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# Contents

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT	PAGE
Spring Song . . . . . H. H. S., '15	349
A Spring Prescription . . . . . Maud Malcom, '14	350
The Training of the Prince . . . . . Marjorie Tuttle, '16	352
Slang . . . . . Maud Enders, '16	356
Sketches	
A Cold Morning . . . . . Pearl Lukens, '17	359
A Character Study . . . . . Kolin Hagar, '17	359
The Experiences of a Commuter, A Commuter, '14	361
At the Sign of the Question Point . . . . . Miss Gradgrind	364
In Remembrance . . . . . Edith M. Brett	369
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	
A Spring Call . . . . .	371
NEWS DEPARTMENT . . . . .	373
ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT . . . . .	379
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT . . . . .	381
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT . . . . .	383
JOKES . . . . .	384

# The Echo

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## Literary Department

### Spring Song

Come unto the woods, where silver waters gleam  
On the placid bosom of the quiet stream,  
Where each happy song bird trills a liquid note  
Of fairy music from his swelling throat.

Come where grassy meadows, decked with blossoms  
sweet,  
Form a yielding carpet for your weary feet,—  
From the city's turmoil find a swift release,—  
In the pleasant country there is peace.

H. H. S., '15.

### A Spring Prescription

**A**RE you tired? Does the thought of approaching examinations blur vacation prospects? Is rest your heart's desire? Then become one of the throng strolling from the theatre. Walk, talk, enter a confectioner's for soda-water and candy. For three hours or more sit idle, silent, with eyes staring at the acting out of a rather sordid story. Most modern plays have in them what a child cannot or should not understand.

If other happiness you crave, enter a public library. Pale and bent, search in dimly-lighted recesses for learned, dusty tomes. Perhaps best-sellers will fill your need? Then, with much chatter and avidity peruse the book profusely illustrated in colors, whose title begins with, "The House of . . ."

Yet this is Spring! Out in the park — well you who long for the fields and the trees and the flowers, and even the grass — for the out-of-doors, which is the home of every one of us, if we trace far enough back, go to the park.

There the sweet odor of new-mown grass, of sun-clean, damp earth, of timid buds greet you. The dainty birch in white and lacy green, the red-budded maple, the heavy, flaunting horse-chestnut, the clusters of pure cherry blossoms above the red-brown satiny bark, the elms, whose boughs give benediction, — all these make wonderfully clear the simplicity of resurrection. In the heart of those who see and understand surges up a deeper thing than pleasure or even joy, — renewed faith.

Tulips, great masses of gold and scarlet, of white and rose-color, of orange, from the pure, pale tint of dawn to the rich hue of a Jacqueminot rose, these are

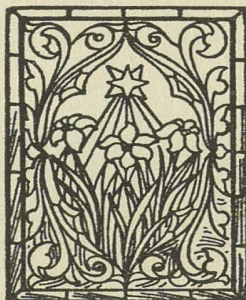


the laughter of spring. Stately hydrangeas, sweet hyacinths, honey-suckle the color of sunlight, and more than all, the opening lilacs, whose breath charms as if it were enchantment — these are the ideals of spring.

Birds, too, rejoice as the heralds of the recreation. Dignified robins strut across the sward brushed with the gold of dandelions. Zephyrs sweep along the lawns in shimmering, sunlit waves.

Yes, it's spring, and the park calls you!

MAUD MALCOLM, '14.



### The Taming of the Prince

A little child with long yellow curls was looking wistfully through the high iron fence which surrounded the magnificent grounds of a large castle. Outside there, other children were playing games and laughing with fun. Inside was the one poor little prince. Of course, in the big house, there was a beautiful lady who sometimes kissed him and a big, stern man, always in a hurry. Then, there was Nonah, as he called his nurse, perhaps for the reason that she was always saying "no, no" to him. It had always been so, since he could remember. He "must not" go outside the gate alone, he "must not" play with those other children, he "must not" get dirty, in fact, he "must not" do anything he wanted to. This day, as he stood there, he wondered, with anger in his little heart, why he was never allowed to do things those other children were doing and which seemed such fun, and he determined that when he "got big," he would go out through that gate and go way off, where Nonah could never tell him he "must not" do things.

The years passed on, as years will, and the child grew up, as all young things do. One day when he was eighteen years old, he was out riding with his courtiers and, in passing through a forest, they met a band of gypsies. There were half a dozen wagons, and following these was a crowd of youths and girls laughing and singing. As they passed by the young prince on his black horse, a young girl snatched a rose from her dark hair, kissed it, and tossed it to him. He caught it lightly and, with an odd gleam in his eyes, concealed it in his doublet. The band passed on, and the prince rode home with a new feeling in his heart.

The next day he rode through the same path, but this time alone. As he slowly passed along he heard singing. Quickly dismounting, he tied his horse in the bushes and stepped behind a tree. Soon a slender figure came down the hill, and with a strange thrill he recognized his lady of the rose. When she had almost reached him he stepped out, and stopped her with a low bow. "Has my lady another rose, or would she show me where she found the other?" The girl was startled at being thus suddenly addressed, and, as she saw who it was, a dark color flushed her cheeks and even her slender neck. But with a light toss of her dark head, she said smilingly, "You should have kept the other, but come, and I will give you many more." So she led him down a little path, and at last they came to an open place, all pink and green with the lovely June flowers. She stole a glance at him to see whether he was appreciating the scene or not, then, satisfied that he was, she gathered her arms full and held them all out to him. He took them, and then, bending low, kissed her hand. She started like some half-tamed young wood-creature and turned and fled. The prince took a few steps toward her and with an odd laugh went back to his horse.

That night a wonderful party was held in the palace. The ballroom was like a mammoth pink rose, and the bright costumes of the dancers made them seem like so many butterflies. The prince had as his partner a princess whose kingdom lay next his own. His mother had suggested that he be nice to her, and had shown him what a fine thing it would be to unite the two kingdoms. So, obediently, he was trying "to be nice." But she was very unattractive, and he, being so young and unworldly, could not make himself talk to her. When the dance was finished and they sat in

an arbor of roses, he completely forgot her in thinking of another. Suddenly he was startled by hearing her say, "You don't want to marry me, do you?" She said it so abruptly that he could only stammer out, "No, I don't." "Well, and neither do I want to spend the rest of my life with a dreamy, tongue-tied man, whether my kingdom be broadened or not, and I intend to tell my father so," the odd girl answered. If the prince had been a little older he would have made himself agreeable for the rest of the evening, and everything would have turned out all right. But he was very young, and when another man came up and took her away, he wandered out on a balcony where he remained for the rest of the time. And the next day he bore very mildly his mother's words of scorn and anger, for she had quite settled the union, thinking such a commonplace wife would take the dreaminess out of her son, as she probably would have.

Three years later the young prince stood looking through the iron gate out into the highway where young people were strolling back and forth, for it was "Lover's Hour," which follows "Children's Hour." He should have been exceptionally happy, for the next day he was to be crowned king, and was it not for that he had been trained since his birth? Scarcely two hours before his mother had given him one of her rare kisses and told him how happy she was that he was all that could be desired in a king, and he knew that she was proud of him. But this night, looking into the future, he seemed to see a continuation of the "must-nots," and added to this a list of "musts." He clenched his hands and, as he did so, a paper in one of them was crumpled. Then, like a dream, the vision of the gypsy maiden came before him. She seemed to be leaning toward him. Her dark eyes glowed, her

lips were smiling appealingly, and in her hand she held a single rose.

The prince brushed his hand across his eyes, and the picture was gone. But as he stood there, from far off came the sound of someone calling. He listened a moment, and then started blindly toward the highway. He closed the big gate tightly behind him, as if to shut in all the "musts" and "must-nots," and then he hurried toward the forest without a single look back at the huge castle. As he reached the trees, a figure ran to him whispering, "I knew you would come." And together they went on between the silent trees.

MARJORIE TUTTLE, '16.



### Slang

Every new year I make a resolution never to use slang. And this, like most of such resolutions, is soon broken. The loud sound you hear in Albany at the end of the first week in January is not the ice going out of the Hudson, but the cracking of good resolutions.

You have heard about Booker T. Washington, who founded a school for the colored boys in Alabama. One of his students wanted to write an essay about Hannibal crossing the Alps, or Washington crossing the Delaware, but Mr. Washington asked him what he had been working at during the summer. "Raising cabbages," was the reply. "Then write about cabbages," said Mr. Washington, "— something you know about."

The reason why my theme is "slang" is because, like the colored boy and his cabbages, I know more about it. The principal thing I wish to say is, that slang is language in the making. A part of what is to-day slang, will in the course of time be accepted as good English, and become standard expressions, known as idioms. The fashion of everything changes. Language and modes of speech change just as much as fashions in clothes.

Up in the attic at home there are a lot of old-time *Gody's Ladies' Fashion* magazines, and on rainy days, when I was a child, I used to go up there and look over the old fashions. It is funny to see the way the people used to dress — hoopskirts, bustles, overskirts. I suppose, fifty years from now, the way we dress will seem just as ridiculous to people then. It is the same way with speech; in the old school readers you can see pictures of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay about to address the Senate. The picture shows

Daniel with black frock coat and one hand in the bosom of his vest, and you imagine you can hear Addisonian phrases rolling from his lips; but nowadays, a Senator is apt to appear in a salt and pepper sack coat and talk common sense in common everyday English.

Speaking of Addison, I read somewhere that if you wanted to speak good English "Give your days and nights to Addison." I wonder what Mr. Addison would think if he could hear the conversation of a modern college chap. The other day I saw an account in the paper of a college boy just returned home. The lad, on being asked by his former English teacher how he stood in grammar at the end of the term, came out with something like this:

"Say, Old Fellow, take it from me, grammar is my long suit. On the start off I was up against it hard. Couldn't get it through my noodle. Fell down every time I went to class. Finally I says to myself, 'Look now, old kid, it's up to you. You've got to cut out this funny business and take a brace or you'll see your finish, surest thing you know.' Well, I studied, believe me! And say, when it came to the final exams, did I lose out? Not on your tintype. I was right there with bells on. There was certainly some class to the way I answered those quizzes. A cold mark of ninety-five, when all was over. Not so worse, eh! Can you beat it? How did I do it? I don't know. You can search me. Wasn't I a pippin? Does that get your goat? I guess yes." When the teacher heard this he could make no reply. He had fainted away.

Now I do not mean you to think I believe this kind of talk will ever be accepted as good usage, but it is a sort of protest against the "stilted propriety" of other days.

In the old English novels of the time of Sir Walter Scott, the heroines were languid young ladies, fainting away at the slightest provocation; but nowadays the heroine is athletic, can swim, row a boat, is as brown as a berry, and walks with the stride of a Grenadier. It is the same way with language. Everything changes, and language along with the rest.

In the meantime we all ought to try to avoid slang as much as possible, but what are we going to do when the world is full of it? Our Rector says, "Turn a deaf ear to temptation," but I have no deaf ear, so what am I going to do?

MAUD ENDERS, '16.





## Sketches

### I. A COLD MORNING.

There was a chilly feeling somewhere. My hand came up reluctantly from beneath the warm covers and located the cold spot on the end of my nose. When I opened my eyes and my mouth to utter some expostulation on this strange matter, I saw my breath sailing out to meet the icy breezes that came in through the open window. Various suggestive noises entered also. The boots of the order boy creaked and squeaked on the snow and went up the back stairs with unusual speed. The haste and purposefulness with which someone was shoveling coal into the furnace, bespoke some pressing need. The clang of a trolley bell and the whistle of some optimist came from the street with twice their usual distinctness. Then cold batter sizzled as it struck a hot griddle, and counterbalanced by its invitation, all these other discouraging evidences that someone had dropped the mercury.

PEARL LUKEN, '17.

### II. A CHARACTER STUDY.

The great biologist entered his study and threw himself into the easy-chair beside the shaded lamp. His evening dress spoke of a rare indulgence — a great dinner at which he had been the lion; a lion in most unwilling captivity. He lighted a cigar and as the smoke curled about the piles of manuscript and ranks of books, his kindly, deeply seamed face lost its animation and took on a look of sadness. It was not the evening's labor undone; it was not the volley of witless questions and insipid comment which had cast an evil flavor into the choice dishes; it was the thought that those self-satisfied diners, proud of their social position and wealth, *did not know*.

“ Knowledge is sorrow —  
They that know the most  
Must morn the deepest  
O'er the fatal truth.”

This was the thought that rang persistently through his mind. The truths wrested from nature by microscopic and chemical reaction, with their many forbidding implications, rose like an army before his vision. He loved mankind, honor and virtue were as Gods to him; yet had he proclaimed the results of his labor to that company, he would have been laughed at. One likes to have lions roar, but let it be gently as the sucking dove. They were happy in their ignorance, and he miserable in his knowledge. Duty calls its followers into strange paths. With a weary motion, as if bearing the burden of a world's ignorance, he turned to his unfinished task.

KOLIN HAGER, '17.



### The Experiences of a Commuter

It is a fine day; one of those warm spring days that make a person expand and feel friendly. The commuter takes his time walking up the hill and is in such a serene frame of mind he does not care whether he misses the train or not. The ground sparrows along the canal bank are harmoniously emphatic in calling out the arrival of warmer weather. The sun on one's back is cheering and companionable. Perhaps the walking is a trifle bad, but what of that? It is so glorious overhead that one should not object to mud; and if one starts in plenty of time, as the commuter does, why he can pick his way and not get spattered at all especially if — great scott! Is that the train coming around the curve? The commuter jumps forward, forgetting his notion about being willing to miss the train, and lands in a slimy puddle. Well, the deed is done and his shoes are ruined, so he might just as well run without looking where he steps. He catches the tail end of the last platform as it glides past him and swings aboard. Whew! He certainly is out of breath. A brakeman tells him he cannot stand outside, so he goes in. The air is stifling, and to make it worse the cushions are red instead of green. The commuter always did despise red seats. He sits down in the only vacant place and tries the window. Thank goodness it will go up. There, that is much better. They ought to know enough to turn off the heat and open the ventilators as soon as it gets warm. Cars have such a wretched habit of being stuffy. But the breeze from the window is just great. A loud, "a-choo!" behind him makes the commuter duck his head. It is nothing serious though; just a fussy old lady who thinks she is taking cold. She blows her nose and mumbles in her handkerchief something

about the thoughtlessness of young men, which the commuter is not enough interested in to listen to. He'd rather look out of the window and let that healthy breeze blow on his face. Out of the corner of his eye he can see a young girl across the aisle gazing at his feet and legs. He had forgotten the mud. Well, he'll forget it again. A person ought to realize that this time of year it is impossible to keep immaculate. And girls are awfully bold these days anyway.

Here is the station where so many dogs play. The commuter looks ahead eagerly. There they all are and having a fine time, too. They don't care about mud. An Irish setter and a dog of composite breed and considerable size are holding a tug of war over a short length of heavy rope. Evidently that aristocratic collie is umpiring the game, and the jolly, rough and ready Airedale is trying to break it up. But the others always get the rope out of his reach just in time. Nearer the station, where the people are thickest is the mastiff pup with his inevitable cobble stone. This dog insists upon pushing a huge stone directly in front of as many people as he possibly can, and the unwary are often tripped, to the commuter's delight as well as the dog's. While waiting eagerly to see if a fat and pompous man in a frock-coat is going to fall a victim to the cobble being pushed toward him by the disciple of the stone age, a sharp, "r-r-ruh!" under his nose makes the commuter jump back. It is the station-master's English bull-dog on the truck that is being pushed past the window. The commuter should have been watching for this dog, for he always rides on the truck and gets receipts and other papers from the baggagemaster. But the bark was unexpected and the commuter jumped. It hurt his neck a trifle, too, for it feels a bit lame. Perhaps — but no, it couldn't be getting lame because of the draught from the window. As the train starts the young girl across the

aisle turns her collar up as high as she can. And the commuter's throat begins to feel sore. It is not from the draught, though. Fresh air never hurt any one. There, that fussy old lady behind him starts sneezing again. Fortunately Albany is the next stop and then these people that are afraid of a little air will get out. It is ridiculous for anyone to kick at a small amount of ventilation, and on such a fine day, too. The commuter coughs to emphasize his thoughts, and then blushes as he hears a giggle from the girl across the aisle.

Wasn't it Poe who wrote an article about the "Imp of the Perverse"? It must be something along that line that makes the commuter imagine he is glad the train has reached Albany and he can get away from his window. And it must be the same kind of imp that reminds him of that crazy rhyme he copied years ago in his physiology note-book about

"The girl who dressed in her summer clothes  
Before the first of May;  
The man who got out his old straw hat  
On the first sunshiny day;  
The fellow who opened the window  
And sat all day in the draught —  
All these can explain in a minute  
Why the little grip microbe laughed."

The commuter shivers as he buttons up his coat, and somehow the day does not seem quite so fine.

A. COMMUTER, '14.

**At the Sign of the Question Point***Scene V. The Den.*

“Have you heard about the exciting procedures in the freshman ranks?” asked Wordy one Saturday afternoon, as the Question-Pointers, succumbing to the spring fever, sat round on the floor making summer blouses.

“Just about how long stitches do you take for basting, Brass Tacks, please? Half an inch do?” demanded Heraclita. Then remembering her manners; “No; was it strenuous?”

“Oh, yes (about an inch will do) — it was all about this St. Patrick’s party they’ve been after invoiting thimsilves to. You know those new wigs down in Myers’ window?”

“Yes, the lavender, and blue, and starry pink? Oh, yes!” chorused everybody.

“Well, you know, a boy named Jones got up and moved that the class treasurer purchase for each member one classy green wig to wear to the party — and the president shouted, ‘Some Order,’ and told him to sit down. Then a Young Lady Rose — said she thought class loyalty should come above all else, and for her part, she’d vote for red wigs. Then the red headed contingency got riled and said they’d not come at all, at all. The president couldn’t get order, and while he was gone down to the gym to get an Indian club with which to make himself heard, there was almost a riot. Honestly, I don’t know what we’re coming to! One side started singing the ‘Wearing of the Green’ and the others sang, way off the key, ‘The Orange and the Black,’ and Professor Belding rushed in with his blowpipe — no — tuning fork — and — and ——”

"And promptly pitched them all out the window on its tines," finished Mustard, biting off her thread with a relish.

"Did they make up?" inquired the Life Member solicitously, as she fitted a sleeve in, wrong side up.

"Yes, when they kissed the blarney stone at the party. You know they had a Killarney Castle costing forty-one dollars and fifty-three odd cents ——"

"Very odd sense," commented Mustard once again.

"They got it at the Golden Robin, you see, and the piano truckman brought it up. The blarney stone was a peppermint lozenge. It was quite a success — I heard a freshman say this morning, 'Oh, it was perfectly gorgeous! Strains of the violin, accompanied by the piano, floated across the gymnasium to me.'"

Just here Fuzzy, the freshman, came in from a tramp. She had heard the last words and her eyes were blazing. "The ELEPHANT of criticism is a very disagreeable thing," she remarked in loud tones.

"Don't you worry, Fuzzy, you'll wish you'd joined Promethean, before long. All of the most splendid people in college are coming in, and we have more matters for discussion laid on the table than you can count."

"Regular rummage sale, likely!" sniffed Fuzzy.

"That makes me think! My cake!" and Fraülein's sewing material flew in all directions. "Alles est verloren if my suffrage sale cake is gebrennt."

"Pass it, woman, pass it," urged H<sub>2</sub>O. "Don't be such a stingy. Give us some."

"The cause comes first," said Fraülein, with hauteur, making her way to the kitchen door.

"Girls," said the Life Member, suddenly, as she held her shears upraised over half-cut cuffs. "Girls, now what do you think? A girl I'd never seen before,

rushed up to me to-day and said, 'Have you got your hood?' "

"Hood!" said I. "Yes — I got my Easter hat yesterday. It's down in my locker ——"

"'No,' she said, 'I mean your *hood*.' Then I thought she meant Hood's Sasaparilla — and I said I was taking three other kinds of tonic, but not that."

"And, what do you think; she fixed me with her eagle eye and told me 'twas no laughing matter, I was to go right over to the gym and get measured for a hood. I promptly told her that was a falsehood. And she said certainly. I didn't think a Master's hood was for practical purposes, did I? I'd have a cap to wear on my head with a tassel hanging off the wrong way. And it's got to be trimmed with purple and gold — at least I think it has, though one girl said it would have a blue edging. Costume and Designing is certainly the most puzzling affair! Which run of the cloth do you cut the cuff linings?"

"(The long way) When I graduated before," said Peddy, reminiscently, "it was the warmest day you ever saw, and I had silk net sleeves and yoke in my dress and all during the speech by a man with a gold tassel, we counted the number of times the net cracked and gave guesses as to why he wore the gold tassel. I didn't feel a bit uplifted, somehow. And somebody said when we were marching in, 'Seniors, I charge thee, fling away ambition.' And the faculty looked cross and baked and said 'twas an asinine performance. I do think graduating is a dismal affair. I'll tell you what. We ought to have hoods made so we can pull them over our faces like the squally little youngster I met the other day. Nothing but her chin was visible when she was the maddest. Is this the collar or the back?"



“That’s a part of the front,” said Brass Tacks. “It goes this way. You baste this over here — turn this up there, make a seam here and catch it in here and pin it down there, and overcast it all. Have you seen the new gowns down in the sewing room?”

“I should say so. Aren’t they delightful!” responded Eugenia. “And it does seem so fine to see those poor forlorn ladies clothed in garments gay. Now if somebody — if the art classes would *only* model them some heads! I declare they give me the spooks! They don’t even carry their heads under their arms! It would be such a nice gift for this year’s class to leave them some bisque heads with the new hair — it would be what you might call ‘a real tasty memorial.’”

“Justice tempered with mercy,” suggested Wordy.

At this point, Fraülein came back, a frosted cake in one hand, and in the other some orange, pink, purple, white, green, gray and yellow tracts. “Now,” quoth she, “How many are in favor of woman suffrage? Who will give Women their Right to Vote, and When? Make Working Men Demand Votes for Working Women! By Uniting, you can secure Laws that will protect you. Teachers need the ballot to Secure Just Wages and Influence the Management of Public Schools. Women ought to give their Help. Men ought to have their Help. The State ought to Use their Help. You have no Votes! Votes for Women! All those in favor get a piece of cake! All in favor say ‘Aye.’ Contrary, the same. The motion is carried. The cake will now be placed on the table. This is a great day for the cause. Honestly, honestly, girls, we’re all coming to it some day. You ought to know about New Zealand!” Here H<sub>2</sub>O, who was cutting the cake, flourished her knife dangerously. “The

Irish!" she shouted, banging the table with delightful enthusiasm, "are a poor down-trodden race givin' their last drop of blood for a country that's too good for them! Me father says." —

"Peg o' my heart, I love you?" began Eugenia, strumming at the piano, while the Ignoramus cried, "Where's the cake? Pass it, woman, pass it."

"Shure, is that your dog or your knitting?" inquired Fuzzy of her enemy, Wordy, pointing to Wordy's new waist that lay in a crumpled heap.

"I will say," went on Fraülein above the din, "I will say that we have come to a new age — to a new class of women — to a new order —"

"Some Order!" shouted the exasperated Heraclita, and then she too, like the wondrous wise freshman president, went in search of Indian Clubs.

MISS GRADGRIND.



### In Remembrance

---

There has recently passed away from earth one of New York City's fine teachers, Miss Alice J. Lynch. Miss Lynch was a graduate of New York State Normal College — class of 1897. On Friday, the thirteenth of February, dear Alice left her desk in Flushing High School, the week's duties all completed, and returned to it no more.

On Saturday her mother and sister, hastily summoned from their home in Canajoharie, N. Y., arrived, and cared for her during the few remaining days. On Wednesday, the eighteenth, she died.

Petite, dainty in person; quiet and serious in manner, yet possessing a keen sense of humor; reliable even in small things — Miss Lynch was esteemed by all, but had to be well known in order to be fully appreciated.

She was an earnest student. For the last few years she had worked diligently during the winter at New York University, and in the summer at the University of Michigan. She was especially interested in history and in social and political economy.

She was a clear, logical thinker and she possessed fine powers of expression. One year ago, on the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, she gave at our general assembly exercises a short address on President Lincoln — the best short speech on that subject which I have ever heard. It was a matter of conscience with Alice to put her best into every piece of work that she agreed to do.

The following are two of many tributes to her worth and her work:

Miss Jean Ely, High-School librarian, says of Miss Lynch: "She was a member of the *Current Topics*

*Committee* in the ' Good Citizenship League ' of Flushing. On one occasion this winter she gave before that organization a brilliant paper on the tariff question — one of the best, it is said, ever given before the League.

" Miss Lynch was interested in suffrage, also. She was for a time treasurer of the ' Flushing Equal Franchise Association. ' And it was her intention to devote the coming summer to suffrage work in New York State."

Miss Bell, assistant to the principal of Public School No. 20, says :

" There will be a long-lived affectionate remembrance of Miss Lynch among her friends, her co-workers, and her pupils; but there will stand out in the memory of all who knew her with any degree of intimacy her unswerving adherence to truth — truth in all things.

" Her influence for good among her pupils, her power to stimulate them to noble exertions is immeasurable."

Dear Alice Lynch! you will be missed from school and from church, from social circles and civic organizations; missed from the reunions of the Metropolitan alumni of State Normal College — gatherings at which you were always faithful in attendance. We, your friends and co-workers, will not forget you. And we pray that those at home, those dearest to you, may be comforted in the thought that your short life on earth was nobly lived, and that rest and peace are now yours.

EDITH MARILLA BRETT.

FLUSHING, N. Y., *March* 16, 1914.




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# The Echo

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VOL. XXIII

APRIL, 1914

No. 8

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"THE ECHO" is published (monthly except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State Normal College.

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## Editorial Department

### A Spring Call

Many and alluring are the spring calls to be heard even upon our dusty, brick-walled city streets. Lifting, summery winds daily quicken within us a sleeping wander-lust, while the songs of the birds and the opening of buds lure the poet on to the producing of reams of endless fancies. And yet, after all, spring is a busy, not a dreamy time. It is the season when the farmer prepares the way for his future harvest with the knowledge that as he sows, so shall he reap.

And so it should be with us. Now is the time for *us* to wake up, throw off that troublesome "slump" which always follows mid-winter exams, put our shoulders to the plough, and with renewed energy work to make commencement day crown the year of our best college effort.

With truly spring-born confidence the men of the College are promising to heap glory upon the name of old Normal through the medium of the baseball team. They need our support, our good will and our faith. Let's wake up and make ourselves able to qualify for the oftentimes admirable title of "good sport." If we were good sports we would be willing to "stand by" even though we believed the cause a lost one. And surely the success of the basketball team augurs quite the contrary.

The members of the Year Book Board have for many weeks been exerting, at least, "super student" efforts to make the Year Book the "best ever." And it will be. It contains many new features as well as some of the best literary results ever produced in Normal. But about fifty more subscriptions are needed. Surely the least we can do to aid these ambitious Seniors is to free them from financial anxiety.

So far not a single contribution to the Echo Literary Contest has been received by the editors. Of course, we do not suspect that there is so little interest and so little ambition existing among our College students that there are no contributions in the process of formation; but the contest closes in May and we prefer not to have the entire manuscript reading left until the last week.

## News Department

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### Faculty Notes

Miss Pierce gave a course of lectures to the Sunday School workers of Albany and Albany county on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 24—March 24. The subjects were as follows: "Comparison of Secular and Religious Methods in Education," "Lesson Preparation by Teacher and by Pupil," "The Training for Teachers in Sunday School Work," "The Use of Sunday School Libraries and the Bible by Teachers and Pupils."

Prof. Belding will give an organ recital to the faculty and students this spring as usual.

President A. J. Bowen, of Union University, Nanking, China, spent a day in visiting the Normal College. Since he is a man of wide experience and observation, we are glad to feel that he was very favorably impressed with our work.

Principal Pierce, of the Wisconsin State Normal School, visited us one day recently.

Prof. Kirkland delivered a splendid lecture in the auditorium, Monday, March 23, on "What is a Picture?" and "The Brownie Out-of-doors." His lecture was illustrated with lantern slides from the State Department.

Miss Van Lieu addressed the Y. W. C. A. on the day of their installation exercises in the High School Chapel.

Dean Leonard A. Blue gave an interesting address at the noonday luncheon of the City Plan Association at the Ten Eyck on March 25. His topic was, "The New York State Normal College as a Business Asset."

### College Notes

On March 4 the Promethean Literary Society took charge of the chapel exercises. Scenes were given from "David Copperfield," which proved very entertaining to us.

Dr. Frederick Poole, on March 6, gave us a fine lecture on "China in Transition." His "China-logue" and beautiful still and motion pictures revealed new China as never before.

March 11, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Well lectured on "Policewomen."

On the evening of March 13 The Union College Glee Club gave a concert for the benefit of the *Crimson and White*, the paper of our Normal High School.

We were delighted with Dr. Richardson's address on "Books and Reading" given in chapel, March 18.

Dr. Arthur Dean, an exponent of vocational schools, addressed the students in the chapel on March 25. He placed a new light on education, which makes for us a broader view of our life here.

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### Promethean

A regular meeting of the Society was held in the High School Chapel, Friday evening, March 13, 1914.

At the roll call the members responded with quotations from Robert Louis Stevenson. The special music for the evening was rendered by Professor Kirtland.

During the business meeting, which followed the literary program, a large number of new names were proposed for membership. An amendment was passed changing the colors of the Society to silver and



blue. The Society has subscribed for *The Mentor*, and it will be placed in the College library for the use of all of the students.

A meeting was held Friday evening, March 20. An interesting program was given. Mr. Louis Ward gave a talk on the life and works of Sir Thomas Moore. Professor Kirtland sang one of Moore's songs, and Miss McKelliget played a violin obligato accompaniment. Miss Dunseith read selections from Moore's poems.

Increased interest is shown by the many additions to the membership list, and others are earnestly invited to join. We want to make this Society a strong element in our College life. We need your co-operation.

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#### Y. W. C. A. Notes

The meeting held on March 4, 1914, was led by the Vice-President, Marjorie Davidson.

At the meeting on March 11, 1914, reports of the delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention, at Syracuse, were given. The speakers were:

Doris Smith — "General Value of the Convention."

Charlotte Sanford — "Missions; Educational, Evangelical, and Medical."

Alice Brown — "Needs of India, China, and Japan."

Lena Knapp — "The Value and Influence of Mission Study."

On March 18 the installation of the new officers took place. Miss Van Lieu spoke on "The Charge." The new officers are:

Lena Knapp — President.

Ruth Evans — Vice-President.

Alice Brown — Secretary.

Charlotte Sanford — Treasurer.

The following committee chairmen have been appointed:

- Helen Denny — Social Committee.
- Bessie Race — Religious Meetings Committee.
- Hildred Griffin — Bible Study Committee.
- Doris Smith — Missionary Committee.
- Marvel Jones — College News Committee.
- Marion Flemming — Lunch Counter Committee.
- Helen Quick — "Silver Bay Conference" Committee.

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### **Newman Club**

A Valentine meeting was held on Saturday, February 14. A very entertaining program was given by the members, including papers on "Comic Valentines," "The Origin of St. Valentine's Day," by Mrs. Mooney, and the recitation of some of the Valentine poems of Cardinal Newman and other authors.

At the meeting held March 14, the St. Patrick's day program, which was given, was made unusually interesting by several excellent papers on the life and works of St. Patrick, and the legends connected with his conversion of Ireland. Extracts from several folk songs and poems, emphasizing the chief characteristics of the Irish people, were read by Mrs. Mooney and other members of the Club.

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### **Chemistry Club Notes**

At the last regular meeting of the Chemistry Club papers were read by Miss Oliver and Mr. Emery. The subjects were: "Inks, and Their Detection" and "Why a Flame Emits Light."

Miss Oliver was accepted as a new member of the Club.

### **The College Orchestra**

The Orchestra has welcomed several new members, the complete membership being now twenty-five.

The Orchestra has played during the past month at the Men's Track Meet, the Freshman Party, and the Gymnastic Exhibition, March 27.

Frequent practice and extra work have been done for the recital. We have subscribed for an orchestra monthly, and are constantly securing new music.

---

### **Delta Omega**

Miss Leslie Wheeler is teaching in the High School at Milbrook, N. Y.

The girls held a splendid meeting at the flat on Monday evening, March 9. The subject taken up was Rudyard Kipling, his life and works.

Miss Katharine Odell has been very ill, and her Delta sisters are all sorry that she will not be able to return to College this year.

On Thursday, March 19, the Delta girls paid homage to the patron saint of the week, and a delightful St. Patrick's supper was given to the sorority by the flat girls.

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### **Eta Phi**

Geraldine Murray pleasantly entertained the sorority girls at an informal tea Saturday, February 28.

A very interesting meeting of the sorority was held at the home of Elsie Danaher Friday evening, March 13.

We are glad to have Edith Carr back at College with us again after her prolonged absence, caused by the serious illness of her mother.

The sorority is pleased to announce the engagement of one of its members. Elsie Danaher to Dr. Frederick W. Pratt of New York City.

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### **Kappa Delta**

A meeting was held at the home of Rachel Griswold, 524 Madison avenue, at which Dr. Ward gave a very interesting talk on his travels abroad.

Saturday, March 14, the Kappa Delta House celebrated its seventh birthday, and was well remembered by the alumni and "non-house girls." Anna Kenedy, '13; Katherine Kinne, '13; Helen Schermerhorn, '12, and May Chant, '11, returned to celebrate the event.

Edith Case, '16, entertained her mother during the week end of March 7.

Barbara Pratt, '15, spent the week end of March 21 at Buskirk.

Kappa Delta entertained a few freshmen at the flat, Saturday evening, March 7.

We are glad to hear of the improved condition of Charlotte Tracy, '13, who has been very ill at her home in Ghent, N. Y.

Louise Goodrich, '14; Janet Robertson, '17; Mary Dabney, '15; Abbie Franklin, '14; Grace McNeal, '16, and Barbara Pratt, '15, attended the Bible exhibit at the Educational Building, Thursday, March 26. Tea was afterwards served at the home of Mary Dabney in Watervliet.

Almira Waring's brother, who underwent a serious operation, is slowly recovering.

Edith Casey, '14, spent the week end of March 21 at a house party in Poughkeepsie.

### **Psi Gamma**

Miss Gladys Grinnell, of Broadalbin, spent the week end of February 27 with Marion Chapman at the Psi Gamma House.

Miss Mae MacHarg entertained the House girls at a five-hundred party, February 27.

The House girls enjoyed a sleigh ride and chicken dinner at the home of Miss Grace Mead, at Selkirk, March 7.

Miss Helen and Marion Marston were guests of Marion Chapman at dinner, March 19, at the House.

Miss Maud Davidson spent the week end of March 7 with her sister.

Mrs. Chas. Wallace, of Mohawk, spent a few days with her niece, Clara Wallace, during her illness.

Miss Frances Wood spent the week end of March 21 at her home in Kingston. Marjorie Davidson was her guest.

Miss Mary Robbins spent the week end of March 21 at her home in Saratoga. Clara Anderson was her guest.

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## **Athletic Department**

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But one game was played during the past month by the varsity basketball team; the Albany Medical College being defeated in the gym on Wednesday night, March 11, by a score of 30 to 20. The Normal team displayed excellent team work and shooting and, although forced to play hard, held a safe lead throughout. Several sensational long shots by Bernhardt kept the medics in the running in the second half.

Fitzgerald was the main scorer for the Purple and Gold, making 17 points. Curtis and Mackler did great work on the defense. The score:

Normal College:			
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Ellner, l. f.....	1	3	5
Fitzgerald, r. f.....	5	7	17
Robertson, c. ....	0	0	0
Pratt, c. ....	1	0	2
Mackler, r. g.....	2	0	4
Horowitz, r. g.....	0	0	0
Curtis, l. g.....	1	0	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals . . . . .	10	10	30
Medical College:			
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Heslin, l. f.....	2	1	5
Brown, r. f.....	1	0	2
Cooper, c. ....	2	0	4
Gebhart, c. ....	0	0	0
Bernhart, r. g.....	3	1	7
Mester, l. g.....	0	2	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals . . . . .	8	4	20

Summary — Score at end of first half: Normal, 19; Medical, 9. Referee, Cundiff; Timer, Swain.

Defeating both the Junior and Freshmen teams, the Sophomores captured the class basketball championship. The Juniors were beaten by the score of 33 to 18. The Freshmen put up a stiffer fight, but were defeated 24 to 18. In the play off for second place the Freshmen won from the Juniors, 32 to 15. The work of Curtis was a big aid to the Sophomores. Epstein and Anderson did good work for the Juniors, while McCarthy performed well for the Freshmen.

Securing a total of 46 points the Sophomores had no trouble winning the annual indoor inter-class meet in the gym on Wednesday night, March 18. The Juniors finished second, with the Freshmen third and Seniors fourth. Hayford, '16, and Epstein, '15, were tied for individual honors, each man securing 13 points. Doyle, '16; Robb, '16, and Pearsall, '17, captured several places.

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### Alumni Department

Mary Connell, '13, attended the basketball game March 3 in the gymnasium between Normal H. S. and Watervliet H. S.

Eugene H. Gates, '85, who is a successful business man in Jamaica, L. I., called at the College March 5.

The following notice is from a recent N. Y. paper:

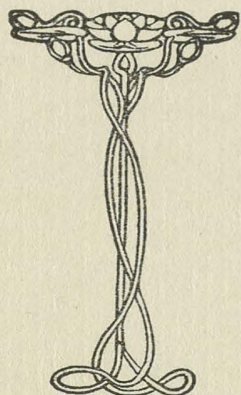
"The Italian School of the Children's Aid Society plans a 'Fastnacht Reunion.' Miss Anne White Strattem ('70), who has been connected with social work on the East Side for over forty years, will meet her former pupils at this reunion. For many years Miss Strattem was principal of the Children's Aid Society's Schools. In 1907 she started the Mother-Helpers Neighborhood Work at 518 East Sixteenth street, where she trains school girls in the art of house-keeping so that they can be of help to their mothers."

Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge C. Dunlop, of Spring Valley, N. Y., visited College recently. Mrs. Dunlop was Miss Anna Marvin of the class of 1902 and her husband is a member of the assembly from Rockland county.

Ethel Everingham, '12, is teaching in Scotia.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association was held at the College on March 18 to plan for the June functions of the Association. The members in attendance were Dr. Henry Mereness, '69; Mr. Arthur Z. Boothby, '00; Mrs. Henry Cameron, '84; Miss Mary A. McClelland, '69, Miss Anne L. Cushing, '99; Mr. Harry Birchenough, '06; Miss Anna E. Pierce, '84, and Dean Leonard A. Blue.

C. Russel Henry was appointed District Superintendent of Schools for the First Supervisor's District of Lewis county on March 20. Mr. Henry attended the State Normal College during the year of 1912-13.







An Exchange Department is one of the 1913-14 improvements of THE ECHO. It has met with fair success, but like all innovations, it takes time to get established. Other college publications have been very courteous in responding to our appeal to "Please Exchange," and many send their magazines promptly every month. However, there are a few who seem to forget us and it is to these that we wish to say once more — Please continue to send us your publications regularly and help us get a good start.

*The Prospect*, Plymouth, N. Y. You are to be congratulated upon the thoughtful character of the expository articles in your last issue, and the generous number of rhymes you always have.

*The Mirror*, Conway, Arkansas. Your first article in the February number, "The Indians," is creditable verse and a clear echo of Robert W. Service's, "The Law of the Yukon," without his somewhat objectionable diction.

*The Holcad*, New Wilmington, Pa. From the Editorial Department to the end your February issue is notable for its atmosphere of good-natured humor. The paper with the smile is always acceptable. We would suggest that a table of contents would improve your magazine.

### JOKES

There is a young Sophomore named M-bb-t,  
 Who has a notorious habit,  
     Every new girl she meets  
     She fills up with sweets,  
 And about her — oh — how she does gab it.

---

College Booster — Do you support THE ECHO?  
 Dead One — No, it has a staff.

---

“Faith,” said the policeman examining the broken window, “this is more serious than I thot, it’s broken on both sides.” — *Ex.*

---

If our English teacher is a bookworm why is not our Geometry teacher an angleworm?

---

She — Why do people say Dame Gossip?  
 He — Too polite to leave off the “e.”

---

There is a young lady named W-t,  
 Solemnity (?) was her one trait,  
     But she snickered in Psych  
     And almost did hike,  
 But now she has “stifled” this trait.

---

Conductor (up front) — “All right, back there?”  
 Quivering Voice from Back — “Yes, thanks, we’re doin’ very nicely.”

---

Said a careless young lady named Anna,  
 When she stepped on an empty banana,  
     Now, what do you see,  
     That you stare so at me?  
 And the bystanders shouted, “Hosanna!”

"Mammy, dear," said little Matty, "what is a stepmother?"

"If I should die and you dad should marry again, the lady would be a stepmother."

"Oh, I see," remarked Matty, "you'd step out and she'd step in."

---

A Disappearing Act:

"Oh, Aunty! my cake dropped right down the dog!"

---

The Class Book Photographer — "Now try to look natural."

Victim — "Like what?"

C. B. P. — "Er — now try to look like someone else."

---

Mr. Almost Bald — "Tony, my hair is getting thin."  
Barber (sympathetically) — "So! Which one?"

---

Professor — "You say you are engaged in some original research. Upon what subject?"

Student — "I am trying to discover why the ink won't flow from my fountain pen unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy vest."

Cyrus (before curtain rises) — "Come on, Mirandi, let's get our money back. We seen this goldurned asbestos show last year."

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One day an inspector of a New York tenement house found four families living in one room. Chalk lines were drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family.

"How do you get along here?" enquired the inspector.

"Very well," was the reply. "Only the man in the farthest corner keeps borders."

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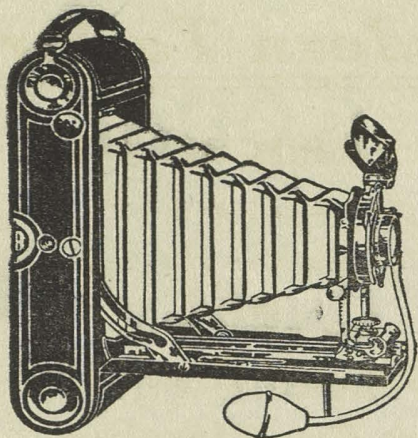
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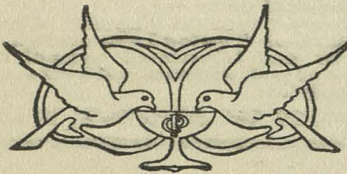
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