invitations with great joy and always spent pleasant afternoons and evenings on the floor tripping to the gay strains of dance music. Of course pleasant times were spent in entertaining friends, eating and sleeping. (?)

“Oh! Sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She send the gentle sleep from Heaven
That stole into my soul”

So sang the Ancient Mariner, but no such sleep stole into mine, for the Jersey mosquitoes lingered near, too near for rest. By and by when it was time to depart I returned to the Normal on the 28th day of August, bringing with me ten pounds more in weight and fully five thick coats of tan. But my pleasures did not cease until the fourth day of September, when I took down my books that had grown so dusty on the shelf to commence another pleasant but hard year's work.

EDITH GRAY.

A Trip Up the Hudson.

There are times when it is proper to review the past and to take an account of all that we have gained or lost. To this the writer cheerfully consents and feels that none of his time can be more pleasantly employed than to review some of his vacation experiences.

To our seniors graduation day was looked forward to as a most interesting event; but no less a joy did we juniors count it, when we learned the decision of the board of examiners, and found that most of our class were successful. To the writer, however, it was of no great account, as he thought of following another line of work. With many

good-byes at the Normal we left for our native town and felt that, after all, there is no place like home.

As usual, the first thing to do after being home several hours, was to visit some of our friends, and by all of them, pleasant times distinguished the day of our coming. The glorious Fourth we never spent more pleasantly, and the numerous burns on our hands attested our patriotism. In the evening we attended a party and took part in the festivities which lasted until a late hour, but variety is the spice of life and we varied our pursuits at woodwork, fishing and doing other light work.

About ten days after the close of the Normal, we started on a trip to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and while waiting for the steamer in New York, visited a few of the places of interest in the great metropolis.

Our ride up the Hudson was truly interesting. Leaving New York the steamer soon enters the Palisades and, on the west bank, on the New Jersey shore, rises an almost straight and perpendicular wall of trap rock, from the river's brink, to a height of 300 to 500 feet.

Leaving the Palisades the river widens into a wide expanse called the Tappan Zee. Soon we enter the highlands and here the scenery is of great beauty and grandeur, admired by all travellers. Several of the heights are crowned with the ruins of fortifications, built to prevent the passage of British ships in the War of Independence. Here was the scene of Arnold's treason and of the sad fate of Major Andre. The river enters the highlands at Newburg, 61 miles above New York City, which rise abruptly from the water to the height of from 1200 to 1600 feet. On this river the first successful experiment in steamboat navigation was made by Robert Fulton. Arriving at the wharf in Poughkeepsie, we soon found our way to the house of a friend, and on the morrow visited some of the educational institutions found in that city. Vassar Female College is here located, and on a fence near

the school the following placard appeared: "Vassar Girls Use Vaseline." We remained a week in the city, several days of which were spent very profitably at Eastman College.

We returned to our home and after remaining there a few days, entered Fairview Academy, Brodheadsville, Pa. After we had read Caesar "through the Helvetian War" we again returned home, where, after doing work of different kinds, soon found ourselves in readiness for the opening of the Normal.

With the Shepherd of old we can say that "our lines have fallen in pleasant places," and feel that school life has many pleasures. At school we welcome our instructors, old and new, and beseech the great Teacher that He will teach us to number our days and help us to apply our hearts unto wisdom.

E. F. BURSH.

A Scranton Tale.

After the busy season of school is over, vacation is hailed with delight by every person. It is a relaxation from the year's work which is very necessary in order that we may prepare ourselves for the work again in the fall.

I arrived at my home in Scranton on the 29th of June, and being quite worn out decided to remain there for a few weeks. It was quite different to be home again, for I did not confine myself to the house, as on several occasions a party of us left the busy city for a day's outing.

The first of this kind was a trip to Lake Ariel, a very picturesque lake situated a few miles above Scranton. It is surrounded by many beautiful cottages, some of which are almost hidden by the foliage of the many trees. So pleasantly had we spent the day in boating, dancing, fishing and exploring the surrounding country, that it was with much reluctance we boarded the eight o'clock train for Scranton.

Two days had elapsed when we found ourselves prepared for another expedition.

This time we went to Mountain Lake, a beautiful little spot among the hills, about three miles from Scranton. Being supplied with a spacious omnibus and a pair of good trotters, we started from home about eight o'clock in the morning. After riding for two hours, with now and then a glimpse of some familiar spot, we reached our destination.

The lake was well supplied with boats, which were soon taken possession of by some of the party. Others who had never seen the place prepared to view the points of interest. Shortly afterward, we all united and lunch was announced, which we partook of with relish, for our appetites were quite ravenous by this time. It was with deep regret we heeded the call to return home.

Surprised and delighted was I on returning home, for my friend from Connecticut had arrived and was the first to greet me. I knew that I should now have many touring expeditions to make for she had never been in Scranton before, and it was plainly seen what was expected of me. We commenced on Monday by visiting the Court House, and before the end of the week had visited all the hospitals, jails and prominent buildings in the city.

Some of our amusements were taking long rides in the open electric cars. These we enjoyed very much, especially on those warm, sultry days. A few days after this we left for Wilkesbarre, where we spent three weeks. We visited the points of interest in this place, called on a number of my Normal friends, and had the extreme pleasure of entertaining them a few hours during our sojourn in this city. On returning home I found that it was nearly time to prepare for school. I had spent such a delightful vacation that the time had but too quickly passed around when I found myself once more on my way to the Normal but tarried a few days at the delightful village of Tobyhanna, where I met my chum. We started for the Normal on the sixth and have now resumed our duties as students.

MAYME G. REAP.

A Summer in East Stroudsburg.

As school hours slowly crept into the sunny days of June, I began to wish for vacation time. Each day my walk from home seemed longer, and more tiresome. It required greater effort on my part to study, and greater patience on the part of my teachers, to listen to the half learned lessons. At last examinations were over, commencement was held, school was closed, and the pupils were set free; and after all, I did not realize how pleasantly the time had been spent until I was ready to leave.

I passed the greater part of my time at home in East Stroudsburg. As I had the pleasure of being home every day while attending school, I did not experience that great pleasure, of returning after an absence of several months. During the first few weeks, I rested from study and made up for some work that I had escaped while at school. One day, after I had almost forgotten that there is such work as study, I chanced to remember a bit of advice from my Latin instructor. It was to review my grammar during leisure hours. I proceeded to work, but soon lost interest as I had no one to whom I could recite. I planned for a visit during the latter days of July and fore part of August, but changed my plans after hearing of the elocution class, thinking a course of this kind would be more beneficial than idly visiting. In the Normal Chapel many pleasant evenings were profitably passed.

On August 2, I was present at the annual Pearson reunion, at Williamsburg for the first time and thoroughly enjoyed it. There were descendants of the family from various places, and I was almost bewildered to meet so many relatives of whom I never heard before. From here I went to spend a few days with my cousin. We reached her home after a ride of several miles in the dark and rain. The next day dawned clear, and everything looked cleaner and more fasci-

nating after the evening shower. The old fashioned house was closely nestled at the foot of a gently sloping hill; while on one side the view was hidden by dense woodlands, on the other, wide sloping meadows, watered by tiny brooklets, vanished in the distance. Many pleasant drives by pretty farm houses, and along country roads and shady groves were participated in with delight. I left for home with reluctance, wishing that pleasures did not vanish so quickly.

This was followed by a picnic to Hygiene Park, a romantic little resort a few miles from East Stroudsburg. Marshall's Falls add to the beauty of this attractive spot. An odd little rustic bridge is placed from rock to rock across the falls. Foot paths lead around the hillside, over giant rocks to the places favored by nature. An excursion to Water Gap to view that mountain scenery of which the eye is never tired, was a pleasant experience. Several visits from friends, and an angling expedition, with the usual "fisherman's luck" completed the several pleasant days of my summer's vacation.

After a week of preparation, I again found myself ready for another year's work, with nothing left of a summer of rest save its pleasant remembrances. M. KURTZ.

Country Life.

I am glad to say that I was among the number to leave school and spend a few weeks in my native home about fifteen miles from the Normal. Having passed the required examination for entrance into the senior class, I could not help but show my success, in my walk and conversation.

There are indeed many striking pictures presented to the mind of the traveler, as he gazes at the huge masses of rock at the Water Gap, as they rise from the water's edge to a height of twelve hundred feet.

The day following my return home I made preparations for work of a different nature

than what I had followed for a year. I suppose you all know what a busy time it is during the months of July and August, especially for the farmer.

I think it would be very selfish to mention the hardships which I endured and not say anything about the pleasures; therefore I will mention a few. Picnics and festivals, who does not enjoy them? Who, after laboring for a week is not willing to spend a day in the grove for pleasure? Fishing is another pleasure of the day, and I had some experience in this line. Of course we are apt to catch small fish when we go fishing, but I must say I managed to catch one that tipped the scales at three pounds and four ounces.

Among other pleasures, which I enjoyed, were social parties, and visiting relatives and friends. August is the month in which the melon season opens, when the eyes of all people watch for one of these.

I returned to the Normal, September the third, ready for another year's hard work.

H. E. SMITH.

Miss Elsie Price is teaching this autumn.

Mr. Jas Frace will return to finish his course next year.

Mr. Francis McCarty is Vice-Principal of the Mayfield public school.

Miss Bessie VanEtten is teaching in the grammar department of the Stroudsburg school.

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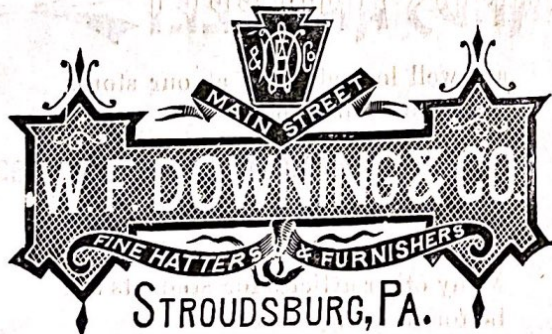
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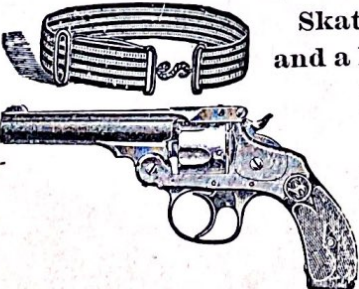
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