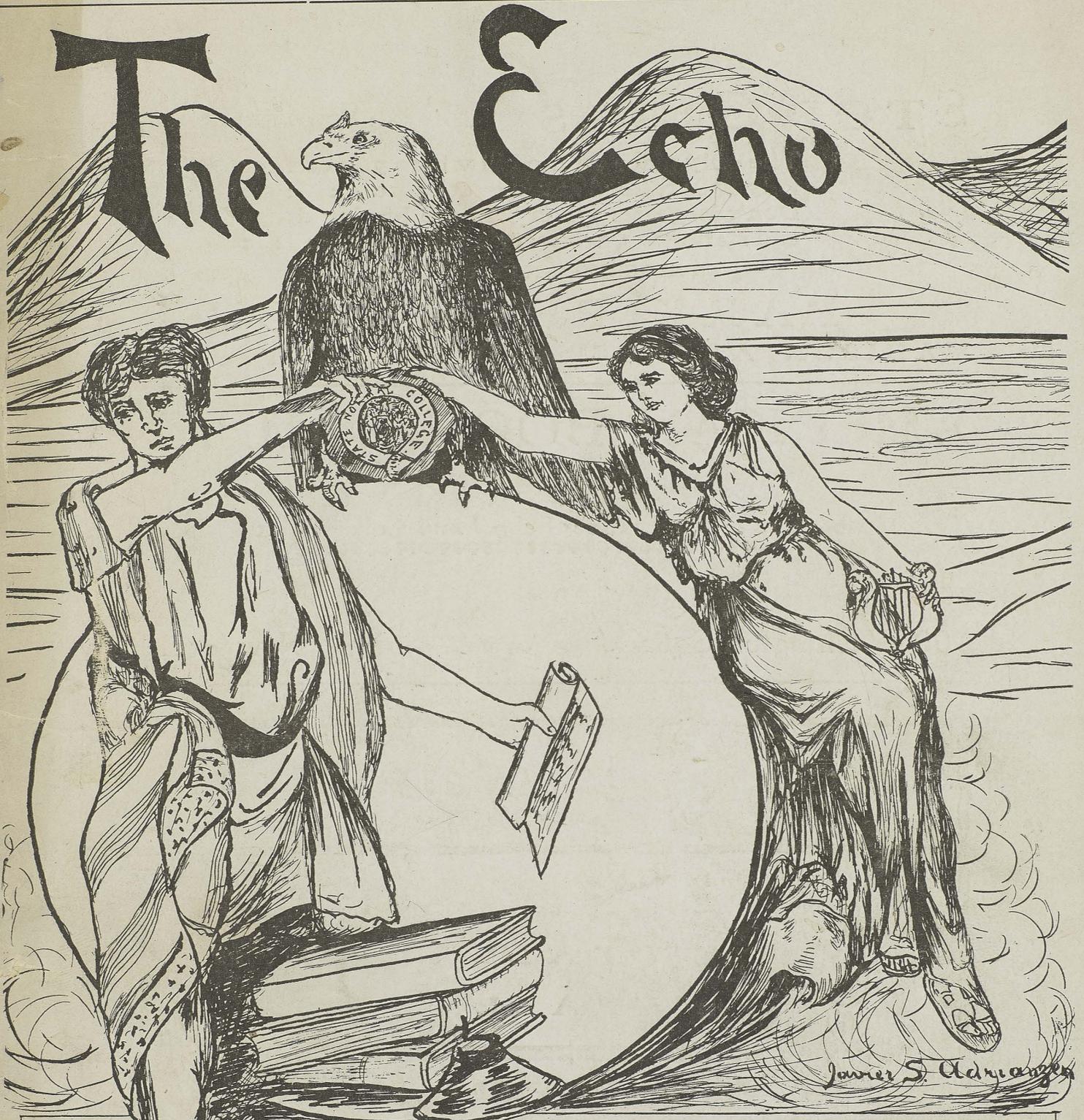


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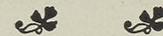
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THE ECHO.

VOL. 16.]

ALBANY, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1907.

[No. 1.]

Greeting.

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our College
As once more we gather with classmates so dear ;
Who've hastened to meet here this fair autumn morning
From mountain and valley, from far and from near.

Vacation is over and playtime is ended,
And now comes the season of toil and of work.
Bue we'll start in bravely our tasks to encounter
Resolved not to slight them, resolved not to shirk.

We greet the new comers to our alma mater,
And give them a welcome both heartfelt and true.
May success attend them and never desert them,
In all that they seek to attain and to do.

We welcome with gladness our faithful instructors,
Who've patiently led us along learning's ways ;
And also our new guides up the steep hill of knowledge
Who'll soon win for themselves their full share of our praise.

And three cheers for our College, the State Normal College,
That College beloved and honored of old !
May we ever be loyal to dear alma mater,
And to her fair colors, the purple and gold.

ELIZABETH F. SHAVER, '08.

Class Day Program.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is my privilege to welcome you to the class day exercises of the State Normal College, and to introduce to you the class of nineteen hundred seven.

To-day brings to light many of the carefully concealed trifles which help to make up our estimate of the individuals

of whom the class is composed. We smile at these peculiarities and yet we recognize the fact that even these slight outcroppings are indicative of the deeper motives which govern the life of the individual. Personality is such a force that it shapes even the minor details of everyday life. This class is to go on, not as a class, but as separate individuals, and the things which are to be accomplished by it

must be done through the personality of each acting alone.

There is a tendency in these days, when scientific wonders have become the useful tools of everyone, and when discoveries and inventions no longer startle on account of their frequency, for the great majority of people to have no definite views. They easily acquiesce to everything, but never take the trouble to investigate the grounds which form the basis for anything. Theories of all kinds meet with little opposition, but at the same time they are not acted upon in the vigorous way that was common when serious thinking on the problems of life was prevalent.

These are the conditions under which we must live, and the easiest way is for one to lose his individuality and become just one more machine that runs in any way that the circumstances or policy may direct; but it should be the firm determination of every thinking person not to drift without purpose, but to reach some definite end by subjecting to the test of reason all questions which are of any importance, and when the truth has been determined, to follow it. This does not imply that one shall be narrow-minded, but it is a protest against the so-called broadness of views which amounts to so little when subjected to the practical test of application to any definite case.

Ours is an exacting profession. Shams and insincerity sometimes remain undetected for years in other lines, but we have the great advantage, or disadvantage, as the case may be, of being judged with a large degree of correctness from the very beginning. One advantage of this condition is that it presents a great opportunity for the practice of the homely virtues under circumstances where they will exert a great influence toward estab-

lishing proper standards along many lines where present-day practices are far from ideal.

Let us then strive to the full extent of our powers to cultivate those traits of personality which will tend to make our influence strong and lasting, and which will redound to the credit of the institution from which we are about to be graduated.

The Class History.

For many weary days I had pondered on the writing of the class history. It seemed that the genius of a Gibbon or Locke was necessary to record the deeds of this illustrious class of 1907.

Late one afternoon, my mind still occupied with this stupendous problem, I met one of my classmates in the park. Now, this particular member of our class has a fondness for talking. What makes it much better, however, we all have a fondness for listening when she talks. This afternoon she was in a reminiscent mood, due, no doubt, to the fact that she was soon to leave Albany and the Normal College. During our conversation an idea came to me. Here was a way out of my difficulty. Once more this friend had proved of invaluable assistance. I would record all that was said and bring it to the class as the history. During the process of assimilating twenty-eight methods and one year of criticisms I had learned that a notebook is indispensable, so I am able to tell you all that was said, verbatim.

"Just think," said Hazel (for no doubt all of you have recognized my companion, Miss Rugean), "In a week we will no longer be dignified seniors, but members of the alumnae. I don't mind losing the dignified part as I despise being dignified. I do hate though

to leave the College. If one does have to leave," she added with a sigh, "it is a consolation to graduate in such a class as ours. Why, we are the most wonderful class that has graduated during the whole sixty-three years since the institution was founded."

She did not give her authority for this statement, but no one would think of disputing it. That fact is an axiom. It doesn't need to be proved.

"No one would have believed it," she continued, "that day, a year ago last September, when we first met at the College on Willett street. I do think that the Y. W. C. A. girls suspected that we were an unusual class. Don't you remember how kind they were? They made us feel right at home, and they served delicious wafers and coffee."

"Perhaps they had analyzed so many trains of association that they could read mysteries hidden from unpsychological eyes," I suggested.

"Trains of association! When you say that I almost think I hear the postman's whistle or hear some one saying: I. Visual image. II. T. W. a chair. I. Visual image. II. T. W. That reminds me of a chair in my room at home."

"And now to think that we are nearly through. Correlation books, lesson units—all are ended now. Soon we will be harmoniously developing the bodies, minds and souls of the children of New York State."

Here her voice grew wistful and her gaze wandered far away, while her mind was in the past with notebook and red ink. Suddenly her attention was called back to the present.

"Look," she shouted so loudly that I thought she had surely seen a scarlet tanager, "there is our class president,

Mr. Dann, with a girl, way over there on that secluded path. What progress he has made since he entered the College! Really, isn't it a shame he isn't going to stay for the four-year course?"

"The other representative of that rare species, the Normal man; yes, certainly, I refer to Mr. Randall, couldn't progress as Mr. Daum has done, for I think he came here intending to break the hearts of all the girls in College."

"Who is that with Mr. Dann? Oh, yes, I see now. It is Laura Meigs. Probably she has been to the Capitol."

"I used to think she was terribly studious, she spent so much time at the State library. One evening I went down myself and then it was all explained. Such devotion will be rewarded, but I don't think she will teach school long.

"Another girl who spends most of her time at the various libraries is Miss Vidal. I heard that she had been studying a Latin horse all winter."

"Why, how does that happen? Latin isn't in her course."

"Oh, I know it isn't, but she imagined that she was riding a broncho with a stalwart westerner at her side."

"Here comes Miss Thompson. What is she carrying?"

"Why, don't you know that she is so afraid of being recognized as a Normalite that she would resort to any disguise! They said at the drug store that she had used several dozen bottles of beautifier."

"Miss Elder is with her. Where has she been? I haven't seen her recently."

"She has been over at Schenectady, making herself famous as a teacher of music and gymnastics."

"Schenectady. That isn't where John lives, is it?"

"Hello, girls! Where have you been?"

"We have been studying over there," pointing to a shady spot. "When we were coming along we saw Miss Taylor giving another private lesson in French. At least we think she calls it French, although the book was upside down. The influences of the park aren't conducive to study."

"Speaking of study," said Hazel, after the other girls had gone, "reminds me of Miss Dardess. At one time I was afraid her enthusiasm in preparing plans for solid geometry would lead to nervous prostration."

"There is one point in solid geometry which I never fully understood, although I have puzzled over it considerably."

"What is it? Perhaps I can help you."

"Do three lines determine a plane?"

"You don't understand that?" she asked in amazement. "Now, Mr. Randall proved so conclusively that they didn't, and Ruth Treible proved so conclusively that they did, that no one could make a mistake about that."

"Ruth surely ought to know. The course in mathematics at R. P. I. is a difficult one, and she has been attending a night school connected with that institution. It does seem as if the girls have enough to do with their regular college. I hear that many of them have secured tutors from nearby schools, and cheerfully sacrifice to them their evenings."

In reply, Hazel blushed. I can't think why even yet, and acknowledged that most of her evenings had been spent that way. She added, however, that it hadn't seemed much of a sacrifice.

Just then Miss Irving and Miss Fitzpatrick came along. They were excitedly talking about something. The only words which we could catch were, "The American Express, and His Honor, the

Mayor." Hazel jumped to her feet. What is the trouble? I inquired, anxiously.

"Irene," she sobbed, in reply, "I had forgotten all about her."

"Forgotten all about her! Irene Jones! What is the trouble anyhow?"

"Oh!" said Hazel, in a distressed tone. "She has gone for a walk again to find a man with nice teeth and shoes that button. I am afraid that in a fit of abstraction she will be lost."

"You should have sent Hazel Seamen with her. She never gets lost—at least she hasn't lately. She doesn't have to depend on Belt A cars any more."

"Well," said Hazel, "I must go, Perhaps I won't be too late even yet. I'll see you to-morrow, now be sure," and, turning to say a few last words, "don't you dare put my name in the class history. Good-bye." "Good-bye."

Walking slowly homeward the words of the class motto came to my mind. *Ex vita scholae, ad scholam vitae*—from the life of school to the school of life. The life of school had been very pleasant. There had been many difficulties, but they had all been overcome. The dear old S. N. C. had required much from us, but it had given much in return. To the faculty who have labored so patiently with us and for us, we owe a debt of gratitude which we feel we can never repay. To-day as we stand where the ways divide we are loath to leave this life of school.

Our hesitation is for a moment only. The greatest benefit which we have received from our college course is not the knowledge which we have gained, but the inspiration it has given us. Our life at school here has prepared us for the school of life. Eagerly we go forth to meet it with one desire for the future

“Build thee more stately mansions, Oh
 my soul
 As the swift seasons roll.
 Leave thy low-vaulted past,
 Let each new temple, nobler than the
 last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome
 more vast
 Till thou at last are free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell
 By life's unresting sea.”

VIDA MOREHOUSE.

Class Poem.

The day has come, my classmates, when
 we lay our work aside,
 When our course is tending outward
 with the turning of the tide.
 We have sought this day with pleasure,
 oft we've chafed at its delay,
 Now we turn reluctant footsteps as we
 bid the moments stay.

Tarry here a little, classmates, for too
 soon our ways divide,
 Let us gather from each other courage
 for the ways untried.

We are proud of our profession. Never
 yet a worthier call
 Stirred men's blood and bade them wan-
 der from their own ancestral hall.

See the troupes of little children, youths
 and maidens, a bright band,
 Led in paths of truth and virtue, guided
 ever by our hand.

See the bright eyes kindle brighter by
 the aspirations stirred
 As morn's beauty gathers beauty at the
 singing of a bird.

See their dormant powers unfolding,
 touching others as they grow,
 Till the circle ever widening passes what
 our minds can know.

Ours is not a life of splendor, but of giv-
 ing, full and free;

Ours the blessedness of service, noblest
 form of charity.

We have plucked from out life's garden
 a rich blossom, bright and fair,
 Alma Mater, thou didst plant it, and thou
 train'dst it for us there.

In its hues the blue of heaven, winter's
 snows and sunset skies,
 And its fragrance is the lily's where
 eternal hope abides.

'Tis the flower of friendship given, bring-
 ing peace and joy and pride,
 Which we plucked in thoughtless pleas-
 ure and have cherished by thy side.

Take it with thee, sister, brother, 'twill
 not fade because we part,
 Every morning 'twill be fresher if thou
 place it next thy heart.

Time and change are tests of friendship,
 Do not fear the ways untried,
 For our love will blossom brighter when
 it has been purified.

'Ere we leave thee, Alma Mater, we've a
 word of parting cheer,

We would praise thee for thy nurture,
 for thy visions broad and clear.

Thou hast pointed out our duty, thou hast
 shown the way to go,

But life's lesson's yet before us; we've
 life's wisdom yet to know.

This is truly our commencement. May
 thy spirit still abide,

Helping us to fathom deeper in the truths
 as yet untried.

Helping us to keep on learning, climbing
 upward day by day,

Seeking ever for the highest. *Never* let
 our footsteps stray.

Till we reach those heights supernal
 which are promised to mankind,

Where we gain our true diploma in the
 treasury of the mind.

JOSEPHINE WEBSTER.

Success Through Difficulties.

Success in this life depends not so much upon conditions as upon the man himself. The foundation principle upon which this is based is character, and the person who starts in the world possessed of those sterling qualities of truth, honesty, kindness, and virtue, at all times having the courage of his convictions, will find an open gateway to successful achievements. These are the "stepping stones to greatness."

It is to be remembered that no degree of success, however small it may be, is to be attained without perseverance and effort on man's part. In this age of rapid advancement the person who would gain the top round of the ladder of success must expect to encounter many difficulties on the way. But if he has a fixed purpose in life, and ever keeps his eyes on the goal before him, ultimate victory will crown his efforts. Just as the athlete strains every muscle and bends all his energies toward the winning of the prize, so we in life's race must ever work with a definite end in view, and spurred on with the hope of reward mountainous obstacles may be overcome that otherwise could never be surmounted. "Hitch your wagon to a star" should be the watchword of every one of us, and our ambitions should be high and noble in their character. If we expect to gain success we must never hesitate nor falter, but, on the other hand, there must be the one great purpose permeating our whole being that we will gain that station in life that God intended us to fill, no matter what the sacrifice or cost. And thus if we make the most of our opportunities and put our whole thought and soul into the work the final results will be assured.

Fortunate for us that we live at this time of golden possibilities, when success is offered to the rich and poor alike. There is no royal road to greatness, but by diligent and constant toil. True, there is a tendency in these days to think that money is the key to distinction and high achievements, and in the eyes of the world the person in this position may be counted great, but there is a higher plane of successful living that money cannot buy, and it is of this that we speak. If we take a retrospective view of the great men of history we will find that they attained their greatness, even in the face of difficulties, because of their faithfulness and loyalty to some lofty purpose.

What person is not stirred with love and admiration at the mention of the name of Lincoln? In him we find an example of a self-made man, and the great and noble qualities that made him a leader of his people shine out more brightly because of the adverse conditions which he was called upon to face. A boy born in poverty, and with little chance for learning, we see him at night by the log fire diligently seeking out some bits of knowledge that might serve him in after life. Very early he developed those worthy traits of honesty and perseverance that were ever distinguishing features in both his public and private career. As a lawyer he was true to his convictions, and when later at the crisis of the Civil War he was called upon to lead a forlorn hope to victory he cheerfully took up the task and guided the ship of state into the harbor of safety.

Many such instances could be cited of men like Grant, Prescott, and Gladstone, who by their indomitable courage and the power of their personality have carved their names high on the records of national fame.

The greatness of our success depends largely on the difficulties encountered in the attainment of them for these obstacles only serve to bring out the best there is in us, and to increase our strength for the later battles of life. Whatever be our lot let us be cheerful, for a sunny disposition is the very soul of success. As we are about to bid farewell to the friends and associates of our school days and embark on our life work let us take new courage that we may bravely outride all storms of difficulty and win greatness and success in the profession to which we have been called.

For "heights of great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night."

W. H. RANDALL, JR., '07.

Class Prophecy.

What I ever did to deserve the fate of class prophet I don't know. Most likely my classmates thought that as I was leaving the country I might as well be the scapegoat. I'd be beyond reach of harm.

Saturday evening, as I was trying to make one trunk hold what would properly fill three, it dawned on my consciousness that I was a prophet without a prophecy (that's worse than a prophet without honor).

I dropped weakly down on the mineral box — hardness of 7 — there's nothing for it but the woods, I groaned. I'll retreat to the hills and contemplate the works of nature until Monday night. They will just think I forgot to come.

I hastily wrapped the minerals in a clean blouse, slammed down the lid of the trunk and invited the household to dance on it. I then retired to dream of shady woods and class prophecies.

Early Sunday I departed, accompanied

by Mr. Dann's gem and a very substantial lunch. I went as far as my money went — that wasn't any great distance.

When the D. & H. refused the further passage I plunged boldly into the woods. About noon I found myself strolling along a fairly well-beaten path and was surprised to find this sign nailed to a tree: "This way to the cave of the Pythia. You can't afford to neglect this opportunity to study your future."

"Here's my chance," I thought, and eagerly followed the trail indicated by the sign. A few minutes' walk brought me to the entrance to a gloomy looking cave. Over which was another sign reading: "Madame Pythia, the noted medium. Tells your past and future. All you care to know and more than you care to have your friends know. Payments on the instalment plan."

The gods are kind, I thought, things seem coming my way, but still I hesitated to enter. Don't imagine I feared a Pythia, perish the thought, but *bats* live in caves as well as Pythias, and you know the rest.

However, I wasn't going to lose such a chance, even for a bat. I grasped the gun firmly, and shielding both eyes, plunged in.

When I found my hair wasn't full of bats I opened my eyes and beheld in the gloomy recesses a rather dishevelled person, who approached, and after scrutinizing me a moment, greeted me as from the Normal College.

This is the real thing, I thought, she reads me at a glance. When I got home it occurred to me that I wore a class pin and carried a notebook branded S. N. C. in large letters.

I briefly stated my business, and when we discussed the instalment plan I neglected to mention my home address.

"All you have to do," said the Pythia, "is to seat yourself on this three-legged stool and gaze fixedly into this crystal pool (she referred to a gloomy puddle in the middle of the cave), I'll do the rest.

I tied my hair on firmly with my handkerchief, and as no bats appeared I took courage and gazed.

Of course, at the Normal that rare creature the Normal man is rather conspicuous by reason of his rarity. So I wasn't surprised when the Pythia elected to begin with our revered president, Mr. Dann.

The pool cleared and a beautiful town on Long Island Sound appeared in its depths. I saw enthroned in the superintendent's office Mr. Dann, surrounded by fair stenographers, he was laying out a course of study that was to change the face of education.

The pool was troubled, when it cleared Mr. Dann was gone, in his place sat a prim lady with glasses and all the fair stenographers were bathed in tears.

"Alas!" I cried, "explain."

"Well," said the Pythia, "all went well until leap year. Then the stenographers had an epidemic of leap-year parties. Before Lent Mr. Dann had left for Labrador. He labors for the welfare of the benighted Eskimo."

The scene changed. I saw a popular summer resort. A large boys' school appeared to be enjoying a holiday. Accompanied by their teachers they were shooting the chutes. Imagine my surprise on recognizing in the head master my former classmate, Mr. Randall. Sedately he marshalled his scholars on board and with gentle dignity shot the chutes.

I was so absorbed in watching this performance that I was sorry when the pool clouded and the scene faded. However,

it cleared only to show me a similar sight, but this time the chutes were filled with girls of all sizes, they, too, were also accompanied by teachers. I was surprised to see that the latter were passing round pink candy, and among the teachers I recognized Miss Banger and Miss Carter.

"These good people," explained the Pythia, "believe in giving the pupils plenty of exhilarating exercise, they have established schools where they carry out their theories. They will presently pass on to the merry-go-rounds.

A city came into view. "This is Old Mexico," continued the Pythia. "Here you will find the Misses Triebel established. Miss Jessie supervises music and drawing. She has also won fame outside the schoolroom. Her sketches, which are of the Gibson school, find great favor with the public."

Next I beheld a fair and stately lady holding spellbound a vast audience. Needless to say it was Bernice Davis, the now celebrated prima donna. As I gazed upon her I recalled the charming duets she used to sing with Mr. Belding, when I was audience.

Here the pool began to bubble and boil so furiously that I became quite nervous. Emma Kelly appeared in the depths. She hadn't changed much. She was talking faster than ever. "She is agent for a phonograph company," said my interpreter.

The scene faded and the pool became very calm. I saw a lady clad in sylvan green. "Diana, the huntress," I thought, but when she turned her head I saw it was Emma Montrose. The Pythia explained that she found congenial occupation as a guide. The popularity of her personally conducted tours to the Warwick mines being great.

I began to wonder if I was to find no

famous professor among my classmates. What of Dr. Roberts, I thought. A college campus appeared. Gaily the students were dancing "the haymakers," led by our dear doctor. Her gown breathed dignity from every fold.

"Miss Roberts," explained the Pythia, "is now president of a famous college founded by Katherine Kale (she married a Chicago millionaire, after teaching for the love of it one year). The object of this institution is to develop many-sided interests among women.

"Miss Roberts meets with great success."

As I looked Miss Roberts withdrew somewhat, though she still encouraged the students by her presence. Seating herself beneath a tree, she drew from the folds of her gown a lunch-box, and before she vanished I had the pleasure of once more seeing her partake of a sandwich.

"You will find other members of your class in this institution," said the Pythia. "The Misses Knapps occupy jointly the chair of psychology."

Well, I thought, I'd like to see anyone teach psychology jointly.

In the pool appeared two class rooms, they were divided by a glass partition. In one Miss Ernestine was propounding this important question, "Under what circumstances can two people have the same mental content?" I didn't wait to see what Evelyn was doing to Section B, for just then a bat created a diversion.

When I looked again I saw a row of students standing before a lady who appeared to be handing out large pills. I was not surprised to hear that this was Miss Ladoff. She was teaching biology by her famous capsule method.

Miss Kelsey, I was told, had formerly occupied the chair of domestic science,

being noted for her interesting lectures on the evolution of the laundry. However, she had retired to make more practical use of her domestic talents.

I next saw a large class room filled with students. I heard them discussing an elocution lesson. "Who's the teacher?" I asked. "Oh," said my friend, "It's Olive Smith, she teaches elocution, but unfortunately, she is a few moments late. She stopped to talk to some one."

The institution of higher learning faded. In its place appeared the residence section of Buffalo. The interior of one of the pleasantest homes was revealed. I saw a plump and placid lady presiding at the breakfast table. Several little olive branches surrounded her. One of them managed to empty his oatmeal into his lap. "Pick up your bowl, Johnnie," said the lady. Johnnie's only reply was to throw his spoon at a little twig who had dared to laugh. I expected to see the lady remove Johnnie and seek a hair brush. Not so, she drew from her girdle a small notebook and wrote industriously. Then I knew our sister Bates was still writing child study records.

The house faded and once more I saw the street. A stout woman with a large basket on her arm was passing.

"This is Irene Jones," said the Pythia, "she sells molasses candy." Molasses candy! I shrieked. "Yes, she would marry a man because he had nice teeth and wore button shoes. This is the result."

Sadly I watched Irene pass on, and I noticed she sampled her wares quite freely.

Just then I noticed a billboard, the name Lilian Brown had caught my eye. I read:

Great attraction at Grimm's Opera

House. Lilian Brown in her famous antique roles. Farewell performance. "Let's hope she has her curls," I thought.

"Next reveal to me Eva Thompson's fate," I said, for I remembered her deadly fear of becoming an old maid.

I saw a pretty cottage in the suburbs of Cohoes. Eva was seated on the verandah, she seemed to be working initials on masculine handkerchiefs. In my eagerness to see the initials I nearly drowned myself in the pool. "Come ashore," roared the Pythia, "can't you see it's B." Just then the gate clicked and a stout redheaded gentleman came puffing up the walk.

You can guess my reflections.

I hardly knew what to make of the next revelation. It seemed to be the map of South America.

"Ark teaching," snapped the Pythia, "you've few trains of association relating to South America, so this is the best I can do for you.

You'll find several kindergartners in this part of the world. Miss Florence Shanks has established a progressive kindergarten at Hameire, that's somewhere in Peru. She is assisted by Miss Robb, and Miss Florence Palmer also spent some time here, but she didn't feel that she should bury her talents so far from dear old New York, so she went north some time ago.

I wonder whose left in old Albany, I murmured. The Governor's mansion rose before me, a garden party seemed in progress.

"Governor's reception to the Normal College," announced the Pythia. "His wife, formerly Miss Flora Randall, Class of 1907, takes a great interest in the College."

I should now like to reveal to you the

fate of Antoinette Wilson and Ada Reed, but the former is so strong-minded that I cannot read her future, and as you know the latter is never found failing, so we will pass on.

This next scene is in darkest Africa, examine the flora if you won't take my word. The Pythia seemed excited. "Oh, I'll take anything," I answered, meekly. Though from the setting I imagine the Pythia had had some ark teaching too.

I beheld a mission station surrounded by palms from the park, the dusky little converts were just filing out of school, and I noticed that though their attire was scanty, each little topknot supported a blue butterfly bow.

Each child was also provided with a notebook, also decorated with ribbon. "Thus," said the Pythia, "the good ladies of the mission cultivate the aesthetic interest. These ladies were formerly your classmates, Miss Meiggs and Miss Woodruff. They have both married missionaries."

The large white building at the right of the mission is a public library which they have established. It is filled exclusively with their college notebooks and the poetical works of Miss Webster and Miss Sargent. (The heathen don't read much.)

These ladies, finding that their works did not sell as well as they could desire, have turned their attention to writing advertisements for Sapolio. They are making a fortune. They are ably assisted by Miss Helen Weller, she of the gentle voice.

The scene had again changed. I saw a slum school in New York. "This school," said the Pythia, "has become famous." It takes street arabs and turns out citizens. Its principal is Alice Cornsell, and among the teachers you will find

several of your classmates. Here they teach "high thought, and amiable words and courtliness, and the desire of fame and love of truth and all that makes a man." And remembering Alice as she was at College I knew the Pythia had told well.

A path in Central Park appeared, I noticed a woman seated on a bench carefully studying the persons who passed. She carried a pair of scales and a microscope.

This, I was told, was Louise Bonny still hunting for perfection nearby. I saw Miss Stress. I was informed that she was editing a geometry, and that she came to the park to reflect. Sometimes she sits and thinks, and sometimes she just sits.

The Pythia became very restive, and demanded an instalment. I offered her some geology specimens that I had in my pocket and a sandwich, and she was kind enough to inform me that Miss Somers had married the rector of Trinity church, New York.

"What of the rest?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "Some are married and we hope living happily, and some are just old maid school ma'ams, teaching grades." Finding I could do no more I gathered my belongings and departed.

As I retraced my steps I reflected that we couldn't all expect to be rich or famous. Some fellow has to do the work, you know.

"Enough, if at the end of all a little grace remains."

Class Song, 1907.

(Tune: "The Tale of the Seashell,"
from "The Prince of Pilsen.")

Come, classmates, and join our song
As we sing to naught seven to-day,
With voices clear and strong,
And spirits blithe and gay,
And spirits blithe and gay.
For when hearts are light and the future
seems bright
We can then make the chorus ring,
While to friends new and old, to the
purple and the gold,
Our pledge of love we sing.

CHORUS.

Classmates, we're loyal ever,
For time can never
Our friendship sever;
Oh nineteen seven, now forever
Our true allegiance here we pledge to
thee.

The hours have swiftly sped,
Fleet-footed still they fly.
The sun is overhead,
And cloudless is the sky,
And cloudless is the sky.
We enter soon life's mystic ways
Which each for himself must know,
Then seen through the haze, our college
days
Like a sunrise bright shall glow.

(CHORUS.)

Fair days, when you are o'er,
Still dear to our hearts you'll be,
Each year ever more and more
Fond memory will turn to thee,
Fond memory will turn to thee.
And classmates dear now gathered here
Where they meet shall tribute bring,
And the scenes once so dear
Shall in fancy reappear
As together then we sing.

MARY DELLENA WHITE.

Presentation to the Husted Fellowship Fund.

For two years the Husted Fellowship Fund has been in existence, and although still in infancy is strong and flourishing. Its beginning dates back to the time when the alumni celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Husted's teaching. They thought that such long and faithful service should be recognized in some way, and thus finally the thought was realized in the Husted Fellowship Fund.

Its purpose, which is indeed a worthy one, is to aid deserving students. In most colleges may be found some means by which students may receive help in obtaining an education. And now we are glad to say that we, too, are not unmindful of others.

But it was thought that in order to make the fund effective as it should be, \$10,000 should be realized, and it is toward this end the promoters are working. We would say the responses show a hearty co-operation and loyal support to the enterprise. For years it has been the custom of each class to leave the alma mater some token which should show the benefits received within her walls are not unappreciated. Contributing toward such an end as this fund makes the giving doubly pleasant, for we feel sure it will do more real good than a tablet, window or any other gift. It has great possibilities. Especially now, when our College is entering upon a broader and more extensive plain of activity, will this fund be found useful.

We who are about to leave the College look forward to the long and prosperous years that are to follow her, and although we cannot claim the same privileges that we had as students, still

we wish that all the bonds may not be broken.

This fund will serve to keep us loyal and true. Then in behalf of the Class of 1907 we gladly offer our contribution to the fund with pledges of continued support and wishes for its success and usefulness in all future years.

JESSIE TREIBLE.

The President's Reception.

A notable feature of commencement week was the reception given at their residence by President and Mrs. Milne, on Monday evening, June twenty-fourth.

The spacious home on Elk street was thrown open for the occasion to returning alumni of past years, and to the large class just about to be graduated. Music, flowers, fragrance, cordial greetings formed altogether a delightful atmosphere. In the first drawing-room the guests were received by President Milne and Mrs. Milne, and presented by them to Commissioner Draper and Mrs. Draper.

It was a pleasant thing to meet the fair-faced girls and the earnest young men of the graduating class. They turn one's thought to the future. But what were the feelings with which one took the hand of man or matron of the olden time! What brought them thus afar, in the heat of a summer sun?

In a quiet corner, seated under the palms, might be seen a distinguished-looking white-haired woman of the Class of 1853, chatting with another distinguished-looking white-haired woman of the Class of 1857. But happy indeed were those of the elder ones who could grasp the hand of one of their own year.

Some of those of the earlier classes were Mrs. G. Sidney Smith, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Sterling Burton, of Spring-

field, Conn., and Mrs. Finlay Matheson, of Huntington, New York. Many others there were of the years between the old times and the new.

As the guests of the evening moved toward the farther drawing-room they were happily met by Miss Milne, who, with two of her young friends, dispensed nectar from bowls deep and cool. In the supper-room a caterer served ambrosia and other grateful viands.

Besides Dr. and Mrs. Draper some of the other distinguished guests were Miss Seabury, principal of St. Agnes' School, and Miss Boyd, principal *emeritus*; Mr. Thomas E. Finegan counsellor of the Education Department and member of the executive committee of the Normal College, who was accompanied by Mrs. Finegan; Rev. Dr. Hinds and Mrs. Hinds, of Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. Wilbur B. Sprague, superintendent of schools at Winchendon, Mass., and Mr. Grant Young, of New York city. The College faculty were nearly all present.

The young ladies who assisted Miss Milne were Miss Frances Kibbey and Miss Emily Huyck, of Albany.

As the music became fainter, the hum of voices softer and the spaces more ample between the lingering groups, then it was that the eye of the writer was attracted to a thing of beauty before unnoticed. In a place of honor, and against a bank of roses, stood the cup — the loving cup presented to President Milne by the faculty about one year ago.

"I have the cup in my especial care," said Mrs. Milne. "We are very appreciative; we are very proud of it."

Stepping out into the night, we glanced instinctively toward the curving veranda, which was banked with growing plants and waving vines. "It is charming," thought we, "thus to 'welcome the coming and to speed the parting guest.'"

Commencement Address.

Before a large audience at the commencement day exercises of the State Normal College, Albany, held in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Herbert C. Hinds, Ph. D., pastor of the State Street Presbyterian Church Schenectady, delivered the address to the Class of '07, taking for his subject, "Atmospheric Influences." The address was a masterpiece, and held the hearers spellbound, as the speaker told of the influences cast by various types of men in their journey through life. Each man has his atmosphere, he said, and this atmosphere is something to be desired, like the bright sunshine, or somethings to beshunned, like the icy blasts of winter or noxious air, just according to the man.

Dr. Hinds said, in part:

ATMOSPHERIC INFLUENCE.

Everything has its atmosphere, the sun, the moon, and the stars, the mountains and the woods, the green fields and the desert, the country and the city, the home and the shop, the church and the school. But perhaps more than all else man has his atmosphere. Some men move through the world like a band of music marching down the street and affording pleasure to everyone musically inclined; while others pass along life's highway like a mob and filling the air with harsh and discordant sounds. Some men are like the icebergs that drift out of the northern seas, whose frosty breath can be felt by the sailor a long time before they come into sight. But there are others who go through life like the gulf stream, warming and tempering every climate and causing the crops to grow and flourish wherever its influence is felt. To fellowship with the one kind

of people is like making one's home in the tombs, but to dwell in the presence of the other sort is like standing on the sunny side of the house in the winter season. Every man contributes his spirit to his home, his city, his country and the world, and, in no small degree makes the atmosphere in which he lives, moves and has his being.

EXTERNAL AND PERSONAL.

And this atmosphere is external and personal. We are susceptible to external influences, to the innumerable impressions that are made on our hearts and minds by the forces which surround us. We cannot enter the presence of a noble man without becoming stronger, and we cannot associate with the morally bad without being made weaker. Even our physical surroundings have much power to awaken our thoughts and inspire our desires in the formation of habit and conduct. We rise on a bright day and are happy through all of its hours and perform our service with increasing zeal; but the following day is dark and gloomy, the atmosphere is dull and muggy, the air is spiritless, and in a moment we feel the enervating effects and in a short time our enthusiasm burns low and our energy is quickly spent.

Personal influence is one of the greatest powers in the world, and is the holy atmosphere in which noble men and women dwell. There are magnetic persons in every community who, by the holy atmosphere they create, catch and hold men. They speak and we listen, they act and we follow their example. We are all creating an atmosphere of personal influence which touches other lives and is to them like the dews of a May morning which freshen the face of

nature, or like the frosts of November that nip and kill the fairest flowers.

EVERYONE AN INFLUENCE.

Everyone exerts an influence, quiet but real, unconscious but a fact. The ghost of Banquo refused to "down at the bidding" of Macbeth. The poisoned garment of Hercules clung no closer to his person than does one's influence for good or evil. A man may stand in the street, say nothing, and simply look at the stones at his feet, but in a few moments a crowd will gather around him, and much excitement will be aroused by his strange attitude. Every act, word or look is a moral dynamic to those who surround us in life's throng and press, and they are the forces with which we are building or undermining character. A man's principles, declarations and example are speaking loudly every hour.

And so lasting is our personal influence that it continues to bless or curse for many years. "He being dead yet speaketh," is as true of noble men and women who have passed through the riven veil and see "face to face," as of Abel. But the "evil that men do," as well as the good, "lives after them." Voltaire, Paine and Bolingbroke filled the air with a poisonous miasma which still infects the atmosphere of literature. But heaven and earth rejoices that the voice of Moses is still heard; that Paul was so stalwart and noble in principle and action that he called Christianity back from the dead; and that there is still a goodly company of those who are still going forward "conquering and to conquer." And while this is true of the more conspicuous lives it is equally true of the humblest. The reality of influ-

ence is the same and the difference is only in degree. The intonation of Niagara can be heard farther, but the babbling of the brook is just as real. The one is invested with more majesty, but the other with more sweetness. Mount Blanc is a grander witness to the creative power of God, but the violet and the lily speak more tenderly of the divine skill and goodness by their beauty and fragrance. The eagle may soar higher, but the canary sings more sweetly.

ACTS AND WORDS.

What we are speaks so loud that the man who stands near us cannot hear what we say. "Acts speak louder than words," and character is far more eloquent than speech. The great forces that are molding the world are not the noisy and turbulent ones, they are not the diplomats and the governors, and far less the thunders of the cannon, but the silent and unobserved forces which radiate from noble lives. Many people measure a man's power by the noise he makes, but this is not a correct standard. The drum makes vastly more noise than the flute, but for true soul-stirring music and soothing power the flute is a thousand times more effective. Many of our young people when they start in life think that they must make all the noise they can, else their lives will be a failure. They think that they must be heard above the din and clamor of the world or they will remain unknown and die in obscurity. But the thoughtful years prove how little real power there is in the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Life is measured by its final and permanent results. Life is not measured by the place a man occupies in the public eye and by the frequency of his

utterances, but by the benefits and blessings which he contributes to other lives.

"Remember aye the ocean's deeps are mute —

The shallows roar;

Worth is the ocean; fame is the bruit

Along the shore."

It is a consoling truth that conspicuousness, prominence and the eye of the world are not essential for the proper performance of our life's work. These may cumber a man and prevent him from doing his best. The great service of the world is the keen perception of the unperceived opportunity, and the vision of chances and privileges that other men do not see.

WHOLE-HEARTED.

Then let us not perform our life work in any half-hearted and quarter-moral sort of a way, but support with all our well-trained faculties the moral and spiritual movements which are transforming our nation and the world. That Swede was a noble man, who was urged by friends to give up the idea of going as a missionary to India because it was so hot there. "Man," he was urged, "it is 120 degrees in the shade." "Vell," said the Swede, in noble contempt, "ve do not always need to stay in the shade, do ve?" And this is not evading the responsibility of service, but simply scorning the evasion. Well may we covet your splendid opportunities for service.

GOING ON.

All the great biographies are the lives of seeking men who were never content with present attainments. This "going on" is the life of the true soul. What we can do we ought to do and will do. Some men think that their tasks are as big as they are, and there are other men

who realize that they are as big as their tasks. As a matter of fact there is no man who ever does quite his best and fully realizes his ideals. He looks back over his life and always sees something that he has not succeeded in doing. He is like a man climbing hills. He sees a steep hill in front of him and says, "when I reach the top of that hill my climbing is ended," and lo, the top of that hill shows him a higher one; and he climbs that second one, only to find that beyond it extends range after range that the second hill had hidden from his sight.

TRAINING.

Back of every great life there are long years of laborious training, of obscure but essential preparation for service. I have seen a picture of Lincoln, our great commoner, "training for greatness." Here you may see him, the rough rail-splitter, coarsely clad, with his axe resting on a log, and near by a pile of rails on the snow-covered ground, with book in hand, from which, by the ruddy glow of the setting sun, he is snatching a few precious thoughts to digest when he resumes his work. Underneath is written: "I'll study and get ready; maybe the chance will come." And the opportunity did come to him, but before the hour had arrived, the man had been fitted for the hour and the opportunity. And it has always been so. Commonplace people and things have often been used to accomplish great results. Moses, with the rod, smote Egypt, divided the Red Sea, opened the rock in the desert, and gave victory to God's people. The youthful David with sling and smooth stone made the impious giant bite the dust and turned the tide of battle against the Philistines. The affec-

tionate and devout Mary filled the world with fragrance, by the "odor of a sweet smell" that escaped from the broken box of perfumery. John Bunyan, with the goose-quill pen, has guided myriads of pilgrims in their onward journey to the celestial city. And the poor cobbler, William Carey, with hammer drives tacks into shoes and the missionary idea into the heart of the church, and world-wide missions are the result of his pegging. Listen to a parable. One night a man took a lighted taper and went up a long and winding staircase. "Where are you going with me?" said the taper. "The ships at sea are looking for our light to come into the harbor," was the reply. "Alas, no ship can see my feeble light," was the response. "Well, just keep on burning and leave that to me." And with the taper he lighted the great lamps and then blew it out, for its work was done. Everyone of us can be at least a taper to light some larger lamp to shine upon another's pathway.

"So God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of the commonplace things makes
his beautiful whole."

PREPARATION.

In the ascending journey of life, we carry with us what we have been, what we have done and what we have learned, in order that we may use them in the higher stages of life. The time never comes when we cease to acquire. The scholar is always a student. But it is not enough to be learning all the while; we must come to the knowledge of the truth. It is not enough to gather material; we must build. It is not enough to prepare to do something; we must do it. The life that would be a constructive force must use what it has acquired.

Our power is found in what we have and know how to use and life is a search after power. We should therefore prize learning, events and possessions as the minor values, the ore in which the precious mineral is found. Wisdom is the mineral in the ore of learning. Principle is the mineral in the ore of events. Opportunity is the mineral in the ore of possessions.

Prize learning, but its intrinsic value is found in the wisdom which it gives you for doing your life work. It is worth little to a man that he has pursued a collegiate course, that he has mastered many languages, sounded the depths of philosophies, soared in the realms of literature, unless he has extracted from all these the wisdom which enables him to perform effectively the work he has in hand. The important thing is not the amount of Greek and Latin, French and German, mathematics and logic, history and philosophy that you have studied, but the important thing is that what you have learned has taught you how to do things.

So, in your study of events the important thing in your knowledge of movements is that you have learned the principles which lie back of the world-movements of your age and are able to apply these principles to the solution of the new problems.

PRIZE POSSESSIONS.

Prize possessions. Wealth is an important factor in human development, but its value lies in what it enables one to be and do. We need to emphasize the fact that it is nothing to the man that he has possessions and refuse to identify possessions with position and gold with greatness. This is a vulgar blunder often made and quite inexcusable in our

day. A man may be worth a million and a half but may have acquired nothing else. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. The true value of wealth is the opportunity for culture and service. The industry of the violet seed is to gather up the rain and the sunshine and send these out again in the beauty and fragrance of its flower. And this is the mission of every life — to gather to itself all that the ages have and give it all out again in the usefulness of its own life.

AGE OF ACHIEVEMENT.

Our age is an age of achievement and demands large faith. We all have this fever of doing things and wish to have our part in the world's progress. Faith is dynamic and makes a man strong, ardent and persistent. It lifts men out of themselves, gives them a courage that is masterful, and enables a man to do his best work.

Then be not afraid of work, for you have faith, courage and excellent preparation for professional service. One day a naturalist was studying a cocoon in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature. Taking a tiny lancet he cut away the fragile walls, and released the little captive. To his amazement it was not the beautiful creature he had expected to see. It lay struggling on the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless and unlovely object. In place of the gorgeously colored wings he had expected to see were weak and shriveled members. What was the matter of this creature which should have been so fair? The prison gates had been opened too soon; the obstacle had been removed before

the struggling one had developed sufficient strength for its glorious flight in the sunshiny skies and among the perfumed flowers of field and garden. So, young men and women, when the walls seem to close about you, as you struggle and agonize to be free from restraint, do not ask that the barriers be cut away, for you may need this extra exertion to develop your otherwise weak powers into strength. And then when the struggle is finished, like the butterfly, you will come forth, perhaps, not in glorious robes of splendid colors as it is, but clad in the everlasting robes of strength and righteousness.

ATMOSPHERE.

And not only does every man have his atmosphere, but this atmosphere is the most potent thing about his life. During the French Revolution, when a mob frenzied with rage swept through the streets of Paris with the turbulence of a mighty flood, carrying everything before it, a well-known man of pure and noble character stepped into the middle of the street and lifted his hand for a hearing. The leader, turning to the mob, said: "Soldiers, you are now standing in the presence of a man who represents seventy years of noble living," and the frenzied mob stood still with uncovered heads and listened to the words that fell from his lips. And when we search for the secret of the matchless power and influence of the Man of Galilee we will find it in the atmosphere of His holy life. In astonishment and great wonder it was said: "Never man spake like this man." But the greatest thing about him was that never man lived like this man. And what was it that placed Him without a peer at the summit of human living?

Circumstances? Let us not forget

that there are few men for whom circumstances have done less than for the plain man of Nazareth. A poor carpenter's son, of a race that was despised and persecuted. Limited in His travels to a small Roman province, He had little opportunity for culture and education. If we speak of learning in its present meaning we may safely claim that there were thousands more learned in the books than He. If we say that His teachings made Him great we should recall the fact that the New Testament contains more of the teachings of Paul. And if we look still farther for the secret of His greatness in His death we are reminded that there have been other deaths quite as tragical as His.

We visit the Athenian prison and watch the aged Socrates as he takes the cup of hemlock and drinks his death in its bitter dregs. All Greece was moved when Socrates died. But to-day his death is a tale that is soon told. We stand in the Roman Senate and see Cæsar as he draws his mantle over his face as Brutus deals him his death blow with concealed dagger, and with the words, "*Et tu Brute,*" fall dead at the foot of Pompey's pillar. All the world trembled when Cæsar fell. But to-day his death is a tale that is soon told. We stand by the side of Lincoln and see Booth fire the fatal shot and then jump to the stage. But when Lincoln breathed his last the homes throughout the northland were hushed in sorrow and pain as if its first-born lay dead. But to-day the death of Lincoln is a tale that is soon told. But when Christ died there was no Plato to extol His Master; no Mark Anthony to arouse the populace, no Charles Sumner to voice the sorrow of a grief-stricken people and no thousands to deplore the "deep damnation

of his taking off." And yet men have never permitted His influence to wane. And why is this?

Because of what He accomplished? Nay, for measured by the standard of outward achievement He might be regarded as a failure. Ah, the power of His life was found in the atmosphere that always enveloped Him, drew men into His presence and was the cure for all the ills of life. Possibly men may rival the wonders of His miracle-working powers, they may even discover the parallel of His teachings and they may even imitate His sacrifice, but they can never render sweeter and holier and more powerful the atmosphere in which He lived, moved and had His being.

TO GRADUATES.

Members of the graduating class, you have received a splendid training for service in this time-honored institution. We shall watch your career with interest and shall be glad to praise your patient and persistent efforts. The hour of graduation is an interesting occasion to us all, but it is especially an important epoch in your lives. The graduation day is an hour of vision,—backward lie the school days, henceforth to be a memory; and forward are the opportunities and services of life. Then standing for a few brief moments upon this hill of vision, radiant with youth, eager for work, and inspired by a noble ambition, gladly answer the call of life. You will succeed in your chosen profession and we will applaud your work. Then go forth to light up the darkness and to conquer ignorance. You are knights of a noble order. Fear not to enter the battlefield where you may win the crown of life. You are strong, God and you, and "one with God is always a ma-

jority." "Be not overcome with evil" or anything else. Be courageous and you shall prevail. Everything you use in a proper manner will assist you. Yours is the promise, yours is the vision, yours is the chivalry and yours is the prowess. The stars in the golden galaxy will fight for you. The prize is held out to your aspiring eye. Be ambitious. Be brave. Be true. Then ride on valorous knights errant on the white horse of victory.

IDEALS.

Possess high ideals in life and service, and honor them with all your well-developed powers. The visions of youth are the pictures of Paradise. The dreams of the virgin soul are grand inspirations. You are living in life's golden morning and the outlook is inviting and promising and this fair dawn shall lead up to perfect day if you are true to your high calling. The splendors of the young day are about you. Enjoy them. The skies of promise and fruitage bend over you. Go forth and take advantage of them. Increasing joy will come with the dawn of each new day of greater privileges and enlarged opportunities.

Honor the inheritance the College bestows upon you in the conferring of your degree. The gold of Ophir is not to be compared with it. Cherish it fondly. Follow no illusions. Be not deceived by the apples of Sodom. Follow the gleam of the light that shines in the great Teacher's face. Fear God, for your life pleads for the highest and the best, even the eternal. Think on these things and do them and your strength will be as the strength of ten, for your purpose is firm and your heart pure. And thus may you walk the way of earth in pleasant paths of privilege and duty with angels for your protection and with the Man of Galilee as your Teacher and Friend.

"Be strong,
We are not here to play, to dream, to
drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to
lift,
Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's
gift."

EDITORIAL.

WELCOME!

HERE'S to the orange
And here's to the red,
And here's to the sophomore blue,
But the color we welcome the most of all
Is the green of the freshman hue.
With the opening of College, The Echo
bids you Welcome!
Welcome to its pages, dry or interesting,
as they may be!
Welcome to the joy of comradeship,
Welcome to the fraternity of classmates.
Yea, Welcome to the work which awaits
you and all the fun you can get out
of it.
In the year '07-8 may the smoke from
your own chimneys be the only
clouds which shall darken your
paths.

CHEER UP, FRESHMEN.

SOME of the freshmen have been
growing old very fast during the
last two weeks. They have been passing
through the most trying period of their
college course. To be thrown among
strangers, to be initiated into the mys-
teries of boarding and rooming house
life, and to enter upon new and difficult
college work, where the motto is: "Every
student is held responsible for the work
assigned. If you don't get the lesson you
must take the consequences," is certainly
enough to make a freshman sometimes
think that life is quite a serious
proposition.

But cheer up. The future is brighter
than it appears when viewed directly
after taking part in a discussion on "The

Uses of the Subjunctive," in the Latin
class. You really know more German
than the professor would have you think.
The "blues" sometimes resulting from a
cross-examination by the professor in
physics are only temporary, and the men-
tal confusions occasioned by psychologic
experiences will soon become pleasant
and orderly "trains of associations."

Cheer up! Associate yourselves with
all the activities of college. "Be bigger
than anything that can happen to you,"
and your pathway will grow brighter and
brighter.

BLUE LAWS FOR FRESHMEN.

DON'T go to the office outside of of-
fice hours.

Don't try to draw books from the li-
brary.

Don't walk in the park.

Don't try to offer suggestions to the
faculty.

Don't study on Sunday.

Don't use a "trot."

Don't miss a class meeting.

Don't try to be familiar to a senior.

Don't entertain callers without Mrs.
Mooney's consent.

Don't forget the Y. W. C. A. meetings.

Don't mix the freshmen with the new
professors.

Don't ask the Dean why you do things.

Don't take those cuts that you don't
have.

Don't go to the office any oftener than
you have to.

Don't forget "to stick to the point."

Don't forget to subscribe for The Echo.

News

The College Yell.

Rip rah, boom rah,
Rick-a-chick-a-boom,
Chee hee, chee hi, chee ha, ha,
State Normal College,
Rah! rah! rah!

Colors.

College: Purple and gold.
Senior: Orange and white.
Junior: Red and white.
Sophomore: Blue and white.
Freshman: Green and white.

University Convocation.

The University Convocation will be held in Albany on October 17, 18 and 19. Students should plan to attend as many sessions as possible.

Changes in Faculty.

Prof. Horatio M. Pollock has been appointed to take charge of the work in biology and political science.

Prof. Harry E. Birchenough becomes assistant instructor in mathematics.

Professor Woodard has charge of the earth sciences.

Professor Decker is the new principal of the Grammar Department. He will also have work in the College.

Miss Clement and Miss Cook have been secured to teach in the High School and to assist in the College departments.

Our New College Buildings.

The contract for the erection of our new buildings has been given to the Stevens Company, a Binghamton firm. The contract gives the firm 600 working days

in which to complete their work. Work has already begun, and its progress will be watched with interest.

The New State Education Building.

In a following issue of The Echo will be found a picture of the new State education building reproduced from the architects' design. The building will cost \$3,500,000, and is to be erected on a large plot opposite the State capitol. The American Education says: "The building will be a monument of architectural art and will house not only the Education Department, but the State Library and the State Museum.

"The building will be about 600 feet long, and the colossal colonnade 500 feet, the Corinthian columns being 65 feet high. There will be four stories. The first floor will have a large auditorium and the offices of the Education Department. The second and third floors will be used by the State Library and the fourth floor will contain the museum.

"It is interesting to note that the colonnade will be the largest and longest in the United States."

Husted Fellowship Fund.

The Class of 1907 gave \$128 to the Husted Fellowship Fund.

The Faculty Reception.

The faculty reception held Friday evening, September thirteenth, was an event that will be long and pleasantly remembered by all who were present.

Primary chapel was thronged with happy young people who were most heartily welcomed by the faculty. The evening passed very rapidly in the renewing of old acquaintances and in the

making of new ones, while the refreshments served in the yard under the light of Chinese lanterns received their share of attention.

The excellent vocal selections rendered added much to the pleasure of the evening, and it was time to say "Good night" before anyone realized the fact. It did not require a close observer to notice the spirit of friendliness and good fellowship which exists between our faculty and students, and with one accord we cry "Long live our faculty."

Faculty Notes.

It will interest our readers to learn where some of the members of our faculty spent the vacation time.

Dr. Milne remained in Albany.

Miss Perine visited Europe, chiefly Italy.

Miss Loeb visited Germany and France.

Miss Pierce took a six weeks' trip to the Pacific coast and British Columbia.

Dr. Hannahs visited Denver, Col.

Dr. Wetmore enjoyed life at Saybrook Point, Conn.

Miss Hyde visited at Manchester, N. H.

Miss Isdell was at Point Vivian, St. Lawrence.

Dr. Richardson was at Upper Saranac.

Dr. Husted sojourned at Lake George and elsewhere.

Prof. Sayles spent the summer at Star lake in the Adirondacks.

Miss McClellan visited the Jamestown Exposition.

Prof. Belding was at Canada lake.

Dr. Jones rusticated in the Catskills and elsewhere.

Mrs. Mooney was at Watertown and elsewhere.

Miss Clement visited at Bergen, N. Y.

Miss Bodley remained in Albany.

Miss Cook was at her home.

Miss Sewell visited Lake George.

Miss Bishop was in New York city and elsewhere.

Prof. Birchenough spent the vacation at a summer resort in New Jersey.

Delta Omega.

DELTA OMEGA BANQUET.

The Delta Omega Sorority held their banquet June twenty-fourth, at the Ten Eyck. The daisy is the sorority flower, and its colors are gold and white. These were developed in the decorations, daisies being used on the tables and the place cards bearing clusters of hand-painted daisies.

The president, Miss Emma E. Montrose, of Warwick, was toastmistress. The toast list was as follows: "To Delta," Miss Ethel Breitenstein; "To the Alumni," Miss Elizabeth Shaver; "To the Faculty," Miss Edith Everett; "To Our Delta Room," Miss Alice Merrill; "To the Delta Father and Mother," Miss Grace C. Kelsey; "To Delta's Past," Miss Cecelia Farren; "To Delta at Present," Miss Dellena White; "To Delta's Future," Miss Leah Hollands.

An interesting feature of the evening was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Grace C. Kelsey, of New Rochelle, and William C. Titus, of Newark, N. J., formerly of this city.

The president installed the newly elected officers: President, Miss Alice Merrill; vice-president, Miss Minnie Schultz; recording secretary, Miss Olive Briggs; corresponding secretary, Miss

Helen Hitchcock; treasurer, Miss Leah Hollands; critic and editor, Miss Elizabeth Shaver; chaplain, Miss Gertrude Bushnell; marshals, Misses Ethel Wheeler and Kathleen Phillips.

The banqueters included the Misses Grace Kelsey, Minnie Schultz, Emma Montrose, Lillian Brown, Helen Hitchcock, Alice Merrill, Leah Hollands, Ethel Breitenstein, Dellena White, Elizabeth Shaver, Cecelia Farren, Esther Tomkins and Florence Kelley, sorority members. The Misses Clara Palmer, Elizabeth Bunyon, Edith Everett, Aurelia Hyde and Eleanor Marsh, alumnae, and Miss Sadie Beakes and Miss Myrta Kelsey, guests.

Miss Lillian Brown has been appointed to a school in Fishkill-on-the-Hudson.

Miss Ethel Pitts has accepted a position at Lowville.

Miss Emma Montrose will teach mathematics and English at the Kearney Private School in New York.

Miss Esther Tomkins will teach at Haverstraw.

Miss Alice Merrill represented the sorority at the Silver Bay Conference this summer.

Miss Louise Hersey, '01, a former member of Delta Omega, has re-entered College to pursue the new course.

Miss Leah Hollands was unable to return to College on account of illness.

Psi Gamma.

We are glad to welcome Miss Mina Nitzschke back to College after her illness during the summer months.

The Misses Olive Perry and Eva Lock stopped for a short time in Albany Tuesday en route for Oneonta.

Miss Marion Mackey will finish her kindergarten course this year in the Oneonta Normal School.

Wednesday evening a meeting of the society was called at the home of Miss Mabel Tallmadge. During the evening the following officers were installed: Officers for 1907: President, Mabel Tallmadge; vice-president, Viola Carnrite; recording secretary, Nellie Maher; corresponding secretary, Florence Brown; treasurer, Laura Stuckman; chaplain, Alice Hill; critic, Elizabeth MacMillan; marshals, Mina Nitzschke and Anna McGraw.

On Thursday evening a number of the society, together with a party of freshmen, spent a very enjoyable evening on a boat ride to Troy.

Miss Alice Hill spent the week end at her home in Pattersonville.

Miss Elizabeth MacMillan visited her parents in Schenectady over Sunday.

Miss Dora Snyder, after spending Friday with friends, left by the New York boat for Ocean Point, N. J., where she has accepted a position.

Tuesday a party of girls had an interesting and profitable evening investigating the mysteries of Mars from the Dudley Observatory.

Kappa Delta.

Kappa Delta extends a hearty welcome to the freshmen, and is at home to all at 89 North Allen street.

Miss Juliet Murdock, not having returned to College this fall, the vice-president, Miss Maude C. Burt, is acting president.

Miss Marian Moak, of Lyndon Hall, Poughkeepsie, and Miss Ada Edwards,

of Scotia, visited Kappa Delta Saturday, September fourteenth.

Miss Evelyn Austin was initiated Wednesday evening, September eighteenth.

Miss Ruth Guernsey spent Friday evening, September twentieth, at the Kappa Delta house.

Y. W. C. A.

Welcome, freshmen! We shall be very glad to see you at the half-hour meetings Wednesday afternoon at five, in the Primary chapel.

State Normal College was well represented at the student convention at Silver Bay this year, and we hope for even larger numbers in the future.

Delegates from the various sororities were: Delta Omega, Alice Merrill; Kappa Delta, Fan Payne; Eta Phi, Bess Schaupp, and from Y. W. C. A., Angeline Finney, Florence MacKinlay, Lillian Brown, Gertrude Gifford, Ruth Davis and several other S. N. C. girls attended many of the meetings.

Tramps to interesting places in and about Albany have been arranged by the chairman of the social committee of Y. W. C. A. for each Saturday morning during September and October. Some of the members of the Y. W. C. A. will have charge of each trip, and all girls of the College are most welcome. The cost of each trip, time and place of meeting, will be posted on the bulletin board.

September 14.—Trip to Forbes' Manor; Elizabeth Schaupp.

September 21.—Tramp to Indian Ladder, Helderberg mountains; Florence McKinley, Minnie Shultz.

September 28.—Walk to Kenwood; Florence McKinley.

October 5.—Walk to Country Club; Mabel A. Tallmadge.

October 12.—Tramp out New Scotland road; Francis Roff.

October 19.—Manning boulevard and Tivoli lake; Alice Merrill.

October 26.—Walk to Normanskill; Miriam Tyler.

The tennis courts in Washington park are open to the public at any time.

ELIZABETH SCHAUPP,
Chairman of Social Committee.

Senior Class Notes.

The members of the senior class met on Monday, September sixteenth, and elected officers. The result of election was as follows: President, Mr. Chas. J. Campbell; vice-president, Miss Anna E. Schaupp; secretary, Miss L. Viola Carnrite; treasurer, Miss Adeline Raynsford.

SENIOR SONG.

(Tune: "Solomon Levi.")

Oh, we are mighty seniors
Of the State Normal College,
We're in for all the fun on hand
But most of all for knowledge.
We're famous for our learning,
Our opinion has great weight,
For such is the reputation
Of the Class of 1908.

(CHORUS.)

Oh, jolly seniors, merry seniors are we.
Staid, pious seniors, without us where
would you be?
For we are mighty seniors of the State
Normal College.

We're in for all the fun on hand,
But first of all for knowledge.
We're famous for our learning,
Our opinion has great weight,
For such is the reputation
Of the Class of 1908.

And now ye worthy juniors
 To our alma mater be true,
 And jolly sophomore, freshmen green,
 The same advice to you;
 You must work away with all your might
 And toil both early and late,
 To keep up to the reputation
 Of the Class of 1908.

And now most loyal classmates
 Here's a final word to thee;
 Till all our last exams are done
 And sheep skins set us free,
 We must make the most of every chance
 Allotted to our fate,
 And live up to the reputation
 Of the Class of 1908.

The Alumni

Dr. George G. Groat, '97, has accepted an appointment as associate professor of economics at Ohio Wesleyan University. Dr. Groat has been a member of the faculty here.

Principal Ralph E. Wager, one of our graduates, is the new teacher of science at the Potsdam Normal.

Earl B. Slack, formerly principal at Kinderhook, becomes principal at Stony Point.

George E. Brownell goes this year to Saranac lake.

Wm. D. Van Auken, '06, becomes principal at Valley Falls.

Henry H. Constantine, '06, has a position as superintendent of schools in New Jersey.

Miss Ryan, '04, has been promoted to the position of preceptress of the Middle Granville High School.

Miss Lillian Goppert, '06, of Utica, a

graduate of the State Normal College, has been appointed a teacher in one of the public schools of New York. She has been teaching in New Jersey for a year.

Graduates' Positions.

The names of the members of the Class of '06 who have secured positions, as far as have been reported, follow:

Bessie G. Austin, Peekskill, N. Y.
 Grace A. Barger, Amityville, L. I.
 Purla M. Bates, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Annie L. Beutler, Scotia, N. Y.
 Louise E. Bonney, Staatsburg, N. Y.
 Lillian E. Brown, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.
 Ida M. Bullard, Staatsburg, N. Y.
 Mary E. Butler, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Eleanor M. Campbell, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Margaret M. Carter, West Winfield, N. Y.
 Ethel A. Claxton, Girls' House of Refuge, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Louise W. Clement, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.
 Ruth A. Cook, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.
 Alice I. Counsell, Locust Valley, N. Y.
 Roland Dann, Rye, N. Y.
 Marie F. Dardess, Gloversville, N. Y.
 Emma L. Dater, Schaghticoke, N. Y.
 Bernice L. Davis, Utica, N. Y.
 M. Louise Davis, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Ada V. Edwards, Scotia, N. Y.
 Caroline Elder, Boonton, N. J.
 Celia A. Farren, New York city.
 Nellie E. Fischer, Valley Falls, N. Y.
 Alice H. Fitzpatrick, Spring Falls, N. Y.
 Harriette S. Foster, Rye, N. Y.
 Elizabeth V. Gardner, Stuyvesant, N. Y.
 Catharine A. Golden, Cohoes, N. Y.
 M. Estella Graves, Mendham, N. J.
 Ruth J. Guernsey, Salem, N. Y.
 Nellie M. Hewitt, Lowville, N. Y.
 Edna F. Holbrook, Schaghticoke, N. Y.
 Emma E. Hunnikin, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Lena M. Irving, Haverstraw, N. J.
 Effie V. Johnson, Cairo, N. Y.
 Katherine I. Jones, Boonton, N. J.
 Mary M. Jones, Port Deposit, Md.
 Bertha L. Jordan, Ridgefield, N. J.
 Johanna M. Kapp, Rensselaer, N. Y.
 Anna R. Kelly, Piseco, N. Y.

- Emma J. Kelly, Elmira, N. Y.
 Elizabeth F. Kennedy, Troy, N. Y.
 Mary L. Kilts, Schenevus, N. Y.
 Ernestine A. Knapp, Spring Valley, N. Y.
 Evelyn E. Knapp, Spring Valley, N. Y.
 Emma J. Krennrich, Pawling, N. Y.
 Bessie S. Kromer, Luzerne, N. Y.
 Daisy Winifred LaLime, Yonkers, N. Y.
 Cornelia G. Lansing, Coxsackie, N. Y.
 Eva E. Lavine, Hawthorne, N. Y.
 Mildred H. Lawson, Lansingburg, N. Y.
 Florence I. Mack, Irvington, N. Y.
 May Marsden, Newburg, N. Y.
 Elizabeth K. Martin, Watervliet, N. Y.
 Lena P. Mason, Lansingburg, N. Y.
 Ellen C. McCaffrey, Rensselaer, N. Y.
 Nora T. McCourt, Marlboro, N. Y.
 Margaret F. McGovern, Troy, N. Y.
 Elma McKee, Bloomfield, N. J.
 Laura E. Meigs, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Sarah J. Mills, Auburn, N. Y.
 Emma E. Montrose, New York city.
 Vida M. Morehouse, Enosburg Falls, Vt.
 Katherine Ostrander, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Ida Dora Snyder, Ocean City, N. J.
 Littia M. Smeyers, Matawan, N. J.
 Edith B. Stewart, Middleville, N. Y.
 Lydia C. Stress, Watertown, N. Y.
 Ruth C. Taylor, Lowville, N. Y.
 Eva L. Thomson, Sidney, N. Y.
 Jessie M. Thomson, Watervliet, N. Y.
 Ester Tomkins, Haverstraw, N. J.
 Jessie G. Treible, Springfield, N. J.
 Ruth Treible, Hancock, N. Y.
 Ella S. Tunnard, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Elisabeth P. Van Alstyne, Midland Park,
 N. J.
 Harriet Vidal, Great Falls, Montana.
 Lillian P. Waldron, Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Cora E. Warner, West Hebron, N. Y.
 Esther C. Waterbury, Watervliet, N. Y.
 Laura J. Webster, Thomasville, Ga.
 Helena M. Wellar, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Katherine R. Philip, Ridgewood, N. J.
 Ethel M. Pitts, Lowville, N. Y.
 Flora B. Randall, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.
 William H. Randall, Jr., Saratoga, N. Y.
 Ada C. Reed, Schenevus, N. Y.
 Alliene M. Reynolds, Catskill, N. Y.
 Marion S. Ritchie, New London, Conn.
 Ethel Robb, Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Florence S. Roberts, West Winfield, N. Y.
 Hazel E. Rugen, Scotia, N. Y.
 Elsie Schulze, Pawling, N. Y.
 Hazel Seaman, Frankfort, N. Y.
 Nellie B. Sergent, Westport, N. Y.
 Florence M. Shanks, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Frances H. Shanley, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Florence L. Shaver, Yonkers, N. Y.
 Helen C. Sheeran, Haverstraw, N. J.
 Ethel R. Sherman, Brewster, N. Y.
 Hazel A. Sickels, Mamaroneck, L. I.
 Olive M. Smith, Hancock, N. Y.
 Elizabeth N. Wheeler, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Emma M. Wilkinson, Schaghticoke, N. Y.
 Hazel E. Wood, Rensselaer, N. Y.
 Mabel A. Woodruff, Victor, N. Y.
 Emilene C. Yelverton, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Marriages.

Miss Ida Martha Harrington, '03, to Mr. Percy MacGregor Allen, at Watervliet, N. Y.

Miss Elisabeth Sutcliffe, '96, to Mr. John B. Prest, at Cherry Valley, July 27, 1907.

Miss Agnes Wilson Calhoun, '05, to Mr. Charles Hall McDougall, at Schenectady, N. Y., June 27, 1907.

Miss Mary Elizabeth McFarland, '93, to Mr. William M. McClarty, at Salem, N. Y., June 12, 1907.

Miss Mildred Arda Young, '05, to Mr. Claude Arthur Alexander, '02, at Albany, N. Y., July 3, 1907.

Miss Clara Dwight Sprague, '02, to Mr. Harte Cooke, at Auburn, N. Y., September 12, 1907.

Miss Mary McCoy Bone to Mr. James Lathrop Meriam, '98, at Mount Washington, Kansas City, July 30, 1907.

Miss Ethel Davis Hill to Mr. Roland Dann, '07, at Flatbush, N. Y., August 28, 1907.

Miss Mary Brownlee Wilson to Mr. Clarence Davis Shank, Jr., '04, at Middle Granville, N. Y., September 10, 1907.

Miss Frances L. Coons, '03, to Mr. Francis E. Gallagher, at Gorham, N. H.

Miss Alice L. Potter, '04, to Dr. Harry Rulison, at Albany, June 19, 1907.

Miss Edith L. Denslow, '04, to Mr. Russell J. Loveland, at New York Mills, July 17, 1907.

Miss Harriet May De Pelteau, '06, to Mr. LeRoy L. Odell, at Albany, N. Y., August 6, 1907.

Miss Edith Olive Lake, '04, to Mr. Amos DeLang Moscript, August 7, 1907.

Obituary.

1845. William F. Phelps, one of our most distinguished alumni, died at his home, St. Paul, Minn., August 15, 1907. Mr. Phelps' great ability as an organizer and manager was illustrated in varied fields of educational activity. Immediately on graduation he was employed to organize the "Model School" of his alma mater; for seven years he was its controlling spirit, placing it on a basis which has been substantially maintained, now, for more than sixty years, and which has been copied by the Normal Schools of many states.

From Albany Mr. Phelps was called to "create and manage" the State Normal School at Trenton, N. J.; after nine years of labor in New Jersey he was invited to "reorganize and manage" the State Normal School at Winona, Wis.; twelve years later he was made president of the State Normal School at Whitewater, Wis. He was also an eloquent speaker and a voluminous writer for encyclopaedias and educational periodicals; 1876, as president of the National Teachers' Association, he presided over the Educational Congress at the National Exposition, Philadelphia.

In later years Mr. Phelps has been prominently identified with both educational and business interests in St. Paul and Duluth, Minn. At four-score and five, loved and respected by the thousands who had profited by his instructions, he was "gathered to his fathers" and his works do follow him.

Exchanges

The School Bulletin for September contains many interesting articles. The notes on the history and present methods of examination by J. C. Shaw is full of valuable information. Dr. Earl Barnes has a review of Monroe's "Pestalozzian Movement" in the August number.

The Normal Magazine (Potsdam) for June has a full account of the commencement exercises of the Normal School there.

New York city teachers examinations are announced as follows:

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

September 26, teacher of the deaf.
 October 8, teacher of physical training.
 October 9, 10, teacher of shopwork.
 October 14, teacher of sewing.
 October 15, teacher of music, men only.
 October 23, teacher of cooking.

HIGH SCHOOLS.

October 30, 31, biology, commercial branches, economics, English, freehand drawing, French, German (women only), joinery, machine shop practice, mechanical drawing, music, physical training (men only), sewing and dressmaking, stenography, wood-turning.

GENERAL.

January 2, 3, academic examination for License No. 1.

January 6, 7, professional examination for License No. 1.

January 10, academic examination for special branches.

KINDERGARTEN.

January 13, kindergarten teachers.
 Prospective candidates should write in advance for particulars to Superintendent Wm. H. Maxwell, Park avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

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