

Vol. 16

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No. 10

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JUNE, 1908



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

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before January first; single copies, 15 cents.

In accordance with the United States postal law, THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid and notice of discontinuance is received. Please notify us *at once* of any change in address.

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager, Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

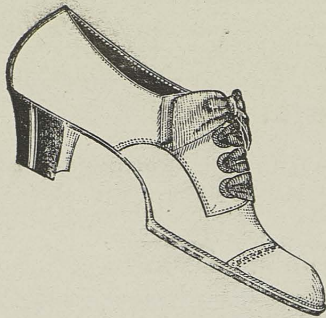
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THE ECHO.

VOL. 16.]

ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE, 1908.

[No. 10.]

Revery of a Senior.

After all examinations
And the rush of "getting through"
In the midst of meditations
On the things that I should do,
Came a tender recollection,
Mingled with those thoughts sublime,
Of the scenes that I was leaving
For the last, last time.

All was over, all was finished,
Every lesson, thesis, test,
And before me lay vacation
With its welcome word of "rest."
No more reading, no more writing,
No more dreading an "exam,"
No more trotting thru my Latin,
No more German notes to cram.

No more meetings in the "race track,"
No more "bugging" in the park,
No more dreadful English papers
With that fatal question mark.
No more visits to the Senate,
No more "cuts" to get excused,
No more Hall's "Adolescence,"
No more "Dutch" to be "reviewed."

No more "plans" to be corrected,
No more tests in "Analyt,"
No more note books, decorated,
No more chance of "cutting crits."
No more scanning Horace's Latin,
No more reference books, "not in,"
No more chance to go "star-gazing,"
No more factious Sophs to trim.

No more "rush parties" for Freshmen,
No more scraps for chapel rows,
No more hateful glances round you,
All are friends that once were foes.
As the old familiar memories
Came crowding home to me,
In my heart I felt a longing
For the days in S. N. C.

— M. C. B., '08.

"The Advantages of the Country School."

So much has been written and said about the superior educational advantages in the cities, by those who sit in comfortable office chairs or at studio desks and who perhaps have occasionally driven by a country school house, that I am glad of an opportunity to support the other side of the question. Before advancing any of these advantages concretely, I wish to make sure that there shall be no ambiguous use of the term "educational advantages." Do I mean by this such advantages as promote the mere accumulation of facts under the so-called scientifically classified branches of knowledge, between each two of which there comes to be, in the mind of nine pupils out of every ten, no natural relation? No. It seems to me that the term implies those conditions that most efficiently awaken a child's consciousness of his connection with society; fit him to adapt himself to circumstances through

his powers of correlation, independent research and judgment, and lead him to realize that his education is to enable him to give out, to be of service, and not merely for his own development.

Do I mean by this term, educational results? No, because we must all acknowledge that the results of the advantages that I claim for the country school depend, in a great measure, upon the teacher. If the results are absent (as is too often the case) that fact does not prove that the advantages are not there ready to be employed and enjoyed. Having established what I mean by "educational advantages" I shall enumerate them.

I believe that the "appliances" of the country school give greater results in actual, usable knowledge, although this is one of the main points in the superiority of the city school. In our grammar schools, we bring out our maps, charts and globe to present physical geography; samples of flax, pictures of factory rooms, tea-groves and vineyards, to teach commercial geography; and we "hear" parrot-like definitions in political geography. No doubt the equipment has cost the city a considerable sum of money. But when we have turned all of these to every possible account, do our girls and boys know the differences between capes, peninsulas, islands, straits, tributaries, hills and valleys, as do the country children, who can point out miniature examples of each of these in the brook where they play at recess, and gleefully paddle further to make new discoveries?

When you tell a country lad that flax grows very much as wheat does, and that sugar-cane, while growing, looks like "fodder" corn, you have given him in a few moments material to work with,

that samples could never give him. The girl who has had to "go over" the berry patch every other day to prevent the over-ripe berries from decreasing the productiveness of the bushes, understands the necessity of the labor of the Chinaman in his tea-groves, and the negro in the cotton field.

There is scarcely a village but what has some kind of manufacturing industry of its own, if it is no more than a saw- or grist-mill, or a cheese factory. The advantage here is that the outside, social attractions that take up so much of the time of city children are comparatively few in the lives of the country children. As a result, you may be very sure that the latter can tell you all there is to be known about anything that goes on in their own town, and in their knowledge of every part of that mill they have a wealth of material to bring to your descriptions of the great manufacturing plants of the world. All this the city child has missed, for he has come no nearer than the buzz of the machinery and the crowds of over-worked men and women leaving at night.

The time-worn phrase, "proceed from the near to the more remote; from the known to the unknown," is an awful bugbear to the city teacher when she attempts to present political geography. For where shall she begin? What does the city child know about elections, officers and their duties, and the purposes of government, but huge bon-fires once a year? The country children know how their father worked to become town supervisor, understand many specific purposes of taxation, and recall the tyranny of the last school trustee, and the inefficiency of the rural commissioner. *Here* is something to begin on.

Think of the practical material at hand in teaching Arithmetic! Is it any trouble for a girl to learn multiplication, division or the denominate tables, who has gathered and kept track of the eggs since she was able to walk; who very soon takes entire possession of the hennery, and calculates the comparative profit on eggs and cost of maintenance of her flock; who has helped her mother each spring to estimate the amount of carpet, wall-paper or window-lawn needed for the various rooms of the house? You won't be obliged to spend weeks explaining profit and loss to a boy who, because of the loss of a fruit crop through early frosts, has had to come to school bare-footed, or who has been told that he must wait for his skates until the check for the straw comes.

Besides this, all such legal papers as promissory notes, deeds of property, checks, insurance papers and tax-lists are made out on the kitchen table, where he sees them and learns to recognize them. The father's business office takes all these advantages away from the city child, so that what he attempts to learn in school is absolutely isolated from his daily life.

The advantages of the country school in nature study are too obvious to dwell upon.

The social surroundings of the country school come more nearly to securing the desired results of education. We may look at this from two different standpoints: from within the schoolhouse and from outside of the schoolhouse. The country child retains the higher degree of *individuality*, and when he gives an answer to a question, no matter how ridiculous that answer may seem, he has a reason for it. In the city schools, on

the contrary, the original work is left to a few of the brightest and the rest blindly follow. This is due to a prematurely developed self-consciousness and to a strong desire to give the answer thought to be expected by the teacher whether there is a reason for it or not.

There is a *sense of pride* in the country schools not encountered in the city schools. So closely are the children associated outside of school that we observe that their conduct and the motives controlling their conduct are the same in school as outside. The city child does things in school that he wouldn't think of doing elsewhere because he doesn't expect to meet the results of those acts after school is out.

There is *real* pleasure in attending school for the country child. If he remained at home the duties that are required of him before and after school would be so increased as to take up the whole day, leaving little or no time for play. School life, in its noon hour and recess (which should, under no circumstances, be denied the pupils), affords not only time for play, but also play-fellows.

Physical conditions increase the advantages of the country school children. They walk a mile, and even two, through sun, rain, snow and wind, and you need only look at their bright eyes and smiling faces to see the results. Sometimes their feet are wet, but they pull off their shoes, sit down before the wood fire, and study with much better results than the city children in the stuffy warmth of their steam-heated buildings.

It seems to me that there is no greater proof of the advantages of the country school than the fact that the results are self-extending. The girls and boys, for

the most part, do not shut up their books at four o'clock with the idea that six hours of study is enough for one day. But at night they attempt to teach their little brothers and sisters. In many cases there is a strong desire to go away and study so as to be able to return to teach the home school.

Although we must admit that the city school has its advantages in the way of conveniences, of communication, financial returns to the teacher, number of courses of instruction, and temporary physical comforts, yet we must also agree that the very absence of these advantages, and the nature of the physical, social and home life of the country child, make the struggle more strenuous; and the greater the strife, the more satisfactory the victory.

ELLA R. WATSON.

Toilers in the City and in the Country.

Toilers,—how many there are of them in a great city! Early in the morning they begin to pass my window, and though I may not see them, I have learned to distinguish the different classes from the sounds which reach my ears. The first ones go past before six o'clock, and I can tell by the tramp, tramp, tramp of their heavy shoes and the occasional rattle of the tin dinner pails, that these are the toilers of the railroad, upon the tracks or in the shops at some distance from their homes. About an hour later the greatest crowd of workers passes; these are the people, many men and some women, who must, at seven o'clock, begin the long day in the factory or at the workbench. Their faces are usually pale, their steps weary,

and their backs bowed beneath the burdens which they bear. In marked contrast to this class is one which follows shortly before eight, and which consists chiefly of store girls, who are arrayed in finery usually ill-befitting their occupations. But what care they? Money was made to spend, and if the spending of it upon flimsy gowns and perishable head-gear gives them happiness why should we care? Besides the store girls there are at this time also straggling stenographers, bookkeepers, and students, who pass my window, and most of these, because of their more modest behavior and businesslike manner, are easily distinguished. Meantime, all this time from six o'clock on, the city streets in May re-echo with the sounds of two other classes of toilers,—the hucksters and the street cleaners. The former of these are a constant source of amusement to me. When I grow old and wise I'm going to write a book, whose title shall be, "The Cries of Street Hucksters," and in which, in parallel columns, I shall place the words which they really utter and the words I have thought they uttered. The street cleaners play a homely but important role in the city's life. New York does well in providing them with white uniforms, and there the "White Angel" is not a blot upon the landscape.

Shortly after the eight-o'clock toilers have gone their way the sunny-faced children go to school, and I sometimes think that they are the greatest toilers of all, for they are beginning a task which will last as long as life lasts,—the cultivation of the intellect. Later in the forenoon one sees the bustling housewives come out to do their marketing, the servant girls scrubbing the front

steps, the messenger boys and delivery wagons hurrying past, the postmen going their busy rounds. So it goes all day long,—it is a busy life in May, this life in a great city.

In the country in May how great is the difference. To be sure, everything here, too, teems with life. The trees put forth their greatest efforts in the way of leaves, the grass grows green upon the meadows, the spring flowers come forth in all their glory. Everything living feels the "upward swelling which is the premonition of the budding of spring-time." The balmy air has a subtle fragrance never noticed at any other season, and it fills one with longing to do and to be something.

What wonder that the farmers are happy now, although they are very busy with the ploughing and planting? Up at the first peep of day, they are away with the horses and hard at work before the city toiler (even the earliest one) is awake. Instead of spending the day in a stuffy shop or store they are out all day under the open sky, and, instead of hearing the deafening sounds of machinery and traffic, they listen to the gentle thud of the upturned clods and the sweet song of mating birds. Their work is hard, I'm not denying that, but they have health and strength, and nature furnishes them the fairest setting for their labors. Then, when the day is over,

"Something accomplished, something done,

Has earned a night's repose."

The farmer's wife, though her life seem narrow in comparison with that of her city sister, gains greater joy from her few pleasures, and less weariness from her many labors. The farmer's children,—who can describe their labors

and their joys? Manifold as are the former, the latter more than counterbalance them. In short, the city toiler labors with hand and head, but seldom with his heart. He gains a living, or, it may be, a little more for his heirs to waste; the country toiler labors with all his faculties, and gains not only a competence, but also peace.

To be convinced of the advantages which the toiler in the country has over the one in the city, not only in May but all the year round, one needs only to read "Adventures in Contentment," by Edward Grayson, a book recently published. Mr. Grayson moves from the city to the country, and this is what he says about it: "It is now almost nine years since I came to this farm, empty-handed. I was the veritable pattern of the city-made failure. I believed that life had nothing more in store for me. I was worn out physically, mentally, and, indeed, morally. I had diligently planned for success; I had reaped defeat. I came here without plans. I ploughed and harrowed and planted, expecting nothing; in due time I began to reap. And it has been a growing marvel to me, the diverse and unexpected crops that I have produced within these uneven acres of earth. With sweat I planted corn, and I have here a crop not only of corn, but of happiness and hope." There are many toilers in the city who have "reaped defeat," but I wonder how many have reaped "happiness and hope."

L. ANTOINETTE JOHNSON

Perhaps some jokes are old,
 And should be on the shelf;
 But if you know some better ones,
 Send in a few yourself.—*Ex.*

The Circus Parade.

Barnum an' Bailey's has just been to
town,
An' me, an' Daisie, an' little Si Brown
We watched the parade from our front
stoop,
An' heard real Injuns give their whoop!
An' there was the stagecoach with peo-
ple inside
An' always close by it a brave soldier
guide.
Then came the snake charmer, a lady in
white,
An' she wasn't a bit afeared 'at those
snakes would bite.
Next, wagons and wagons, all red and
gold,
With women on top, all painted and bold.
Some wagons were open an' we could
look in,
An' we saw the fat lady, an' a man, O,
so thin!
O! I'd jist like to see that parade agin.

Well, we did want to go an' see the fun
So we got together, an' then each one
Just teased their folks, an' said that
they'd orter
Be good to us, an' give each a quarter.
So my Pa, an' Daisie's, an' little Si
Brown's
Each gave us our quarter, an' we saw
the clowns,
An' the el'phunts, an' lions, an' tigers,
an' things,
An' monkeys, an' horses, an' three big
rings.
We climbed up the steps, an' got the best
seats,
An' I sneaked in that old dog of Pete's,
'Cause I knowed that he'd like it
An' how quiet he'd sit,
But some folks kicked 'bout us, and we
had to git.

The circus parade's the best of all,
An' you wait, an' see when I grow tall
If I'm not at the end in the calliope
grand,
Or playin' drum major in front of the
band;
Or I'll drive a gold wagon with lions
inside,
An' there aint anyone that I'd let ride
'Cept Daisie, an' Pa, 'an Ma, an' little
Si Brown,
'N we four 'd go ridin' all over the
town,
An' then, maybe, 'ist for fun, we'd pick
up a clown;
An' so we'd go ridin' up hill 'n then
down,
But I guess I'll stop dreamin' about that
parade
An' the music, an' peanuts, an' pink
lemonade,
An' jist get busy and work with a will,
An' then when he comes I kin see Buf-
falo Bill.

The Old Stone-house.

One cold spring night in April, 1813,
in a small wooden house, built on the
southern bank of the St. Lawrence river,
a family were seated at their evening
meal. The father was not there, for he
was serving in the English army.

They were eating in silence, when,
suddenly, there was a soft rap on the
door. Immediately they all started up.
The mother opened the door and there
stood before her two soldiers dressed in
red uniforms. They were shivering
from the cold, and, as soon as the door
was opened, they entered without any
invitation.

As the light fell on their faces more
directly, the woman saw that they had
not seen many years of service. She
asked them what they wished, and the

one who appeared the elder answered: "By our uniforms you can see that we are British soldiers. All we ask is a night's lodging. We have grown tired of the service, and early this morning we stole away from camp and have spent all day on that island in the marsh. It was so piercingly cold we could stay there no longer. When we saw this light down here we thought that, perhaps, we could remain here until early dawn, when we will make our way to the American border."

While he was speaking, Mrs. Brunsen, for that was the woman's name, looked at them thoughtfully. She hated to be unfaithful to her country in lodging two deserters. But these two men were so young, and she could not help thinking of their mothers and how she herself longed for the time when the war would be ended and her husband might return. So, finally, she consented, and after giving them some supper she showed them to a room and the two deserters went to sleep, feeling that they were safe.

But Mrs. Brunsen's mind was not at rest. She could not forget that she was being unfaithful to her country. So, quietly, she went to her eldest son and awakened him. She told him that she wished him to go somewhere for her and that he must put on his warmest clothes.

At last he entered the principal room of the house where his mother was sitting. He was clad in almost all of the clothes he owned, for these people did not have many of the comforts of life. Carefully and quietly his mother gave him the instructions and he started off. After he had walked about a mile he came to a marsh. Through this he would find the shortest way to the British camp. The water was high in the marsh,

for the ice had just gone out and the water had not lowered as yet. But on he went. Sometimes the water came as high as his waist; sometimes only as far as his ankles.

He had gone about five miles farther when he came to the bank of the Salmon river. He obtained a boat, and, after rowing about a mile, he landed at Hopkin's Point. Here the army made their headquarters in a large farmhouse.

All seemed quiet in the house. He stepped to the door and knocked on it with all his might. A guard called and asked him what he wished. He answered that he had important news for the major and wished to see him immediately.

So they let him in and showed him into the major's room, where that officer sat by a dim lamp, looking over a pile of papers. Without any salutation, except a bow of respect, the lad commenced his story. He told how the two soldiers had stopped at their house and were there yet. The major listened to his story. Then calling six men, among whom was the sergeant, he ordered them to go home with the young lad and arrest the soldiers whom they should find there and bring them back to the camp.

Then, in the middle of the night, this young man guided these six men to his home. When they arrived Mrs. Brunsen showed them where the deserters were sleeping, and then she and her son went into an adjoining room. At last the soldiers had gone. She closed and bolted the door, extinguished the light and went to bed, but could not sleep.

The deserters were taken back to camp. There they were given an unfair trial and hanged for the crime they had committed.

The government was very grateful to Mrs. Brunsen. They gave her a large piece of land on the river bank, three islands in the St. Lawrence river just in front of this land, and then built her a stone house. But it seemed as if some fate were attached to this house, for everyone who has since lived in this structure, built by blood-money, has been unsuccessful.

At present there is nothing left but ruins. About five years ago the owner tore the walls down so as to use the stones in another building. Now only low walls mark this memorable spot.

ANNA FRASER.

The Doom of the Visitor at the Intersociety Meeting.

It happened at the meeting,
When all the girls were there:
A visitor, so fleeting,
Did pass beneath the chair.

Each one withdrew in horror,
The business stopped dead still,
In vain we looked for courage
That little bug to kill.

But Maud, she proved the victor,
And with her foot sent down
That little bug to bugdom,
And business then went on.

MARJORY BENNETT.

The Colonial Cemetery of Johnstown

Passing along Green street, just one block from the main street on which all the principal stores of Johnstown are situated, one sees a quaint little graveyard. It is a quiet, restful spot, with century old elms standing like sentinels outside a great stone wall. The entrance to this

place is by a large iron gate on the south side, which is the only opening of the broad and massive stone wall surrounding it.

Standing at this gateway and looking northward one can see the blue hills of the surrounding country, with here and there a white speck, which, if a spyglass be used, proves to be a farmhouse. Lower down is the city of Gloversville, and just beyond the lower edge of the cemetery is the gas plant and a large lumber mill. On the west side is the old Drumm house, which was built in 1772.

From this gateway there is but one path, leading straight ahead and dividing the graveyard into two distinct parts. Thus one may wander at his will among these graves, for there are no other paths. The headstones are of dark sandstone or white marble, and face toward the east. On some of the stones the characters are nearly obliterated, while on others they stand out clearly. One sees the old English s which resembles our f, the word consort in place of wife, and such phrases as "departed this life" or "sleeps in peace" instead of the word dead. There are the stately English names of Frothingham and Trowbridge, the reliable Dutch Brevoort and Van Santword, the valiant Scotch Wallace, McLaren and McPherson. Written in the quaint old English script are the Catherines, Elizabeths, Margarets, Rhodas and Eleanors.

The family graves are in rows, the most prominent being the Paris row. Here is the grave of Isaac Paris, who was one of the victims of Oriskany. Beside him lies his wife, the first person in the United States to receive a pension. Not far away is the Dodge row, including General Richard Dodge and his

wife Anne Irving Dodge, a sister of Washington Irving. This general, a distant relative of my own family, served during the Revolutionary War and also in the War of 1812. A little to the right is the grave of William Wallace, who fought at Bemis Heights, October 7, 1777, and at Johnstown, October 25, 1781. After the latter battle he made a perilous ride to carry dispatches through the British lines to General Schuyler, at Albany. And there are not only military men, but also scholars, for several graduates of Union College are found buried here.

In the southwest corner of this graveyard is a granite cross on which is the following: "Here stood from 1760 to 1772 St. John's church, built by Sir Wm. Johnson, Baronet; the first church north of the Mohawk river."

Johnstown has reason to feel proud of this quaint little graveyard, where lie those persons who have greatly helped toward her history and prosperity. For, as George Eliot says, "The growing good of the world is partly dependent upon unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

The New S. N. C. Publication.

The April number of Monographs—the new magazine devoted to pedagogy, literature and science, and published by the New York State Normal College—is filled with helpful and instructive articles on leading educational topics. The magazine is edited by Dr. William B. Aspinwall, Chairman; Dr. Leonard W. Richardson and M. H. Bishop, Associates. The following from the table of

contents will indicate something of the scope of the publication: Helps from Logic for the Study of French, E. H. Hannahs, A. B., Ph. D.; Realization of Personality, H. M. Pollock, Ph. D.; Education for Business Life, W. B. Aspinwall, Pd. M., Ph. D.; Noms de Plume, M. S. Mooney; Deficiencies in Preparatory German and Their Relations to Theories of Teaching, W. V. Jones, A. M., Ph. D.; Homer and the Homeric Age, L. W. Richardson, A. M., LL. D.; On Teaching French Phonics, H. L. McCutcheon, A. B., Pd. B.; Earth Science, History and Culture, E. A. Perine; Korner and His Zriny, W. C. Decker, A. B., Pd. B.; The New Movement in Physics Teaching, E. W. Wetmore, A. M., Pd. D. The scholarly, and at the same time practical, treatment of the subjects discussed gives to the magazine a high standing among educational journals. Succeeding issues will be looked for with interest.

WANTS.

Wanted—A proof from Miss H. that Green, the historian, tells the truth.—European History Class.

Wanted—To know where the First Presbyterian Church is.—Mr. B.

Wanted—To know, from Miss W., the difference between "began anew" and "kept right on."—European History Class.

Wanted—To know about the family of William of Orange.—Miss W.

Wanted—To know if Mr. B—wn is afraid of mice.—Commercial Geography Class.

Wanted—To express our gratitude to Prof. W. for his protection from the unwelcome visitor.—Commercial Geography Class.

EDITORIAL.

The New Staff At a meeting of the student body on June first, the following editorial staff for the "Echo" for next year was elected: Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Roy Vandenberg; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Miss Marjory Bennett; Literary Department, Miss Antoinette Johnson; News Department, Miss Fannie Powel; Alumni Department, Miss Louise Hersey; Exchange Department, Miss Genevieve Brooke; Business Manager, Mr. Floyd Case. This is a particularly strong board. Some of them have already demonstrated their excellent ability along this line, and the others are only awaiting an opportunity to prove their worth. The retiring board extends to them best wishes for future success and a bountiful supply of sympathy for the "knocks" that are the inevitable portion of an editor.

The Outlook Already the new Board of Editors are preparing to take up the important work that has been placed upon them. They are looking forward to next September with high hopes, which are however mingled with some fears and misgivings. They realize the fact that the Echo is the only representative of its kind that our college has, and that it should therefore be worthy of the institution it represents. But they further realize that no matter how well they plan, how faithfully they work, or how high are the aims and ambitions that they set up, they cannot succeed unless supported by the student body with subscriptions and contributions. It depends

upon you students what the Echo shall be next year. You can make it what you will; will you make it a big success? We, the retiring board, sincerely hope so.

Auf Wiedersehen. Some years ago Lowell, in an inquiring frame of mind, asked somebody the pertinent question as to what commodity in the universe was so rare as a day in June. Most people have been asking the same question ever since, while Normal students have been devoutly thanking their lucky stars for the above-mentioned scarcity. At least of June days when the air is heavy with French verbs, when the only sights which pass before your vacantly staring eye are mathematical formulae, when the only fragrance that greets your nostrils is that of the midnight oil and the only sound which falls upon your ears is a guilty conscience croaking "flunk, flunk."

However, our college year will soon be over and we shall all be taking our leave of the S. N. C., some of us with the expectation of returning in the fall and others looking forward to the commencement of work in new fields. Before "the parting of the ways", the Echo wishes to extend her hearty thanks to those who have shown themselves her loyal supporters, and best wishes for a pleasant vacation to all.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops, which give such depth to the morning meadow.—Emerson.

News

Delta Omega.

The Delta Omega Play.

On the evening of May the twenty-second, St. Andrew's Hall was filled with the invited friends of the Delta Omega Sorority who had come to enjoy the presentation of the sorority's annual play. This year, however, the guests were favored with two plays—"An Open Secret" and "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." Either play taken alone would have made one feel "content with all the world." Taken together they formed an evening of rare pleasure and enjoyment. The sorority is to be congratulated upon successfully living up to her enviable reputation as an entertainer, and her guests upon being numbered among her friends.

The cast of characters in the first play follows:

Madge Apthorpe.....Pauline Rockwell
Mrs. Apthorpe.....Elizabeth F. Shaver
Grace Apthorpe.....Helen Bennett

College Girls:

Edith..... Mabel Northrup
Carrie..... Anne Loudon
Elinor..... Gertrude Bushnell
Kate..... Marjory Bennett
May..... Bessie Ovitt
Agatha (who is not in the secret)....

..... Alice Merrill
Jean, a confidante.....Anna Fraser

The second play was cast as follows:
Mrs. Oakley.....Alice McElroy
Constance, her friend....Minnie Schultz
Emma, a German maid.....

.....Elizabeth Shaver
Mary, the cook.....Elizabeth Everett

After the play the members of the so-

rority and a few friends enjoyed a social dance.

Miss Olive Briggs has been chosen as the representative of this sorority at the Silver Bay Convention. Miss Elizabeth Shaver will also attend the convention.

The Delta Omega banquet is to be held at the Hotel Ten Eyck on the evening of June twentieth. A large reunion is expected.

A regular meeting was held at the home of Miss Alice McElroy, Saturday evening, June sixth, when the officers for the first semester, next year, were elected.

Miss Olive Briggs spent Sunday, May the thirty-first, in Watervliet as the guest of Miss Elizabeth Shaver.

Miss Ethel Wheeler was in town for the Delta play, and spent Sunday with Miss Louise Wood.

Miss Pauline Rockwell was at her home in Amenia over the thirty-first.

Miss Mabel Northrup and Miss Grace Markle spent Decoration Day at Miss Northrup's home in Johnstown.

Miss Leonard was the guest of Miss Louise Hersey over Sunday, the twenty-fourth of May, and attended the Delta play.

Rev. C. H. Merrill visited his daughter, Miss Alice Merrill, Wednesday, June the fourth.

Miss Louise Wood has accepted a position at Northampton, Mass.

Miss Marjory Bennett was the guest of Miss May Foyle, June fourth.

Eta Phi.

The New York "Eta Phi Club," composed of the alumnae of our sorority, have contributed ten dollars towards the

new bronze tablet which will replace, in the new buildings, the bronze memorial tablet which was destroyed in the fire.

Miss Florence Burchard is going to Silver Bay as a delegate from the Y. W. C. A.

The Eta Phi delegate is to be Miss Sara Trembly.

The election has been held for officers of next year. They are as follows: President, Miss Harriet Osborn; Vice-President, Miss Agnes Stuart; Secretary, Miss Florence Burchard; Treasurer, Miss Leona Eaton; Chaplain, Miss Sara Trembly; Marshal, Miss Adaline Raynsford.

Kappa Delta.

The annual luncheon of Kappa Delta will be held in the Ten Eyck, Saturday, June twentieth, at one o'clock.

Miss Elizabeth Forbes entertained Mr. Edward Frank of Seneca Falls and Miss Elizabeth Mead of Rome over Sunday recently.

At the regular meeting of the sorority May twenty-sixth, the following officers for next year were elected: President, Miss Mary Denbow; Vice-President, Miss Evelyn Austin; Secretary, Miss Etta Fitch; Treasurer, Miss May Foyle; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Florence McKinlay; Echo Reporter, Miss May Chant.

Miss Gertrude Gifford has accepted a position as critic in the Normal School of Thomasville, Florida.

The Misses Foyle, Gifford, Davis and Brandow are going to attend the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Silver Bay, Lake George.

Mrs. Harry Peck, née Murdock, took

dinner at the Kappa Delta house Friday evening, May thirtieth.

Miss Florence McKinlay entertained several of her friends Saturday, June sixth, to meet the Rev. J. B. Moldenhower and wife.

Miss Mary Doremus and Miss Maude Burt attended the 250th anniversary of Kingston, June first.

Kappa Delta ranks will soon be broken, as the girls are about to leave for their summer vacation. Miss Forbes, at Geneseo; Miss Doremus, Kingston; Misses Fitch and Stillman, Poland; Miss Burt, Honeoye Falls; Miss Hickok, Crown Point; Miss Brandow, Lake George; Miss Hoag, Winsor; Miss Austin, Coxsackie; Miss Payne, Shelter Island; Miss Myers, Valley Falls; Miss Chant, Johnstown; Miss Schubert, Catskill.

Miss Carrie Fralick, of Poland, recently spent Sunday with the Misses Stillman and Fitch.

The sorority greatly enjoyed the plays given by Psi Gamma and Delta Omega.

Miss Mary Howard Lane, of Canandaigua, spent a few days recently with her cousin, Miss Mary Denbow, at the sorority house.

Miss Katherine Hickok received a call from her brother, Mr. Sherry Skeels, May twenty-seventh.

The last regular meeting of Kappa Delta will be held at 89 North Allen, Monday evening, June fifteenth.

Miss Esther Trumbull is to be initiated into the sorority Tuesday, June sixteenth.

Miss Carlotta Burt, '02, spent the week end at the sorority house, June

fifth. Miss Burt expects to spend the summer abroad.

Psi Gamma.

The annual dinner of Psi Gamma is to be held on the evening of June eighteenth at the Ten Eyck Hotel.

Miss Florence Brown spent Memorial Day and the following Sunday at Williamstown, Mass.

The girls went to see Ethel Barrymore May twenty-third, with Miss Viola Carnrite and Miss Lucy Collins as guests. They enjoyed the play very much, and decided to go again.

At a regular meeting held June third, the officers for the next semester were elected. They are: President, Laura Stuckmann; Vice-President, Alice E. Hill; Recording Secretary, Florence G. Brown; Treasurer, Fannie F. Pawel; Corresponding Secretary, Mable A. Tallmadge; Editor, Mary Hotaling; Chaplain, Jessie Cleveland.

Miss Mina L. Nitzschke has accepted a position in Mexico City, Mexico. She leaves July second. Mina is fond of experiences.

Miss Mabel Roosa has a position in Middletown, N. Y., which is her home.

Miss Viola Carnrite and Miss Amy McGraw are to remain next year in their respective positions at Ravena and Amsterdam.

Miss Mina Nitzschke's sister Flora spent the week end in Albany, June fifth.

Miss Fannie Pawel received a visit from her brother George recently. Mr. Pawel is a Cornell student, and stopped on his way home from college.

Miss Laura Stuckmann recently spent several days with friends in Schenectady.

Miss Fannie Pawel was elected News Editor of the Echo for the next semester.

Several of the girls spent Memorial Day at Miss Carnrite's, in Ravena. A picnic was the plan for the day, but the weather prevented.

Exams! Exams!! Exams!!! and so much work to do. But cheer up, girls! Soon they will be over and then there will be a long rest.

Miss Mabel Roosa's father spent several days here last week.

On May twenty-seventh an alumnae meeting of the sorority was held at Miss Tallmadge's, 51 Eagle street. Several of the alumnae in and about the city were present, and a very pleasant social meeting followed the regular business meeting.

On Friday evening, June fifth, Psi Gamma gave her annual reception at St. Andrew's Hall. A play, "The Return of Deborah," was presented. The cast of characters follows:

Miss Jane Tompkins, a New England spinster..... Laura Stuckmann
Miss Sarah Tompkins, her sister..

.....Alice Hill
Margaret, their niece, just eighteen..

.....Fannie Pawel
Blossom Farrar, just out of boarding school and with a leaning towards amateur dramatics..Mabel Tallmadge
Delia, the servant.....Elise Seaman

Between the acts of the play vocal selections were given by Miss Elise Seaman and Miss Mary Hotaling, a piano duet by Miss Jessie Cleveland and Miss Leora Wilson, and a reading by Miss Florence Brown.

Phi Delta.

The annual banquet of the Phi Delta fraternity will be held at Keeler's (Maiden lane), Monday evening, June fifteenth. Every member in the city is expected to be present, and alumni members are urged to attend, if possible.

The fraternity regrets that some of its best members will leave this term, but rejoices that they have secured such good positions.

Mr. Brown will teach at Margaretville, Delaware county.

Mr. Nolan is going to the George Junior Republic. The other members have not yet decided where they will go.

Officers for next term will be elected at the banquet.

Senior Class.

At the regular meeting held May fifth, the following class-day officers were elected: Class Poetess, Miss Shaver; Class Prophetess, Miss Raynsford; Essayist, Miss Rockwell; Orator, Mr. Brown. Miss Finney was chosen to make the speech of presentation of the sum given by the class to the Husted Fellowship Fund.

The class marshals are Miss Keegan and Miss Quigley.

The Baccalaureate sermon, which will take place at All Saints Cathedral, Sunday, June twenty-first, at 4 P. M., is to be preached by the Very Reverend H. R. Talbot.

Ominem lapidem moveri: "Leave no stone unturned," has been chosen as our class motto.

Several members of our class who

have finished during the year intend to return for the commencement exercises.

Miss Ferguson has been substituting for a week in the Primary Department at Slingerlands.

Sophomore Notes.

The last meeting of the class for the college year was held on Monday, May eleventh.

It has been reported that Mr. Case will return to college at the beginning of the fall semester.

Miss Burchard, Miss Brown, Miss Eaton and Miss Foyle are to go to Silver Bay, as delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Convention.

Quite a number of sophomores were enjoying themselves out of town Memorial Day. The Misses Potter, Van Auken, Ryland and Dyer spent the day at Saratoga Lake. Miss Alice Hill had a pleasant ride to Herkimer. Miss Florence Hanigan attended the track meet at Hamilton College.

Freshman Notes.

O the wonderful things of the Algebra Class!

Surely no greater could ever be done,
The other day, one brown-eyed lass

Told us politely that "one equals one."

Miss Carrie Fralick, of Poland, N. Y., recently visited Misses Stillman and Fitch.

Miss Mabel Smith, of Cambridge, N. Y., spent the week end with her cousin, Miss Daisie Andrus.

Miss Bessie Deegan and Miss Edith Scott attended the celebration of the

250th anniversary of the founding of Kingston.

Mr. Raymond Bott, of Nassau, visited his sister, Miss Bertha Bott, recently.

The last meeting of the Freshman Class was held on June fourth. The business for the entire year was concluded. Excellent ideas for next year's work were suggested.

Seen by the Freshmen in Advanced Algebra.

Do listen! Let no one move from her seat,
For I hear the sound of approaching feet.

Ah! Now we discover the cause
For in comes one without a pause;
Books under her arm and not a smile,
Others in the hall are coming the while.
Another, with golden hair and smile so sweet,

Comes in looking down at her feet.
And now a third who seems in great haste,

For he has not a moment to waste;
His name I would not dare to tell,
But then you all know him very well.
We look again to see one more,
He is just coming through the door;
Sauntering along with all his ease
He goes to French class as nice as you please.

In Algebra class, peace again reigns,
Any comment, however, Professor disdains.

Kindergarten Notes.

Miss Lillian Town has left the Kindergarten Department to assume the position of assistant kindergartner in one of the Saratoga schools.

Miss Sewell has been compelled on account of poor health to resign her kindergarten work for the remainder of the year. We are glad to learn she is improving rapidly.

Miss Julia Murdock, a former kindergarten student, was married on Saturday, May sixteenth. Misses Reed and Hickock were bridesmaids. Misses Anderson, Hitchcock, Guernsey and Gifford also attended the wedding.

Miss Helen Hitchcock and Miss Ada Reed visited in the city for a few days recently.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Anne Loudon was the leader of a most interesting meeting held May thirteenth. The topic, "Our Selfishness in Our College Work," was well developed by the leader, assisted by personal experiences of several members. Many new and helpful ideas were gained which will aid us in correcting our own special faults in this line.

The Association eagerly welcomed Miss Ruth Paxson, a secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, on Wednesday morning, May twentieth. The cabinet met with Miss Paxson at 4 o'clock, and then escorted her to the Primary Chapel, where a most delightful meeting was held. We learned many facts about this movement in all parts of the world, touching particularly on China, Japan and Korea. Here again we find an urgent call for our graduate teachers. Miss Paxson remained the guest of the Association till Friday evening, and during this time held many interviews with individuals as well as with committees. So much good was derived from her visit that we are looking for-

ward to meeting her at Silver Bay, and also to her coming to Albany again next year.

On May twenty-seventh Miss Angie Finney was the leader of a meeting at which "What is Success?" was the interesting topic under discussion. After hearing a charming little story about the "Lady of the big heart and shrunken purse," it was decided by all present that the essential of success is the possession of a great heart, noble desires and strong faith. Miss Seaman favored us with a vocal solo, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. We wish to express our regrets over her leaving us this June, for she has always answered our calls upon her talents very willingly, and we shall miss her.

A meeting was held Wednesday, June third, the last of this school year. The leader was Evelyn Austin, and her topic, was "The Little Faults That Mar Our Lives." After remarks by the leader there was a general discussion. It was delightfully informal, and more than interesting.

During this month we have noticed numerous gatherings at school, in the park and at different houses, and the topic under discussion is always "Silver Bay." Everyone is enthusiastic about going, and we expect our delegation to at least number fifteen. Plans are on foot for the special "stunt" that our S. N. C. girls will have to do on College Day. Have you any ideas, any songs to give the delegates? The penny strips are being filled rapidly, and will prove a strong item in the Silver Bay funds.

The Association wishes to thank the Faculty for their cordial co-operation and hearty support of our Silver Bay

plans. At least two delegates will prove the strength of their material co-operation. We would also thank the students for aiding us so willingly by saving their stray pennies.

As a farewell to college work, and to each other, we may say that we have worked hard, and felt a growing fellowship among the students. The Y. W. C. A. has had a good year, full of enthusiasm and rich rewards, and we would ask the support of all for another year. A farewell to graduates, *auf wiedersehen* to the students, and the Association adjourns for the year.

The members of the Bible Study Class wish to express to Dr. Milne their gratitude for conducting this delightful Sunday afternoon gathering. It has not only been enjoyable and instructive, but also inspiring. We feel that we have gained a clearer understanding of Paul and his work, and we have a desire to make his noble characteristics our own.

The Alumni

The annual reunion of our alumni will occur at the close of our sixty-fourth college year, June 22 and 23, 1908.

The alumni dinner will occur at the Hotel Ten Eyck on Tuesday evening, June twenty-third. In order to secure seats for the occasion it is absolutely necessary that the committee know before June nineteenth whether or not you are to be present. Tickets, \$2.00. Dr. William B. Aspinwall, Secretary.

Obituaries.

T. C. ESTEE, '53.

Tully C. Estee, for twenty-one years a resident of Evanston, and long a business man of Chicago, died December

twenty-sixth, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Backus, Yuba City, California, with whom he had resided for the past ten years. Mr. Estee was ill but a few days with pneumonia, and had been enjoying very good health for a man seventy-seven years of age. Born at Hamburg, N. Y., his early education was obtained in country schools, afterwards attending and graduating from the State Normal School at Albany, N. Y., where later he was a professor for a number of years. As a Mason he was a member of the Evans Lodge and Commandery of Knight Templars until he took his transfer to California in 1904. There survive him, besides Mrs. Estee, three daughters, Mrs. J. H. Backus, Yuba City, Cal.; Mrs. Arthur Tower and Mrs. C. W. Phillips, both of Evans-ton, and one son, Tully C. Estee, of New York city. Interment was at Rose Hill, Rev. George Craig Stewart, Rector of St. Luke's Church, conducting the services at the chapel.

MAY M. PATTERSON, '01.

May M. Patterson died at her home in Rensselaer, Tuesday, April twenty-eighth. Miss Patterson graduated from the Normal High School in 1898, and from the Normal College in 1901. At the time of her death she was a teacher at Rensselaer. A large circle of friends mourn her loss and extend their sympathy to the family.

Percy—My father occupies the chair of applied physics at Awwud.

Chimmie—Chee, dat's nutting. Me brudder occupied de chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.—*Ex.*

Exchanges

The "Maryland Collegian" is one of our best exchanges. The Exchange Department for April is especially good.

For Insomnia.—If you can't get to sleep, count three, always taking care to pronounce each number slowly and distinctly. If this does not prove effective, get out of bed and turn eighteen hand-springs. Observe a proper regard for the uniformity of the thing, and see that they are of the same size and velocity. If you are still unable to get into the land of nod, take a walk around the block, and then, if this means fails, go and find a big man and tell him he lies. He'll put you to sleep.—*Ex*

Mr. D. (explaining the equinox)—The days and nights are equal, but the days are much longer than the nights.—*Northern Illinois.*

The "Pacific Coast Number" of the "Normal Magazine" (Potsdam Normal School) would be a model for many other colleges as a means of keeping up the interest of the alumni in their Alma Mater.

A school girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought an automobile. He was riding out in the country one day when it busted goin' up a long hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other 200 are what my uncle said while he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."—*The Normal Magazine.*

A corpulent old Esquimaux
Enjoyed the cold climate saux,
That he threw off his clothes
And very near frothes,
While rolling around in the snaux.
— Exchange.

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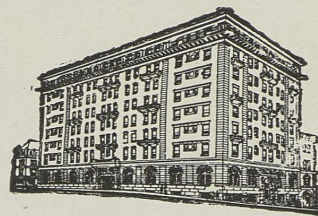
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