

- THE - ECHO -



M. B. Scattand

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-THE-ECHO-



MAY--JUNE, 1910

ALBANY,

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THE ECHO

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The Echo

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XVIII

MAY-JUNE, 1910

No. 8

Literary Department

Sonnet--To Peace.

Ye Nations, now ring out a song of Peace—
The crowning glory of her perfect power,
The passing of the awful deeds of war!
No more the hushed lull when battles cease,
Have stormed Death's door to conquer worlds afar,
In this fair day ye spare your choicest flower,
Your sons, to perfect, ever-living Peace.
Her all-triumphant splendour doth proclaim
The nobleness and wonder of her might
Her dreams and deeds shall ever more remain
Pure emblems of her virtue, truth and love;
All people lead from evil to the right.
Ring out the song, and men that sound approve.

Edith W. Scott, 1911.

Aphrodite.

It was a warm August afternoon as Bob Shenton, a tall, broad-shouldered lad of perhaps some eighteen summers, wended his way among the tall pines of a Maine forest. Finally, coming to a secluded spot where the underbrush sheltered him somewhat from sight, Bob lay down at full length and proceeded to read one of the books which he had with him. But the book seemed to hold little interest for the reader, whose gaze wandered to the ferns and ground-ivy about him. Suddenly, he looked up. What a picture he beheld! There standing before him was one of the most curious specimens of humanity it had ever been his fortune to see. It was a young girl of about ten years. She was not tall, but unusually slender. Beneath the dark blue calico dress, two pitifully thin, bare legs protruded. But it was the face that caught Bob's attention. It was peaked, yet healthily tinted and if viewed from above, might have seemed like a vast freckle beneath the thatch of dark red hair. The pug-nose added nothing to the beauty of the face, but rather gave an expression of impertinence. In fact, the eyes alone were the one redeeming feature. They were large, serious, blue eyes, which seemed to be capable of making this otherwise commonplace, little face most expressive and most interesting. There was not a trace of childish joy or mischievousness in their depths, but rather a goaded, frightened expression, such as the hunter often sees in the eyes of the fawn he is about to shoot.

There was little wonder that Bob was bewildered. After looking earnestly at this queer little object for several minutes, Bob gave vent to his surprise by the rather startling question: "Well, who in the deuce are you?" But there was no answer

forthcoming and the intruder continued to gaze in wonder at the young man before her. Again, Bob ventured, "Where did you come from?" "Up yer," murmured the stranger in almost incoherent words as she jerked her thumb up and pointed in a most indefinite manner to some place back of her. "Hum," granted Bob. "Well say, what's your name anyhow? or perhaps you haven't any." Now the blue eyes flashed angrily and the little head was thrown back haughtily as the stranger replied, "You jist shet up or I'll make you git out o' here. My name's Aphrodite Lewis, if yer must know." "The dickens you are!" exclaimed Bob, who was now thoroughly interested in his caller. "Happen to be any relation to the old lady that Homer and Virgil talked about?" Dead silence, while an expression of utter bewilderment passed over poor, little Aphrodite's face. "Well, why don't you answer me? Haven't you any aunt or cousin whose name was Aphrodite?" "No, I hain't got nobody 'cept Uncle Eb' 'n Aunt Becky, and I don't want anybody else. I jist hate Uncle Eb 'n' Aunt Becky, 'n'," with a sigh, "I jist hate everybody 'n' I am going to run off someday, too, so I am." The last words were scarcely audible as the wee girl struggled to control her emotion. "Aw say, now, I wouldn't run away if I were you," replied Bob. "Really, it isn't any fun. I've tried it. You just come over here and sit down with me and we'll be friends before you know it. Here's a book of Greek and Roman mythology with some jolly good stories in it. If you don't want to read, you can look at the pictures while I finish my Latin.

But Aphrodite only continued to stand and stare at the speaker. She was not accustomed to being invited by young men to come and sit with them. "Well, aren't you going to come?" asked Bob.

"No," she replied. "Not 'till yer tells me who yer be, 'n' whar yer camed from."

"Ho! So that's it?" laughed Bob. "Well, I am Bob

Shenton, son of the Honorable Robert Shenton, LL. D., Ph. D. of Dickinson Seminary. You see I flunked Latin last year, so I'm just dying of loneliness up here while I am plugging up for the exam. in September. There, now, is that enough for your ladyship to know? Are you going to come over now?"

Cautiously, Aphrodite came and seated herself on the carpet of pine needels at his side. At first, the illustrations of the book seemed to claim little of her attention. Finally, she began to turn the leaves more rapidly.

After, perhaps, half an hour, Bob threw down his book exclaiming, "Come on, kid. Let's talk. How do you like my book? Ever met any of those pictures you see in there?"

"No," answered Affie. "Who are they? Where 'bout do they live? D' yer know them?"

"Great Scott! girl. Won't you wait a minute? Haven't you ever heard of the myths of Greece and Rome?"

"No I haint. Guess they don't live 'round these parts fer I know the likes of all thim."

This reply was so earnestly given that Bob did not have the heart to laugh. This was certainly a very different type of girl from any he had ever met. Could it be possible that the child was in earnest?

"Till me 'bout 'em, will yer?" begged Aphrodite, and Bob could not withstand the request.

"Sure I'll tell you. Just wait a minute. Ah! here it is. Here's the picture of the old lady I was just telling you about.

She is Aphrodite, a great-aunt of yours, I suppose. She was a regular stunner in her day, they say. Lived on an island called Cyprus and had an old man, Vulcan, for her husband. See, she doesn't look unlike you, only her hair isn't done up quite as hers is."

"Do yer mean it? Was there a real Aphrodite onct jist like me? 'N' was her hair rid too?" interrupted his listener.

"Why certainly there was. But I am not quite sure whether

her hair was red or not, but I rather think it was," assured Bob and continued to explain the various other goddesses.

And so, they sat until the dark shadows of the evening began to gather. Through it all, Aphrodite had sat bent forward with those earnest, inquiring eyes riveted upon the speaker.

Finally, they rose to go. "Well, Miss Aphrodite, may I come back again to this pleasant place, or haven't I won your respect sufficiently to return?" asked Bob.

"O, say, will yer come back agin 'n' till me some more 'bout thim people? I jist love 'em 'n' I like you right well, too," exclaimed the happy Aphrodite eagerly, and her face again bore that earnest, yet somewhat sad expression. "Alright, Miss Aphrodite, I'll be here to-morrow afternoon, and mind you don't forget," answered Bob, as he strode off. He had only gone a few rods when he heard the child's shrill voice call after him, "Say, mister, yer kin call me Affie if yer wants to, fur I like yer awful well."

True to her promise, Affie was at the great pine the next day, long before Bob arrived. Then followed another afternoon of delight for Affie as Bob related many more Greek and Roman myths. To Affie it was like a visit to a strange land. Indeed she was so delighted with it all that Bob was forced to promise her that he would meet her every afternoon to talk over these strange tales.

Upon Affie, these afternoons of story-telling were making a lifelong impression. It seemed as though now the once dull and monotonous round of mountain life had given place to one long spell of enchantment. She no longer complained of loneliness, for her world, which had once been limited to Uncle Eb and Aunt Beek, was now inhabited by myriads of mythical people. As Affie's yearning for the friendship of others had never been satisfied, it was little wonder that now she so heartily welcomed this throng of friends. The rocks, the birds, the flowers, and even the smallest insects seemed now to have their own secrets

which they were imparting to her. Each living object now had some fascinating bit of myth woven about it. Sometimes, if the myth was not according to Affie's fancy, she would alter it until she was satisfied, or indeed would often weave entirely new ones. Little did this ignorant, backwoods child dream that she, in her simple way, was repeating the experience of the early ages.

So the weeks sped by and Affie continued to dream in her little, enchanted world. Her usually bright, alert manner, the old time, hungry expression of the eyes was gradually changing to a quiet, faroff look. To a close observer, all this would have been clearly noticed, but to Aunt Becky's dull, matter of fact mind, Affie's action did not seem unusual. It was only after Aphrodite had one day informed her that 'Vulcan' (meaning Uncle Eb) was ready for his dinner, that Aunt Becky began to watch her young niece. She noticed Affie's preoccupied look and her habit of muttering to herself. She also noted that Affie spent more than her usual amount of time in the woods.

Determined to learn what was the cause of her niece's long absences from the house, Aunt Becky followed the child one day. They had only gone a short distance when Affie began to converse, as it were, with some unseen companion. Occasionally, she stopped and, bending over a wildflower, whispered to it. Finally they came to a little brook and here Affie seated herself on the bank. Aunt Becky, meanwhile, remained in the background with her eyes riveted on Affie. What could the child be going to do? But she had not long to wait, for soon Affie began to talk in an undertone. "Now, Aenaes," said Affie, as she addressed one of two pine twigs she held in her hand, "Dis here Sibyl's goin' to take yer over this here Cocytus river ter see yer pap, what's dead. Yer don't need ter git scared, for all the rist goin' over with yer is dead ones." So saying, she placed the two twigs together with a number of other ones on a large leaf and gently pushed them across the little brook.

Having safely arrived at the opposite side, Affie took out the two twigs and began to talk to them. "This," she said, "is der place where all der little kids go when they die. And this," as she placed them at the foot of a huge pine, "is where de soldiers are, 'n' over here," removing them to another tree, "is whar the bad peoples go. Hit must be orful there. Jist think, they say yer don't git anything to eat thar. Hit makes me feel like I do whin I —————." Aunt Becky waited for no more, but hastened home more bewildered than ever as to what her niece could mean by such actions.

That evening Aunt Becky and Uncle Eb had a long consultation as to just what could be the matter with Affie. Aunt Becky had clearly described her experience of that morning and, at the end of her rather lengthy recital, had exclaimed, "Now, Eb, what does yer suppose it kin all mean?"

"Beats all I iver hearn till of," answered poor, old Uncle Eb as he thoughtfully scratched his head and wrinkled his brow. "Since I comed ter think of it, Affie has been actin' kinder funny of late. I reclect now the tother day she camed runnin' in with 'er hir all flyin', 'n' I axed 'er what de matter was, 'n' says she, 'O, Uncle Eb, Boreas jist blowed it all around.' 'N' says I, 'Whose Boreas? Never hearn of him afor.' 'N' says she, sorta stammerin' like, 'O, Uncle, Boreas is jist the wist wind, thet's all.' 'N' the other day agin whin she was down thar with me whar I was cuttin' out the saplin's, she picked up my saw 'n' arter she'd looked at it quite a spell says she, kinder low like, 'Ter think Perdix made dis outer a fishe's back bone.' "

"Yis," interrupted Aunt Becky, "Now hain't it orful? I am sure I done everythin' I kin for 'er. I know I've been kinder cross sometimes, but then she does git so confounded skittish I jist have to."

"Maybe she's bilious," replied Uncle Eb, at last, in a desperate tone, as he felt called upon to make some suggestion.

"Maybe she is," answered his wife. "I'll give 'er a good dose of boneset tea to-morrow 'n' maybe that will hilp."

Consequently, the next day, Affie was compelled to take her dose of very bitter tea, although she earnestly protested that she was alright. Then, Aunt Becky, who was somewhat afraid she had been too strict with her niece, was over-lenient to-day. Affie was allowed to amuse herself all morning about the house without even a hint that her assistance was needed in the housework. Nor was any remonstrance made when Affie brought in two large frogs and, after depositing them on the kitchen floor, proceeded to talk to them in the most earnest fashion. "Now, froggies, I am orful sorry fer yer. Hit must be orful hard to be frogs instid of min, but yer know if yer only let Latona git a drink of water at the pool that day yer might be min now. I jist know yer must be the same frogs. I'll till yer what I kin do. I'll bring yer part of me supper every night 'n' thin I'll ask Bob 'n' maybe he kin find Latona, 'n' she kin change yer back agin." So she continued to talk for most of the afternoon. Finally, getting tired of her companions, she started out to keep her appointment with Bob at the great pine.

But Aunt Becky objected, "No, Affie, yer kin't go way this arter-noon. Jist stay hum with Aunt Becky 'n' maybe yer kin go ter-morrow."

"But, Aunt Becky, I must go. Rilly it's orful 'portant. Kin't I go? Say yis. Won't yer?"

"Now, Affie, I said 'no' wonct 'n' thet orter be 'nough. Yer kin take yer patchwork 'n' sit there in ther doorway 'n' work."

At first, Affie was tempted not to obey, but finally taking her little bundle of calico patches, she seated herself in the doorway and was soon plying her needle.

From her seat at the window, Aunt Becky could not only plainly see Affie but also hear anything she might say. For a time silence reigned. Then Affie began to talk as though speak-

ing to someone near at hand. "O! I rilly wanted ter come so bad n' Aunt Becky won't let me. I knowd me Virgil. Hit's hard but I kin larn it. Yer hain't agoin' ter beat me, if I am only a girl. O! if Bob could only hear me say it. I've sid 'em all night so as not ter fergit' em, 'n' I kin say 'em so fast, too.

'Arma virumque cano, Troiæ qui primus ab oris Italiam, facto profugus, Laviniaque venit Litora multum ille et terris iactatus et alto Vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob *viam multa* quoque et bella passus dum—'

Oh! dear, I did know 'em, 'n' now I fergit it. What will Bob say?" And with that the little head was bowed while sobs shook her whole body.

During all of this recital, Aunt Becky sat with wide-open staring eyes. What could she do? Something was the matter with Affie but what she could not tell. She would put her to bed and when Eb came home send him to the village for the new doctor.

Consequently, when Eb came home that evening, he found no supper waiting his healthy appetite, but instead found his wife sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor rocking herself back and forth and crying. "Why, what's wrong now Becky? Tell me quick. Has yer got ther jaw-ache?"

"No. I haint." sobbed Aunt Becky. "It's Affie. She's gone plum crazy, Eb, crazier 'n a loon. Been talkin' sich funny stuff all arter-noon, 'n' I don't know what ter do with 'er. I always been afraid of 'er head. Yer know her father said she was an awful linguist, whatever thet is. I guess it's just another way of sayin' lunny. But, Eb, we must do somethin'. Kin't yer drive over to Linden 'n' get ther new doctor? Maybe he kin do somethin'. It's jist killin' me ter hear her say that stuff over 'n' over."

"Yis, yis, Becky. Now yer jist let up on the cryin' business 'n' I'll git the doctor here in no time at all. Don't take any

stock in them city dandies but still he's better'n nothing."

Without another word, Uncle Eb strode out of the house. It seemed days instead of hours to Aunt Becky before he returned with the doctor. The stranger, after hearing Aunt Becky give a detailed account of Affie's actions, asked to see his patient. As he entered the little bedroom, Affie lay with her eyes closed and brow puckered as she repeated again and again:

"Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
 Italiam, fato profugus, Larinaque venit
 Litora multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
 Vi superum saevae memorem Jurronis ob viam
 Multa quoque et bello passus dum—"

Oh! I knowd it all last night but now I kin't think." Uncle Eb and Aunt Beck stood anxiously in the doorway as the doctor bent over his little patient. Again Affie repeated the lines, and again she stopped. Then the doctor did a thing most peculiar in the sight of Uncle Eb and Aunt Becky, for he took up the line where Affie stopped:

"—dum conderet urbem
 Inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latium
 Albanique patres, atque altae monia Romæ."

With the first words, Affie had opened her eyes and lay staring up at the doctor. When he had finished, she quickly sat up in bed, and grasping him by the hand exclaimed, "Say, will yer say it agin? I fergit it."

So the doctor repeated the lines once more while Aunt Becky from the doorway sobbed, "Oh! Eb, he's crazy, too!"

Florence Corson, 1913.

Tincture of Azure.

"I just couldn't marry a minister," said Louise. She looked very pretty as she sat on the top step of the porch, the morning sun touching her grave eyes. John Wentworth smiled at the picture.

"Would you like me to turn into a lawyer?" he inquired soberly.

"Lawyers are liars," she asserted.

"A doctor then?"

"Doctors are cruel!"

"Well, then, I'll be a cobbler." His words came with a mirthful rush, entirely ignored by Louise as she continued:

"And then you have brown eyes. I never *have* gotten along well with brown-eyed people."

John threw back his head and laughed frankly, "Well, dear," he said, "suppose I drop tincture of azure into them."

The girl rose, a hot flush on her cheek. "You don't seem to understand," she said slowly, "that I am in earnest. Please be *serious*, John."

"In the words of the immortal Benedick, 'I was born for all mirth—'" He stopped because of the quiver in the girl's lips.

"Louise," he challenged, "you are *not* serious?"

"I am. Lately I have been analyzing myself and—" She shrank at the change in the brown eyes so intently bent upon her face.

"It would have been well to 'analyze' yourself before your engagement. Good morning."

Louise stared at the broad shoulders, started to speak, and then pressed her lips firmly together; she rose, and walked into the sitting room.

"Mother," she said, "how does one feel when in love?"

Her mother looked up from her sewing, and inquired teasingly, "Rather an unnecessary question for *you*, isn't it?"

"No!" snapped Louise.

Mrs. Wilbur leaned over and looked into the girl's face. "See here," she demanded, "what's wrong between you and John?"

"I told him we'd better break our engagement," replied Louise with dignity.

"Louise Wilbur!" Her mother dropped her sewing in astonishment. "May I ask *why*?"

"Well, he's a minister, and has brown eyes, and—" A peal of laughter interrupted the list of grievances.

"Oh, Louise, aren't you *ever* going to grow up?"

"*Perhaps*," said Louise gravely, "you'll think so when I *do* break my engagement."

"Perhaps so," agreed the mother, "when you *do*."

"It is too roasting hot to move," remarked Louise, as she joined her mother on the porch.

"True. Let's not."

"Alright," said Louise amiably, and in the next breath exclaimed, "Mother, I'm going right downtown. They are having a sale of those new shoes, and I *must* have some."

"Really," drawled Mrs. Wilbur after the retreating figure, "it's too *roasting* hot to move."

It was hot. Louise uncomfortably shifted her bundle, and slowed her pace.

"Where goest thou?" hailed a cheerful voice, "and who hired you to carry a bundel *this* day?"

"Good-moring, Mr. Wentworth," replied Louise icily, and walked on, head up, but hotter than ever.

"Oh, I'm so tired," she told herself as she at last reached the welcome shade of the porch. "I *am* silly to keep going so,

but I've *got* to get John Wentworth out of my mind. I got my shoes," she added aloud as Mrs. Wilbur glanced up.

"You seem to have only *one* shoe," remarked the latter casually.

Dismay spread slowly over Louise's face. "I told him not to mind a string," she murmured, "and—mother Wilbur, I've lost a shoe."

"Evidently," was the sympathetic response, as Louise made a dash for the street.

The search was useless and Louise settled down for an attack of the blues. She remembered hotly that she had met John Wentworth just after she had changed her package from one hand to the other. Suppose *he* should find it. She was sorry she had treated him so, but he would never try to make up after this morning's coldness—and *she* wouldn't. And yet—and yet? She gazed out into the red of the sunset—the dream had been so beautiful. Slowly the glory of the sun found its way to her heart. The dimples came to her cheeks, her heart bounded with joy—after all it would be delightful to have John find the shoe.

"You're in the paper," said her mother the next morning, "Look!"

"MODERN CINDERELLA

MR. HENRY BARLOW
TO THE RESCUE."

The headlines stared her in the face mockingly. Her dream had played her false again. But an hour later she stood in the office of "Mr. Henry Barlow, Lawyer."

She stared at the shoulders of the man at the desk. His broad back seemed strangely familiar. Her eyes traveled to the head. Ah yes, how well she knew the bend of the neck, the crooked part of the hair. Her breath came in a gasp—"Am I in the office of Mr. Henry Barlow?" She would wait for the voice to confirm her belief that the man was John.

The young man swung around, and rose quickly.

“Yes.” he said politely . Louise dropped her eyes, and clenched her fingers in an effort for self-control. The voice was John’s!

“Are you illustrating the case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in detail?” she asked, and was gone. The man looked puzzled and then laughed.

“Fred,” he said to the boy, “see where that girl goes.”

Tragedy had grown in Louise’s eyes, and the lines around the lips were tight, as she gazed into the sunset that evening. “Oh, I *believed* in him,” she said again and again, “but a man who could play a small trick—.” The choking hotness conquered the logic of her thought, and she dropped her head into her hands.

She rose, startled, as a man’s voice inquired, “Is this Miss Wilbur?” She gazed into his eyes vacantly. He seemed to be apologizing for something, and holding out a bundle. She made no move to take it, but she held his eyes with hers.

“Is there really any such thing as tincture of azure?” she murmured vaguely.

The man stood with open mouth and watched the tragedy fade from the girl’s eyes, and tight lines develop into wrinkles. Then for the second time that day, Henry Barlow watched a girl depart from his presence hastily. But this time he saw her fly into the arms of a man advancing toward the porch. “Oh, John,” he heard confusedly, “I didn’t look at his eyes this morning—you know my shoes—why, his name’s Barlow, and I thought you were—or, come on—brown eyes are fine and—.” She stopped and smiled at them both.

“Mr. Barlow, Mr. Wentworth,” she continued, “and Mr. Barlow, I’d like you to know my mother.”

Mrs. Wilbur had come to the porch and was gazing at the scene before her delightedly.

“You never *will* grow up, Louise,” she declared. “Has it

never struck you how strangely John and Mr. Barlow resemble each other?"

Junia L. Morse, 1911.

The following extract on the subject of the Lancaster schools is taken from the "Washingtonian," published at Windsor, Vermont, Monday, January 20th, 1812, by Josiah Dunham.

Cora E. Talbot, S. N. C., '04.

"Lancaster System of Education."

"A simple individual without rank, authority, or any interested view was seen to undertake the dangerous and difficult task of instructing mankind, and conducting them by virtue to truth; he was seen to dedicate every moment of his life to this glorious university, to discharge it with all the seal and moderation which an enlightened love of the public good inspires, and to support as much as was in his power the declining authority of the laws and of manners."—*Abbe Barthelemis' Anarcharsis.*

The Lancastrian mode of educating children is both new and interesting to strangers who visit these seminaries where the youthful mind is taught through a diverting and pleasing medium to acquire a fund of useful knowledge so important to its future welfare and advancement in life. Those who have seen the noble and patriotic examples of individuals in the establishment of such a school, the orderly and promising behaviour of the young pupils, must feel an ardent wish that so praise-worthy and benevolent examples may be known to the whole nation, and

those persons who have expressed a wish, and have not already had an opportunity of observing the benefits of such an institution, are now invited to view its complete operation in Georgetown.

To recapitulate, the success, the approbation, the patronage, Mr. Lancaster's plan meets with in Europe is not the writer's intention. The chief aim of this communication is to inculcate upon every denomination of Christians that it is their bounden duty to unite as one man, in order that the blessing of education should be communicated to every human being. A sense of duty to one's fellow creatures ought to excite in us a wish that every child in existence should be able to read. It is not for the honor of a nation that an ignorant man should be found in it; if there is a single person who hopes to oppose such a design, who opposes the circulation of useful knowledge, he must flee to the annals of ignorance and cannibalism for a precedent, and suffer them to be his example.

It is earnestly desired that a plan fraught with such importance should be generally known and universally adopted; it is a subject perhaps not surpassed by any which ever occupied the intellectual powers of the most illustrious men of past ages.

Much has been done, it must be allowed, for the cause of philanthropy in America, but still more remains undone; many populous cities have received this useful system, particularly New York and Philadelphia, in which cities those who have witnessed its excellent tendency to promote order and propriety of conduct have had great occasion to rejoice at its adoption.

It is but just to observe that the leaven is too small to leaven the whole. Towns have been taught, but the nation yet remains ignorant of its national importance.

Until the present day universal education appeared an Utopian idea, the expense of so many schools, schoolmasters and books

would have rendered the attempt too burdensome for any associated body of benevolent persons; and therefore only a small portion of the poor in different parochial and district schools have obtained the benefit of education. Happily that difficulty is now removed; hail the joyful hour! happy tidings!

One school, one master, and *one book only* is now necessary for the education of 600 children.

(*S. of Seventy-six.*)

What Specialization has done for Physics Teaching.

This article, by John F. Woodhull of Columbia University, presents some ideas that are especially valuable to Normal College students; and for that reason selected quotations have been made from it.

“The evil of early specialization is particularly apparent when we consider the cause of education—especially within the college walls. Not only has the regime signally failed to qualify young men for teaching, but there has grown up along with it a distaste and even a disrespect for teaching. There are about 150,000 undergraduate students who annually contract with the colleges of the land for instruction, but no one seems to want to teach them. The colleges announce a full staff of instructors—the title still remains—but it is difficult to find a college instructor, educated within the last few years, who makes it his chief interest to teach or who likes to acknowledge that it is his chief business. When asked what he is doing, he tries to think of some little piece of research, however insignificant, and he

shows impatience and evident embarrassment if obliged to say that he is engaged chiefly in teaching. * * * * "In some schools the physics teaching appears to be good because they are not trying to fit for college.* * * *"

"Principal W. D. Senri in his article, "College Domination of High Schools," says: "The high school is failing in its mission because its methods and scope of instruction are determined by college entrance examinations made by *specialists* whose point of view is not the welfare of the student but the (supposed) requirements for advanced study of certain subjects.' "

"It is time to inquire whether early specialization among undergraduates in American colleges is unfitting them both for research and teaching."

Is it true that premature specialization injures the student by depriving him of adequate literary culture? That is a statement made by an English educator. The matter is worthy of our thought.

On entering upon our work for the ensuing year, as Editors of the Literary Department, we are, like our predecessors, actuated by high ideals and lofty aspirations to make the paper the best the college has ever known. Besides these draems, we have some definite plans for the attainment of them. More than all else, we desire to have our portion of the paper typical of the college life and work.

The literary material will be taken from the English classes. Original poems, stories and essays will be especially appreciated. We are hoping for contributions from the members of the faculty

and from the alumni; and know that our expectations will not be entirely disappointed.

As we are all primarily intending to be teachers, it is well for us to be familiar with some of the present-day educational problems. For that reason, we are planning to include in the Literary Department, at least, one educational article each month. As far as possible, these shall be taken from the work of the college students in education and psychology, and when this material is not forthcoming, we shall make use of current educational magazines. In all of our plans and efforts, we desire the help of the students by the submission of both material and suggestions; and we desire especially the guidance and assistance of the faculty in order that our College paper will be in every respect the organ of the *State Normal College*.

Editorials

This issue of THE ECHO represents the first efforts of the new staff. It is not so different from former numbers, perhaps, yet we desire to call attention to one or two features of this edition, and to briefly outline the general policy that we shall pursue next year. You have, no doubt, read with pleasure Mrs. Mooney's article on "*The Rivals.*" We hope to follow this with articles of general interest by other members of the faculty—one every month if possible. In the past, a very general complaint against THE ECHO has been that it never mentions any college happenings until they are not only past, but forgotten as well. To meet this complaint, each month we shall insert a list of "coming attractions," (?) and the venerable excuse, "Why, I didn't know anything about the lecture, the reception or the game," will be heard no more. To be sure, for THE ECHO to anticipate the noise is getting the carryall before the steed, but "anything to satisfy complaints" is to be our watchword.

And that reminds us of our Box Department. A box is to be placed in the hall in which any complaints or suggestions regarding the paper may be placed. Remember that "every knock is a boost;" that finding faults leads to finding remedies for them. Psychologists tell us that it is a great thing to develop a critical attitude; here is your opportunity and meanwhile, you will be helping your college paper. Another purpose of the box is to receive literary contributions from those students whose modesty prevents them from submitting their productions direct to the Literary Department.

So much for changes and innovations; now, a word about

following established precedents. We shall strive to maintain the high standard of excellence set by the out-going board by keeping it ever uppermost in our thoughts that THE ECHO is intended to voice the best thoughts of an organization of college students of character and purpose. You can help us in this by putting *your* best thoughts on paper and handing them to some member of the staff.

It is said that Napoleon owed his failure to two generals—January and February. It was their forces that played havoc with an army that had never before known defeat. In college life, there are two professors who down many a formerly invincible student; watch out for them. They are professors May and June.

We are strongly opposed to combined issues, but circumstances forced us to unite the May and June numbers. Half the members of the Echo Board were actively engaged in the presentation of "*The Rivals*," and, therefore, could give no attention to the publication of the paper until the middle of May. It was, of course, an utter impossibility to issue two numbers between that time and June 10th, when many of the students will have their trunks packed and their tickets purchased.

Exchanges

Reflections on Life.

Look a trouble squarely in the face and it will go away.

There are as many sham ills as sham goods, which become real ones by being entertained.

To do a great thing, don't try a dozen times feebly, but one time strongly.

Give every man a chance and he will either be something or put himself out of the way for others to be.

He who kills time, kills himself just as fast, and he will be dead before his victim.

As men are born equal, the great are they who have passed most through the places of the low.

—*School Bulletin.*

Poor little Sidis, the 11-year-old prodigy of Harvard, who reads papers to the professors on such topics as the fourth dimension, is declared by his father to be no prodigy, but only the result of sensible education. Deliver our grandchildren from such education or such results!

—*School Bulletin.*

Psyche.

She comes

When the sun is high;

She dies

Ere the sun is low.

She lives

When the flowers die;

She flees

Though you may not know.

She sings
 'Till you heed her call;
She frowns
 Tho you but obey.
She cries
 'Till you give her all;
She laughs
 As she runs away.

John H. Hearly, '11,
In the "Holy Cross Purple."

Song of Youth

From afar in the open o'er softening lees,
Like a message from June on the Spring-scented breeze,
Came the song of a robin 'till, thrilling the wild,
Drowsy Nature awakened and, hearing, she smiled.

Hidden deep in the midst of a great city's grind,
Where the struggle for life ever wearies the mind,
A poet sang forth like the sweet-throated bird,
And in hearts of the toilers fond memories stirred.

And the song of the bard in its far-reaching truth
Like the robin's sweet strain brought a vision of youth.

Donald R. O'Brien, '12,
In the "Holy Cross Purple."

We regret that space does not allow us to insert the poems of Denis A. O'Brien, '12, Holy Cross. His monthly contributions to the *Purple*, entitled, "Pipes o' Pompey," are very clever adaptations of the negro dialect. The paper also contains an interesting article, entitled "The Dreamer;" several excellent short stories and an article on the College Magazine which could be profitably used by every student who desires to see his college paper rank with the best. One paragraph especially is worthy of being quoted, since it encourages us to enlarge a department of our paper which is, alas! often slighted and forgotten by the students. The quotation runs:

"I have left for the last, in a rather palpable attempt at climax, that branch in which the college magazine should logically and usually does excel, namely poetry. Youth, as we are told, is the hey-day of poetry—the commonplace of verse. Addison wrote poetry in his youth and prose in his older years; the immature Keats, in the opinion of critics, wrote poetry as worthy of the name as any older, maturer versifier. There seems to me, at least, to be a certain similitude between youth and verse; both are emotional rather than rational, both are exaggerating rather than accurate, both are exuberant, joyous, blithesome. And so we do not wonder at finding that the majority of college papers set as high a poetical standard as even the better class of New York magazines. In the machine-made didactic poem, in the interminable epic, we are mayhaps inferior, but in lyric verse, "short swallow-flights of song," the college "lit" comes into its own, and though there may not be a Shelley or a Tennyson among us, yet by the lofty emotionalism of youth we may well hope to supply whatever our inspirations may lack in sublimity."

The literary department of the Hendrix College *Mirror* is to be commended for its fulness and excellence. Two economic articles, "Our Destiny" and the "White Slave," show deep

thought and careful observation of social conditions. The April number also contains a short but clean sketch of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra."

Before Exams.

Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

After Exams.

Lord, God of Hosts, was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where
Until a man on whom it fell
Came around and gave me—the information. —*Ex.*

The April issue of the *Crucible* contains an excellent review of Ibsen's "A Doll's House;" a well written and well planned story, entitled "The Decision of Alessandre," and two interesting articles in the Pedagogical Department, entitled "The Value of Latin," and "An Application of Frochel's Theory to the Study of Foren Languages in the Kindergarten." The cuts are very interesting and applicable. It is noticeable and noteworthy that reformed spelling is employed throughout the paper. The editorials are especially good.

News Department

In the News Department, we contemplate a few changes. A favorable innovation will be our page recording events which will take place after the publication of THE ECHO. By reading the news found there, the college student will be enabled to know just what events, in every phase of college life, are planned and when they will take place. Then, if the student will read THE ECHO, as he should, there will be no longer an occasion for the condition which the appended conversation illustrates:

Student A.: "I say, Helen, are you going to the musicale to-morrow evening?"

Student B.: "Why, what musicale? I haven't heard a blessed thing about a musicale!"

So when you can help us by giving us an item which will announce a future event, we, as well as the students, will be greatly indebted to you.

Now we also want news—good, spicy news that tells us of happenings and personals—news, amusing as well as instructive, which will make interesting reading. When you hear of an event, think of your ECHO, and hand notes of the event to the news department or to the reporters of the sororities and classes. You will be surprised how much better the news will be; you will note the news becoming more and more suited to the general taste of the students; and unconsciously, you will find yourself taking a personal interest and pride in THE ECHO.

Students, we need your aid and individual interest. May we have it?

"The Rivals."

The presentation of Sheridan's famous comedy, "The Rivals," at the auditorium of the State Normal College on the evening of May 13th, was an event of more than passing interest to the student body, as well as to many Albanians who helped to form a large and appreciative audience on that occasion. The players were all students and the acting of the different roles showed conclusively that the dramatic talent of these amateurs is far above the ordinary. It is not our purpose to mention the parts or names of those who sustained them admirably; rather to discuss briefly the work of College dramatic clubs and the influence of such work on those who engage in it, its influence on the student body, and its possible influence on the community.

No one who has observed young men and women in high schools and colleges will deny that no form of amusement appeals more strongly to them than amateur theatricals. This strong, natural desire to play a part, to mimic, to personate, to act, seems to be cultivated to the best advantage for all concerned when under the guidance and direction of competent leaders, and this can best be accomplished by the organization of a dramatic club. We all know how the college debating societies of past times have been the training schools for orators and statesmen, who, in them, learned the rudiments of public speaking, and gained that self-control and ease of manner not to be secured without such practice.

The well organized dramatic club exists in many of the best colleges, and the work done by such a club may be as truly educational as that of the debating societies. The best dramas are studies quite as fine for cultural value as are the best orations,

and they have much greater power over the imagination; they appeal to the higher emotions as well as to the intellectual powers. In view of these facts, and of the talent displayed by the students who acted "The Rivals," I would suggest that a dramatic club be organized in the Normal College next year, on such lines as will give scope for the development of latent talent and stimulate the ambition of many who have ability, but who never have the opportunity to show it.

How much better it would be for such a club to study and present one good play every year for the benefit of THE ECHO, in which all the students should take a vital interest, than it is to have several trivial plays given by the societies for mere amusement.

Margaret S. Mooney.

Mark Twain and other Marks.

The lecture given by Dr. E. W. Adams of Schenectady on Thursday, April 21st, 1910, was greatly appreciated by those who heard it. Not only did he give an excellent summary of the American humorist's work, with clever impersonations and anecdotes, but he rendered besides a personal, vivid, and appreciative estimate of Mark Twain's life and place in literature, which all the listeners valued highly. The lecture was especially in season because of the fact that Mark Twain died during the night. Dr. Adams has made a group of people understand the achievements of that wonderful man, in a way which has resulted in them all keenly and personally feeling his loss, and for this opportunity and privilege we wish to thank him.

The Faculty.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Milne announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Milne, to Frank Hawley Ward of Rochester.

Dr. Husted read a paper entitled "Gettysburg in Perspective" in April at the Appomattox Banquet of George S. Dawson Post No. 63, G. A. R.

On May 6th, Professor Kirtland gave a reading on Browning to the faculty and student body. The greater part of the hour was given to the study of "Saul."

Prof. R. A. Kirtland is to return to former fields of work in order to find pastures different from the present for his summer pleasures. We hope that he will find Michigan well and happy and that his delight at being home will not make him forget that he has made Literature a real home for many of us. His summer recreations will include fishing and boating in the wilds of Upper Michigan. Dare we whisper that he will build his own boat; make his own flies? Add to this that the first will be seaworthy and the latter will really catch fish. A happy vacation is the wish of the students for the teacher and sportsman.

Prof. B. S. Bronson will attend the summer school for teachers at Columbia University.

Prof. A. Rejall will remain in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. William B. Aspinwall sailed May 31st on the SS. Kroonland for a three months' tour abroad. They are to attend the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh and the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and then to visit American educational institutions in the Near East, including those of

Greece, Turkey, Palestine and Egypt.

Professor Adna W. Risley will spend his summer in Colorado. He is planning to leave here about June 1st in order to reach that state in season to conduct two history courses in the Summer Session of the State University of Colorado, situated at Boulder, Col. This work will occupy him from June 20th until July 29th. The history courses will comprise a course in United States history from 1750 to 1800, and another in "Methods of Teaching History in Secondary Schools." The remaining portion of the summer, Professor Risley and his family will spend with friends in Colorado. We are hoping that his vacation will be a pleasant one, and not *too* full of history courses. We shall need him next year.

Senior Notes

Preparations for Commencement Week are steadily progressing. Committees have been appointed to complete the arrangements.

The Rev. Mr. Sherwood, pastor of Ash Grove church and father of Mr. Sherwood, '10, has been invited to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon to the Senior Class, Sunday June 19, 1910.

The order for the memorial window which is to be the gift of the class to the college has been given to Mr. Chapman of Albany and work has been begun on it. This window is to be placed over the Main entrance to the auditorium.

Arrangements are being made for the Class Picnic which is to take place Saturday, June 18th.

Two of the Seniors have been getting teaching experience outside of college—Miss Lucas at Saratoga and Miss Larkin at

Ravena. ,

Several engagements are rumored: some for teaching—some otherwise.

The Seniors all wish Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall a very delightful trip.

Junior Notes

At the regular meeting of the Junior Class, the following were elected as class officers:

President, Ella Watson.

Vice-president, Florence Wittmeir.

Secretary, Edna Watson.

Treasurer, Esther Rafferty.

Editor, Isabel Bigelman.

Miss Florence Wittmeier entertained the Misses Watson, Hotaling, Kartluke, and Bradshaw for the week end, May 20th, at her home in Fort Hunter.

Miss Amelia Kartluke is substituting at Ravena for Miss Viola Carnrite, '08, who is ill with scarlet fever.

Freshman Notes

The class regrets that ill-health has forced Mr. Allison to give up his college work for the present. We earnestly hope that we shall see him again in the fall.

At a meeting of the German society, May 17th, two of our members were elected officers: Mr. Schneider, president, and

Miss Boocheever, secretary and treasurer.

Speaking of class receptions, in the last analysis we are inclined to think the Fresman affair was just a little more—but hold, good pen, for, as Mrs. Malaprop says, “Caparisons are odorous and do not become a young lady.”

Much interest was taken recently in an impromptu course in Animal Psychology, which was given as a result of the visit of a young specimen of the genus felis to our class-room. It was a tip-top kitten as a kitten, but as a demonstrator of psychologic principles it was not a big, buzzing, booming success.

Y. W. C. A.

The first meeting of Y. W. C. A. after our spring vacation was led by Miss Beulah Brandow, Wednesday, April 20th, at 12:30. The topic, “What Is Worth While.” was thoroughly discussed by the leader who also read a most instructive selection from Dr. Anna Brown’s book on the same subject.

“The Why of Athletics” was the topic of the next meeting, held Wednesday afternoon, April 27th. Miss Dunsford, the leader, gave a most interesting talk on the subject, stating the different qualities of character strengthened by athletics.

The Rev. Mr. Moldenhawer, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, was the leader of the meeting held May 4th. His talk concerning college life in general, with reminiscences from his own, found much hearty support among those present.

Instead of the regular meeting on May 11th, a Missionary play entitled “The Voices of the Women” was presented by different members of the association, clad in the native costumes of various foreign countries. The characters were:

A society girl	- - - - -	Mabel Tallmadge
The Dreamer	- - - - -	Ione E. Schubert
The Woman of Burma	- - - - -	Mary Thomas
The Karen Woman	- - - - -	Millie Kartluke
The Woman of China	- - - - -	Elizabeth Williamson
The Woman of Africa	- - - - -	Charlotte Wright
The Woman of India	- - - - -	Henrietta Fitch
The Hindu Woman	- - - - -	Madge Launsbury
The Child Widow	- - - - -	Frances Schrack
The Woman of Japan	- - - - -	May Strauss
The Mohammedan Woman	- - - - -	Alice Toole
Conscience	- - - - -	Emma Conant

Special music by Esther Trumball (Soprano) and Emma Conant (Alto).

Miss Corbett, Student Secretary of Y. W. C. A. of New England, New York, and New Jersey, on Monday, May 16th, gave an interesting address on the different phases of Y. W. C. A. work, after which a reception was held in her honor.

Tuesday, May 3rd, a candy sale was held. The proceeds were added to the Silver Bay Fund. It is expected that we shall send ten delegates to the Silver Bay Conference.

Athletic Association Notes.

Miss Edna Watson has been elected Captain of the Junior basket-ball team.

Upon the invitation of Bert Lytell, the members of the Junior and Senior basketball teams, with Miss Dunsford as chaperon, on May 16th occupied a box at Harmanus Bleecker Hall to witness "The College Widow."

Tennis

During the past month, tennis was the chief feature of the gymnasium work. Many of the girls have succeeded in learning the art and will no doubt be skilled players in the tournaments of next year.

Tennis tournaments were held in the park courts the last few weeks of May. Among those who entered were the Misses Gardner, LeCompte, Boochever, Bristol, Scotland and Kinnear.

In the men's tournament, the following took part: Sherwood, Rice, McCormack, Steer, Pells and Dabney.

College Championship

The interest of the various classes of college for the last few weeks has centred around the series of games being played by each class in the struggle for the championship of the college in basket-ball. Though it was at first decided to play 12 games, this became impossible as the season progressed and only six were played. The games follow in order: February, Juniors vs. Seniors, won by Seniors; April 15th: Sophomores, 15, Freshmen, 12; April 22: Juniors, 14, Freshmen, 12; April 28: Seniors, 12, Sophomores, 6; May 18th, Freshmen, 10, Seniors, 9; May 18th: Juniors 23, Sophomores, 18. *(More)*

The decisive game was played on May 26th between the Juniors and Seniors, each team having two games to its credit. The game resulted favorably for the Juniors, who defeated the Seniors with a score of 10 against 9. This gives the championship to the class of 1911.

The teams which played during the contests were as follows: Seniors—Misses Dyer, Capt; Eaton, Weaver, Tallmadge, Lucas and Horton; Juniors—Misses Watson, Capt; Bennet, Kartluke, Bradshaw, Boyle and Brandow; Sophomores—Misses LeCompte, Capt.; Larkin, Pierce, Woolworth, Jones and Parks; Freshmen—Misses Bristol, Capt.; Bennett, Spence, Toole, Duncan and Kaemmerlin.

Gymnasium Exhibition

A successful exhibition by High School and College classes in the college gymnasium on Friday evening, May 7th, was convincing evidence of the worth of gymnastics in the education of the student. The work of the students was skillfully carried through without a blemish. The success of the exhibition is largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss Fanny A. Dunsford, physical director.

A class composed of Freshmen showed much skill in work with dumb-bells, and in the folk dance and dainty step. A wand drill and a very pretty dance were the clever feats of the Junior-Senior division; the Sophomores performed with much dexterity on the horses. The last event of the evening was a Jack Tar Dance, and a pretty, clever dance it was, too. The exhibition will no doubt become an annual event, looked forward to by students and their friends as one of the most pleasant of the college year. A large number of the faculty was present.

Freshman Reception

The annual reception of the Freshman Class was given in the college gymnasium on the evening of April 29th. Decorations of red and white, the class colors, and college and school pennants gave the gym an unusually attractive appearance. Recitations by Mr. Allison and Miss Bennett, a solo by Miss Huntsman and Kinnear made up an interesting program.

Dainty refreshments were served in room M. at the conclusion of the program.

Professor and Mrs. Kirtland were present, representing the faculty.

Anniversary Exercises, 1910

Wednesday, June 8th—Final Examinations begin, 9:00 a. m.

Saturday, June 11th.—Organ Recital by Professor Belding, First Refromed Church, 4:00 p. m.

Friday, June 17th.—Final Examinations end, 12:00 M. Psi Gamma Banquet, Hotel Ten Eyck, 7:00 p. m.

Saturday, June 18th.—Class Picnic, 8:30 a. m. Eta Phi Breakfast, Hotel Hampton, 12:30 p. m. Kappa Delta Luncheon, Hotel Ten Eyck, 1:00 p. m.

Sunday, June 19th.—Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. Frank R. Sherwood, College Auditorium, 7:30 p. m.

Monday, June 20th.—Class Day Exercises, Class of 1910, College Auditorium, 10:30 a. m. Reception to Class of 1910 and to Alumni, by President and Mrs. William J. Milne, No. 5 Elk Street, 8:00 p. m.

Tuesday, June 21st.—Commencement Exercises, College Auditorium, 10:30 a. m. Class Reunions of Alumni, 12:00 M. Alumni Dinner, Room 150, Science Hall, 1:00 p. m. Annual Business Meeting and After-dinner Addresses, 3:00 p. m. Unveiling of Memorial Tablet, College Foyer, 4:00 p. m.

Delta Omega Notes.

For the first time in the history of the sorority, it had a week-end. To see the number of alumnæ who showed their loyalty was a source of great satisfaction and gratification to the members of Delta Omega. Friday, May 20th, the dance was held in the college gymnasium, where the colors, yellow and white, predominated. Saturday noon, May 21st, the luncheon

took place at Hotel Ten Eyck. Covers were laid for thirty-five, twenty-one of whom were alumnæ and two, charter members. Saturday evening, Miss Ethel Everingham read Hiawatha, while the remaining sorority girls acted it out in pantomime. Sunday afternoon, Helen Bennett, the President, gave a tea to the alumnæ and active members.

Dr. Richardson gave a very instructive and interesting talk to the sorority at one of its recent meetings. For that, the members of Delta Omega feel greatly indebted.

We are indeed sorry to think that the year is drawing so near to a close for it brings to our minds that we are to lose two of our active members, Miss Kathleen Philip and Miss Berna Hunt. Their sisters wish them success in their future undertakings.

Eta Phi Notes.

Dr. F. F. Streehe of Vassar College was the guest of Miss Frances B. Seeley during March. Miss Seeley spent the week end of April 28th at Vassar College.

Miss Emily Illingworth and Miss Lois Clark of Utica have been the recent guests of Miss Sarah A. Trembly.

Miss Florence Van Noy spent Decoration Day in New York.

The Eta Phi girls were pleased to entertain two of their old members Miss Elizabeth Schaupp, and Miss Hazel Seaman, over Decoration Day.

Eta Phi enjoyed its annual Decoration Day picnic at Catskill.

Regular meetings of the sorority were held at the home of the president, Miss Raynsford, May 5th and 19th.

Kappa Delta Notes.

A regular meeting of the sorority was held at the house Wednesday evening, May 20th.

Miss Maud Burt of Gloversville, N. Y., spent Sunday, May 15th, at the Kappa Delta House.

On Saturday, May 14th, the girls, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Kirtland, enjoyed a trip to Indian Ladder in The Helderbergs.

Kappa Delta enjoyed the play given by the ECHO board, Friday evening, May 13th.

Psi Gamma Notes.

The annual banquet of the Psi Gamma alumnae association was held in New York City at the Hotel Collingwood on Saturday evening, May 7th, 1910.

Mrs. Otis F. Lewis, '01, is at present residing in this city.

On Saturday evening, May 7th, Psi Gamma held its annual reception in the college gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated with bunting and pennants. Among the alumnae present were the Misses Catherine Ostrander, Mariam Mackey, '07; Laura Stuckman, '09; Edith Blades, '06.

Miss Jessie L. Cleveland was a guest at her home in Broadalbin, May 13th to 16th.

The girls witnessed with pleasure the picturesque and well acted play presented by their sister, Delta Omega.

On Saturday afternoon, April 30th, the Misses Edna Hall and Carlotta Jordan were initiated into the sorority. After the trying ordeal, well-deserved refreshments were served.

Miss Laura Stuckmann, '09, is staying in the city a short time.

Miss Edna Hall entertained her sister, Miss Ada Hall, of Poughkeepsie over week-end, May 7th-9th.

Miss Gertrude Heap received a visit on May 15th from her uncle, Mr. Heap, who, accompanied by his daughter and nieces, recently arrived from England for an extended tour of the States.

Newman Study Club.

The club held its last meeting of the year on April 27th. It was very well attended. An interesting program was rendered as follows: Appreciations of Newman, Quotations by Miss Russell from Edmund Gosse, Miss Finn from A. J. George, Miss Brown from Scudder's Modern English Poets, Miss Fitzpatrick from H. J. Nicoll, Miss Deegan from Jacob's Literary Studies, Miss McHenry from George Saintsbury, Miss Wilkinson from Beeching's English prose, Miss O'Reilly from H. Walker, Miss Kerley from R. H. Hutton, and Miss Phillips from Aubrey DeVere's Literary Reminiscences. Essays were read by the Misses McGovern and Bush; Miss Boyle and Miss Hanigan read.

Miss Kathryn Deegan was the guest of her sister, Miss Elizabeth Deegan, from the 12th to the 16th of May.

Miss Bertha Bott was a week end visitor in Saratoga Springs the week ending May 15th.

Mrs. Myles O'Reilley of Fishkill was recently the week-end guest of her daughter, Miss Mary O'Reilley.

Mr. Hanigan was the recent guest of his sister, Miss Florence Hanigan.

Borussia

Organized some months ago to arouse enthusiasm and interest in the German language, Der Deutche Verein closed the first year of its existence in a most pleasing manner at the last meeting May 17th in Room M. In referring to the work of the society, Professor Decker said he felt greatly encouraged by the way in which the German classes had supported Borussia. He outlined a few of the plans which he declared, would be accomplished next year. "I think we have everything to be hopeful for," he said in closing. "The members of this society

have evinced a creditable willingness in serving on the committees and in co-operating in the general work of this organization. For that, I wish to thank them; I feel we have closed a very successful year."

Officers of the society for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Mr. Schneider; Vice-president, Miss Wittmeier; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Boochever; and Critic, Professor Decker. A report of the treasurer showed a sum on hand in the treasury for next year.

Following the election, a program was rendered. Miss Mageough and Miss Wittmeier recited German poems in a clever manner. An exceedingly fine number was an illustrated song, "Johonny Smoker," sung by the Misses Farnham, Wittmeier, Hall, Mageough, Kartluke and Brandow, with Miss Bradshaw as pianist. The girls were obliged to respond to an encore.

Refreshments were served in the lunch room.

Alumni Notes

People say that ministers do more begging than anybody else. People are either very much mistaken or else they have had no acquaintance with college papers. We, the alumni editors, are begging now and shall continue to beg that you will lend no assistance. We have so very few ways in which to gain material. If you have information concerning anyone who has ever been graduated from this college, come and give it to us. If you are a member of the Senior Class, remember that your Alma Mater will always be interested in whatever you do. Then, why not write and tell us about it. With such valuable aid, the alumni columns will be filled with news and the ECHO readers with satisfaction.

Miss Mary Eddy, '09, sailed May 19th for France, where she will commence a four months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence France of Cobleskill announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace R., '07, to W. H. Platzer, Principal of the Kearney High School, Kearney, N. Y. Miss France was of the class of '07.

Miss Laura Elizabeth Meigs, '07, daughter of Mrs. Laura B. Meigs, was married at Albany to Charles Judson Dutton Westerly. Mr. Westerly is a graduate of the Albany Law School.

Miss Fannie Drevenstett, '05, sailed on May 24th for the Philippine Islands, where she will become the bride of Marcus Elliott, a government educational worker in that place.

A daughter, Eleanor, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bell of Norwich Thursday, April 21, 1910. Mrs. Bell (nee Jane Doyle) was a member of the class of 1907 and a critic teacher in the primary department of the college.

Leaves from a Freshman's Diary.

May 6th, 1910.—Mine Leeber Kint: I've just got home from the gym exhibition and dear diary, there's no use talking, it is perfectly splendid to be a college girl. You can almost break that provoking rule in Physics that two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time, when you can feel and think and do just what a hundred other girls who look just like you (every girl is every other girl's "face smile" in a gym suit) are doing. However, I'm tired to-night. My face aches all over and I think I'm cutting a wisdom tooth, but Peggy thinks it's anyway. The other day when I loaned a girl some pink cheese-cloth to be a Hindoo widow in the Missionary play, and she where I got hit with the wand to-night and says that from all appearances she wouldn't expect that tooth to come to view inside of twenty years. Peggy feels extremely funny this week told me I was an agel in disguise, my illustrious roommate chipped in with "But she has a *very* good disguise." Yesterday she came dancing down the hall after she had been listening to the seniors' talk about child symbolism, with "Say, Kid, I've found a symbol for life. Me chasing you. You know Socrates or Emerson or some philosopher said, 'Life is one horrid thing after another!'" I pulled my head out of the Latin trot and thought I'd try to be funny, too. "Speaking of things chasing one another, and thinking of ponies, have you heard how a teacher once read her class, 'See the cow, children. Is not the cow pretty? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as fast as the horse? No, the cow can not run as fast as the horse.' And have you heard how Johnny gave the reproduction as follows: 'Git on to the cow. Ain't she a beaut?"

Kin the cow hoof it? Shure, the cow kin hoof it. Kin the cow hump it with the hoss?. Nit. The cow ain't in it with the hoss.' But Peggy didn't like the joke. She couldn't tell whether I was comparing the cow to the Latin text or her and I was too sleepy to bother to explain. My eyes are shutting tight now, so good-night.

May 8.—You know how I told you about starfish and weakfish and all that,—well, I've been trying awfully hard to grind out something worth while, but my Sprague Chapel class act like perfect little fiends. I can't seem to make any impression on them at all—they just wriggle around and laugh and ask foolish questions when I'm on the most sublime topics. For instance: I went roller skating the other day and fell because I was just learning and when I picked myself up, I happened to see one of those Sprague Chapel boys there, looking right at me. The next Sunday, right in the midst of the part about alcoholic drinks, a boy yelled over to my class, "Say, do any of youse ever go roller skating?" I tried not to laugh, but my mouth twitched awfully and I lost my place and a boy tipped over in his chair in his anxiety to see what was happening and I went home in a blue funk. There just wasn't any use of my trying and I grumbled at Peggy, but she just laughed and said she didn't believe in idealism anyway—let the old class go if I couldn't be decent about it. I didn't exactly want to do that—there wasn't anyone else to take my place and I liked the youngsters, too—so I just went on, half-trying and getting crosser and unhappier all the time, when I saw how other girls went straight ahead and did and said the right thing at the right time without any trouble. There was Sapiens, for instance. That girl seems to get things right by instinct and everyone just loves her. I like her too but somehow I got sort of hard and bitter about it and when all the girls who know I live at the same house would say, "Oh, don't you just love that girl? Isn't she a perfect dear?" I got so I would just laugh and grant to me when I was either silly or cynical and the other girls couldn't

myself about perfect people. Why, I actually laughed in Sapiens' face when she told me about losing her roommate, so that she wasn't happy away from her and that there was perfect harmony between their souls. While I knew it was true—for the life of me, I couldn't help kicking on it and so I went on, laughing at the idea of loyalty to the extent of personal daily sacrifice and consideration between two girls, scornful of everything I knew was good and right and true, riding roughshod over everything. Finally one day when I was in an especially fiendish turn of mind, I wrote a satire on College Friendships and Ideals and a silly weak thing it was—making the worst possible use of what little wit or cleverness I ever did possess and then I showed it to Sapiens, though I knew all the while I might just as well be chopping off my own head, for that girl has been better to me than any one else in college—giving up hours to help me with my Latin, telling me all about her hobbies, and letting me talk to her about home as long as I wanted to, and oh everything. Sapiens says I left home too early—that I need discipline, yet (how I hate that word but maybe it's so). Well, anyhow, I showed it to her and she said it was sick and full of the morbidness that comes from introspection, but said it in such a weary, harsh tone of voice and looked over in the other corner of the room, so that I wanted to go drown myself. What did it matter to anyone anyway and why couldn't I straighten up and be like other people and why did Sapiens bother with me at all—why didn't she laugh and tell me to go to thunder? I don't know. I guess it's because her goodness is more than skin-deep—a fundamental thing with her. Oh well, I went away and I would have stood it all right, I think, but for suddenly thinking how really truly good and patient Sapiens was and how little I deserved it. Eh beau! I'd done and now I was more miserable than in the beginning for Sapiens couldn't help but be a little cold and reserved with me when I was either silly or cynical and the other girls couldn't

help but leave me to myself and look a little shocked when they saw me rushing pell-mell along, shirking my work and shifting responsibilities. Finally, last Saturday, however, when I was going to stay home and try to write an essay, Sapiens came in to get me to go with her and some other seniors botanizing. I didn't want to go. I felt too wicked and I had a lot of work to do but Sapiens said the trouble with me was I ought to work when I worked and play when I played, so I went along and didn't we have a glorious time though? I did like it. The wind blew just enough to make the trees in the woods rock to and fro and the jack-in-the-pulpits were out and the pinksters were nodding their pretty heads as they listened to them, but the ugly little ginger-root was like me and covered up his face and pretended not to hear. We had our lunch out there too and everything tasted splendid and, dear Diary, as I sat there on the grass dreaming, looking down through the pine trees off across the mountains, I could almost forget that I'd ever been to college and got all tangled up about my duty and could just be happy to be alive, just deeply thankful to look and hear and smell and feel for one glorious hour. I could almost understand how one could get strength from the hills. Perhaps, after all, that's where Sapiens gets her strength, rather than because she was born good—maybe she's fought and struggled for it and wrested it from the hills. It seemed as though I could see something of that in her face that day but then of course you can't be sure. Your imagination is apt to run away with you on such a day as that was. The day had to come to an end at last though and we had to come home, but I went to sleep that night more tired and happy than I had been for weeks. The next day (please "'scuze" me, dear Diary, for being so long winded like the phonograph in French class, but you are the only one I can tell this story to and I must have it out.) I went to Sprague Chapel with a heart all bubbling over with joy and ambition—I was going to be to those rascals what Sapiens was to

me—they deserve twice as much consideration as I do any day—and oh joy! it worked. It was just as though the sun had come out after a cloudy day. They brightened up and stopped talking—they listened and smiled and did their best—and I was happy and did my best and during the last song the worst boy in the class and I had a heart-to-heart smile that began at the eyes and ended in a grin of fellowship. Idealism did work after all and I walked home on air.

But there was something that bothered me yet. I hadn't made it square with Sapiens and I felt guilty about the way I'd jeered and laughed at something of hers that was better and sweeter than anything I could dream of, but I just couldn't make up my mind to beg her pardon and I knew I'd have to before we could be really truly friends again. That afternoon, when we were going for a little walk, Sapiens was telling me how loyal her room-mate was, how though she was always laughing and making a joke of everything, had gone without a new winter coat and a party dress so that she could help a poor freshman through this year, how she had sat up half the night one night to write a toast for a pal of hers to give at a banquet and was delighted when the compliments of the whole class were showered on the other girl's head. "But," added Sapiens, "She is a Roman and Romans have a way of being loyal to the tips of their toes. Protestants," went on Sapiens, "are pretty independent for the most part. It's strange to what lengths their audacious independence will carry them sometimes." I wish Sapiens hadn't looked at me just then for I was staring at her with my eyes like saucers—I was wondering if she meant me—only why didn't she say disloyalty, fickleness, rather than independence? Sapiens is very kind and gentle and fair even when she has one by the hip. "And it's strange, isn't it, to what lengths a spirit of mischief will carry one, or dont you like to talk in riddles?" she asked, stopping suddenly. It's well she did for I was well nigh floored, and, dear Diary, you'll never know how

ashamed I was of myself. Sapiens had seen through me all the time, only why didn't she say cowardly spite instead of mischief? "I like riddles," I managed to say, "well enough when I don't have to guess them." And we talked about something else for a while. Sapiens is very much interested in the tennis court that's going to be formed (she can play some) and I'm going up to Silver Bay to wait on table this summer so as to help pay some of my expenses and she told me to be sure to go in bathing every day and learn to swim, and then we wondered if the tail of Haley's comet really was a vacuum and talked about how nice Miss Pierce was and how we were trying to call the instructors by their proper titles and how we didn't like the new style of hair dressing with a butter bowl on the back and how the wild strawberries would likely be up when we went home and (please don't mind if this *is* a long sentence—I just can't help it) how tall one of the sopranos in the May festival was and how we hoped the Rivals would be a success and how much we'd been enjoying Chapel lately and how King Edward's funeral and the Psychology essays and Roosevelt's speech all came the same day, and how Roosevelt would have to postpone his speech and we'd have to hurry and a "mile stone" things more until we get back home again. Then when I was all alone in my room (Peggy went out to dinner) I did some thinking and the result was I went over to Sapien's room and told her or tried to, how splendid and good I thought she was and how I was sorry I had acted as though I didn't admire and respect her and how I knew she'd been patient with me when I didn't deserve it. I was what that Junior told me that somebody said about Browning's poetry (and I don't believe it) "a determined stammer" but I got through it at last all red and confused for Sapiens is lots older than I am and very dignified on occasions, but she was nice and laughed at me at first and said she'd like to get posies but when she saw I was in earnest, she sobered down, and oh my paper amy, I don't believe I can tell even you what

she said, but it was enough to make me surrender every last gun in my citadel, to go over heart and soul to Sapiens, to be ready to go down on my knees to the big beautiful soul inside that wonderful senior girl. Protestants may protest a long time but when they do come over—they come over with all there is in them—why, if Sapiens were to ask me to black her shoes for her—I'd do it now, gladly and humbly every day in the week—of course this is the 20th century and we don't show such things but I can tell it to you, mon amy, for you, my dear, are “one of those dumb wise men.” But what is the worst of all my doings is that I didn't know enough to recognize the wonderful sweetness and goodness of Sapiens long ago. To-day Sapiens' room-mate said to me “Isn't she a perfect dear? Don't you adore her?” I do now. I said “Non! Why you little goose, didn't you always?” She said, looking at me so surprised as though she thought I was sick—and indeed that was just what was the matter with me according to Sapiens herself and I'd believe anything she told me now whether it was so or not. Why, my Diary, I really believe you are laughing just like that horrid little tome in Irving's Sketch Book, rustling your leaves and shaking with mirth and saying in a husky voice that I have a “crush,” which I vowed I'd never have when I came to college. I don't care—call it that—a crush if you like. I don't want to. It means too much to me. It's one of the biggest things that ever happened to me and I'll never be the same again. I know there will always be something a little better and sweeter and honester about me because of it even though I never see Sapiens after this June. Bon soir.

May 30th.—Well, I've given you quite a rest since my last harangue or—no—I won't say crushes—I'll say loyalty. I've been pretty straight and steady ever since—a few set-backs of course, but Sapiens says she thinks there's not going to be one superficial thing about by the time she leaves in June—how I hate to see her go! But the college play, oh dear Diary, why

didn't you have eyes and ears that night? I was so excited and interested and pleased and proud I just couldn't sit still—I got to thinking that Bob Acres was so real that I began to feel bad when his hair still looked straight after he took the curlers off—weren't they all just splendid, though?—who would ever think we had such pretty girls and nice looking fellows in college? I'd give almost *anything* to be in a college play like that sometime and I asked Peggy if she thought there was ever any chance for me if I could only make myself indispensable to the Echo people in some way, but she only answered, "Such insurance, Lydia!" However it's worth trying for even if I can't do any more than kick the cat. Do you know, mon amy, it's getting towards the end of things—the Seniors are all getting positions—the butter-cups are out, the exams are scheduled and pretty soon I won't be a freshman any more? I can't write to you any more this year, dear Diary (you've been *such* a comfort to me). I'll have to pack you away in my trunk and begin to stuff for exams and when I take you out again—oh dear! I'll be a Sophomore. I hate to think of it—I'd like to be a freshman here at S. N. C. right on and on, indefinitely—I'd like to say with the poetical Junior, "Let us tarry, Sister Diary, we will not wander more," and, mon papier amy, I'll just whisper it in your ear, that just because things never do get stale to me, and I'm *always* being surprised in some new, wonderful way, that I just never can grow up and even when I'm a Senior I'll still be a freshman at heart, the same freshman who wrote this silly little Diary. *Finis.*

Additional Alumni Notes.

Miss Florence Brown, '10, came from Ticonderoga to attend the Psi Gamma Reception.

A linen shower was given in honor of Miss Viola Carnrite, '08, May 7th at the home of her sister in Amsterdam, at which time her engagement to Mr. DeGroff of Amsterdam was announced.

Miss Gertrude I. Gifford, '08, has received a scholarship for a two weeks' course in the kindergarten department at Chataqua.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillespy (*nee* Ethel Webster, '04) have moved into their newly completed home, Summit Park, Delaware Ave.

(Errata; page 41 last word in 4th line should be us.)

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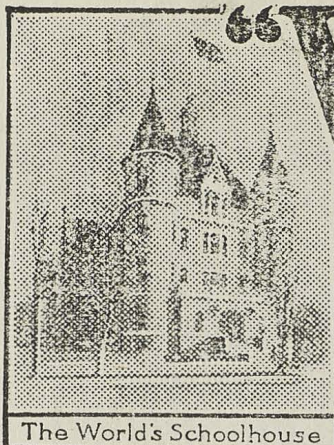
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