

The Edinboro Normal Review

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AUGUST, 1908

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

PRIZE ORATION AT THE SOCIETY CONTEST.

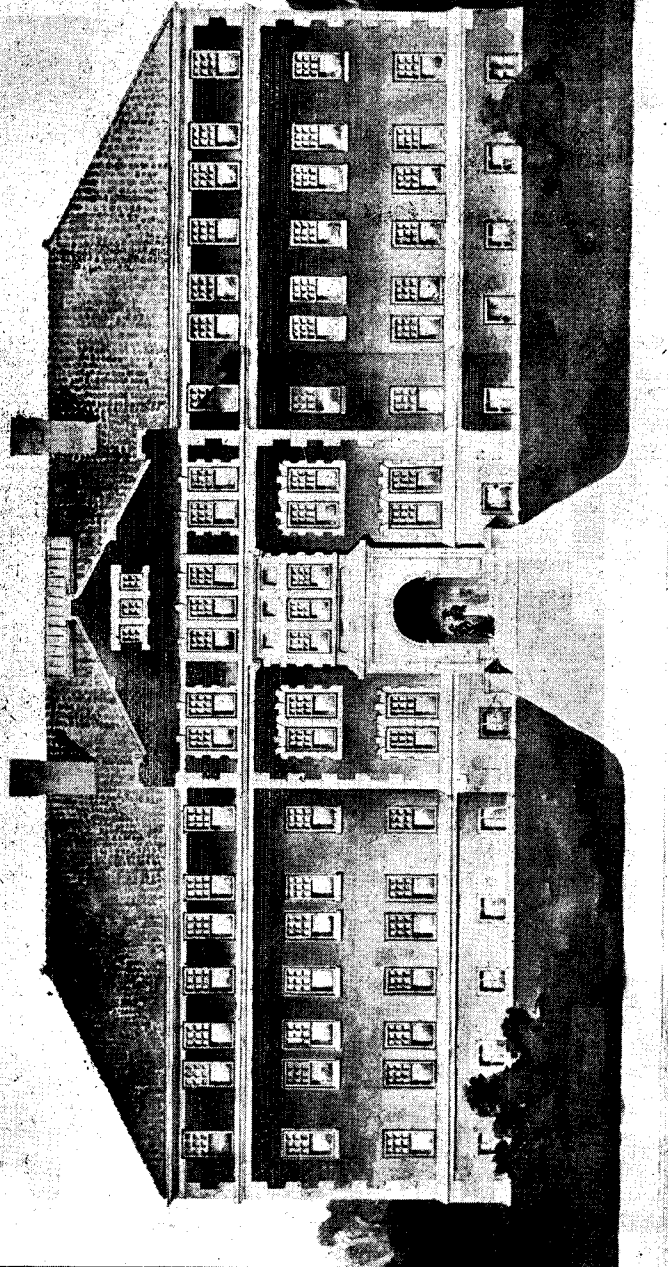
Resolved That the Russian Revolution Or Reform Movement Has Been a Benefit To Russia.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Honorable Judges, we hope to prove to you this evening a question which has been rapidly demonstrating itself for the past few months; namely, that the Russian Revolution with its social convulsions, bombs and massacres has been a benefit to Russia. After reading sensational newspaper reports people rush from one extreme to another, saying first that the Revolution is a Godsend to Russia and next that the Revolutionists are Anarchists and murderers. In both cases more irrational than the Revolutionists they condemn: the premises from which they draw this conclusion being but episodes too slight for such weighty decisions. We must remember that as the corrupt government and social system of Russia are the growth of centuries, so it will take centuries to do away with the same. And while we shudder at the cruelties and loss of blood in this Revolution, we must recollect 'tis but the serf's just revenge over a tyrannical ruler; that we upheld the same principle in 1861 when we said the master must shed a drop

of blood for every one he had drawn from his slave. This is not a revolution to be compared with those of Central America and other countries caused solely by reckless personal ambition but is a desperate struggle of suffering peasants who are trying to better their condition.

There are four essential factors that make up a prosperous nation; good government, good morals, good educational system and a full treasury. The opposite of these depict a country retrograding among nations. By a brief statement of facts it can be proven that Russia was retrograding but this Revolution has acquired or laid the foundation for acquiring the factors which it has been said are essential to a prosperous nation. From a political standpoint Russia has been benefitted by the Revolution.

First because the Revolution has secured a representative government. The history of every nation presents instances where the organic growth of years has within a brief space of time been altered or destroyed by a people that has lost faith in the efficiency of orderly evolution. The English evolution of the 17th century once for all established the rights of the nation against its ruler. The American evolution freed the colonies from the crown and made them free and independent states. So in Russia where the government has stood for despotism since the time



THE NEW DORMITORY

of the Moscow Emperors, the people began a peaceful career for their moral and intellectual betterment. Finding peaceful petitions ineffectual they were stirred to revolution by the pangs of hunger and oppression. This Revolution became so violent and threatening that the Czar had to grant the people their demand for representative government to appease their wrath and to save his crown and the lives of the royal family.

If we wish to see the step Russia has taken toward representative government let us look at the history of France. On May 10th the day on which the Douma first met over a century ago the French king was forced to summon representatives of the people to meet him in Parliament. I mention this not that the coincidence of dates has any value but because social conditions in France in 1789 bear a striking resemblance to those in Russia at the present time. But the French Parliament has developed a strong and lasting government. Why cannot Russia do the same?

Second, Russia has been benefitted because the new government secured by the Revolution will be permanent. Russia cannot gain her former good position in Europe by autocratic methods. Although the government pretends to maintain her position she is really so corrupt that her autocracy is dying. The local workers are without convictions or political ideas. They hang together as the Czar's supporters only when they are grasping the poor peasants, money. Experience has shown that it is personal interest alone that impels the autocrats and landlords to uphold the Czar and despotism. The Revolution although a stern teacher is showing the autocracy that their interests are the interests of the peasant, so the Czar and little Czarovitch must go, or govern justly. It has been said that the present Douma is weak and conciliating. This may be true but it is im-

possible for Russia to get a legislature more docile than the French States General of 1789. Yet they transformed Bourbon despotism into a constitutional monarchy and then supplanted it by a republic.

Third, Revolution was the only means by which the Russian government could be reformed. The reforms desired seemed too much opposed to the money interests of the Beaucrats to have been procured ever by peaceful means. It was only under the stress of national insurrection, under the pressure of great masses of the people that the citadel of despotism would give way. Have not the actions of the government proved that bombs were the only kind of argument they would listen to? The people have vainly petitioned again and again for redress of grievances. Even the peace congress of M. Shipoff was treated scornfully by the Czar. How differently he received the murder of that noble villain the Grand Duke Sergius. Issuing an edict immediately after promising a national assembly and other reforms, again after the disorders of 1902-03, corporal punishment and confinement of peasants to their native villages was prohibited by the Czar. After the uprising of 1905 the Czar gave the peasants a large proportion of the seats in the Douma, remitted one third of their taxes and shortened the term of army service. After the revolution of 1906 the peasants were given more land equality with the citizens before the courts of law, and other rights. In 1907 there were no great disturbances and no reforms. So if we remember that this same principle of violent resistance has given the peasants more respect from police, driven away obnoxious landlords, raised wages and lowered rents and bettered their condition in general we can understand why they do these deeds of violence and can sympathize with instead of condemn them. We see the excess of disorder on the one side and excess of despotism on the other

gradually hammering out the nucleus of a great central party, a party unanimous for moderate reform.

Considering the effects of the revolution morally I say it has been a benefit, first for it has established religious freedom in Russia. One of the first things the Douma, which is one of the products of the revolution, asked the Czar was religious freedom. Before this all Jews have been excluded from Russia on account of their religion, but now they not only live and worship in Russia but there were Jews holding seats in the first Russian parliament. This shows that freedom of worship is fully established.

Second, the revolution has brought forth a moral awakening. Revolution with its horror brings before a man his own moral weakness. People say that the earthquake at San Francisco was a just and beneficial punishment to the wicked city, causing the people to see their sinful condition, then how much greater is Russia's need of a moral awakening, a country steeped in sin and crimes of every description!

Third, the Revolution has indirectly started a war against alcohol. Drunkenness is the crying evil of Russia. But the Russian legislative chambers have given proof of their vitality by attacking this greatest of national evils, a question on which the salvation and future of the Russian state largely depend. Before the revolution the struggle was left entirely to the church and temperance societies which were unable to cope with the question. The Douma has already lessened the per cent of alcohol that can be legally sold in drinks, and other reforms are sure to follow.

Russia has been benefitted intellectually.

First, because the revolution has opened the nation to a period of intellectual activity.

One Russian Beaucrat clearly shows the use they wished to make of education when he said, "Russia must be left frozen by il-

literacy that her government may not grow putrid." The revolution has furnished the heat to thaw out their truly putrid government, while the resulting freedom of thought, speech and press are furnishing the light and life necessary to the growth of a free educated nation. This statement is based on the fact that after having examined several cases in the world's history I have found that whenever a nation has placed all its resources in military strength there has been an intellectual decline until she was robbed of military power, when there was another period of intellectual activity. This has taken place time and again in the ancient countries, also in England, after their revolution. Russia forms a parallel case in our own age. Now that the revolution and late war has broken her military power a period of intellectual activity is sure to follow.

Second, the revolution has aided literature by removing the restrictions formerly placed upon authors and scholars.

We have noticed the acts of the Russian nation and not the people and judging from them, classed the people as dull and barbarous. But we forget the great Russian scholars and novelists such as Count Tolstoy, famous through the world and produced not with the help of, but in spite of the Russian government, which has imprisoned, exiled or executed them for the slightest offense. But now articles appear in the Russian papers which would have cost some man his head before the revolution, and nothing is said. Why? Because the revolution has robbed the Beaucrats of power and procured freedom of the press. What then can we expect of these people now their learning is not checked by an oppressive government? The revolution has benefitted Russia financially. The revolution has opened Russia's land and other resources to development. Russia has thousands of acres of fertile land, valuable timber and vast mines of coal, gold and salt

but these mines have been undeveloped while the land was owned entirely by the greedy upper classes, the Czar included, who rented it to the peasants at such a high rate that they were barely able to pay the rent.

But now moved by the demands of the Douma which told him the starving condition of the peasants the Czar has granted that his own private estate numbering several thousand acres shall be given to the poor. While the spread of the liberal ideas has laid open the mines to the development of foreign as well as home capitalists, formerly they were a hermit nation the same as Japan before Commodore Perry's visit.

Second, by this revolution the laboring men's wages have been increased.

Since the revolution has instilled the spirit of confidence and freedom into the peasant's mind strikes have been frequent, increasing the wages of laborers seventy-five million rubles in the year 1906 alone. Now it is on the prosperity of the working class that the financial basis of every nation rests. One Russian employer speaking against these revolts said, "The working men are ruining their own prospects." A few years ago they were utter halots who labored twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours in order to earn enough just to live. Today for nine hours' work they are generally paid well, in some places so much that their employers' profit is nominal. Yet they persist in striking for higher wages and shorter hours; now if this ruins the laborers' prospects, we fail to see the argument.

For these reasons I say that with or without convulsions the revolution is certain sooner or later, to have its legitimate results. Despite the ominous reports of correspondents who have by their exaggerations almost killed public interest in this great country, the crops go on growing and life goes on developing.

Underneath the great main factors are

slowly but surely changing and Russia will eventually advance on the path of a renewed life with loyalty and praise for her revolutionary patriots and confidence in her future.

NATHAN DENNISON.



Literature in the Public Schools.

The study of good literature is not only a pleasure, but it is a necessity to a well educated person. Good literature includes both poetry and prose writings, although all poetry and prose works are not necessarily good literature. For this reason a selection of only the best must be made. Special care should be exercised in the selection of such works as are to be studied in school, for the taste for good literature, cultivated in the school room, will have a lasting influence in the child's choice of reading matter after he has left school.

Milton said, "A good book is the best blood of a master spirit." By the study of the best literature we come in contact with the thoughts of great men and women and

unconsciously are raised to a higher plane of thinking, as no author is able to keep his own personality out of his writings. This study also aids in attaining good English expressions and adds to one's vocabulary by enriching it with choice selections from different writers.

We do not have to look very far to find young men whose prospects for a bright future have been dulled and whose life work is uninteresting and unsuccessful, simply because they have devoured the cheap and worthless reading matter found in the news rooms, instead of filling their minds with beautiful and noble thoughts. The school is the place for the training of children, so why not train them as thoroughly in this study as we do in arithmetic, spelling or some of the other regular studies. Surely if the study of literature will instill in children's minds a taste for good reading and a desire for the good and beautiful, it has a greater and more lasting influence over their lives than any other study.

Roughly speaking, our present system of common schools is about fifty years old, and in that time there has been an extraordinary activity in the great departments of human knowledge. But the study of literature, although equally as important as many of the other studies, receives very little if any attention until the student reaches the high school. He then spends two years in the study of American and English literature, hoping to gain in so short a time a sufficient knowledge of the subject.

The true study of literature is the study not of theories about relations of history, philosophy and aesthetics, but of the meaning and significance of the great works themselves. The child to gain true knowledge of literature must deal directly with the work itself and study it as an artistic unity, not mere selections from works. It is much better to study a short poem, get the full

beauty and meaning from it, than to study parts of some longer one. The same is true in the study of short prose writings, more can be derived from the study of a short essay than patches, as it were, from longer works.

Only through definite forms of human language does literature, in its true sense, reach the mind of all. Thus the teaching of literature reposes always upon the teaching of language. In the first steps in the study of literature the youth and the lack of reading of the pupil makes his vocabulary small and his understanding of literature dull; then there is absolute need of explaining words and interpreting constructions and the teacher must help the child in doing this. Without this the charm of literature can not reach the pupil's soul. The separation of language from literature leads to the careless habit of reading, to false thinking, to self deception and to that bungling and smattering which rob education of its real value.

Each step in the students' knowledge is a step toward the comprehension of literature. Only as the practical command of language approaches perfection, is there any real access to literature. When the pupils then are well advanced, and familiar with large masses of words and with literary style, the teacher may take much for granted and deal with the literary form of the passage, with the relations to history, to aesthetics and to philosophy.

There must be wise discretion in choosing literary forms that are to be studied. Poems of simple narrative, of the pathetic, the humorous or the serious character are always of interest. In the primary rooms children take great pleasure in studying the simple but delightful little poems. They especially like Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue."

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;

And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket molds in his hands.
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair,
 And that was the time when our Little Boy
 Blue
 Kissed them and put them there."

They are equally as fond of Longfellow's
 "Children's Hour," Riley's "A Life Lesson,"
 and Field's "Hush-a-Bie-Lady" and "Wynken
 and Blynken and Nod."

These little children, storing their minds
 with such gems as these, are getting some-
 thing which they will ever retain, and as
 they grow older and have more advanced
 work they will find stored away in that great
 store-house of the mind, memory, such a
 collection of beautiful thoughts as will be a
 pleasure to them all their lives.

After these simple poems, lyrical poetry
 may be taken up; then the long narrative,
 until we reach the highest stage of all, the
 drama by Shakespeare. By beginning the
 study while children, and gradually advancing,
 they will be able to take up the study of
 Shakespeare's works with a clear com-
 prehension of them.

In prose as in poetry, the course should be-
 gin with simple masterpieces of descriptive
 method, descriptions of scenes, of landscapes,
 of cities or scenes of familiar or foreign life.

The narrative follows this very closely,
 then the work of oratory, essays, and
 philosophical reasoning.

By some such plan of arrangement in the
 course of study, between the ages of eight
 to eighteen, representative works of various
 literary forms may be brought before the
 pupils' minds and made part of their souls
 forever.

Thus in years of school life, if the teach-
 ing of literature follow a good method, the
 child has time to gain a true knowledge of
 much great literature and a useful con-
 ception of literature itself.

FLORENCE DOLPH.



The Music of Nature.

"To him who in the love of nature
 Holds communion with her visible forms
 She speaks a various language."

Each different phase of nature speaks in its
 own individual harmony. Each landscape, be
 it barren or luxuriant, sings with a rich
 melody that steals into the heart of man.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
 There's music in the gushing of a rill,
 There's music in all things if men had ears."

Even in her most entrancing moods nature
 may be perfectly silent but the waves of
 light and shadow that soften and illumine
 her outlines make her beauties pulsate with
 visible melodies. God's great canvass on
 which he has painted the world, is always
 resounding with an anthem where marvelous
 cadences rise and fall to the response of the
 moods of the nature world. The air is full of
 music. Birds, bees, and all wild children
 join in the grand concert. Winds toss broad-
 cast their sonorous notes, leaves and twigs
 were the glad accompaniment to the murmur
 of the stream and the roar of the torrent.

To be but for an hour in the midst of such
 music, lifts the soul to a higher plane of
 living. For the first time we realize what a
 splendid thing it is to have ears that catch
 the messages of forest, stream, cloud and all
 nature life. We are glad to go to the crest

of some lofty mountain where we may stand
 above the world, alone with God.

As the love, the passion, and the despair
 of the violinist floods his music, ringing with
 the melody of his inner being; so, in nature,
 everything both great and small reveals the
 musical synonym of its heart. "Human
 music is technique in league with the soul;
 the music of nature is life in league with the
 Infinite."

In the bright sunshine of the meadows,
 decked with flowers and grasses, there is
 seemingly a joyous unending tranquility.
 But come with me some hot August after-
 noon into yonder orchard and listen to the
 subdued humming of myriad insects. Among
 these are the crickets and locusts which rasp
 their roughened legs against their wings,
 while the drowsy hum of the bees rises to a
 subdued roar as we approach the hive.

What is more cheering than the note of
 the first blue bird or what thrills and en-
 raptures us more than the song of the robin
 heralding the coming spring? Listen to the
 mocking bird's silver notes and trills bubbling
 forth, now soft and low, now clear and
 piercing. Surely this is God's own little
 songster. It is evening of an early June
 day. Nearby on the fence wire, vesper
 sparrow is pouring forth her serene, liquid
 notes; in yonder wood we hear the sad plain-
 tive pee-wee, pee-a-wee of the wood pewee
 and faintly in the distance we hear the clear
 bell like notes of the hermit thrush alluring
 us into the thicket by his call. The sun has
 set and whip-poor-will startles us with his
 weird notes. But who breathes such loud
 sweet music from his throat that it makes
 us think that miracles have not ceased? Ah!
 it is the nightingale! He who at midnight
 hears the clear airs, their natural rising and
 falling; the doubling and redoubling of his
 voice, might well be lifted above earth and
 say, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided

for the saints in Heaven, that thou afforest
 bad men such music on earth?"

Listen to the sighing of the wind in the
 pines.

"I love that moaning music which I hear,
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn; for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another
 sphere."

Yet how sad and mournful are its notes.
 How it whistles round the corners and down
 the chimney and makes us shiver with its
 cold blast.

"Perhaps the wind wails so in winter for the
 summer's dead,
 And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries,
 For what has been and is not."

In the wild restless powerful voice of the
 volcano there is another nature music. In
 that no softly singing stream or tremulous
 mountain torrents attend. The chords are
 in basso profundo and crescendo when the
 subterranean furies hold high carnival. Such
 a composition seems rather of a blasphemy
 in nature. The powers of darkness seem to
 awake and pour forth their notes from the
 mouth of the pit. Satan's choristers
 arranging their gamut of screams and growls,
 pour forth their hellish notes. The earth-
 quake is always attended by a muffled roar
 which perhaps is a lullaby when as John
 Muir says: "Mother earth is trotting us on
 her knee to amuse us and make us good."
 Almost startling is the impressive grandeur
 of the geysers. Some have rhythmic, thrilling
 notes, while others gurgle and groan in a
 very undignified manner. "Meanwhile the
 world looks on and claps its hands."

"There is society where none intrude
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

There is a sparkling brilliancy in the
 melody of the sea when it plays among the
 rocks along the coast, and in the silence of
 the night when the moon illumines the

shadowy outlines with her silvery shafts of light, the sea murmurs a benediction full of the solemnity of prayer. But there is always a lull, a quarter hour, of breathless waiting just before the storm. Not a leaf stirs and all customary voices are hushed. It is then that the song of the white throated sparrow is heard, just a few sad sweet notes lowly audible in a descending cadence. It is so sweet and so suited to the moment that when it is finished it seems not to have broken the breathless silence. Then in a short time the driving, stinging rain descends lashing up the waves in their fury and howling through every leaf and needle. Suddenly louder than any sound of the gale we hear the loon's wild laughter as the bird rushes through the air to descend into the water, only to reappear and shake another guffaw—a lunatic's mirth. The clouds pealing forth their thunder link their voice with the tumult, while amid all this chaos the seabirds shriek and flutter. The sea vibrates with discord, antagonism and death. She speaks with a wild fierce melody that threatens to tear asunder the very chords of earth and shatter the firmament. Surely what can be more awful than this the manifestation of the wrath of the Almighty.

May we not hope when we lay aside mortality with all its hindrances and enter the spirit world, that our ears may be so tuned to the strings of the harp of our Creator that we may hear and fully enjoy all this melody? For the sounding board on which all music finds its origin is Heaven, and the earth wrapped in clouds and tied with rainbows is a great musical portfolio carried in the hand of God.

LAURA W. ALLEN.

"A few men," said Uncle Eben, "do hide deir light under a bushel. But a heap mo' is trying to make a sulphur match do de work of a searchlight."—Washington Star.

The Relation of the Teacher to the Nation.

We have often heard the old adage that history repeats itself: to a student of history, both ancient and modern, this is obvious. As we study the history of past nations we find that it is made up essentially of a series of causes and effects. So, to have the history of one country follow the pattern which has been made by another, we need only have the same causes at work to produce the same effect. As the effects produced by some causes bring about other effects, it becomes a process of evolution into which all nations naturally glide. This is true because human nature is largely the same in all climes, among all peoples, and at all times, and government is an institution of men into which will creep sooner or later the lower human nature unless it is crowded out by the growth of the higher intellectual and spiritual part of man.

Looking closely into the history of those nations which have reached the acme of their glory and have finally toppled over and become a thing of the past, studying them in a comparative way with our own country, we find the same causes that brought them low are at work mining the foundation from our own beloved republic. Thus the corruption of government and luxury which caused Rome to fall from being the "ruler of the world" to insignificance, may be seen, to a certain degree, in our own United States.

The jealousy among our different states and the strife among them over "State Rights" is only a milder form of the same disunion which caused the downfall of Greece. The tyrannical despotism which caused the downfall of Egypt is carried in America in another form and through the medium of the money king. So we might bring up many cases from ancient history which will show that our country is on the

path of her ancient sister nations. We therefore arrive at the logical conclusion that the land we love so much, the land for which we would so willingly give our hearts' best blood, must follow the course of evolution and crumble in shame and disgrace unless, in the process of her development, there comes a factor that will change the nature of her growth and bring about causes that will produce different effects.

The question then for us to decide is what is to be done to save our country from her peril and how is it to be accomplished. In as much as the causes producing the downfall of the great nations of the past were not issues of war, but an element within themselves rather than any outward power, we must turn our eyes from the gory arena of pugilistic action and cast about for something that will deal with the issue at hand. The question is not one of war, but one of brains and willingness. There never was a time when we needed more good brainy people with a willingness to work and the back-bone to stand for what they believe. It is a well known fact that the thing that makes one nation preceed another in war is not so much the shot and shell at their command, but rather the men behind the movement. We should remember that, "The pen is mightier than the sword" and it takes brains to wield the pen.

In a country like ours where the government of the people is supposed to be by the people, in order to reform the government we must begin with the people. Wm. Penn said "Good laws do well but good men better; for good laws may want good men, but good men will never want good laws nor suffer ill ones." Dr. L. S. Shimmel says, "The permanence of our great country depends on our home government. If we allow them to be mismanaged, the government at Washington will be affected by the misrule. Local government is the fountain; if it is

polluted with corruption the stream which finally flows into the national capital will be laden with corruption. It rests upon the voter at the township precinct whether our beloved country shall endure." So we turn to the people. But why is it that the people care so little about the local government of their own township, county, and state? Why is it that men's votes can be bought by the hundred for a few paltry dollars, a few flattering words and a friendly hand shake, or the promise of official distinction? Why will men so barter away their precious birth-right, which makes all the difference between American liberty and foreign serfdom, for a mere pittance? The answer is very clear. It is simply that their training has been so insufficient and demoralizing that these sacred rights mean nothing to them. The lack of good morals or the higher part of man, in a people means destruction to their government. Since the training of so large a part of the present generation has been along such low lines with regard to their duty to their country, there is not much hope of doing a great work among them. But in the rising generation, whose ideas and ideals are yet to be formed and in whose hands will be the reins of tomorrows, government, there is some hope of aid and if they are properly trained our beloved land will realize an alteration for the better.

There are two institutions that have in their power the making or marring of the future of our country more than all others. They are the home and the school. I place the home first because it should be the more important and should take the first rank whether it does or not.

We are all familiar with the proverb, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," and this is one of the cardinal truths of evolution. There is no person with whom we come in contact who has such an influence over our lives as that

hallowed being, our mother. Next to her the father's influence over us is seen. Thus our earliest notions of right and wrong are those taught us by our parents, and our conception of duty to the nation comes from them. Even if they say but few words concerning political rights and duties, never the less impressions are made upon our minds which are bound to bear fruit. But since so many people regard the right of citizenship so lightly, it is very apparent that sacred institution, the American home, is falling short of the standard of ideal perfectness which would make a modern Eutopia of our land. And when we think of the thousands of homes in our vast nation, the task of reformation seems appalling. If to reach the young we must work entirely through the medium of the home, then the task is impossible.

But happily there is another way in which we may reach the child and in very favorable circumstances. Some one has said "The hand that trains the mind is the hand that trains the man." The responsibility of modeling the future America therefore falls upon an army of patriotic, enthusiastic, educated young men, and women who are, we believe, capable in every sense of the word. Next to the parents no one comes into such close touch with the child or has a greater influence over his life than the teacher. The young mind in its plastic state, beholds in the teacher someone almost super-human. All may look back upon their school days and remember what a hold the teachers have had upon their minds and their very lives. Some have left impressions which have not been very good while others have left such impressions which have proven stimuli toward developing the very best in them, and have largely determined their present character and view of life as a whole. The pupils, the younger ones especially, look upon the teacher as some one far beyond the

ordinary. It is hard for the little minds to grasp the fact that the teacher can not do everything, and can not explain to them everything which may puzzle them. Thus the teacher is placed in the most advantageous position, and can mould the future of his pupils to a very great extent. To what extent it would be hard to determine. This being true it may be seen that, in a way, the child's destiny is placed in his hands. No person besides the parents themselves has such an important and divine charge, as has the teacher. His debt to the child is very great. He must direct the growth of the child in such a way that his life will not be useless. He must see that the child's mind is filled with high ideals such as will bring out the best, that divine part in his character, and in this way make him of use to his fellow-beings and to his God. The teacher may be looking into the face of the future President of the United States, a Senator of some future time, or some other man who will play some important part in national life. Some teacher is doing so for, because of the present laws, the man who will figure as political leaders in the republic of tomorrow, are under the influence of a teacher to-day. Thus the obligation of the teacher is not limited to the child and his needs, but through the child reaches the nation itself.

The next question that naturally arises is how the teacher can best perform this duty to the child and to the nation. In the first place every teacher should rely upon some higher power than human strength. He should strive to show forth the Christian life as portrayed by the Great Teacher. Otherwise his best efforts will not attain the height they should. He should keep in mind this saying of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "What you do speaks so loud that I can not hear what you say." The power of example counts for more in the schoolroom than precepts,

especially along moral and ethical lines. Thus the teacher's example should be of the best. He should strive to foster a pure, patriotic spirit among his pupils and promulgate the higher love for their country. This may be done in a number of ways, or rather by using a combination of a number of ways.

Patriotic songs stir the feelings of love for our native land. Heroic stories of history tend to strengthen patriotism. With all the other things the teacher should impress upon the minds of the children the importance and sanctity of the rights of citizenship. He should make them feel that the poorest man is of just as much importance and has just as much to do in regard to ruling the nation as the richest millionaire on election day. This should be true. It is what our sainted fore-fathers planned when they left their homes in the old world and braved the wilds of the new.

Let us then remember that the future of America lies not with the politicians of the past, present or future but with the school teacher of the present.

Wm. P. HANKS.

Class Poem.

When we came to the Normal as juniors,
Each teacher our merits did see,
We were earnest, hardworking, devoted,
But modest as juniors should be.
At Christmas time we accepted green apples,
Nor uttered one word of protest,
For we knew that our time was coming,
In security we might rest.

Then as middlers, each '07 senior
Regarded our class with due awe,
For whatever that our class attempted,
They learned that success was our law.
With the help of our teachers, we middlers
The Hallowe'en party displayed,
All our girls as sweet Highland lassies,
While the boys as clowns were arrayed.

The societies gave the spring welcome,
'Twas a middler, Mr. George Rose,

Who then bade all the new students welcome,
Instead of a senior, you know.
Arbor Day we considered the climax,
The seniors had cut down their tree,
In an old barn just back of the Normal
They placed it and then said with glee,

"Now those middle years we have outwitted,
For this tree they never shall get,"
And they sat up with it the whole night
through.

Next morn as in chapel they sat,
The middle years without a boastful word
Just quietly slipped around;
And it had three rings round its grand young
trunk,
When it was by the seniors found.

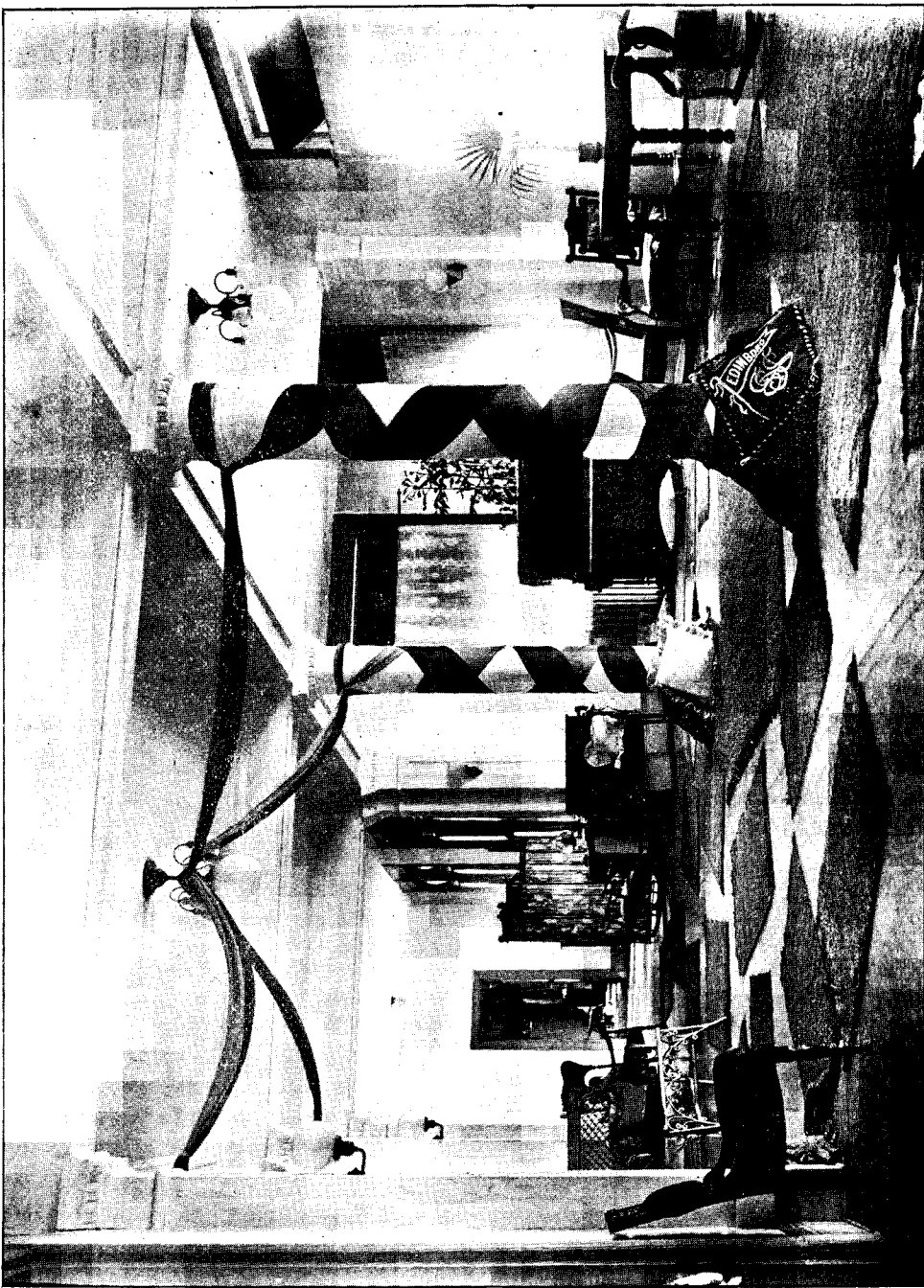
Thus the strife went on, but always won,
It was so throughout the whole year;
E'en examinations frightened us not,
We knew we'd pass—so why fear?
Last Autumn we returned to the Normal,
As seniors our places we took,
And we scolded concerning orations,
And frowned at each reference book.

Then Miss Mowrey corrected our papers,
And Miss Keeler heard us recite,
The old Normal Hall resounded with cheers,
On full many a Friday night.
But then chapel stage was scarcely over,
And our fears on that point allayed,
When teachers began to talk of theses,
Do you wonder we were dismayed?

But there have also been many pleasures,
At Christmas to every teacher we gave
A small memento of our affection,
Which we hope each teacher will save.
Mr. Bigler accepted a coffee mill,
His favorite saying, you know
Is, "The mills of the Gods grind very fine,
Though they grind exceedingly slow."

To Miss Reno was given a piano,
To Miss Hinman a rubber ball.
Mr. Ghering accepted a rifle.
There were suitable gifts for all.
At last after much debating we went
On our sleigh ride to Saegertown,
We were careful to choose good chaperons,
They let us yell without a frown.

While we ate our feast in the dining room,
The band played softly in the hall.



HAVEN HALL

After supper we played all sorts of games,
 And enjoyed ourselves, one and all.
 While we were driving home, the chaperons
 Were directed to watch the stars,
 So I'm sure I don't know what happened
 then,
 But perhaps you might ask Miss Mars.

Why the seniors who are on commencement,
 Should find that times really demand
 That they skip class for just a day or two,
 Mr. Eakin doesn't understand.
 As he calls the roll he says with a smile,
 Though his lips are scornfully curled,
 "The juniors come every day, but they're
 young
 And don't know the ways of the world."

That man can hear, oh! the lowest whisper,
 For the street cars he never cares,
 But he says that the trolley goes along
 And tends to its own affairs
 But though he may scold, yet he likes us all,
 And the seniors like him too,
 What would we do without the Normal band,
 And the Edinboro Review?

Then, too, there are some who enjoy the lake,
 The fishing about here is fine,
 But the fishermen sometimes get Cook-ed
 When caught on their own hook and line.
 The date appointed for arbor day,
 As is here an established rule,
 The seniors assembled in chapel hall
 To give a program to the school.

After the program, we marched out to plant
 Our tree—if we should find one there,
 For all of the boys had gone out of town,
 We knew 'twas to do and to dare:

But we had faith in our own senior boys,
 For though in number they were few,
 If you get ahead of those very same boys
 You'll find you have something to do.
 And before it was time, our boys arrived,
 They brought with them a tall, straight tree,
 Then soon in the opposite direction
 The juniors and mids you might see.

The look on each face would have made you
 laugh,
 Their astonishment grew and grew,
 But there stood the tree as big as life,
 There was nothing to say or do,
 For though they had captured the tree, they
 thought

We meant to plant on arbor day,
 The senior boys cut another one down,
 And came home a different way.
 Each senior aided in planting the tree,
 And the teachers did their part too,
 Our president made a speech telling
 What great things in the future we'd do.
 Now juniors and mids you had best beware,
 Though your numbers are greater, because
 There's a proverb says "thinking educates,"
 And there's nothing else ever does.

After discussion, consultation, debate,
 For their picnic the seniors went,
 A part of them to visit Niagara,
 Others on Waldameer intent.
 The Niagara crowd had our principal,
 He made a good chaperon too,
 While the Waldameer bunch enjoyed them-
 selves,
 With Miss Polly and Emmy Lou.

No misfortune befell the Niagara bunch,
 Until they got off the car,
 Their chaperon arguing about locked door,
 Was bourne from the students afar.
 They watched him disappear and then looked
 around,
 Poor seniors, we stood by the track,
 But he got the best of the argument,
 And they soon came bringing him back.

They visited all the places of note,
 Both Goat Island and Prospect Park,
 But the best part of all the boys declared
 Was through the tunnel in the dark.
 Then all too soon came the time to depart,
 They were on the train homeward bound,
 When they discovered three couples were
 gone,
 For something they were looking around.

The chaperon got them under his wing,
 But a part another car choose,
 Now of course some one must look after
 these,
 So Mr. Bigler sent Hugh Rose;
 'Twas surprising the number of friends he
 had.
 Each student face looked just sublime,
 As hands in pocket he said, "Don't mind me,
 Just pitch in and have a good time."

At Erie the two picnic parties met,
 All said 'twas an occasion rare,

They'd had their shoes shined, all rules
bourne in mind,
For a better time, they'd not care.
And next morning Professor Bigler said,
"I have no criticisms to make ;
Hereafter each class to Niagara Falls
For their senior picnic I'll take."
State board has gone, our papers are burned,
And one ascended to the skies,
It was an emblem to the others there,
Of the heights to which we shall rise.
Field Day was the last of our victories,
But our class shall go on and on,

And you'll hear of other great battles won,
When the years have come and gone

Our Normal days are now almost over,
This school we must soon bid adieu,
With the spots we have loved in by gone days,
And our friends both tried and true.
For the blue and the gold,
May each senior wear,
A for-get-me-not on his heart,
And when we do go forth into the world,
May naught eight act well its part.

MINERVA YOUNG.

MIDDLE YEAR DEPARTMENT

American Music—Folk Songs.

Our American educators are fast awakening to the fact that the study of music in the public schools is an important factor in the education of the child. The impression that a thorough practical knowledge of music can only be obtained by those who possess the gifts of musical genius is being destroyed; and the error of this idea has been fully demonstrated. In this musical education the child should be taught the origin of the national and folk songs of his own country; and also something of the composers.

American music began under English and German influences but the American composers show their originality in their works. A curious fact about our national and folk songs is that they were deliberately composed, copyrighted and published while those of other countries seem to have sprung from the people. Nevertheless there is nothing formal about these songs.

A song must appeal in a direct way to some sentiment that is common to all humanity, such as love of home, of mother, or of country; that is the one universal

characteristic of songs that live on from generation to generation. The words of our folk songs may be commonplace but otherwise they are wholly unobjectionable, and the melody of the popular song that lives, though simple, never is trivial. The sentiment most deeply implanted in the human heart is love of home. Probably the most widely known song wherever the English tongue is spoken is "Home Sweet Home," while "Old Folks at Home" is a close second. That these songs strike a chord common to humanity is shown by the fact that they are sung on the continent as well as in this country.

It happens also that most of the American popular songs were composed for the stage. "Home Sweet Home" was heard first on the stage of the Convent Garden theatre in London. John Howard Payne was in Paris at the time when his song was first heard in London, but the home he sang of was a little cottage in East Hampton, Long Island. The song earned a small fortune for the theatre but left Payne little or no better off than he had been before. To the general public

Payne is known only through his famous poem. There may be a vague impression that his life was one of many vicissitudes and that his fortunes were often at a low ebb, but few realize that he was noted as an actor and playwright. Payne wrote and adapted as many as fifty pieces for the stage.

For a great number of our popular songs we are indebted to Stephen Collins Foster, who was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in the year 1826. The negro songs hold the important place among his compositions. His song, "Old Folks at Home," has placed a halo of sentiment about the Swanee River with the result that most persons who see it are disappointed. It is a river of song and best viewed through the mist of music. Foster's songs have all the characteristics of the genuine folk song, and we who owe him so much should preserve gratefully the memory of this rare master.

The origin of the slave songs is rather unique. They are not composed after the manner of ordinary music but spring into life ready made from religious fervor. They are very simple, but instead of being crude as we would naturally expect, they have a charm felt in no other kind of music.

Our nursery rhymes also have a curious history but cannot always be traced. Some of them doubtless owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature such as Oliver Goldsmith, who is said to have written such compositions. Several of these rhymes date as far back as the sixteenth century.

Although America has little tradition to begin with, we will yet have a store of beautiful melodies that will compare well with those of other lands.

F. E. H.

The Advantages of Country Life.

Country life has been regarded by many people as being a dull, monotonous, unprogressive existence, one fitted to render its

people uncouth and uneducated and one in which no advancement is made. As a matter of fact, it is an ideal life, a full, progressive one, with ever varying scenes of thought and action.

Though it is in a measure true that their isolation has deprived many country people of the outward appearances of culture, yet the natural beauty and refining influence of their life makes ample reparation to them. And the isolation is being fast removed by the more advantageous modes of travel, the automobile and trolley, by the rural deliveries bringing the daily newspaper to the door, the telephone and the many improvements and labor-saving devices which are being made on the farm and in the home. Thus the country people are given time and opportunity to develop the social side which has become an important factor of country life.

The financial outlook of the country is vastly better than that of the city. In these troublous times of trusts, and struggles between capital and labor, the farmer is much less concerned personally than the city laborer. For while the latter may be thrown out of employment by the labor unions, the farmer goes steadily on with his business; for people must eat, and the cities and towns must be supplied with country produce. The farmer has fewer competitors than the city man and the cost of living in the country is less than in the city. These all help to make the material side of country life more perfect.

The ideal element of the country life is indeed the factor which makes it so much superior to the city. Where can there be more unlimited freedom than in the country? Freedom to shout, to sing, and be happy; freedom to think, to live. A person is free to enjoy all Nature around him, and take in all the beauty, feeling sure that he



Y. W. C. A.

is debarring no one else from the privilege.

The knowledge to be gained from Nature's volumes is free to him who will take the trouble to look into them, and nowhere can he find a wider field to study. The forms of life are ever changing; the twig develops into the tree, the blossom into the fruit, and thus through a countless list. The changing seasons, bringing a corresponding change in the mode of living, cannot but be most interesting and instructive.

As a person notes the wonderful changes of a year, he cannot help but be influenced by the grandeur, and obtain a broader and better view of life. First comes the spring awakening where everything comes to life again, noisy and glad, then this develops into the beautiful summer, so perfect in the harmony of its tones and shades of color, and where every sound only adds to the sublime tranquility. When the shortening summer days merge into autumn and every field and forest take on their gorgeous coloring of red and brown, he asks if anything could be more wonderful and complete, but, when Winter comes, hushing the woods' voices, spreading over the earth her white mantle, and bringing the spirit of calm restfulness, he can only gaze with reverence at the picture, and realize that he has been viewing the grandest pictures of the universe, those painted by Mother Nature.

No one can come into contact with this place of country life without getting the fullest and truest sense of life. This communion with Nature brings that moral refinement which depends not upon booklearning, but more upon the beauty which one sees outside. He cannot but come into close touch with the Great Creator of all this splendor. In the quiet solitude of some shady dell, the silence only broken by the little stream near by, God seems to come

over the disagreeable duties of everyday life.

Thus it is that companionship with Nature brings full enjoyment and develops the true and stable character which is needed in life's battle. One writer has said, "In the slower life of the country, the energy seems ever to be accumulating which feeds the hustle and the progress of the driving cities." So it is. This energy is a part of the varied country life. From his many sided education, the country boy seems to gain energy and independence which enables him to fit into the rushing city life and have success. And may we appreciate this ideal country, that which brings the truest enjoyment, the best conception, and the real worth of life.

EDITH E. HATCH.

The Dear Old Home.

"What a beautiful view you have here," is what our visitors used to say, when they came to see us. Our home was situated upon the hillside, and looking before us we saw hills and valleys, open fields and strips of woodland, orchards and meadows, with sometimes scattered over the landscape a few buildings. How delightful it seemed to look out and see the fruit trees in blossom, or at harvest time to see the fields of waving grain, or in the fall to see the ripe fruit hanging from the trees in rich profusion, and still later, to watch the leaves, as they turn to yellow, golden red or brown. Then why should we wish to leave our home?

How glad I would be could I once more look upon that landscape! We left the dear old home in search of the phantom wealth, but it has ever avoided our grasp, and now it is in the city that we spend our days.

You can bamboozle many people easily, but every old swindle which comes around

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

June 20, 08.

Dear Seniors:—

Considering the loss of so great and influential a class, we realize the responsibility placed upon us to hold aloft the standard which you have achieved for your Alma Mater. We will endeavor to the best of our ability to support your successor and having attained that position ourselves we will strive to so conduct ourselves that we shall leave behind us memories as sweet as those that follow:

Be well! But when you welcome the hours that awaken the night song of mirth in your bower, when you think of the class that once welcomed you, when you have almost forgotten its own grief to be happy with you.

Long may your hearts with such memories be filled, like a vase in which roses have once been distilled;

you may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will, but the scent of roses hang around it still.

J. J. V.

The Brain.

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, when he closes the case, and gives the key into

the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.

"Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clinking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I really believe some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one who was talking good things—good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell him what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street," he said, "and a man driving a sprinkling machine through it."

"Why don't you tell them he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them with the valves open, sometimes?" L. E. L.

LIBRARY NOTES

A second combination rack and filing case for current magazines was found necessary this term, and was added to the equipment of the library. Johnston magazine holders were also provided for the convenient display of these publications.

The following is a list of the books added during the spring term:

Fiction.

Bachelor, Irving—Eben Holden's last day a' fishing.
Bayly, Ada Ellen—Donovan.

Burnett, F. H.—Shuttle.
Butler, A. C.—Persimmons.
Chambers, R. W.—Cardigan.
Churchill, W.—Celebrity.
Clemens, S. L.—Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.
Clemens, S. L.—Adventures of Tom Sawyer.
Coffin, C. C.—Daughters of the Revolution.
Cooke, Mrs. R. T.—Somebody's neighbors.
Crawford, F. M.—Arethusa.
Crawford, F. M.—Little city of hope.
Bacon, Mrs. J. D. D.—Domestic adventures.
Davis, R. H.—Soldiers of fortune.
Denison, Mary A.—Every-day heroine.
Dromgoole, Will A.—Moonshiner's son.
Fox, John jr.—Crittenden.
Gale, Zona—Loves of Pelleas and Etarre.
Garland, Hamlin—Long trail.
Gardiner, Ruth K.—Heart of a girl.
Glasgow, Ellen—Deliverance.
Grant, Robert—Unleavened bread.
Grayson, David—Adventures in contentment.
Graydon, William—Exiled to Siberia.
Green, Sarah P. M.—Deacon Lysander.
Hall, Eliza C.—Aunt Jane of Kentucky.
Harte, Bret—Gabriel Conroy; Bohemian Papers; Stories of and for the young.
Hewlett, Maurice H.—Stooping lady.
Holland, J. G.—Miss Gilbert's career.
Johnson, Mrs. Clarke—Earning her way.
Kenton, Edna—Clem.
Kingsley, Florence M.—Transfiguration of Miss Philura.
Kinross, Albert—Davenant.
Laut, Agnes C.—Lords of the north.
Laut, Agnes C.—Heralds of empire.
LeBaron, Grace—'Twixt you and me.
Little, Frances—Lady of the decoration.
Lloyd, John Uri—Red head.
London, Jack—Sea-wolf.
Long, John Luther—Heimweh; and other stories.
Lush, Charles K.—Autocrats.
Madison, Lucy F.—Colonial maid of old Virginia.
Martin, G. M. pseud.—Abbie Ann.
Mason, A. E. W.—Broken road.
Mason, A. E. W.—Four feathers.
Merwin—Webster—Calumet "K".
Munro, Neil—Bud.
Murfree, Mary Noailles—Frontiersmen.
Norris, Frank—Pit.

Parker, Gilbert—Pierre and his people.
Parker, Gilbert—Right of way.
Parker, Gilbert—Weavers.
Phillpotts, Eden—Folk afield.
Plympton, A. G.—Flower of the wilderness.
Plympton, A. G.—Child of glee.
Pyle, Howard—Stolen treasure.
Reed, Myrtle—At the sign of the jack o' lantern.
Reed, Myrtle—Spinner in the sun.
Smith, Francis H.—Romance of an old fashioned gentleman.
Smith, Mary P. W.—Boys of the border.
Stockton, Frank R.—Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.
Tarkington, Booth—Gentleman from Indiana.
Tarkington, Booth—His own people.
Trowbridge, J. T.—Neighbor Jackwood.
Waller, Mary E.—Daughter of the rich.
Waltz, Mrs. E. C.—Pa Gladden.
Ward, Mrs. Elizabeth S. P.—Walled in.
Ward, Margaret—Betty Wales, freshman.
Ward, Margaret—Betty Wales, sophomore.
Ward, Margaret—Betty Wales, junior.
Warner, Anne—Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary.
Warner, Anne—Seeing England with Uncle John.
Weikel, Anna H.—Betty Baird.
Weikel, Anna H.—Betty Baird's ventures.
Wells, Carolyn—Emily Emmins papers.
Whitaker, Herman—Settler.
Whyte, Christina G.—Nina's career.
Whyte, Christina G.—Story book girls.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas—New chronicles of Rebecca.
Williams, Jesse Lynch—Adventures of a freshman.
Wilson, Harry Leon—Lions of the lord.
Wister, Owen—Lin McLean.
Woolsey, Sarah C.—Round dozen.
Wright, Mable Osgood—Garden of a computer's wife.
Wright, Mable Osgood—Dogtown.
Wright, Mable Osgood—Garden, you, and I.
Wright, Harold Bell—Shepherd of the hills.

General Works.

Salisbury, Grace E., and Beckwith, Marie E.—Index to short stories.

Philosophy.

Groos, Karl—Play of man.
Paulson, Friedrich—Immanuel Kant, his life and doctrine.

- Rollins, Frank West—What can a young man do?
 Speer, R. E.—Marks of a man.
 Speer, R. E.—Young man's questions.
 Turner, William—History of philosophy.

Religion.

- Bushnell, Horace—Character of Jesus.
 Dods, Marcus—Bible, its origin and nature.
 Gilbret, George H.—Student's life of Jesus.
 Moulton, R. G.—Short introduction to the literature of the Bible.
 Moulton, R. G.—Literary study of the Bible.
 Speer, R. E.—Studies of the man Christ Jesus.
 Speer, R. E.—Studies of the man Paul.
 Stalker, James—Life of St. Paul.
 Wescott, B. F.—Introduction to the study of the gospels.

Sociology.

- Bush, Bertha E.—Special days with little folks.
 Bullock, C. J.—Introduction to the study of economics.
 Canfield, James H.—College student and his problems.
 Teachers' College, pub.—Curriculum of the elementary school.
 Flynt, Josiah—Tramping with tramps.
 Hamilton, Samuel—Recitation.
 Holt, Emily—Encyclopaedia of etiquette.
 Lloyd, Henry D.—Sovereign people. (The Swiss).
 Mallock, W. H.—Critical examination of socialism.
 Meyer, Hugo R.—Government regulation of railway rates.
 Meyer, Hugo R.—Municipal ownership in Gt. Britain.
 Riis, Jacob A.—Battle with the slum.
 Steiner, Edward A.—On the trail of the immigrant.
 Stelzle, Charles—Christianity's storm centre.
 Strong, Josiah—Challenge of the city.
 Tristram, Lizzie L.—Nameless stories.
 Vanderlip, Frank A.—Business and education.
 VanVorst, Mrs. John—Cry of the children.
 Wyckoff, Walter A.—Workers. 2 vols.

Natural Science.

- Groos, Karl—Play of animals.
 Browne, Montagu—Practical taxidermy.

- Houston, Edwin J.—Wonderbook of volcanoes and earthquakes.
 Jordan, D. S., and Kellogg, V. L.—Evolution and animal life.
 Wright, Mabel O.—Gray Lady and the birds.

Useful Arts.

- Carhart, Daniel—Field book for civil engineers.
 Downes, Alfred M.—Fire fighters and their pets.
 Hancock H. Irving—Physical training for women by Japanese methods.

Fine Arts.

- Adams, Joseph Henry—Harper's outdoor book for boys.
 DaVinci, Leonardo—Treatise on painting.
 Ely, Helena R.—Woman's hardy garden.
 Normal dialogue book.
 Practical dialogues (Grammar grade)
 Potter, Mary Knight—Art of the Vatican.
 VanDyke, John C.—Studies in pictures.

Literature.

- Arnold, Matthew—Poetical works.
 Arnold, Matthew—Sohrab and Rustum.
 Benson, Arthur C.—Altar fire.
 Benson, Arthur C.—From a college window.
 Davis, H. C. ed.—Commencement parts.
 Fisk, May Isabel—Talking woman (monologues).
 Lucas, Edward V.—Gentlest art.
 Monroe, Lewis B. ed.—Public and parlor readings.
 Northrop, Henry D. comp.—Popular speaker and writer.
 Phillips, Stephen—Herod; a tragedy.
 Riley, J. W.—Book of joyous children.
 Schaffler, Robert Haven. ed.—Thanksgiving; its origin, etc.
 Shakespeare, William—King Lear (Variorum edition).
 Stearns, Frank P.—Real and ideal in literature.
 VanDyke, Henry—Days off.

History.

- Fynn, Arthur John—American Indian as a product of environment.
 Grierson, Elizabeth—Peeps at many lands—Scotland.
 Griffis, William E.—Japanese nation in evolution.
 Schouler, James—History of the U. S. 6 v

- Seton—Thompson, Mrs. Grace G.—Woman tendefoot.
 Singleton, Esther ed.—Historic landmarks of America.
 Townsend, Charles W.—Along the Labrador coast.
 Harper, Ida H.—Life and work of Susan B. Anthony.
 Speer, R. E.—Memorial of a true ilfe. (Hugh M. Beaver).
 Smith, George Adam—Life of Henry Drummond.
 Jones, Francis A.—Thomas Aiva Edison.
 Blaikie, W. G.—Personal life of David Livingstone.
 Towsend, J.—Robert Morrison.
 Paton, James—Story of John G. Paton.
 Speer, R. E.—Memorial of Horace Tracy Pitkin.
 Smith, Rodney—Gipsy Smith, his life and work.
 Thoburn, James M.—Life of Isabelle Thoburn.
 Williams, J. E. H.—Life of Sir George Williams.

Juvenile Books.

- Alcott, Louisa M.—My Boys.
 Alcott, Louisa M.—Shawl-straps.
 Alcott, Louisa M.—Cupid and Chow-Chow.
 Alcott, Louisa M.—My girls.
 Alcott, Louisa M.—Jimmy's cruise.
 Alcott, Louisa M.—Old-fashioned Thanksgiving.
 Barnes, James—For king or country.
 Blaisdell, Etta A., and Blaisdell, Mary F.—Boy Blue and his friends.
 Boyesen, H. H.—Modern vikings.
 Brooks, Edward—Story of Siegfried.
 Brooks, Edward—Story of King Arthur.
 Curtis, Alice Turner—Little runaways.
 Bacon, Mrs. J. D. D.—Ten to seventeen.
 Duke; the autobiography of a dog.
 Eaton, Seymour—More about Roosevelt bears.
 Ellis, Edward S.—On the trail of the moose.
 Ellis, Edward S.—Among the Esquimaux.
 Ellis, Edward S.—Campers out.
 Ewing, Juliana H.—Jan of the windmill.
 Ewing, Juliana H.—Six to sixteen.
 Finley, Martha—Grandmother Elsie.
 Finley, Martha—Elsie's new relations.
 Finch, Nora J.—Colliery Jim; autobiography of a mine mule.

- Foster, W. Bert—With Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga.
 Gates, Josephine S.—Story of live dolls.
 Gates, Josephine S.—More about live dolls.
 Gladden, Washington—Santa Claus on a lark.
 Grant, Robert—Jack in the bush.
 Rice, Mrs. Alice C. H.—Captain June.
 Henty, G. A.—By conduct and courage.
 Henty, G. A.—Condemned as a nihilist.
 Henty, G. A.—Redskin and cowboy.
 Henty, G. A.—With Lee in Virginia.
 Houston, E. J.—Boy electrician.
 Johnson, Clifton. ed.—Oak-tree fairy book.
 Klingensmith, Annie—Household stories for little readers.
 Lewis, Emily W.—Nextdoor Morelands.
 Lippmann, Julie M.—Miss Wildfire.
 McIntyre, Margaret A.—Cave boy of the age of stone.
 Moulton, Louise C.—Firelight stories.
 Moulton, Louise C.—Bed-time stories.
 Moulton, Louisa C.—More bed-time stories.
 Mulets, Lenore E.—Little people of the snow.
 Niemann, August—Boer boy of the Transvaal.
 Otis, James. pseud.—Mr. Stubbs brother. (Sequel to Toby Tyler).
 Otis, James, pseud.—Toby Tyler.
 Pendleton, Louis—In the camp of the Creeks.
 Pyle, Katherine, and Porter, Laura Spencer—Theodora.
 Richards, Mrs. Laura E. H.—Toto's merry winter.
 Richards, Mrs. Laura E. H.—Joyous story of Toto.
 Roulet, May F. Nixon—Our little Alaskan cousin.
 Smith Laura Rountee—Bunny boy and grizzly bear.
 Smith, Nora A.—Adventures of a doll.
 Stoddard, William O.—Guert Ten Eyck.
 Stoddard, William O.—Noank's log.
 Stoddard, William O.—Wreck of the Sea Lion.
 Taylor, Bayard—Boys of other countries.
 Wesselhoeft, Lily F.—Ready the reliable.
 Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Smith, Nora A.—Magic casements.
 Wilson, Gilbert Lvingstone—Myths of the red children.
 Woodward, Alice B., and O'Connor, Daniel—Peter Pan picture book.

DOINGS AT THE NORMAL

Commencement, 1908.

On Wednesday, June 24th, the graduating exercises of the forty-seventh class were held in Normal Hall, and one hundred fifty-four diplomas were issued to graduates in the various departments of the school. The exercises were all of a high order and reflect credit on the class and on the school. Music was furnished by the Normal orchestra and the Glee Club, under the direction of E. A. Gowen, head of the music department. The program follows:

MORNING SESSION.

- March Orchestra
- Overture—Chain of Pearls Bowman
- Invocation Rev. G. H. Stuntz
- Oration Imperishable Memorials
Fred H. Gaut
- Essay Lyric in American Literature
Louise Hotchkiss
- Laughing Graces Gebest
- Orchestra
- Oration The American Navy
John T. Connell
- Essay The Survival of the Fittest
Ella Thaw
- Chorus—The Miller's Wooing Fanning
- Oration The Conservation of Forests
Vern Graham
- Essay The Power of an Ideal
Maude Mitchell
- Amour et Printemps Waldteufel
- Orchestra
- Oration Trusts and Corporations
Charles A. Gundaker
- Oration As Others See Us
George D. Rose
- March Orchestra

AFTERNOON SESSION, 1:30 O'CLOCK

- March Orchestra
- Heartsease Moret
- Orchestra
- Oration Immigration Restricted
Nate Denison
- Essay Parsifal
Lotus Anderhalt

- Meditation Morrison
- Orchestra
- Oration Education in Agriculture
Ora Lefever
- Essay The Future of American Workmen
Viole Helff
- Chorus—Hunting Song Geibel
- Oration The Federal Constitution
William Hanks
- Essay The Crucial Test
Katherine Griffin
- Daughter of Love Waltz Bennett
- Orchestra
- *Oration Political Reformation
B. Frank Cummings
- Essay Music in Nature
Laura Allen
- Oration An Universal Language
F. Laverne Jones
- Address Rev. G. H. Stuntz
- Presentation of Diplomas Principal Bigler
- March Orchestra
- Benediction Rev. Williamson
- *Excused.

At the conclusion of these exercises the class adjourned to the library, where they received their diplomas and congratulations and greetings of friends. Thus a very pleasant school year passed into history.

The operetta, "Cinderella," given in Normal Hall Saturday evening, June 6, under the auspices of the Model school, assisted by the music department, under the direction of Mr. E. A. Gowen, was a great success.

All of the leading characters were of the music class of 1908 and enacted their parts in a most pleasing and natural manner and are deserving of great praise. The fairies in answer to the call of their fairy queen promptly dressed Cinderella for the ball and by their singing and dancing bore testimony to the thorough training which they had received. The music furnished by the school orchestra contributed much to the success of the evening's entertainment. Mr. Gowen



CAST IN DRAMA CINDERELLA

and Miss Reno, who drilled them in speaking and acting, deserve great credit for their work.

The School of Music.

That music hall has been the scene of constant activity during the year is evinced by the increased number of students and the variety and quality of music work that has been done. Upwards of eighty students registered for class or private instruction. The work of teaching has been divided among three teachers, as follows:

The class in public school music and the junior music classes were personally instructed by the director of music, Mr. E. A. Gowen, who also gave private lessons to the more advanced pupils in piano and singing. Mr. Gowen also supervised the music work of the model school and devoted extra time to drilling a Glee Club and Orchestra.

Miss Fern Reno has assisted as teacher of

piano and singing. In the early part of the year Mr. Charles Hazen gave instruction in violin, cornet and other orchestral and band instruments. During the spring term Miss Grace Main, a graduate of the Chicago school of music, taught the violin, piano and harmony. Miss Main has been reengaged for next year. Several interesting recitals were given and a public performance of the Operetta, "Cinderella," by members of the music school and children of the Model school, all of which reflected much credit upon students and teachers alike. The vocal and instrumental music furnished during commencement week points unmistakably to the zeal and thoroughness that has characterized our music department.

Middler Reception.

On the evening of June 17th the middlers gave a reception to the senior class in the gymnasium. A short program was given.

The Normal orchestra played at intervals. After the grand march lunch was served in a novel way; then the seniors were taken into a "mysterious" coach through a dimly lighted tunnel. At the end of the journey a glass of lemonade and a carnation was given to each.

The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. The seniors declared themselves highly entertained. '08.

Prin. and Mrs. Bigler's "At Home."

Looking down on the campus on the evening of the 19th of June, one might have seen the seniors wending their way to Haven Hall to attend Principal and Mrs. Bigler's reception to the class of 1908. The hearty welcome which each received from Mr. and Mrs. Bigler made all feel "at home."

The hall and reception rooms were tastefully decorated with red and white, colors to which each senior will always be true. After some time spent in visiting, we were all seated at small tables placed along the lower end of the hall and in the reception room. Here we were served with delicious refreshments. During the evening the Normal orchestra furnished excellent music. At ten o'clock all departed acknowledging that Mr. and Mrs. Bigler were royal entertainers.—

Class Day.

On the morning of June 23, the seniors presented their class day program in Normal Hall. Every number showed careful preparation and much originality and quick wit was evident. Mr. Clyde Shorts, president of the middle year class, responded to the presentation of the spoon in a few well-chosen words, commenting on the bright condition as evidence of constant use by the seniors. The pantomime was well rendered and was very suggestive of the many changes that come to members of a class as the years come and go. The complete program was as follows:

Piano Duet. Misses Eleonora and Viole Helff
Pessimist. Miss Platt
Optimist. Mr. Quirk
Vocal Solo. Mr. Gaut
Poem. Miss Young
Prophecy. Miss Swift
Male Quartet. Messrs. Rossell, Gaut and Rose
Spoon Oration. Mr. Cutshall

PANTOMIME

"We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

Scene I. Banquet of Class '08.

Scene II. Reunion of Class '08, 1928.

Scene III. Reunion of Class '08, 1948.

Scene IV. Reunion of Class '08, 1968.

The Normal band has accepted a three weeks' engagement with the management of the assembly at Finley's Lake, New York, and will go there August 1st. The Chautauqua work at Finley Lake is managed by Rev. Kulp and the work this year will far exceed that of former years. The Normal band and orchestra will furnish music every afternoon and evening, and with the many other attractions, this resort will be a very pleasant place to spend a summer vacation.

A young man who lives not a hundred miles from Manitowoc, says a Wisconsin exchange, who does not believe in patronizing home merchants, sent to a mail order house for a suit of clothes. In the pocket of the pants he found the following note: "Should this fall into the hands of a good looking man who desires to correspond with young lady of sweet disposition, kindly address," etc. The aforesaid mail order man promptly sent a letter to the address, and a few days ago he received the following reply: "Sir—My wife received a letter from you addressed to her maiden name. Twenty years ago, when she worked in a clothing factory she might have answered the note. She is now the mother of seventeen children and my lawful wife. If you do not cut out writing to her I will take a trip to your town and make you look like two cents' worth of dog meat."

EDITORIAL

The Model school has just closed a most successful year under the direction of Prof. O. M. Thompson and Miss Sturgeon, who are eminently qualified for the position.

Prof. Countryman goes to the Normal at Genesea for the coming year. Prof. Countryman is a good school man and judging from his work here, we feel that his success in his new field is already assured.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. has been a splendid success this year, the attendance and membership being much greater than any other year. The earnest spiritual talks of Prof. Thompson, our worthy president, have had much to do with its success.

We are sorry that Miss Fern Reno will not be with us the coming year. Miss Reno has made a splendid record as a teacher and her kind and helpful disposition has made her very popular with students and teachers.

It is with a feeling of personal grief that we chronicle the death of one of our faithful and earnest students, Mr. Burns Proudfit. He was a very conscientious and friendly young man and we miss him very much.

Prof. Morrison has left us and gone to

other fields of labor. Prof. Morrison has left behind him a splendid career as a strong teacher and a firm pillar in the faculty of the Normal. He leaves a host of good friends who will always have a kind thought and a good word for Prof. Morrison and his excellent wife.

The music department has had a most successful year. We are especially pleased with Prof. E. A. Gowen, the director, as an excellent musician and a thorough scholar in other lines. We are certainly glad to state that he will be with us the coming year.

The Y. W. C. A., under the direction of Miss Keeler has had a most successful year. Miss Keeler's zeal for the religious growth and development of the girls has been boundless. We are very sorry indeed to lose such a splendid teacher and friend.

A very sad accident befell one of our seniors, Mr. Frank Cummings, during some exercises in physical culture in the gymnasium. Frank is a fine young man and he has the sympathy of every student and teacher, and we are glad to be able to say that he is doing well. We earnestly hope that he will speedily recover.

BASE BALL

Owing to wet weather and to the fact that the grounds were not ready for use the first call for base ball candidates was not issued until late in April. We had been promised that the grounds would be ready April 1st but the custom of April 1st was in order. The usual morning question was, "Do they begin work on the base ball grounds today?"

Finally work was commenced and by May 1st the work had so far progressed that we made preparations to play the Erie Stars on May 2nd. The team had been unable to practice so the weather man decided that the game ought not be played. The night of May 1st he sent six inches of snow and the game was off.

Fitzmartin c.....	1 1 15 0 1	Simpkins r.....	2 1 1 0 0
R. Hutchison s.....	0 0 1 2 0	Markley p.....	2 0 0 1 0
Gordon l.....	1 1 2 0 1		17 10 27 5 0
Rose 3.....	1 1 1 1 1		R H O A E
Humphreys r.....	0 1 0 0 0	T. Irish 3.....	0 0 1
Markley p.....	0 1 0 0 2	Hahn p.....	0 0 0
	6 8 30 5 6	Southwick l.....	0 0 0
	R H O A E	B. Irish c.....	0 0 0
T. Sawtelle r.....	0 0 2 0 0	Wing 2.....	0 1 1
Wambegons s.....	0 0 1 4 4	Necker 1.....	0 0 0
John Sawtelle c.....	1 2 8 3 0	Mitchell r.....	0 0 0
Held m 2.....	0 0 4 2 0	Selkregg m.....	0 0 1
Bierbauer m.....	2 2 5 0 0	Cowen s.....	0 0 3
Mertz 1.....	2 0 10 0 0		0 1 6
Wilson 3.....	1 0 0 1 1		
Swartzman r.....	2 2 0 0 0		
Swanson p.....	0 2 0 0 1		
	8 8 30 10 6		

Three base hits—Fitzmartin, L. Hutchison, Gordon, Rose, Bierbauer, anson. Struck out—By Markley 14, by Swanson 5. Base on balls—By Markley 1. Hit by Markey 1; by Swanson 1.

Score by innings:
Edinboro.....5 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—6
Stars.....0 0 1 0 1 0 3 1 0 2—8

On June 8 the team in charge of Prof. Zaun started for Slippery Rock. The game there resulted in a victory for Slippery Rock by a 9—0 score. A record of the game on this trip was not kept, so cannot be given here.

On June 9 the team played at Grove City and was defeated 5—0.

On June 10 they played at Fredonia and came up to the ninth inning with two men out and two strikes on L. Hutchison and the score 1—0 in favor of Fredonia. Hutchison made first on an error by short. Fitzmartin knocked out a two socker scoring Hutchison. Score 1—1. In the tenth every man had his eye on the ball and six runs was the result. Fredonia scored one in her half of the 10th. Result, Edinboro 7, Fredonia 2.

Edinboro Vs. North East.

	R H O A E
Bachop 1.....	2 1 5 0 0
Ghering 2.....	3 1 2 1 0
L. Hutchison m.....	4 2 1 0 0
Fitzmartin c.....	0 1 13 1 0
R. Hutchison s.....	1 2 3 2 0
Gordon l.....	1 1 1 0 0
Rose 3.....	2 1 1 0 0

Two base hits—L. Hutchison 2, Wing. Stolen bases—Bachop, Ghering, L Hutchison, Fitzmartin, R. Hutchison 2, Gordon, Rose 2, Simpkins, Markley. Sacrifice hits—Bachop, Fitz, Markley. Struck out—By Markley 13, by Hahn 3.

Score by innings:
Edinboro.....1 6 2 0 0 3 5 0 x—17
North East.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Edinboro Vs. Erie Stars.

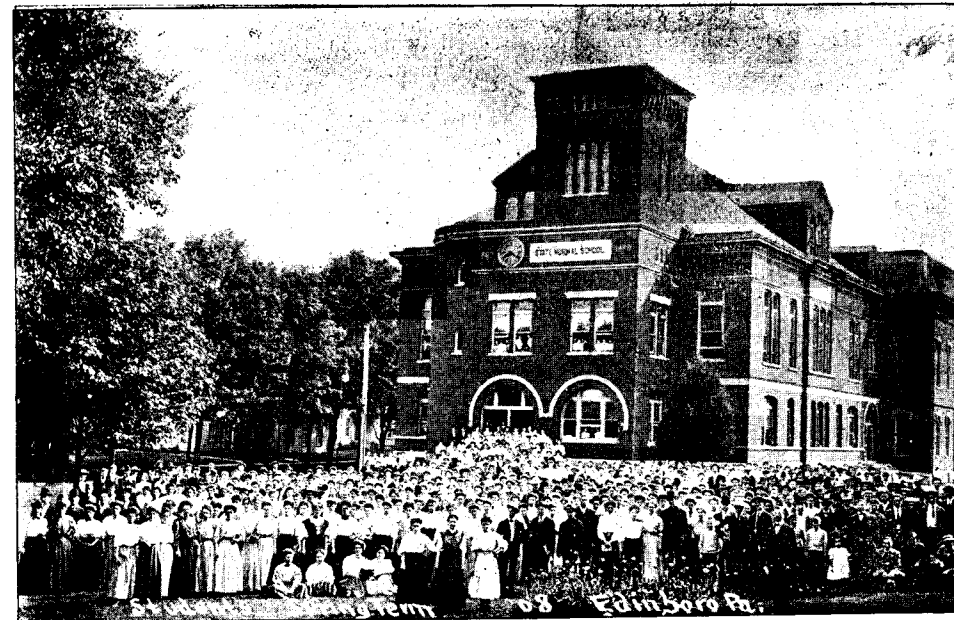
The Stars came down again on June 20 and the Normal team played like a lot of Model school boys. Clapper could not locate the plate and gave 9 bases on balls and hit two Stars. R. Hutchison and Rose were out of the game and Markley sprained his ankle in the sixth, Perry taking his place on third.

Score by innings:
Edinboro.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Stars.....0 3 0 1 0 3 3 0 3—13

Three base hits—Mertz. Two base hits—Ghering, L. Hutchison, Bierbauer. Struck out—By Swanson 2, by Clapper 6. Base on balls—Clapper 9. Hit by Clapper 2, Swanson 1. Double play—Markley. Stolen bases—Bachop, Sullivan. Sacrifice hits—Clapper, John Sawtelle.

Games played, 11.
Games won, 6.
Games lost, 5.

There was material for a fine team and only a good coach was needed to make as good a team as any school or college in Western Pennsylvania. Simpkins, Rose and Ghering are the only ones who are not likely to be back next year, so there is a good nucleus on which to build next year's team. Let us hope that the school will next year get a good coach to work up a winning team.



Creed.

I believe if I should die
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world con-
tains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of death,
Life would come gladly back along my
veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chance to
be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And thro' again—warm, tender, true to
thee.

I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody depths or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of
regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair sweet blossom would leap into
leaf
To prove death could not make my love
forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is
made,
And you should long once more my face to
see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night
And gather stars, like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast
won.

I believe who hath not loved
Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his
grasp,
Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk.
The waiting angels see and recognize

The rich crown jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

—Mrs. Mary Ashland Townsend.

The Severe Critic.

Oscar Hammerstein, at an Easter dinner, criticised a certain performance of an old fashioned opera.

"But I must not be too severe," he concluded, "or you will put me down as a regular Beethoven."

"Was Beethoven so severe?" a young cellist asked.

"Was he severe? Bless your soul, yes," said Mr. Hammerstein. "Beethoven attended a performance of Paer's opera of Leonore, in Vienna.

"At the end of the performance Paer approached eagerly, and Beethoven gave a loud laugh and said in his bluff, direct way:

"I like your opera very much, Paer. I have a good mind to set it to music."

The Average Man.

The average man is the man of the mill,
The man of the valley, or man of the hill,
The man at the throttle, the man at the plough—

The man with the sweat of his toil on his brow,

Who brings into being the dreams of the few,

Who works for himself, and for me, and for you.

There is not a purpose, a project or plan
But rests on the strength of the average man.

The growth of a city, the might of a land,

Depend on the fruit of the toil of his hand;

The road, or the wall, or the mill, or the mart,

Call daily to him that he furnish his part;

The pride of the great and the hope of the low,

The toil of the tide as it ebbs to and fro,

The reach of the rails and the countries they span,

Tell what is the trust in the average man.

The man who, perchance, thinks he labors alone,

The man who stands out between hovel and throne,

The man who gives freely his brain and his brawn,

Is the man that the world has been builded upon.

The clang of the hammer, the sweep of the saw,

The flash of the forge—they have strengthened the law,

They have rebuilt the realms that the wars over-run.

They have shown us the worth of the average man.

So here's to the average man—to the one
Who has labored unknown on the tasks he has done,

Who has met as they came all the problems of life,

Who has helped us to win in the stress and the strife.

He has bent to his toil thinking neither of fame,

Nor of tribute, nor honor, nor prize, nor acclaim—

In the forefront of progress, since progress began—

Here's a health and a hail to the average man!

The man who makes a habit of killing
Time should be ashamed to look the clock
squarely in the face.—Edinboro Independent.

Between the great things that we cannot
do and the small things we will not do, the
danger is that we shall do nothing.—Adolph
Monod.

He who goes to prison for a principle is
greater than he who climbs to power over
the murdered corpse of his manhood.—Erie
Dispatch.