

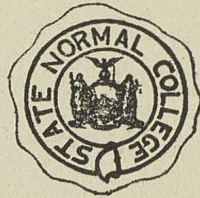
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- THE - ECHO -



JANUARY and FEBRUARY 1910

Albany, N. Y.

Table of Contents

	PAGE
The School and Life	126
Success - - - - -	132
The Evolution of a Concept	134
Sharpeners and Sharpeners - - - .	136
Necessary Elements in a Worth-While Book	136
Editorials - - - - -	137
Exchanges - - - - -	139
College News - - - - -	142
About College - - - - -	149
The Rochester Convention - - - - .	152
Leaves from a Freshman's Diary - - .	154
Alumni Notes. - - - - -	160
Advertisements - - - - -	163

THE ECHO

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THE ECHO

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XVIII JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1910 No. 4-5

Literary Department

The School and Life.

As we look over the pages of history, we find that the aims and methods of education have been subjects of discussion through many ages and that the greatest thinkers of these ages have differed in their views as to what these aims and methods should be. And still to-day we find the same debate going on with a wider-spread interest than ever before. However, as the opinions held to-day are the outgrowth of those of the past, let us note briefly what some of these have been.

Plato said education should train every faculty into a harmoniously developed whole, giving both to the soul and the body

all the beauty and perfection of which they are capable. This plan, however, did not include the use of the practical arts, as these were considered degenerating.

Aristotle considered Virtue to be the aim of education. His idea of virtue was a practical one and his plan was quite similar to our modern views.

Locke also advocated virtue as the aim of education, connecting with it a knowledge of the world in which we live.

Rousseau's plan placed education entirely in the hands of nature, without the influence of nurture.

It was left for Spencer however to first bring to us a view of education from a biological standpoint and many of his ideas are used to-day. According to biology, every living thing, no matter where it is found in the scale of life, is such because it possesses the ability to adapt itself to the environment in which it is placed. If, then, we apply this statement to education, we must conclude that its aim is to establish the right relations between the individual and the world—physical, social and religious—of which he is a part. The life of an individual, according to Butler, is a process of adjusting himself to his environment and, as we stated that the aim of education or the school is to establish this adjustment, we find that there should be no difference between the school and life, they are the same. There is a popular opinion that the period of adjustment extends through only the early part of life and that it is a preparation for life, not life itself. The school, therefore, has come to be looked upon as an institution entirely separate from real life; a place for learning lessons out of books but not a place for dealing with actual things. The result of this is very plain. There is no questioning the truth of the statement that the majority of children dislike to go to school. Why? Simply because they have concrete minds, are interested in concrete things and dislike the abstract thinking required of them in school. As long as this condition exists, the school cannot fulfill its mission and so the present reforms in education are aiming to secure the needed change by bringing the work of the school as near as possible to real life; to create in the school a society similar to that in which the child lives outside the school; and to which he must become either a benefit or a burden. We cannot think of an individual as separate from and influenced by society. Whether the person wishes to or not he must become a part of it and upon the status

of the individual—mentally, morally and physically—is dependent that of society, which, in turn, can only be true to itself by being true to the full growth of the individuals who compose it. It is the business of the school, therefore, to carry on this work of physical, intellectual and moral development and it is the manner in which this should be done that we now wish to consider.

A strong, healthy body is a necessary foundation for education and so it should be the aim and duty of the school to improve the physical condition of the pupils under its care. In opposition to this, the school to-day is looked upon as a destroyer instead of a promoter of health and with good reason. Statistics show that the period of school days is accompanied by a greater amount of ill health and a higher death rate than the years preceding or following. Here, then, is the first way in which the school must be improved. Let more care be taken of the physical condition of the pupils, first by detecting physical weaknesses and defects, next by remedying them and, best of all, by trying to prevent them. This will require more knowledge along this line on the part of the teacher and, in many places, the services of a physician, but not until the school protects and improves the physical condition of the child, will it fulfill its complete service to society. Gymnasium work and athletic sports should not be looked upon as extras and mere pasttime, but as important parts of the school work.

While the course to be taken in regard to physical education is plain enough, we find a much harder problem when we take up the intellectual side of education, for while the former is a neglected element, the latter is overkorked and crowded with conflicting opinions. Some consider the acquisition of knowledge or facts to be the aim of education, while others believe that the method of gaining knowledge or mental training is the all important thing. Without discussing the relative value of these two views, it would seem that the more ready available knowledge a man possesses the greater is his ability, but the point I wish to make is that education must be natural and that it must be suited to the life of the period. That is, the school should be made to fit the child (not the child made to fit the school) and that it should keep pace with the advance of civilization, not trying to meet the needs of society in the twentieth century with a system fitted for the seveneenth.

By naural education, we do not mean that the school must

follow nature in the way Rosseau would have it, but we do mean that the child should learn in school in the same way that he does out of school, i. e., by observation; by the handling of objects, by free conversation and exchange of ideas with others, by dealing with concrete tangible things or, in short, by living. The child is not a passive, receptive being into whom knowledge must be poured, but an intensively active personage, having within himself all of the elements needed for his development and requiring only that his activities be rightly directed. He is by nature a social being, as shown by his desire to be with others and to communicate with them thro the use of language. The school, therefore, should be organized on a social basis but, as it is to-day, opportunity is lacking for the exchange of ideas, suggestions and results; in fact, it is a crime for a pupil to help or communicate with another. This certainly is not teaching charity and unselfishness.

The industrial movement in education, concerning which we hear so much at present, is an effort to place the work of the school on a social basis and also to adapt education to present conditions. The day of household manufacture is past and so are the habits of order, industry and responsibility which this system formed. It also gave the child a close acquaintance with nature, with real things and materials, a knowledge of actual processes and of their uses to society. Thus to-day, by the great change in the industrial world, we have lost an opportunity for keeping the child in touch with society, for training his observation, ingenuity, constructive imagination and logical thought thro direct contact with actualities and it is these things that the school is now trying to replace by giving work in wood and metal, weaving, sewing, cooking, etc. These give an opportunity for bodily activities which should form a large part of early education, for it is by these that the student gets the largest part of his acquisitions until he learns to work systematically with his intellect. The industrial work, however, should not be considered as an end in itself but as a means by which the school may become a genuine form of society. Dewey says that the weakness of our schools is due to the fact that they are trying to train future members of society in a medium in which the social spirit is wanting. I had never realized the truth of this statement until I visited the industrial school in Albany. The conditions existing in the school rooms were entirely different from those to which I had

been accustomed. Everybody was busy and seemed interested in the work and, altho much freedom was allowed the pupils, there was no confusion or disorder. In the cooking room the girls were moving about, going to the sink or to the ovens and, at times, talking quietly to each other, but I found no one who seemed bored or without interest in the work. The objection is often raised to this form of education that it is not intellectual enough, that it does not train the mind sufficiently, but certainly the system advocated by Dewey has not this fault, altho the methods of training the mind may differ from those now used. At present the school is devoting itself to intellectual training and neglecting the training of the body both for health and skill. It seems to me that a boy should be able to work with his hands as well as to think with his head, and, if the mental work required of him is based upon some manual work in which he himself is engaged, the benefit derived will be far greater than if he spent his time trying to solve some artificial problem which has no relation whatever to the practical business of life. Educators all agree that the interest of the pupil must be secured in order to obtain good results in teaching. Together with this, we must remember that in very few of us is the distinctively intellectual interest dominant. This is clearly shown by the fact that 65 per cent. of our pupils leave school before the high-school period and only 2 per cent. enter college. Why, then, keep up a system of education which appeals only to the few instead of the many? The school must be based on interests common to all classes, and this is found in the interest all children have in doing something real and practical, something in which they see a relation to the bigger life outside the school. If all our pupils had their minds centred on becoming doctors, lawyers and teachers, our present education might be suitable, but there are large numbers who are going to enter into the trades. What, therefore, should be done for them? Shall they be compelled to leave the school because it is unsuited to their needs, or shall the school be changed to meet these and thus, by keeping the pupils interest, have the opportunity to do him more good? Also, under the present conditions, the child finds no use in the school for the knowledge and experience he gets outside the school nor is the knowledge which he gets in the school applicable to his life outside. There is, therefore, a fearful waste in education which can only be remedied by adapting the school to life. What we want is a school

in which the child will have the same attitude as he does in the home and in which he will find the same interest that he does in his play and outside occupations. I do not mean that the school is to simply amuse and entertain the child but to make use of the knowledge that he brings with him; give him a chance for self-expression thro bodily activity and free conversation and, in every way possible, make the school a place of actual experiences and natural life. It must be understood that such a school will confine itself entirely to teaching its pupils how to cook, weave, sew, and handle tools. These are only the concrete means employed for reaching out into history, literature, art and science, but they are at the same time the link which relates the school to life.

The main thot, therefore, of this article is, that the school should reflect the larger life outside of it, or, to quote the words of Dr. Dewey, from whose writings I have secured many of the ideas in this paper, "Our schools must be an embryonic community life, reflecting the life of the larger society and permeated with the spirit of art, history and science. When the school trains each child of society within such a community, saturating him with the instruments of effective self-direction, we shall have the deepest and best guarantee of a larger society, which is worthy, lovely and harmonious."

ROY C. VAN DENBERGH, '10.

(The ECHO wishes to call the attention of the students to the fact that the Seniors have been wriing valuable esays on Educational subjects for Applied Psychology, and the best of these are to be found in the College Library.)

Success

The Great God Definus sat upon his throne and heard the wants of his people. School boys with fingers upon the hardest word in the language lesson; country folk with their son's last letter and hosts of others gathered round him. To all these, he patiently explained the meaning of the word that troubled them and then sat back in his chair with a sigh of impatience. "I am weary indeed of answering these simple questions. Is there no one who wants a real word defined—a word that has some significance in life?" As if in answer to his question, he saw a group of people whose spokesman came forward and, on bended knee, thus addressed him.

"Oh, God Definus, we, thy humble servants, have been disputing somewhat over the meaning of the word "Success." We have brough our dispute to thy court and beg thee to hear the various discussions and decide the matter."

"Oh," cried Definus, "here is a word wortly of the name. Proceed with the arguments and I, the God of Definitions, will correct or approve."

At this word of command, the group fell back a little from the throne and one person stepped into view. He was a tall, well-built man of about fifty. Snapping black eyes gleamed from beneath his knit brows and his firm lips curled scornfully. He straightened up a trifle and then in a clear, well modulated voice began to speak.

"I, Oh God Definus, am a self-made man. When but a child of ten I hoed potatoes to earn my supper. All during my life, I have worked early and late and now as a reward of my industry, I am a rich man. I support my life in every luxury and never pass by a beggar in the street. I am holding one of the highest positions in the state and my fortune is increasing daily. I confess that I am not happy, but have I not gained success?"

The God sat silent on his throne and the next speaker came forward.

This second one was an old man with flowing white hair and angelic face. His thin lips moved once or twice and then in a high pitched querulous voice he began, "I, oh God Definus, am a pious man. Early in my life, I determined to do much good in

this wicked world and I have carried out my determination. Twice have I been to foreign lands and saved many heathen. In my own land, I have been of much service. I have never failed to contribute to a worthy cause and, though I have sometimes been tempted to waste my time at home or with the needy whom I saw in the streets, I have never yielded to the temptation. Have I not, then, gained success ?”

Then said the God Definus, “O, base mortals, think ye that success lies in these things ? One of you has gained wealth, the other the good opinion of the world, but neither of you success. Is there no one else ?”

Then a woman came with evident hesitation and took her place before the throne. She had a small, ugly figure and an equally ugly face, but her brow was smooth and her voice gentle and kindly. “I have no story to tell, Oh God Definus; I have gained no wealth and I have done no good in this wicked world. Whether or not I have gained success, I do not know, but I have done my small duties faithfully; I have lived up to the light that was given me and I am content.”

At these words, the God sprang from his throne and shouted aloud, “Here, here is Success ! Money making, outward piety and other things are failures, but to live up to the best that is in you is the true definition of Success.”

ETHEL EVERINGHAM, '12.

The Evolution of a Concept.

There are some things we know, or think we know with peculiar certainty all our lives. They are bits of wisdom which we have stored up, ready for use at any time. Each is employed (freely and as final) until a slight change or addition becomes necessary. Then in a second form, it serves until experience demands some new alteration. All through life, this familiar bit continues its patch-work career. A very small group of ideas at first, it steadily takes to itself newly-made groups or single patches and casts off the poorly fitted or crudely harmonized parts. The quilt is never finished and yet at any one time, we use our group of ideas with the perfect confidence of absolute knowledge. Such a bit is every individual's concept of a plant.

My friend, now grown and in college, saw one day many years ago a green thing. There was wonder in her baby eye and mother answered, "plant." Later she saw a green thing which stood up and spread out, but when she said plant, mother named it feather. Hence she found that every standing, spreading, green thing was not a plant. Looking a great deal, she soon learned much more about the plant. It had leaves and sometimes flowers. It needed water and light and it grew. She discovered that many things, large, small and of various shapes were called plants, and found that they had roots that grow into the ground.

When my little friend was nine years old, she had a pretty fair idea of its meaning and her teacher asked her what a plant was. She answered without hesitation that a plant is any green thing that grows in the ground. But by the time she had reached the high school, she had seen air plants, water plants, plants such as toadstools that are not green at all, and many other things which made necessary a very great change in her definition. What could she say but this: "A plant is something that grows and is not an animal."? And she knew the meaning of "grows" as something different than mere addition to the outside, for she had learned that animals and plants are composed of cells which divide and sub-divide.

At one time during her high school life, she fully decided that the difference between a plant and an animal was that a plant is stationary while an animal enjoys freedom of movement. But

even this theory was doomed. One day she saw through the microscope an animal called a bell animalcule. It was attached to a surface and looked very much like a plant. Another time, she saw minute objects floating around under the cover-glass and thought of course they were animals, but her teacher said they were plants. Still were not all those called animals possessed of freedom of movement within themselves, while the plants moved about by some external force? When disturbed, this bell animalcule would draw away from danger by coiling its stem, and one even broke from its stem to swim around freely in the water. Soon she found that her distinction must be worded still differently, because she had seen protoplasm moving around in various ways within both plant and animal cells. Then, most discouraging of all for her distinction, she saw the sensitive plant, which, when touched ever so lightly, would draw away by the infolding of its leaves and resume its normal position when the disturbance was removed.

Knowledge surpassing any previously acquired, came to her in college, and she felt one day that she had at last found the true difference between the plant and animal. Was it not in this plant function of photosynthesis? The plant has the power to manufacture its own food from the simple chemical elements, while the animal must depend upon the plant for ready-made food. Now she could say that a plant is an organizer which lacks the power of active self-movement, but lives and grows by food. Now she could say that a plant is an organism which

ments.

Later, my friend saw other things through the microscope, bacteria, yeast, etc, which again cast darkness around her concept. How could she use it to classify these? Ah, yes, people differ. Others than she have failed to reach a definite decision. Here is a question of the ages and is it not most likely that both plants and animals sprang originally from the same substance, with later differentiation along ever growing lines of divergence?

FLORENCE MCKINLEY.

Sharpeners and Sharpeners

The study of Latin may be for one student as practical as is the study of engineering for another. The object of study is to sharpen the mind and make it useful. A Latin student and an engineering student in a university may be likened to two pieces of steel in a factory, one, an unfinished razor-blade, the other, an axe in the making. The razor properly shaped and tempered, goes to the finest of oil stones for honing; the axe, in due time, is sharpened on a common grindstone. Were the razor applied to the grindstone, it would never cut a hair; were the axe to go to the oil stone, it would never hew a log. So, too, if our Latin student should take a course in engineering, he couldn't teach a language, and if an engineering student were to grind away on Latin till the crack of doom, he couldn't build a bridge. The practicability of a subject of study depends upon the purpose of the student.

HARLEY COOK, '13.

Necessary Elements in a Worth While Book

A book, to be worth reading, should have the following characteristics: a high moral tone, individuality of thought and expression, clearness, reasonable brevity, and a *raison d'etre*. Every book should contain these elements plus others, the nature of which must depend upon the nature of the work. A book is written to instruct or to entertain or to do both. A book written for instruction, as a history or biography, should have, in addition to the characteristics above mentioned, accuracy, veracity, and power to make the reader think. A book written for entertainment need not have any of the latter qualities, but it must have power to grasp and retain the attention,—not power to make its reader think but, rather, to make him forget. Books written both to instruct and entertain, as books of travel, have less value than books written with a *single*, definite purpose, and yet must have the characteristics of the book of instruction, viz: accuracy, veracity, etc., and also the interest-holding quality of the book purely for entertainment; otherwise they fail in one or both of their objects.

HARLEY COOK, '13.

Editorial

Junior Week.

Valentines.

Lincoln's birthday.

Washington's birthday.

Report Cards

"Look Forward, Not Back."

We are just entering upon a new year. As we look out into the future and contemplate what it may have in store for us, let us bury the sorrows, vexations and disappointments of the past and form firm and strong resolves to do better for all future time. Half of the college year is over. Each one of us knows whether or not our work has been our best. If not, let us make up for it the next half year, and if so, let us continue the good standard. Some of us, at least, hope before the end of the year to be fulfilling the duties of teachers satisfactorily and creditably both to

ourselves and our institution. In order for us to be prepared for the beginning and carrying on of this work, careful preparation and planning is necessary. In order that we may be able to execute our work successfully when the duties are much more arduous than now, we should resolve upon some definite plan now and adhere to it throughout our course. Let each of us resolve from this time forth to be self-reliant. The time is drawing nigh when we shall have to think and act for ourselves and that quickly. Let us, one and all, so plan our work that we may have an allotted time for study, for rest and recreation, and for reading of the best books and papers of the day. Questions of great moment are now pending in both the old world and the new, and their outcome and solution is being watched with great care. To be a student in the true sense of the word, we must keep ourselves informed in regard to all of these events and of the many minor ones which occur from time to time.

Be not daunted by your failures to keep resolves in the past, but go forth from the present time with a firm resolve to atone for all the misdeeds of the past and to mount round by round the ladder of good resolution to the goal of success.

The Combined Issue.

For some time past the Editorial and Business staff of THE ECHO have felt that different business arrangements would have to be made with either our old or a new printer. As we were unable to make any satisfactory arrangements with our old printer, a change had to be made and from this issue henceforth THE ECHO is to be printed by *The Clark A. Sanford Co.* of Margaretville, N. Y. Because of this change and also because of the fact that two members of our staff, viz: Miss Edith Scott and Miss Florence Brown did not return after the holidays, it was deemed best to combine the January and February issues. Miss Brown has completed her college work, so will not be with us any longer. THE ECHO is sorry to say that Miss Scott is ill at her home at Kingston and the date of her return is an uncertainty. THE ECHO regrets the absence of these two members and hopes both for the success of Miss Brown in her new work, and for the speedy recovery and return of Miss Scott.

Exchanges

After James Whitcomb Riley.

(A long way after.)

There little girl, don't weep,
 You have "flunked" in exam., I know,
 And another long ten
 You must "at it" again,
 And o'er the old track go,
 But you will forget when you go to sleep;
 There, little girl, don't weep.

There, little boy, don't swear,
 There was only one punch, I know,
 And you can't get through
 As you hoped to do,
 Beacuse you have fallen below;
 But when you are dead you will never care,
 There, little boy, don't swear.

There, little card, don't grin,
 You show pretty bad, I know,
 And your demonish sneer
 And demoniac leer
 Are "powerful depressing, I trow;
 But time moves on, and the vanquished win,
 There, little card, don't grin.

—From an Old Echo.

“Prize what is yours, but do not be contented;
There is a noble restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.”

—*Exchange.*

In answer to a teacher's question as to what constitutes an
“optimist” and “pessimist,” some schoolboy ventured to reply:
“An optimist is a man who is happy when he's miserable, and a
pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy.”

Literary Prescriptions

For action, read Homer and Scott.

For choice of individual words, read Keats, Tennyson, Emerson.

For clearness, read Macauley.

For common sense, read Benjamin Franklin.

For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope.

For elegance, read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.

For humour, read Chaucer, Cervantes and Twain.

For imagination, read Shakespeare and Job.

For interest in common things, read Jane Austen.

For logic, read Burke and Bacon.

For loving and patient observation of nature, read Thoreau
and Walton.

For simplicity, read Burns, Whittier, Bunyan.

For smoothness, read Addison and Hawthorne.

For the study of human nature, read Shakespeare and George
Eliot.

For sublimity of conception, read Milton.

For veracity, read Stevenson and Kipling.

—*Exchange.*

A Shakespearian Programme.

Freshman year—A Comedy of Errors.

Sophomore year—Much Ado About Nothing.

Junior year—As You Like It.

Senior year—All's Well That Ends Well. —*Exchange.*

Experience.

A normal girl, a graduate,
 A little school marm gay—
 Before her forty urchins stood
 One February day.

“Now children, tell me why,” said she
 Scanning every one,
 Do all Americans celebrate
 The birth of Washington?”

“Why don't they do the same on mine?”
 She said and sweetly smiled,
 She watched the deep and earnest gaze
 Of every thoughtful child.

Now Johnny in the corner stands
 Quite anxious to reply,
 “I know,” said he, “'cause Washington
 He never told a lie.” —*Exchange.*

College News

Senior Notes

The reception of the Senior Class to the faculty and students was held Friday evening, December 10th.

The Seniors were delighted to welcome several of the alumnae to their reception.

Miss Ethel Sherman, '07, was the guest of Miss Pawel, Saturday, December 11th.

Miss Georgia Hall of Port Ann spent a part of the week end, December 10th, with Miss Seeley. Miss Hall and Miss Seeley were classmates at Vassar.

We were pleased to note that the Senior Class was well represented at the Lotus Glee Club concert. All enjoyed it very much.

Miss Florence G. Brown, who completed her course in January, has secured a position as teacher of history and mathematics in the Ticonderoga High School.

Miss Genevieve Brooke completed her course in January and expects to remain at her home in Schnectady the rest of the year.

The regular basketball team of the Senior class has been organized as follows: Luella Dyer, Center; Leone Eaton and Mabel Tallmadge, Forwards; Clara Horton and Ethel Lucas, Guards. The Misses Hoag, Austin and Weaver also play on the team. The games played against the Juniors have resulted favorably for the seniors thus far.

Junior Notes

At a recent meeting of the class, Junior Week was discussed and committees were appointed to make arrangements.

A Junior basketball team has been formed and practise has begun.

Mrs. Schubert of Catskill has been the guest of her daughter, Ione, recently.

The Junior class regrets the absence of Miss Edith Scott, who is seriously ill with scarlet fever at her home in Kingston.

Sophomore Notes

There was a regular business meeting of the class, Friday, December 3rd, 1909.

If you had been at the Sophomore-Freshman Spelling Match, Friday, December 3rd, you would have seen fifteen Sophomores spell down thirty Freshmen. Never mind, perhaps the reformed spelling will be in vogue before the Freshmen are graduated.

The Sophomore class enjoyed the Senior reception. Several took active part behind the scenes.

Freshman Notes

On Friday evening, December 3, the annual spelling match between the Sophomores and Freshmen was held. Venimus, vidimus, victae sumus, as Shakespeare has said. There's no great honor in winning a spelling match anyway; good spellers are born, not made.

The Freshmen enjoyed the reception given by the Seniors and congratulate them on its success. 1913 could not have done better.

The Class regrets that Miss Chubb has left college.

The Y. W. C. A.

Miss Anna Fraser was the leader of the regular meeting held Wednesday afternoon, November 17th. Miss Reid, a former student of Syracuse University, was present and gave an interesting talk on the organization of the Y. W. C. A. at Syracuse. Special music, rendered by the Misses Foyle and Gardner, added to the enjoyment of the meeting. The Y. W. C. A. girls observed the week of prayer, beginning November 15th.

Many of our girls had the pleasure of attending the Y. W. C. A. conference of this city on December 1st and 2nd. The North-eastern Territorial Committee of the National Board of the

United States was present. The addresses, delivered by the different members of this committee, were not only very interesting but most instructive, being supplemented by stereopticon views of the association work.

"The Power of Words" was the topic of a meeting held Wednesday, Dec. 8th. The leader, Miss Effa VanDerzee, gave a very helpful talk, in which the enumeration of many concrete examples was most impressive. The distant ringing of the Christmas bells called many of the Association girls together Wednesday, Dec. 15th, to discuss the subject, "Christmas Giving." The program of the meeting was as follows:

Hymn	- - - - -	Willis
Scripture Reading, Matt. 2, 1-13	- - - - -	Miss Gardner
Song	- - - - -	Merry, Merry Xmas Bells
Introduction	- - - - -	Miss Huntsman
An Ideal Christmas	- - - - -	Miss Schubert
Hymn	- - - - -	Silent Night
Why and How Shall We Give to God	- - - - -	Miss Conant
What Should We Give Freely	- - - - -	Miss Thomas
Song	- - - - -	Christmas Bells

Our annual Christmas sale proved to be a great success from the financial standpoint. The doll exhibit, under Miss Kitt's management, added much to the attractiveness of the corner where the sale went on. The prize for the most neatly dressed doll was awarded to Miss Sarah Trembly.

The first regular meeting of the New Year was devoted to reports given by Miss Emily Hoag and Miss Jessie Hoskins, delegates from our Association to the International Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, N. Y.

Delta Omega

Miss May Lanpher, head of the Intermediate Department of Geneseo Normal School, has been the recent guest of Miss Cushing.

Miss Stella E. Whitaker, a charter member of the Sorority, is spending the winter in Woonsocket, Conn.

Miss Helen Hitchcock spent the holidays in New York and

Mineola.

On Saturday, December 11th, '09, Miss Hazel Bennett was initiated into the sorority. After the ordeal, refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed.

The sorority has begun the study of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism." The essay on Milton was read at a regular meeting and an interesting paper given by Miss Bessie Ovitt.

Several of the Delta girls and their friends enjoyed seeing the Ben Greet players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Saturday, December 4th, 1909.

After attending the concert given by the Lotus Glee Club, a few of the girls and their friends gathered at 25 South Lake Avenue for a little supper.

Delta Omega will be at home to her friends from 4 to 6 on Tuesday during the month of February, at 2 Delaware Ave.

Eta Phi Notes

Miss Sarah Trembly entertained the girls at an informal Bridge party on the afternoon of Nov. 29.

Saturday evening, Nov. 2, '09, Miss Grace Wilcox and Miss Lela Farnham entertained the Eta Phi girls in honor of Miss Farnham of Syracuse, who spent Thanksgiving vacation with her sister.

Eta Phi and a few of her friends enjoyed a spread in Prof. Belding's room, Wednesday noon, Dec. 1.

Miss Florence VanNoy, Miss Francis Kitts and Miss Francis Seeley were received into Eta Phi, Saturday, December 4.

At a regular meeting of the sorority at the home of Miss Adaline Raynsford, Thursday, December 9, the following officers were elected for the second semester: Pres., Clara Springstead; Vice Pres., Daisie Andrus; Sec'y., Harriet Osborn; Treasurer, Grace Willcox; Chaplain, Francis Seeley; Critic, Florence Burchard; Marshall, Florence Van Noy; Reporter, Sarah Trembly.

A Christmas party was held at the home of Agnes Stephens on December 16, 1909. A Christmas tree and Santa Claus were its features. After Santa had distributed the gifts, a Christmas luncheon was served.

Kappa Delta Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peck and daughter spent Sunday, Dec. 5, at the Kappa Delta house.

Kappa Delta entertained a number of friends at a chafing dish party on Saturday evening, December 4.

Santa Claus made his annual visit to the K. D. house, December 18, leaving tokens of the season to the Kappa Deltas and their friends.

Kappa Delta congratulates the Y. W. C. A. on its successful "sail" for Silver Bay.

Mary A. Denbow spent her Christmas vacation in Washington and Pittsburg. While in the Capitol, she visited Mrs. Charles Fake, K. D., '07.

On Saturday evening, January 15th, the Kappa Deltas were royally entertained by Roy Van Denbergh at a coasting party at his home near Rensselaer.

A regular meeting of the sorority was held at the sorority house on January 5th. The following officers were elected: President, May I. Foyle; Vice-President, May Chant; Recording Secretary, Helen Schemerhorn; Corresponding Secretary, Evelyn Austin; Echo Reporter, Isabelle Bigelman; Critic, Beulah Brando.

Psi Gamma Notes.

Miss Jessie L. Cleaveland spent the week end, Nov. 19-21, 1909, at the home of Miss Marion E. Craige at Sharon Springs.

Miss Mabel Roosa, '07, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clapp, during Thanksgiving vacation.

Miss Mabel Tallmadge entertained the Misses Mackey, '07, and Glenn, '07, over the week-end, November 27th and 28th, '09.

At the reception given by the Sorority to the college students,

November 20th, 1909, Mrs. John Gillespy, '04, and Miss Edith Glenn, '07, poured. The Misses Carnrite, '08, Macmillan, '08, and Mackey, '07, assisted in receiving.

December 3, '09, Psi Gamma and some of her friends enjoyed a peanut party at the home of Mrs. John Gillespy.

Miss Marion E. Craige entertained the Sorority, December 6th, '09.

Miss Winifred Gillespy was received into the Sorority at a regular meeting held December 14th, '09, at the home of Miss Mabel Tallmadge.

Santa Claus' annual visit to the Sorority and her friends was made December 20th at the home of Miss Florence Chase.

Miss Flora Snyder, '06, visited the Sorority and attended the reception, December 10, '09.

Laura Meigs, '07, entertained the Sorority Jan. 6th. Miss Mary B. Johnston, '05, was present. After the business was transacted, luncheon was served.

The Sorority met with Mabel A. Tallmadge, January 12th. The installation of the following officers followed the literary program: Mabel A. Tallmadge, President; Winifred Gillespy, Vice-President and Critic; Mary C. Hotaling, Rec. Sec'y and Echo Reporter; Jessie L. Cleveland, Corresponding Secretary; Fannie F. Pawel, Treasurer; Gertrude A. Heap, Chaplain; Florence E. Wittmeir, Marshall; Florence Chase, Literary Editor.

Psi Gamma and some friends enjoyed a theatre party Saturday, January 15th.

Newman Study Club

One of the important features of the work now being done by the club is a series of essays written by the members, concerning the life and works of Cardinal Newman. When the series is complete, it is to be bound and preserved for future use.

A number of the members attended "A Midsummer Night's Dream," given by the Ben Greet players at Harmanus.

Miss Bertha Bott spent the holiday vacation in New York City.

The club was well represented at the entertainment given by the Glee Club and enjoyed it immensely.

Phi Delta Notes

On the evening of December 3rd, Phi Delta listened to a most exciting debate among some of its members on the subject, "Resolved, That the Federal Government Should Own the Railroads of the Country." Messrs. Miller and VanDenbergh spoke in the affirmative, Messrs. Conklin and Wilson in the negative. Arrangements were then made for the next initiation, after which less weighty diversions were indulged in.

Mr. VanDenbergh received a most interesting letter from Mr. Case, stating that he is in his usual good health and spirits.

All the members are delighted with the ultimate success of the concert for THE ECHO'S support. The paper has and always will have our heartiest interest and support.

About College

The Senior Reception

Those who accepted the gracious invitation extended by the class of 1910, on Friday evening, December 10th, enjoyed one of most delightful and most cleverly managed entertainments ever given the faculty and student body. The class album revealed present though, hitherto, unsuspected likenesses throughout the college, past histories and future prophesies. Paradoxical as it may sound, it also revealed both the originality and the imitative power of the class.

Music and Yule-tide decorations added to the charm of the occasion.

The Lotus Glee Club.

The Lotus Glee Club and Minnie Marshall Smith, Reader, of New York City, gave a charming entertainment in the College Auditorium, Wednesday evening, December 15th. The entertainment was given under the auspices of THE ECHO.

Lecture on "Faust."

On January 11th, a lecture was given in the Auditorium by Dr. Rudolph Tombo of Columbia University on "Faust." The subject is an interesting one to all of us and Dr. Tombo presented it in a most pleasing manner. In opening, Dr. Tombo said that his lecture would include the second part of the drama, claiming that it would be as useless to try to understand Dante's "Divine Comedia" by reading simply the "Inferno," as to

appreciate Goethe's "Faust" without having read Part II. The lecturer then gave a brief sketch of the legendary Dr. Faustus and his connection with the literature of the time. He then went on to give the genesis of the drama and its relation to the life of Goethe. The main part of the lecture consisted of a review of the argument of "Faust" and was interspersed with appropriate quotations.

The theme is one of absorbing interest and Dr. Tombo's presentation did full justice to it, but it was the delivery that impressed the audience most. With his magnificent, musical voice, perfect command of the English language, and his extensive vocabulary, the lecturer kept the attention of his audience every moment. Dr. Tombo's voice is one of singular beauty and intonation, admirably suited to the rendering of quotations both in German and English. By this very quality, he enhanced the interest of a lecture which would have been interesting even if given by a poor speaker. To those who are acquainted with "Faust," Dr. Tombo gave a new appreciation of a noble poem, and those unacquainted with the drama he inspired with a desire to read and understand this great work of German literature.

Quebec Lecture.

On Friday, January 14th, Mr. Ure Mitchell, guide and lecturer, gave an illustrated lecture on "Ancient and Modern Quebec," in the College Auditorium. Mr. Mitchell is a graduate of St. Lawrence University and is at present connected with the transportation end of the Quebec Heat, Light & Power Co. His lecture, with beautiful slides of historic Quebec, was very interesting and instructive.

When I Can Spel as Good as You

Dear Soph:

No more need you be
 So fond of ridiculing me,
 And no more need you on me frown
 As oft' you do when I'm spelled down;
 Not 'cos I can't subtract or add,
 But just becos my spelling's bad.
 You know, soph, when I took exams,
 It's kaused me many silent kwams
 To think the hie marks that I got
 In other studies went for not.
 My History's good, my math. is fare,
 Can't beat my English anywhare.
 My Horace and my Botany
 And Dietgen, you'll quite agree,
 Are not so bad but mite be wurse;
 But it's my spelling's been my curse—
 I get my "tip-top men" real strate;
 My Dewey-ations ne'er are late,
 Tho' I'm not making an excuse:
 If one can't spell, why what's the use?
 But, O deer soph, I heard to-nite
 That soon all wuards will be spelled rite.
 No more, when you see how I spell,
 Will you say things it hurts to tell?
 And you'll not be inclined to say
 Words that you ortn't anyway?
 Our spelling, Soph, you'll be surprize,
 Is soon to be Karnagyize;
 Then you'll be proud, and I will, too,
 For I will spel as good as you.
 So now, soph, tho' my spelling's bosh,
 I'll sign myself

YOUR THANKFUL FROSH.

The Rochester Convention

Every four years, once in every college generation, Christian students from all parts of the world make a pilgrimage to a certain Mount of Privilege, known as the International Student Volunteer Convention. Eight years ago, this convention was held in Toronto, four years ago in Nashville, Tenn., and this year, during the Christmas holidays, at Rochester, N. Y.

There were two delegates from our college in attendance at this last convention and they, together with the other 4,000 students there assembled, gained such a Vision, such a View from a high Place that they will never forget it.

During these four days, the view, opened up before our eyes, seemed to grow until the Vision proved itself to be manifold. First, there was the wonderful glimpse of world-wide college spirit—all about were the college pennants, the State University banners, the sleevebands, the college songs and yells, and, best of all, the crowds of earnest faces that told us we were associating with the leaders in college life—those young men and women who were not afraid to “enter every open door.”

Gradually, as our eyes were more accustomed to the view, we began to realize that something more than colleges was represented here,—this was a gathering of students, the future men and women of power from all over the world. Over there was an ambitious young Chinaman; beside us were two sweet-faced Japanese girls; we had just been talking to a bright-eyed girl from Burma, India; in front of us were the jolly delegates from Kentucky, who were going on their first sleigh-ride that night. England and Germany, as well as Mexico and the South American countries, were represented in person. No, we could not have failed to understand that this was a world-wide movement, for as we lifted our eyes from the vast congregation, we saw the 29 flags, symbolic of the nationalities there assembled, waving over our convention motto like a benediction.

This motto, or watch-word, “The Evangelization of the World in This Generation,” gave us the key to a broader view of the brotherhood of men. This convention was held to see what could

be done about helping our living brothers in this living generation. It meant that there were at least 4,000 young people in the world more eager "to give than to get." The noble young men who said, "I am going to Japan because I have been there and can still hear the voices saying, 'Please, sir, may I join your Bible Class?'" had the true glimpse of the universal brotherhood of men.

In English class, we heard of reading "by proxy," but here at Rochester, we saw "by proxy," when we gained a Vision of life through the eyes of great men, who are *world* citizens. Here, we were on the mountain top, indeed, when we were privileged to see as they saw, the whole world spread out before us, the world longing for the optimists, the men and women with a glad mission to come and lighten its burden.

The time came all too soon when we had to descend from our Mount of Privilege, down to the commonplace world below, but we followed the example of the throngs around us and went courageously, striving, as we passed down, for one more view—the glimpse of what our lives might be if we kept the Vision we had seen fresh in our souls. Then we saw Lake Ontario's waters rolling in, wave on wave, pushed on by the mighty current which comes from the ocean. The Convention is our ocean, we thought, and the current of the waves the influence which our lives possess.. And we wondered, with eager hearts, as we paused for our last look, will the waves freeze on the shore in masses of icy foam, or will they go on to form a dashing, resistless Niagara, that shall furnish the spiritual powerhouse of the world? The next four years will tell.

EMILY F. HOAG, '10.

Freshman Frolic,

On Friday evening, Jan. 15, the Junior Class entertained the Freshman Class in the College Buildings. The first part of the evening was spent in the Auditorium where a travesty, entitled "Petruccio's Widow," was given. The cast of characters was as

follows: Petruchio's Widow, Miss Wittmeier; Mrs. Othello, Miss Kartluke; Jessica, Miss Hotaling; Juliet, Miss Brandon; Romeo, Mr. Barringer; Shylock, Mr. Allison.

The funny and serious parts were well brought out by the players and the sketch was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

During the remainder of the evening, dancing was enjoyed in Room M of Science Hall. Before refreshments were served, the Freshman President, as the representative of his class, was presented with a glass of milk and the impromptu response given was fully appreciated.

The patronesses of the evening were Miss McCutcheon and Miss Dunsford.

Leaves from a Freshman's Diary.

DECEMBER 11, 1909.—Dear Diary: My room-mate was invited to a party to-night and I wasn't, so I'm here all alone and I guess I'll write to you. I have my Y. W. C. A. doll all dressed. She looks so sweet that I can't help stealing over to kiss her every once in a while and wish I could keep her for my very own—but that's piggish of me and she *will* make some poor little girl dreadfully happy when she sees her looking at her from the top of her stocking Xmas morning. Christmas! Oh, joyful thot! (I'm going to use reform spelling after this in my unpublished MSS.) Already I'm dancing around here electrocuting (or is it electrifying?) Peggy, by singing:

“Santa Claus will come to-night,
 If you're good,
 And do what you know is right
 As you should.
 Down the chimney he will creep,
 Bringing you a woolly sheep—
 And a doll that goes to sleep,
 If you're good.”

Oh, I wish I could keep that dolly—maybe they'll give a doll for the prize at the exhibition and maybe I'll get it because I

don't see how any doll could look sweeter than my Rebecca Rowena. But I must stop "meandering" and tell you what has happened these two weeks. In the first place, I've been so busy I haven't known where I was at. We've had to write a psychology paper almost every day since we've been back. I've described every sort of teacher I ever knew or ever hope to know and am making new and unknown ones now, out of secondary and known material. Honestly, the house-breaker, Sikes, was never more of a terror to poor little Oliver Twist than the heart-breaker, Sike, is to poor little twisted me. But, *helas!* that's not the worst. Why, if I should tell you of all the exams and papers we've had since we came back, your hair would stand on end, dear diary. I can't say any more than that poem in an old "St. Nicholas," home:

Oh, Friday night's the queen of nights,
 Because it ushers in—
 The feast of good Saint Saturday,
 When studying is a sin.
 When studying is a sin, girls,
 And one may go to play,
 Not only in the afternoon,
 But all the live-long day."

Saint Saturday has changed into an avenging fiend for me; it's a sin not to study and one may'nt go to play even for one "live-long" minute and, as for a feast, we only get baked beans and pork Saturday nights and the idea of Friday night being the "queen of nights!" I think it's a regular ace of spades. The first Saturday after vacation, we boned on "math." all day, trying to make up our back work and the next Saturday I had to try an entrance exam. in Latin Composition. It was a terrible one (Fraulein). That makes me think—I learned to-day the origin of the (one, Fraulein) joke. It seems way back two years ago a Junior, called Olive Briggs, said, "They brought in three dead ones" in her translation, and the German professor thundered, "Ones, Fraulein!" and has objected to it ever since. When I hear them talking about old ones, and dead ones and all that, I always think of the poor old blind cow we had home once, that the other cows always hooked, so she used to stay off all by herself in the pasture and you could hear our Swede man, Peter, yell in his tremulo voice all over the farm when he

found her, "What's the matter mit you, auld wun? Oh, you was dull all right, auld wun!" That's too countrified to tell anyone here, so I laugh as though it was the real joke that pleased me. I suppose that's the rudiments of "bluffing" that they tell about. There seems to be a great many things to learn here in college; for instance—I never can make a things to learn here in college; for instance,—I never can make a joke or see one until a day or two afterward; I just hate to have people say smart things to me—I can only just open my mouth and stare—I never catch on. Yesterday I asked a Senior what book had been most useful to her during her college course. She looked at me gravely and said, "My father's pocket-book, dear child." And do you know, Peggy had to explain it to me after we got home—I thought maybe her father was like the English professor who carries a book of Kipling's poems in his pocket.

Another thing I'm learning is the college system of shorthand. It works on a sort of apperception theory—you take every abbreviation you ever learned in any subject to form a hieroglyphic writing. For instance, I borrowed a Junior's note-book not long ago and it was like reading a foreign language. On the first page I came across this sentence: "Aber, on say, on shd ne ? him a'bt his O of friends. He se a no K. of his infl., . . . convs. cum him on ce subj. not nec." After about an hour's study, I found she meant "However, they say, you should not question him about his circle of friends. He himself has no knowledge of his influence, therefore, conversation with him on this subject is not necessary.

But I am "meandering" dreadfully as David Copperfield says. Wednesday, Dec. 1st, we went down to the city Y. W. C. A. Conference and saw the loveliest stereopticon views and among them were pictures of that wonderful "Silver Bay" they talk so much about in college. It is a beautiful place—I'd like to go there myself if they have as good a time and learn as much as they say they do. And last week was our spelling match. Only 15 sophomores came and poor things, we were sorry for them because there were so few and let them beat us. I hope our class will never be as slow as that one when we are sophomores.

I wonder if Peggy's having a good time at the party. It's funny—I didn't get invited, too,—Peggy said probably the girls didn't like me because I'm so stupid about answering in classes and catching on to jokes. Oh, dear! I wish Xmas vacation was nearer. I want to see my mother. Maise a resoomer—last Fri-

day night I went to the Senior reception. All day long, Friday, I heard mysterious whispers in the halls about the bridal bouquet,—the pistol,—the door-key,—hoodlums,—Hetty Green and the dying Colonel” and once a Senior rushed up to me and said, “Oh, dear! I wish you looked more like Louise Wheeler. How provoking!” until I thought something marvelous would take place and, do you know, all it was, was an album social, just like the one of the Dingledipper family, the “Ladies Aid” gave home. I remember I was the Dingledipper laundress. I hope our class has something a little more original at our reception. Peggy is home, so I bid thee a fond farewell, my dearest, paper friend, my Dairy.

DEC. 20, MONDAY.—Oh, and to-morrow we go home, but, goodness! how slow the time goes—Peggy and I have had a string of paper dolls over the dresser, one for each day in the week and to-night, we chopped off the last head, but still we linger here. The hands of my alarm clock go around as slow as though they were stuck with glue and it seems as though we were as long getting started on our vacation as the “Glee Club” people were getting out of that burning building. I say a hundred times a day in a shrill, excited soprano, “Come, let us fly!” and Peggy answers in a tearful alto, “We perish here! We perish here!” Then I pull out my suitcase in place of the janitor, which is full of Xmas presents and shout in despair, “Here is my satchel!” Peggy answers with a wail as tragic as that of the little fat man, “And this is my mileage!” You see we are so excited that we are silly. This week has been an awfully exciting sort of a peppery week anyway. Wednesday, we had a meeting of the student body and Dr. Aspinwall talked to us and well!—it had been like a summer’s calm before; we had each gone our sluggish ways without a bit of that fiery enthusiasm that can move through the whole student body like a living thing. During that talk, the air just snapped with that wonderful, mysterious thing they call “College Geist”—Stae Normal College was awake—we freshmen had never seen it before and it did us good. Peggy and I both got so enthused that we exchanged our 50c tickets for \$.75 ones (Fraulein). But we didn’t do as well as the freshman who got six subscriptions to THE ECHO and bought two tickets when she couldn’t come. College spirit makes things move, I tell you. You feel as though you were on “The Lightning Express” when you get a taste of it (Ive mixed my meta-

phors, but don't you care, mon amy). And about the entertainment itself, I will *not* "go into superlatives" about it because that would disprove that song they sang about us:

"You never can tell about a woman;
Perhaps that's why we think them all so nice.
You never find two alike once,
And you never find one alike twice."

because I have used superlatives before now. I will say, though, that we enjoyed every single minute of it only when the man with the moustache sang "Home, Deary, Home, That's Where I would Be." Peggy began to get out her handkerchief when he said, "You're counting the days." Lots more happened, too this week. The Y. W. C. A. "sail" was a great success and there was a terribly interesting basketball game, but to-night I must go to sleep so to-morrow night I can sit up late *home* (!) and talk Xmas secrets. Wish you a Merry Xmas, dear Diary.

JAN. 4, 1910.—Oh, I've had the nicest time—we had a Xmas tree home and I had all the ribbon candy I could eat—I don't see why we had to come back so soon. But there is no rest for the wicked, they say, and it's one of my New Year's resolutions not to waste any time and keep up the review and not flunk math. I can't sit staring at you, dear Diary; I must get to work.

JAN. 14.—This is the last time I can write to you for weeks, my dear "thought-book," because exams. are coming for which I must cram. I read in "When Patty Went to College" about how terribly one feels at such a time, but, oh! this is the worst ever! The only thing I'm sure about is my French—I'm sure I won't be like the Junior who, when I asked her in gym whether you jumped on your right or left foot, said, "Je ne sasse pa." My botany note-book isn't half made up and the drawings in it are positively hideous. As for my algebra, every test, my standing keeps approaching nearer and nearer to the limit zero. But a Senior proved to me by the theory of limits that they never really can reach zero, though they may seem to, so I'm somewhat comforted. And that old European History—"it's the idol of my heart" now in place of my "busted dolly." I carry it around under my arm all the time and Peggy has arranged a strip of paper about 3 yards long with all the important dates and names that she unrolls and repeats during meal times. And Latin—well, I've given up all hopes of getting

punched in that for they say the last half of the alphabet *always* gets flunked in January anyway. And my English and Psychology—oh, let's not talk about it any more—even though I fail “dans toot” I have the comfort of knowing I've learned a great deal this year—I can jump over the horse in gym and I went to the lecture on Faust the other day and decided that I'd study German next year for I want to know more about that Dr. Faust and his doubles and especially that other man who never grew tired of striving after truth. I went to the lecture with the stereopticon views, too, his afternoon and, by the way, dear Diary, if we ever go to Quebec, let's look at the ice-tower, the Bunker Hill cannon and the intrenchments; go down the inclined elevator and hurry right home to the United States where everything we have wasn't given to us by a king or a queen and where we can see Old Glory floating everywhere without paying for it. Now I must hurry to get ready for the Freshman Frolic. They say the Juniors are going to feed us bread and milk. I don't care, for I have a tooth-ache and can't chew. So good-bye—for 2 or 3 weeks. No matter what happens, even though I can't talk to you, I am going to try awfully hard to “keep calm, keep sweet, keep good” and do the best I can.

Alumni Notes

Obituary

The death of Miss Frances M. Crawford, class of '88, occurred in Brooklyn, December 17th, after an illness of two weeks. The immediate cause was heart-failure, following an attack of pneumonia. Miss Crawford's many friends in Cohoes, Troy and Albany were greatly shocked to hear of the fatal termination of her illness, as but few of them knew she was ill.

Her career as a kindergarten teacher and a trainer of kindergartners in Cohoes was marked by the success of an earnest and enthusiastic nature, which strove always to realize a high ideal. The estimation in which she was held by her training classes and her associate teachers may be inferred from the following notice of the action taken by them.

Cohoes, Jan. 1.—The local school teachers held a memorial meeting in the board of education rooms Thursday in honor of the late Miss Frances Crawford, who died last week at Bay Ridge, L. I. Miss Crawford established the first kindergarten in Cohoes and also the first kindergarten training class ever held in this city. It was decided by the ladies, in view of her love for children and the field of effort to which she had so devoted her life, that the most fitting memorial would be the endowment of a free bed for a child in the Cohoes hospital."

Miss Mary F. Smythe has been made chairman of the Executive Board appointed to receive contributions for this memorial. Address 58 McElwain Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

For the past five years, Miss Crawford has been a kindergarten in Public School No. 163, Borough of Brooklyn. Her loss will be deeply felt by her daily associates, but more deeply by those who were privileged to be her friends. She had the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them because she was herself a devoted friend to those once admitted to that fortunate place in her regard.

It may be truly said of her:

“None knew her but to love her.
None named her but to praise.”

Miss Margaret M. Ruland

At South Westerlo, N. Y., December 9th, Margaret M. Ruland gently passed away after an illness of several months. Miss Ruland was graduated from the State Normal College at Albany in 1890 and, with the exception of three years' teaching in Rye, N. Y., and Johnstown, N. Y., taught continuously at New Rochelle, Westchester county, until three years ago when she was obliged to give up her work on account of failing health. She was a rare and most lovable person, possessing the highest principles, and a host of friends mourn her untimely death.

Mrs. Sabina Chamberlain Lyon.

Mrs. Sabina Chamberlain Lyon, who was graduated from the Albany State Normal School in 1854, died at her home in Medina, O., December 12, 1909.

Married

Miss Barbara E. Sammons, Delta Omega, was married on Wednesday, November 24th, 1909 to Mr. Stewart Dockstader. The bride was a member of the class of 1905 and a teacher for some time in Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Maryland, and also in the Albany Boys' Academy.

Engaged

The engagement has been announced of Miss Laura Elizabeth Meigs, daughter of Mrs. Laura B. Meigs of Elberon Place to Charles Dutton of Westerly, R. I. Miss Meigs is a graduate of the State Normal College, class of '07, and is a member of the Psi Gamma sorority.

Mr. Dutton is a lawyer, with offices in Westerly and Providence, R. I., and is a son of the Rev. J. G. Dutton of Westerly. He was graduated from the Albany Law School in 1907 and is a member of the Misquamicut and Rhode Island clubs.

Miss Mary B. Johnston, '05, Psi Gamma, of Salem, N. Y., was in Albany over New Year's and visited the college on January 4th.

Miss Marion F. Mackey '07, Psi Gamma, spent part of the Christmas Holidays with Mabel A. Tallmadge.

Miss Mary C. Doremus, '08, Kappa Delta, has accepted a position in the Kingston High school as teacher of Mathematics.

Miss Olive Briggs, '09, Delta Omega, is teaching English in the High school at Park Ridge, N. J.



 **FOR**

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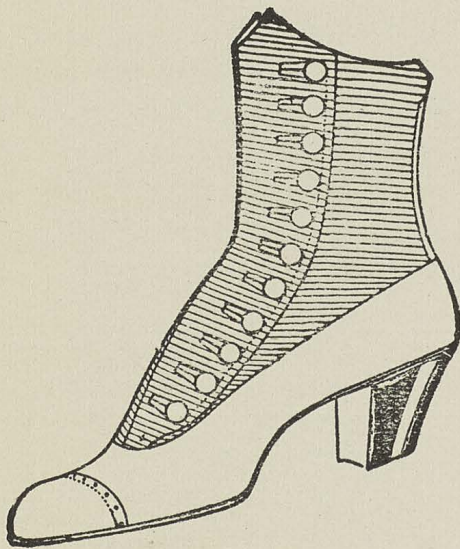
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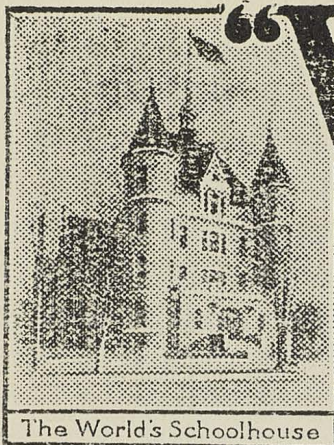
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