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**FRESHMAN  
NUMBER**

**JANUARY  
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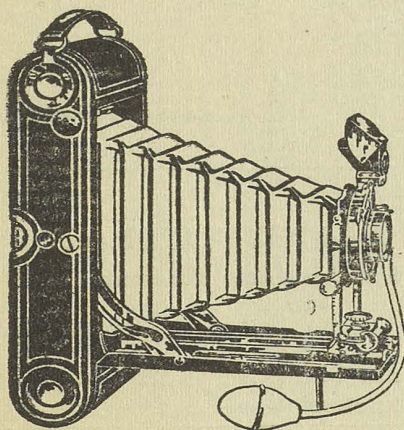
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# The Echo

VOL. XXV

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## Literary Department

### The Battle

All morning a drizzling rain had fallen, filling the trenches with water up to the soldiers' ankles. But in the early afternoon the dreary Polish sky brightened, even cleared, and for a few moments the grim faces of the fighters gazed up at the golden ball, whose radiance seemed to emphasize, rather than brighten, the sombreness of the landscape.

Boom! Boom! What was it? Yes, four fellow-soldiers lay stiff and lifeless, their splendid bodies torn open by a single cannon ball, fired from the German trenches. Pierre Soignéé shivered. That was Jean, who lay there bleeding, but happily oblivious of his wounds. He would never have to fight again. But his wife, and the four little ones — who would care for them? And Jean had not even had time to send them a message. As Pierre thought of these things

his face darkened. The big, kind eyes grew hard and shone like angry steel. Involuntarily, as he reloaded his gun, he straightened his shoulders and muttered, "These Germans, they shall suffer!"

Four hours later there were but few left alive of the little company with whom Pierre Soignéé had fought so faithfully. Those who had survived had crept away over the field to their supper. The unconscious, the wounded, or the dead were the only human creatures near the trenches.

It was quite dark when Pierre Soignéé stirred. Slowly, painfully, he opened his eyes. He tried to sit up, but the flow of blood from his wound made him collapse, and he closed his eyes to keep from seeing again that horrible face staring at him. He tried to think where he had seen the man before, but he failed to recall. Pierre heard him groan, mutter something, then cry aloud. He spoke in a tongue Pierre did not immediately recognize, but which a moment later he discovered to be German. So that was it, a German praying; daring to invoke the aid of God! Pierre reopened his eyes. In the dim light he could see a drawn, ghastly face and a pair of hands folded in prayer.

"Wasser! — mich dürstet," came hoarsely from the German's throat.

Pierre understood. He clenched his fist and for a few minutes there raged in his heart a battle fiercer than any that was ever fought on sea or land. At last it was over. Pierre, too, had prayed. He knew he must die. He had no ties to bind him to anyone. No one would suffer a loss if he went. But the German! Perhaps he, too, had little ones, as Jean did. After all, God had made them both.



Painfully he turned to his fellow-sufferer. "Here," he said in broken German, "Take the water in this flask. You will live — I will die. You go home to your kiddies, and pray that you may never need fight again. God — we are all his children. We must not hate. He loves ——."

That was all. Pierre's last struggle was over. His victory was greater than the victory of kings.

CORNELIA BUCH.

---

### When the Joneses Entertain

"Come in! Come in, Aunt Sarah. Let Miranda take your things, and come right in and set down. Take the big rocker. First come help themselves, sez I. What! Sally ain't coming? Now, do tell! I'm real sorry. But then, I wasn't quite sure of there being enough pie to cut for so many, if too many took punkin, and punkin's Sally's kind. Every cloud turns wrong side out. Excuse me, guess Mary and Tom are comin'.

"That's right, Mary, I'm glad you brung 'em all. Always room for one more Jones.

"Say, that sounds like the croup. There ain't nothin' better than onion syrup. I've tried it on all mine, and they never had it but once.

"Don't be bashful, Rosie; come right in. Here, take this blessed child 'till I let them others in.

"Jonathan, let me have your coat, and, Esther, put them feet to the fender. They're as wet as a Sunday school picnic day.

"For the land sakes, Aunt Sarah, if that ain't the minister and the hull family, jest when I was a-havin' a select Jones party. It never rains, but our umbrell's lent. But then, God wills all ministers.

“Come in, Mr. Simmons, I’m so glad to see you! Sit right down near the fire. And, Mrs. Simmons, take that bonnet straight off, for you’re not a-goin’ to step outside this house without a-havin’ tea.

“No, not a mite. I jest was a-thinkin’ it warn’t good policy to have an entire Jones party.

“Mirandy! Mirandy! Come and set out the backgammon. Like’s not your Uncle Jonathan will have a game with the minister.

“There comes Hannah. I never knew her to be anything but late, even when she was a girl. The early bird got its pancakes baked at our house. Maybe that’s why she is such a good cook, always havin’ a-done it for herself.

“Hannah, this is our new minister and his wife from the Corners. Cyrus and the boys will be along later? All right, better late than eat cold vittles to home.

“Say, Esther, have you got that ’er chiny set you was a-savin’ coupons for, yet? No, I hain’t got but one coupon for you. You see I set that stuff on onct for John, and he et it, never sayin’ a word (him not bein’ the complainin’ kind, thank gracious). But the next day I saw the box was missin’ from the shelf, though I never suspicioned what could have become of it. That night when I went out to feed the chickens, I noticed some funny flakes scattered over the ground inside the chicken fence. I couldn’t imagine what they could be ’till I saw behind one of the coops an empty box. I hain’t said nothing to John, nor he to me, but I know one thing. I ain’t that mean to animals as to ever treat poor innicent chickens that have always treated me straight like that again.

“For the land sakes! What’s that baby got in its mouth? As I live, it’s a penny. Oh! he’s swallowed it! Well, I wouldn’t worry, Mary. See, he’s all right now. A penny saved is a penny got, you know. Cyrus, you might have been here a little speedier, but, then, you’re here, and that’s something, considerin’ you weigh two hundred and fifty.

“Got your appetites, boys? That’s good. I guess we’re all about ready for something by now. So we’ll sojourn to the next room for our feast of chicken pie and flow of cider. Mr. Simmons, you and your wife to the right there, and, Mary, you take George between you, on the left. You, little Simmons, there by your ma, and if the dictionary and Fox’s Martyrs ain’t lofty enough, jest take a cushion from the sofy. Esther, you and Jonathan by Tom, there, and Rose next on the right. Hannah, there surely ain’t room for you and Cyrus both on one side, so you go next Rose. Boys, you fill up the corners. Now, John, I guess I left room for you at the foot.

“Mr. Simmons, will you say grace? Now, all jest pitch in and eat ’till yonder sun shall set forever.

“John, you cut the pie and don’t count your chickens before we see if there’s enough for all the children.

“Jest start them pickles, Rose, and, Mr. Simmons, do take some more jelly. Mirandy, fill your Uncle Jonathan’s coffee cup, will you?

“Mary, a bit of that crust won’t hurt the baby a mite.

“Won’t somebody have something more?

“That’s right, boys; I knew you wouldn’t go back on my cookin’.

“ Now, Mirandy, bring on the gooseberry wine. No, Mr. Simmons, it wouldn't hurt a Methodist flee, for I made it myself. Now, everybody fill up their glasses!

“ Here's to the Joneses!

“ Long life and happiness to 'em.

“ Never mind, Georgie, you can finish that pie later.

“ If we can all get up, let's go back to the settin' room.

“ Boys, there's a barrel of apples down cellar; jest bring us up a few; and you, Mirandy, fetch the cider and chestnuts. Why, Mr. Simmons, you ain't a-goin' this early? Well, come again. Here, John, get the lantern and hitch up the minister's horse for him and drive up to the side door. Be careful of the well hole, Mrs. Simmons. It's a long lane that has no mud puddles.

“ Dear me, it's kind of a relief to have the on-your-best-behavior feeling let up on, don't you think?

“ Jonathan, you'll find the cards under the last pile of books on the top shelf. Jest all chip in now and have a good time. No, thanks, I'll help Mirandy with the dishes. Now you set down, Mary. I guess this little mess of dishes won't hurt me.

“ Why, baby Jones! Jonathan, take my chair to the fire. There, baby, don't cry. Fallin' down stairs don't happen to every baby. A rollin' stone gathers no cobwebs on a Jones' stairway. There, there. Holdin' the baby here makes me think of something I read the other night from Shakespeare. It goes something like this: 'How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child.' Little gums hurt the baby?

"Why, Mary, bless the child. No wonder he cried. The latest Jones improvement has cut a tooth. But, then, the Joneses always were forward. He's stopped crying now, and there's the horse at the door. Good night, and take good care of the children, Tom.

"Good night! Good night!"

E. PUDERBAUGH, '19.

---

### Jacques d' Joinville

The wind sang the dirge as it howled about the little log chapel which stood on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Inside a Jesuit father was singing the requiem mass over the dead body of one of the colonists who had been killed by the Iroquois. After the last prayers had been said, and the incense odor was growing faint, a voice cried out from the back of the rude oratory:

"Father, may God forgive me for speaking in His house, but in that coffin lies the form of one who, though he was not in orders, was indeed a saint. He was a loyal son of the Holy Church, and loved the Blessed Mother. By the Holy Presence in the mass I swear to avenge the death of this fallen man. May the saints bear witness!"

Père Jocelin stepped forward and addressed the excited man, who had so rashly vowed to go out against the Redmen.

"My son," he said, "I have come here as a man of God. I have come into the wilds of New France and have built this altar so that I may bring these poor heathen to a knowledge of salvation. Oh, Jacques, be careful, and in your wrath do not undo

the work of the Church which you love and serve.”

With this reproof the good father moved away. Jacques watched the cassocked figure depart. He was surprised, but not moved from accomplishing his vow of revenge.

Several days later a few armed men rushed to the house of Father Jocelin. They cried that Jacques had been taken by the Iroquois, and that the party of Frenchmen had been defeated. Great was the terror in the settlement. Men, women and children fled to the chapel and sought deliverance from the attack which they knew would soon be made. They implored Heaven, called upon the saints, and vowed sacrifices that they might be spared.

But on one cold night, while the moon hung majestically over the few cabins, there came the war-yell. Fire and tomahawk visited the Frenchmen. Resistance was vain. Women and children were killed as they fled to the mission. The Indians followed and entered the sacred precincts. Father Jocelin, with mighty faith, stepped before the altar. He lifted the monstrance high above his head and cried:

“The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him!”

The black figure with the glittering ostensorium frightened the savages. They hushed for a moment and seemed dazed. The priest cried in his heart for a miracle, and Heaven answered his prayer; for just then a body of soldiers rushed in and overpowered the attacking men of the Six Nations. Jacques d' Joinville was at the head of the rescuing party. He said that he had escaped, and straightway had fled to the nearest settlement for aid.

Then good Father Jocelin called the people to prayer. He chanted a solemn "Te Deum" of thanksgiving, and in an extemporary prayer asked God to give to His people meek and humble hearts and to deliver them from rash deeds which lead to destruction.

A. J. MILLER, '19.

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### A Desire Fulfilled

All my life I have read of beautiful maidens fainting at critical moments into the arms of gallant youths. How I envied and worshiped them with my whole heart and soul! I have even meditated for lengthy periods upon the wilting creatures.

I confided to my best friend all my desires, but she gave me no consolation. I waited for a fainting spell to come over me. It did not come.

With this still in mind I went to church one Sunday. The minister was the most comforting person I could think of. His topic was, "He shall give thee the desire of thy heart." This desire, I found, was obtainable through prayer. That night, before I went to bed, I prayed a long time for the fulfillment of my big wish.

Having spent the night dreaming of the time and the place I should choose for fainting, I went to breakfast. My twelve-year-old brother had erected a sign opposite my eyes, which read, "Be too sturdy to faint." This was what I looked at through several meals. This morning's conversation drifted to family friends who had distinguished themselves by fainting at large gatherings.

"Fainting comes from not eating," was the remark of my grandmother. An idea immediately

came to me. I would not eat. I tried this for several meals, but as I did not faint I gave it up. All seemed hopeless, but still I had faith in the minister's text.

One morning it was given out that our first basketball game would be held in two weeks. All our girls worked hard at the practice games. I was on the scrub team, and our regular team played us every day. The day before the event one of the best players sprained her ankle, consequently I was put in her place.

Our score was tied; we were in a fever of excitement. The whistle blew. Our center knocked the ball into my hands. I made a running leap, threw the ball into the basket, and the whistle blew for time. We had won.

The sad part of the game fell on me. When I took my leap for the basket I plunged into the stone wall and knocked out a tooth, causing my mouth to bleed furiously. Now, I thought, now was my time to faint. When one faints one is unconscious, but I was aware of all my surroundings, and I knew that my mouth hurt.

Would it not be wonderful to faint with so many present, and after such a victory! I was complimented on my play, but was reminded how woe-begone I looked, minus a tooth.

As a result of all this, I was forced to visit my dentist. He treated me and told me to come the next day. I went.

The man filed the remainder of my tooth off, and then bored a hole till he touched my nerve. Of all unpleasant things this was the worst. I held firmly



to the chair. He took an instrument resembling a tiny awl and applied it to the roof of my mouth. The pain was almost unbearable, but I suffered in silence.

The dentist said with a delightful smile, "You are certainly a brave girl."

He showed me the nerve. It wiggled. I fainted.

AUGUSTA TEN EYCK, '19.

---

### A Night with the Wind and Waves

It was on a dark, moonless night in early August that a party of six, four girls and two men, climbed down the rickety, slippery ladder from the dock into the "Irene," lying at anchor in the crib. The "Irene," a small motor-boat, was called one of the most seaworthy crafts on Hempstead Harbor, and that night, unknown to us, she was to have a fair opportunity to justify her reputation.

When comfortably stowed away, we started, waving good-bye to our mothers and eagerly anticipating a pleasant trip. Before we realized it, we had shot out of the sheltered end of the harbor and were sailing on open water. It was a beautiful night. The sky was a deep, impenetrable blue, and the stars, in the absence of the moon, seemed unusually clear and bright. Enchanted by the charm and mystery of the night, we had gone some distance before we realized that the waves were running unusually high. The "Irene" was rising and dipping in the water like a porpoise at play.

"Shall we turn back?" some one cried.

"No, keep on!" we all shouted above the roar of the water.

We were exhilarated; a different spirit animated us, changing our normal selves into creatures exulting, reveling in the wildness of a dark night. The wind freshened every minute, and the waves rose higher and higher, drenching us with spray. A wet lock of hair blew across my lips and tasted salt to my mouth. As the great waves came racing toward us they raised our boat high, then dropped it low, down, down, into their trough. The wind and the waves seemed tugging at us, each striving to drag us his way.

No one knows how long we should have rushed on had not a sudden clang arrested our attention. The anchor, with about eighty feet of rope, had become dislodged from its accustomed place by our wild careening and had slipped into the water. We quickly stopped the engine, fearing the rope would become tangled in the rudder, and the men attempted to recover the anchor. The rest of us sat huddled together, silently listening to the swish, swish of the waves as they beat against our boat. In those few minutes of waiting the sense of vastness and immensity almost overpowered me. I seemed nearer to the heart of things than ever before. My hand seemed almost on Nature's pulse, and the thrill and wonder of life swept upon me with new intensity.

When, after some difficulty, the men had succeeded in freeing the anchor, they swung the boat around and started for home. The return trip was uneventful, for wind and tide were now with us. It was such a great contrast to our outward trip that it would have seemed an anticlimax had we

not had the feeling that we had been very close to those deep, strong forces which ever work silently around us, and of which we are so ignorant. We had seen and were afraid.

DOROTHY VANDERPOOL, '19.

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### Waiting

It was only four o'clock, yet a very little of the fading light found its way into the low room through the tiny small-paned window. The slender old lady rose from the chair where she had been sewing, put more wood into her queer little old-fashioned stove, opened the grate, walked to the window, and looked out. Soft white hair waved loosely over her forehead, and her eyes were filled with sad happiness.

The snow covered the ground and capped the rocks and tree stumps that were scattered about in the field before her. Beyond, the trees, green and white in their winter splendor, rose with the hills until they disappeared with the hazy line of mountains fading into the horizon. Below, at her right, stood the little brick church alone, outside the village. Everything looked still and cold and lonesome, but the little old lady stood there and waited. A faint sound of laughter reached her; then, one after another, a party of skaters came into view, shouting and singing as they hurried up the creek, across the pasture, and out of sight between the hills.

The light faded faster. A bright star came out and looked down at the face in the window. The little old lady smiled as she whispered,

"Thank you, star, for coming."

She dropped quietly into a low rocking chair and crossed her arms on the sill. It was Christmas eve again, and Bobby might come back. Year after year, with her only boy, she had watched for that star on Christmas eve, until twenty years ago to-night, when Bobby went away. It had seemed for weeks that surely he would come this year. Somehow the idea had occurred and had stayed in her mind, the idea that if their favorite star shone down into the little cabin window this night, she would know that he was coming. The star had come, but still she was not happy. It was foolishness, anyway, she thought, to take that for a sign. Once more she looked up. The sky was full of stars. She closed her eyes as she thought, half aloud:

"Perhaps Bobby can't come to-night."

From the brick church below she heard old familiar Christmas hymns. Later, happy voices came indistinctly into the little cabin room, and she knew that the service had closed. The clock ticked on in another room.

A rooster in a neighboring barn broke the terrible stillness, and the village fowls answered him. From somewhere she could hear the muffled noise of horses moving in their stalls. A few dogs gave quick, short barks, as if it were their duty. Again that awful silence fell upon the mountains and the clock ticked on and on in the other room.

Some wood fell in the stove and the fire snapped as it blazed up again. Quietly she moved to the stove, laid on more fuel, and returned to the window. The sky was growing darker. A few light clouds, then heavy dark ones gathered overhead and drew a curtain between her and her star.

The little old lady bowed her head on her hands. The fire died in the stove. The ticking came more loudly from the other room, and outside, in the silence, the snow fell faster and heavier.

The next day Bobby came — too late.

BEULAH LAWRENCE, '19.

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## Fragments

### Acroustio

Personality is made up of three attributes, consciousness, character and will. Acroustio is a personality. He has these three attributes in more widely different proportions than any other individual.

Acroustio is conscious that the shade of his socks always blends well with his tie. He is certain of his powers of fascination, else why should he be so often a delicious cabbage to a swarm of butterfly girls? He is conscious of his superiority to the other fellows in intellectual matters, such as knowing what brand of cigarettes to choose, when to bluff in a poker game, and how to get the least return from the world for the time and money he flings to it.

Acroustio has character. A cake half baked might be quite nutritious, and it might have a pleasant, sweetish taste. Who would want under-done cake for a steady diet?

As for his will, he follows his own star in his own wagon, without regard to the reasoning of others. May he pass through the mill which grinds generously, for who can say how large a kernel is hidden away in the most eccentric husk?

R. F., '19.

### The Difference

Rare old castles, towering spires,  
 Courtly costumes, golden lyres,  
 A jeweled sword, an ivory fan —  
 These are made by mortal man.

Meadows fair and forests green,  
 A little pond with silvery sheen,  
 A tiny flower, a soft-winged dove —  
 These are made by God above.

KATHRYN LINEHAN, '19.

### "Now I Lay Me"

Please, God, it's awful dark an' still;  
 I'm shivvery an' afraid:  
 It seems as if sleep wouldn't come  
 'Till I'd knelt down an' prayed.

Do you ever hear me now, dear God,  
 Since mother's gone away?  
 She'd keep me warm within her arms  
 And tell me what to say.

Does she teach the angels how to pray  
 An' kiss them when they're through?  
 Daddy says you want her, God —  
 I want her more — I do!

K. S. LAR., '19.

**Purple and Grey**

We looked at the glimmering purple  
Which shrouded the mountains on high.  
It called to us, beckoned us, lured us.  
We tired of the grey land near by.

We left the cold grey we had tired of,  
The everyday land that we knew,  
And climbed toward the glimmering purple,  
But lo, it was only grey, too.

M. C. LINEHAN, '19.





# The Echo

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## Editorial Department

### A Plea for Dramatics

Suppose we should give Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" to the ordinary business man; would he find in it the subtlety of meaning, the vividness and power, that the student of poetry would find? Does the untrained eye see the beauty of Millet's paintings that the art student sees? Does a production of "Lohengrin" give no more to the musician than to the ordi-



nary theater devotee? Will the drama mean no more to one who has read the lines of a great playwright and given them forth somewhere sometime clothed in the garb of his own imagery, stamped with the glow of his own personality,— will the drama mean no more to him than to the crowds that we see at the movies? Will not his delight be fuller, richer? Will not his response to a big play be a “re-creation”?

Granville Barker, in his speech before the Dramatic Association in this city last fall, began by saying: “You can make my speech what you will — my best effort or my poorest.” The man who has said his dead lines to a dead audience, and those same lines, living and burning, to an audience alive and glowing, knows the truth of that statement.

How to see and hear a play, how to get from it the greatest possible amount of pleasure, and give to it a sympathetic response — this is a work of the dramatic class.

Yet men who are willing to concede the right of literature, poetry or painting to claim our interest, refuse the same right to the drama. They forget that the drama is itself an art — the union of literature, poetry, painting and music; that, as other arts, it inspires a healthful joy due to no precepts, perhaps, or instructions, but to the mere presence of pure, inspiring, wholesome, positive images of life. If a girl finds that her medium of expression is the art of the theater, she is, in their opinion, stage-struck; she is blinded by the “glamor of the footlights.” But if that girl should turn her efforts to painting or poetry, she would have the “artistic temperament.” Why? Surely the drama is as high and true an art as any other, and, because of the prejudice of a few, we are not going to forego the

pleasure of interpreting in the only possible way the plays of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Bulwer, of Galsworthy or Granville Barker.

Here again the dramatic class is endeavoring to seek out clean plays, and promote an interest in such dramatists as make of their work — Art.

The first choice, "The Cricket on the Hearth," was presented on Friday evening, January 14th. In about a month they will stage another equally good play. These plays are the representation to the world outside of what our college is doing in this field.

Remember Granville Barker's statement. You can make those plays what you will — the best or poorest effort of the class. It takes two to make a bargain. It takes two to *make* a play.

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We have a Student Organization now meeting every Friday morning. We have long been wanting it, working for it. The result is that, having secured our bauble, interest lags, and the most remarkable thing about the new Student Organization seems to be its scarcity of *students*. What are we going to do — let this spark of college feeling die away; or are we going to work together and fan it into a bright lasting flame?

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## News Department

### College Club

Mr. William Gibson, of Albany, addressed the club Friday afternoon, December 10th. His very interesting talk concerning Oscar Wilde was listened to by a

considerable number of the club members. Of course, we realize that most people are tired and glad to go home when Friday afternoon comes, but the few who do stay for our meetings find them well worth their time. Stay just once, and then we know you'll come again and again.

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### Y. W. C. A.

On December 14th the Rev. F. A. Stevens of China spoke to the Y. W. C. A. girls on China and its problems. The meeting was very interesting and full of information.

Y. W. C. A. held its annual Christmas sale in the lower corridor of Administration Building on December 9th and 10th.

A Christmas party for the whole college was held in the gymnasium under the auspices of Y. W. C. A. on the afternoon of Thursday, December 16th. There was a program, and then Santa Claus entered and made each heart happy by some little remembrance. There was much excitement and surprise on the part of some at the nature of the gifts. On the whole, everyone seemed to enjoy himself; even Santa did not look as conscious of his apparel as Santas usually do.

The first meeting after the Christmas vacation was held on January 4th. Eleanor Dunn and Leah Bice were the speakers. They were our representatives this year at the Student Volunteer Convention, held recently in Rochester. They told us of the convention, and Miss Bice, who is a Student Volunteer, told us a little about what it means to be one. Only those who were there know what those who weren't there missed.

### Commercial Club

The club as usual has been extremely active this month. Regular business meetings were held, the last one of which took the form of a "Christmas Party" on December 17th. In the commercial room an elaborate Christmas tree, laden with gifts and candy for all, greeted us. After the usual business we were entertained by Miss Eleanor White, who gave an enjoyable reading.

Santa Claus, alias George Cooper, appeared next on the scene. From his spacious pack all received gifts. After this delicious Christmas eats were enjoyed.

You absent members, you missed a fine time!

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### Chemistry Club

The regular annual meeting of Chemistry Club was held Friday, December 10th, at which the following officers were elected:

President.....	Wm. G. Kennedy
Vice-President.....	Leah L. Bice
Secretary.....	Mildred Bentley
Treasurer.....	James Walker
Librarian.....	Marion Payne
Counsellor.....	Prof. B. S. Bronson

The constitution was amended to the effect that members whose dues are not paid within one month of the time they are due shall forfeit membership.

After the business meeting a very interesting paper on "Explosives" was given by Miss Carmody, followed by a discussion. The club is giving an important place in its program to these discussions and to current topics of interest in the chemical world.

### Senior Class

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, Edna Albert, Elsie Austin, George Cooper and J. Harwich were elected to act on the College Song Book Committee, together with the members chosen by the other classes.

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### Junior Class

A meeting was held Monday, December 13th, at 4:35. It was decided to postpone "Junior Week" until February 3rd, 4th and 5th. The nominations previously made for members of the Song Book Committee were voted upon, and Edith Wallace, Ethel Houck and Kolin Hager were elected.

The committees for the Junior Reception and Banquet have been appointed. The Reception Committee consists of Mildred Lawrence, chairman; Mildred Henry, Helen Clohosey, Ray Schneible and Stanley Fitzgerald. Hildred Griffin is chairman of the Banquet Committee, and the members are Marie Schnitzler, Anna Nelson, Laura Smith and Willard Pearsall. Plans are well under way for both of these affairs. We hope everybody in college will come to the reception. Remember, it's for all the students!

---

### Sophomore Class

A meeting of the Sophomore Class was held December 20th, to decide upon the committee for the new College Song Book. Marion Putnam and Harry Russel were elected. An Entertainment Committee for the Sophomore Reception was also appointed.

### Delta Omega

On December 1st, Delta Omega entertained the college faculty with a tea at the sorority house.

The sorority is most glad to welcome a new pledge-member, Dorothy Martin, Wellesley, '15.

The annual Christmas supper and party was held at the sorority house on December 18th. The knocks which were hung on the Christmas tree were the source of much merriment.

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### Kappa Delta

The sorority wishes to express its sorrow and most heartfelt sympathy for Dr. Ward in the recent loss of his wife.

Christmas vacation passed happily but all too quickly for the girls.

At the last regular meeting of the sorority before vacation a jolly little Christmas party was held. The girls gathered around a blazing fire and examined with interest the stockings which "were hung by the chimney with care," and the gifts which St. Nick had left.

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### Psi Gamma

On December 13th, Psi Gamma held its regular meeting, and the usual literary program was carried out. It consisted of a discussion by all the members of the sorority with Emma Sommerfield as leader of "Psi Gamma Ambitions."

On December 16th, we held our annual party in honor of our faculty members. Everyone had a lot of amusement when the presents were distributed from the Christmas tree, for they were all in the nature of "gentle knocks."

### Kappa Nu

Mary Haran, '15, was a guest at Kappa Nu house during the week-end of December 20th.

Marian McCarthy, '15, spent some time in December with the house girls.

Kappa Nu welcomes Eileen Keefe, '18, to membership.

Mildred O'Malley was a guest recently of Marie Carmody at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

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### Kappa Delta Rho

The fraternity takes this opportunity of wishing the faculty and student body a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mr. Sevoy, of the Cornell chapter, and Mr. English, Mr. Ottoman and Mr. Smith, of the Middlebury chapter, were entertained recently.

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### College Notes

The subject of the student assembly, held December 10th, was the Men's Athletic Association. Mr. McGuire, the manager of the basketball team, and Mr. Fitzgerald, captain of the team, urged the college students to attend the games. The team has a better schedule this year than it has ever had before.

At this meeting occurred the presentation of the silver cups won in the cross-country run held November 10th. Mr. Southerland, '19, was awarded the first prize, and Mr. Cassavant, '19, the second.

On January 7th, another Student Assembly was held. Miss Edith Rose announced the play, "The Cricket

on the Hearth," given by the Dramatic Class on January 14, 1916, and urged every member of the college to attend.

Miss Jessie Dunseith, in an excellent talk about our year book, the "Pedagogue," told the student body, especially the Freshmen who are not familiar with it, what the year book is and for what it stands. This year's "Pedagogue" will have a leather cover in the class colors, white and gold. It will contain a picture of the person to whom it is dedicated, a picture of the college buildings, the big college group picture taken this fall, faculty pictures and the titles of all the faculty members, pictures of all the members of the senior class and write-ups, pictures of the different classes and organizations and of the class officers, pictures of some of the professors in familiar poses, a list of all the students in college and their addresses, a literary department consisting of prize stories and poems, and jokes about students and teachers.

There are a number of ways in which the college body can help the people who are getting out this splendid book. Everyone should, of course, order a copy. The different organizations should hand in their pictures before March 1st. The class histories must be in before February 1st. Everyone ought to compete for the prizes offered by the "Pedagogue." The stories and poems must be in by February 15th. The first prize is five dollars, the second a copy of the "Pedagogue." Then, too, remember to write down any jokes or funny things which happen in college and hand them to some one on the "Pedagogue" board. Last of all, whenever you buy anything here in Albany, tell the storekeepers that you come from the college. This will help us in getting advertisements for both THE ECHO and the "Pedagogue."



Prof. Risley gave a little talk, which everyone enjoyed, telling why every member of the college should own a copy of the year book for each year he is in college. In after years the books help you to recall the many things which happened during your college days. They are even more appreciated then than now. The year book is a part of the college life, and expresses the individuality of the year for which it stands. No student can afford to be without the "Pedagogue." Remember that!

On Monday morning, January 10th, Mr. Mercer gave a talk to the student body on "Playing the Game." Mr. Mercer declared that too much emphasis is laid by the schools upon the development of the head. What the whole world needs is the development of the moral character, of the heart. Education is important, but it is not of the greatest importance. This is proved by the fact that hundreds of college-bred men have made utter failures of life. A three-fold development is necessary for a successful life — first, the development of the morals; second, of the intellect, and this development should lead to specialization in some line, and thirdly, of the body. Mr. Mercer is himself a college man and knows all its problems and temptations, and he is giving up his life to helping other people make their lives successful.

Our dream of having dormitories is really coming true. A private corporation has secured a lot on the corner of Elberon Place and Quail Street, and plans to erect a building for the accommodation of college girls. This building will cover the whole lot and will be five or six stories high. There will be about five hundred single rooms with baths. A

spacious dining room is being planned to accommodate the students, and parlors will offer places for social functions and dancing. If possible, a swimming pool is to be built in the basement. The building will be absolutely under the control and management of the college. The rates will be very reasonable, so that girls may secure all the conveniences and privileges which this dormitory will offer for the same prices that they are now paying for room and board in private families.

During the month of February Prof. George P. Baker will deliver four lectures in the college auditorium. Prof. Baker is widely known in literary and dramatic circles as the head of the course in play-writing, or "The Technique of the Drama," as it is called in the catalogue of Harvard University. Since the beginning of this course in 1908 as many as thirty plays, written by students of Prof. Baker, have been produced on the professional stage. Of these more than three-quarters have been successful, and at least twelve have even been "Broadway successes." The public discovered Prof. Baker by way of the play, "Salvation Nell," written by Edward Sheldon, a graduate of Prof. Baker's first course in play-writing, and played by Minnie Madern Fiske. Percy MacKaye, the author of "The Scarecrow" and "Mater," is also among the number of well-known playwrights who were students of Prof. Baker. A theater, perfect in all its appointments, in which original plays are worked out and produced, has now been built in connection with this course.

Every student should take advantage of this rare opportunity which the college is giving us. No admission will be charged, and students will be given the first choice of seats. After the students have been accommodated, friends are welcome to attend these lectures. The dates and subjects of the lectures are as follows:

- Feb. 9th. Judging a Play — Some Safe Standards.
- Feb. 10th. Constructing a Play from Source to Finished Product.
- Feb. 23rd. The Difference between Closet and Acted Drama.
- Feb. 24th. Pageantry and its Position in the United States.

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### Alumni Department

The Christmas holidays afforded a number of our graduates an opportunity to visit their Alma Mater. We were pleased to have with us for a short time Edna Hardie, '15, Barbara Pratt, '15, Chester Wood, '14, Grace Malcolm, '14, Kathleen Phillip, '10, Emma Conant, '11, and Evelyn Dussmore, '15.

#### *Marriages*

Lois Atwood, '14, to Samuel Hayford, on December 24th, 1915.

Harold W. Goewey, '14, to Margaret E. Galloway, on December 25th, 1915.

Hope Duncan, '13, to Dr. C. H. Low, on September 4th, 1915.

*Alumni Dinner*

The Metropolitan Alumni Association of the N. Y. S. C. T. will hold its annual dinner February 19th in the Aldine Club, Broadway and Twenty-third street, New York City. Competition has been aroused and rivalry is keen, for each class is striving to have as many of its members present as possible. Dr. Brubacher and other members of our faculty promise to attend. The chief speaker of the evening will be Miss Katherine B. Davis, recently appointed by Mayor Mitchell as chairman of the Parole Board of New York City. This board has power to parole, release, discharge, retake or reimprison, without reference to committing magistrate or judge, an inmate of a workhouse or reformatory. All alumni are urged to attend.

The secretary of the Alumni Association recently received from Miss Adele M. Fielde, '60, a song to be used in the contest organized by the Alumni Association to produce a College Song Book. The song was composed by Prof. Jewell and was sung by the graduating class of 1860. Miss Fielde writes: "The slip is the very one that I held in my hand as we of the class of 1860 sang Prof. Jewell's composition fifty-five years ago. It has been in my possession constantly all these decades, and my heart has often sung the old stanzas."

At present Miss Fielde is living in Seattle, Washington. She is the author of a book entitled "Chinese Fairy Tales." Miss Fielde has also made many interesting discoveries which have added to the world's knowledge of ants.

*Deaths*

It is with sad regret that we note the death of Mrs. Patton, *née* Kate Burnell, '73, which occurred December 11th, 1915.

The death of Harriet Nichols, '82, occurred in Jamaica, L. I., on December 11th, 1915.

Word has been received of the death of Gertrude A. Riemann, '88, wife of Robert L. Slagle, president of the University of South Dakota. Mrs. Slagle was a woman of keen intellect and of many social graces, and it is with sincere regret that her death, occurring December 3rd, 1915, is noted.

## 1915

Louise Powers is teaching German in the Brasher and Stockholm High School at Brasher Falls, N. Y.

Miss Edna Hardick, Miss Lena Knapp and Mr. Harold Goewey, '14, of the Wallkill High School faculty, have been asked by the Board of Education to return for another year.

## 1913

Miss Katrina Van Dyke has accepted a position as teacher of English in the Schenectady High School.

Miss Fanny Church is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## 1912

Florence M. Kelly has a position as teacher of English in Utica Free Academy.

Ruth Jacobs is teaching history in the Troy High School.

Elizabeth M. Fisher is teaching in the Troy Orphan Asylum.

## 1911

Mary W. Norton is teaching in Rensselaer High School.

Esther Raferty has a position as assistant in biology in the New York State College for Teachers.

Mrs. E. R. Bashford, *née* Ella R. Watson, is living at 14 Irving street, Albany, N. Y.

Catherine E. Conway has a position as investigator of the State Board of Charities, Cohoes, N. Y.

Florence E. Wittineier is teaching German in the Utica Free Academy.

Bertha M. Bott of 69 Lexington avenue, Albany, N. Y., has a position as private secretary.

Mrs. Charles G. Dormandy, *née* Elizabeth Bradshaw, is living in Troy, N. Y.

Thae G. Kenny is teaching in Watervliet High School.

L. Antoinette Johnson has a position as supervising critic in the Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.

Mary W. Norton is teaching in the Rensselaer High School.

Johanna Schwarte has a position as teacher of biology in the High School at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

## 1910

Mrs. J. H. Ludlinn, *née* Mary E. Harpham, is living at 48 Matilda street, Albany, N. Y.

Evelyn A. Austin has a position in Coxsackie, N. Y.

Genevieve L. Brooke and Florence Brown are teaching in the Schenectady High School.

Florence Burchard is teaching English in the Norwich High School.

Mrs. Edward Jones, *née* Mariam Potter, is living at 12 Eleanor street, Schenectady, N. Y.

Agnes Ryland has a position in the Commercial Department of the Watervliet High School.

Blanche M. Russell is teaching English in Albany High School.

Clara B. Springstead has a position as instructor of German in the New York State College for Teachers.

Roosevelt R. Sherwood has a position as statistician, Public Service Commission, Albany, N. Y.

Alice M. Finn is teaching in Frankfort High School.





Since the last issue of THE ECHO the following exchanges have been received: *The Concordiensis*, Union; *The Cornell Era*, Cornell; *The Crimson and White*, Milne High School; *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross; *The Mount Holyoke*, Mount Holyoke; *The Sagebrush*, University of Nevada; *The Vassar Miscellany Monthly*, Vassar.

*The Concordiensis* has exceptionally well-written and complete accounts of college activities. An especially interesting department, "Smashing the Footlights," deserves mention. The name is suggestive of the content, but does not define it accurately. It consists of praises as well as "slams" for the stock productions, first-nights, amateur theatricals, and noted actors that appear in Schenectady. It is extremely well done; in fact, more so than many newspaper criticisms.

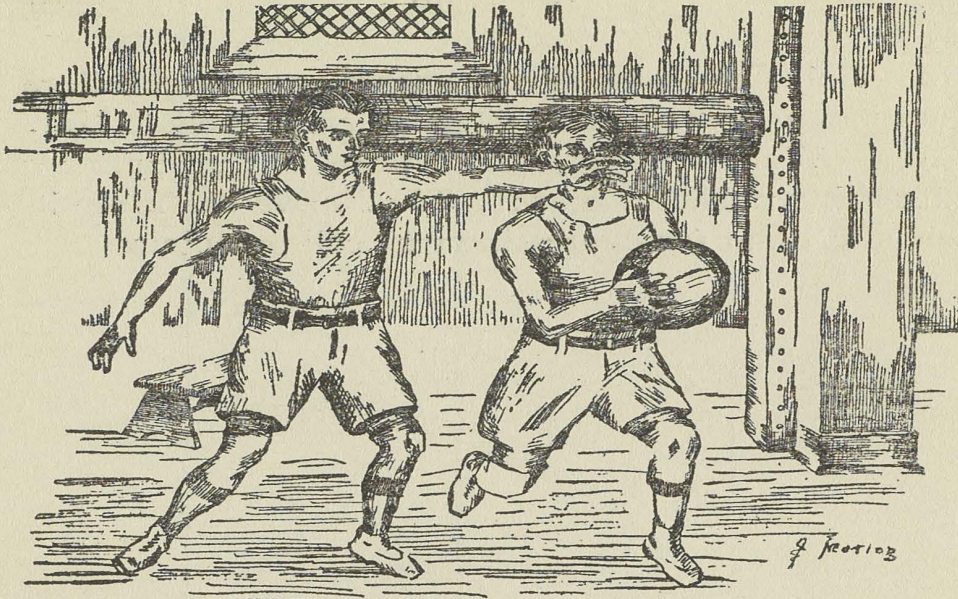
*The Vassar Miscellany* also has a department of play reviews. These are perhaps more literary than those in *The Concordiensis*, but are not so spicy. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the fact that *The Miscellany* criticizes the plays themselves, while *The Concordiensis* criticizes their production on the stage.

The department of communications in *The Holy Cross Purple* is a novel one. Here we find opinions



from Holy Cross alumni or students on general college questions as well as ones pertaining exclusively to Holy Cross. We often hear of the "press as a medium for expressing public opinion;" *The Purple* has made itself a medium for expressing true college opinion.





## Athletic Department

The past month was filled with athletic activities of all sorts. The basketball five has been playing its regular schedule and enters the new year with a percentage of .500, having won and lost two games. The two games lost were played away from home and against two of the fastest college teams in the country, R. P. I. and Union, last year's champs. The showing the boys made, especially against Union, was most creditable and far surpassed the expectations of even the most hopeful. The purple and gold were always in the running, and Union was never sure of the game. Our five had to play without Curtis, which proved a great handicap; however, the various substitutes played well. The spirit shown by the students, as at the R. P. I. game, was splendid. A large number accompanied the team to Schenectady. Let the good work continue. The score at half time was 16:9 in Union's favor, the game ending with a score of 33:20. Following is the score:

<i>Union</i>	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.	<i>S. C. T.</i>	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
Scoby, R.F. ....	4	0	8	Hohaus, L.F. ....	0	0	0
Haubner, L.F. ....	1	0	2	S. Fitzgerald, R.F. ..	1	12	14
Whitbeck, C. ....	0	0	0	O'Connell, C. ....	0	0	0
Zimmer, L.G. ....	1	9	11	Jones, R.G. ....	1	0	2
Mudge, R.G. ....	3	0	6	Goewey, L.G. ....	2	0	4
Kirkup, R.F. ....	3	0	6	F. Fitzgerald, L.F....	0	0	0
				Carr, L.G. ....	0	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals .....	12	9	33	Totals .....	4	12	20

Time of halves : 20 min. Referee : Tilden. Scorer : Morse. Timekeeper : Girling. Score at half time : 16 : 9.

The second home game of the season was played against the Albany Medical College and was a rather disappointing affair all around. The game was not finished, but went to S. C. T. by forfeit, the score therefore being 2 : 0 in our favor. The cause of the trouble was the surprisingly poor knowledge of inter-collegiate basketball rules displayed by the Medics. Coach Swaim and Manager Maguire are determined to enforce the rules more strictly this season and thus insure clean basketball, which the Medical Five, to its loss, had to find out. The score as far as the game went was as follows :

<i>Albany Medical College</i>	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	<i>S. C. T.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Shineman, R.F. ....	2	2	6	S. Fitzgerald, R.F. ..	2	5	9
Mester, L.F. ....	1	0	2	F. Fitzgerald, L.F. ..	0	0	0
Cooper, C. ....	1	0	2	O'Connell, C. ....	0	0	0
Bernhardt, L.G. ....	1	0	2	Jones, R.G. ....	0	0	0
Boller, R.G. ....	4	0	8	Curtis, L.G. ....	2	0	4
				Goewey, L.F. ....	2	0	4
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Totals .....	9	2	20	Totals .....	6	5	17

Time of halves : 20 min. Referee : Powers. Scorer : Marder. Timekeeper : Swaim. Score at half time, 16 : 12.

### Football

It looks now as if football is to become a reality in this college. At a meeting held by the Men's A. A., Reinhard Hohaus, '17, was elected manager of football, with Walter Doyle, '18, as his assistant. These men are the first to hold these positions in this college. Manager Hohaus has lost no time in getting things started. He even has a tentative schedule that looks first rate on paper. It includes teams like R. P. I., St. Stephen's, Hamilton, St. Lawrence, and others. But, after all, probably only inter-class games will be possible next season.

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### Hockey

Cassavant, '19, has been elected manager of hockey. This, like football, is a new branch of athletics to be fostered in this college. Manager Cassavant has done good preliminary work. He has had many candidates for the team out working hard, has a good schedule planned, and has secured the Albany High School rink at Beverwyck Park for the games. It is to be hoped that this game will prosper.

---

### Baseball

At the last Men's A. A. meeting Earl Waring, '17, was elected manager of baseball, with Dewitt Townsend, '18, as his assistant. Prospects for a successful baseball season are particularly bright if only the eternal diamond question can be solved. The baseball schedule will not be behind that of basketball in any respect.

### Girls' Athletic Association

The opening game in the series of inter-class basketball contests resulted in a victory for the Juniors when they met a team representing the Green and White. Our youngest team, however, demonstrated many good plays, and showed convincingly to the upper classes that after playing together a little longer 1919 would be a strong rival for the championship. Although closely guarded by the Juniors, the Freshmen forwards won 2 points against the 22 points earned by the Juniors.

The teams for this game were :

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Freshmen</i>	
Moseley .....	Forward	Shirtz .....	Forward
Feder .....	Forward	Lipes .....	Forward
Gray .....	Center	Baery .....	Center
Boice .....	S. Center	Andrae .....	Center
Hutchinson .....	S. Center	Lee .....	S. Center
Braem .....	Guard	La Rose .....	S. Center
Burleigh .....	Guard	Linehan .....	Guard
		Fitzgerald .....	Guard

A double-header basket-ball game was one of the prominent events at the Gym frolic given by the members of the Association on Friday evening, Dec. 10. At this time the Junior team again defeated the Freshmen, the Junior score never being in danger at any point in the game; Juniors winning by score of 29 to 10. Although the Freshmen again showed streaks of excellent playing, the team work of the Juniors was of superior quality and could not be broken. The Senior team in a hard struggle against the Sophomores won out in the last half of the game, securing a total of 11 points, while the Sophomores were winning 6.

The line-ups for the games were :

*Seniors*

Ensign .....	Forward
Hays .....	Forward
Matthews .....	Forward
Wager .....	Center
Nolan .....	S. Center
Loveless .....	Guard
Noon .....	Guard

*Sophomores*

Shanks .....	Forward
M. Linehan .....	Forward
Gillette .....	Forward
Keefe .....	Center
O'Malley .....	S. Center
Cole .....	Guard
A. Austin .....	Guard
M. Gillespie .....	Guard

*Juniors*

Feder .....	Forward
Staats .....	Forward
Moseley .....	Forward
Reynolds .....	Forward
Gray .....	Center
Bice .....	Center
Boice .....	S. Center
Hutchinson .....	S. Center
Braem .....	Guard
Hale .....	Guard
Burleigh .....	Guard

*Freshmen*

Curtis .....	Forward
Barry .....	Forward
Vedder .....	Center
Andrae .....	Center
Dennin .....	S. Center
Wolinsky .....	S. Center
Fitzgerald .....	Guard
Harty .....	Guard

An old-fashioned Virginia reel at the close of the frolic, which was enjoyed by everyone, served to bring the members of the different classes into closer personal contact.





*The Optimist*

The Optimist goes through this life with a song,  
His good cheer he never lets dim;  
For he doesn't care much what happens, as long  
As it doesn't happen to him.

— *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

---

"Which is the aching tooth?" inquired the dentist.  
"This one," said the sufferer as he pointed out the offender.

"Ah, yes, I see; bicuspid."

"What?"

"Bicuspid."

"I'll buy anything, doctor, if you'll only jerk the tooth out; though it looks a little mean to take advantage of a man in this fix. What are your darned cuspids worth?"

---

Pasenger: "Why are we so late?"

Guard: "Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."

Figure it out for yourself!

---

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."— *Everybody's*.

*Fly Song*

Ten little flies  
 All in a line;  
 One got a swat!  
 Then there were nine.  
 Nine little flies  
 Grimly sedate,  
 Licking their chops—  
 Swat! There were eight.  
 Eight little flies  
 Raising some more—  
 Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!  
 Then there were four.  
 Four little flies  
 Colored green-blue;  
 Swat! (Ain't it easy?)  
 Then there were two.  
 Two little flies  
 Dodged the civilian—  
 Early next day  
 There were a million!

—*Buffalo News.*

---

*Why Nearly Everyone Around College is Looking  
 Weary of Life.*

1. Billets-doux are just out.
2. Vacation is just over.
3. Midyears are at hand.

*Why the Juniors Bear up so Well Under the  
 Strain.*

1. Billets-doux unknown to that class.
2. They come to college to study, not to vacate.
3. After midyears — Prom!



*Midyears to the Freshmen — They feel*

Miserable and  
 Ignorant, and very  
 Daring, because so  
 Youthful. The  
 Excruciating  
 Anxiety makes them  
 Restless and  
 Sick.

*Midyears — To the Seniors — They are*

Memorable, because the last  
 Insignificant, because there is no midyear exam  
 in teaching

*Says the Senior —*

Dear Mid-  
 Yearly  
 Examinations  
 Adieu!  
 Rest  
 Softly  
 on our followers!

---

Mrs. Neighbours: "They tell me your son is in the college football eleven."

Mrs. Malaprop: "Yes, indeed!"

Mrs. Neighbours: "Do you know what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop: "I ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."— *Chicago News*.

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Automobilist (as he drives into the window of a milliner's shop): "My wife wishes to buy that hat there in the corner!"

What presence of mind!

### To Our Advertisers

IT HAS been the practice of former years to publish this paper largely from the proceeds of "benefits," etc.

This year, however, *The Echo* is maintaining itself. This accounts for the higher advertising rates and the better guarantee of patronage.—ADV. MGRS.

### Index to Advertisers

#### BANKS:

The Union Trust Co. of Albany, 47 State Street.

#### BOARD:

Mrs. C. D. Johnson, 192 Western Avenue.

#### BOOKS:

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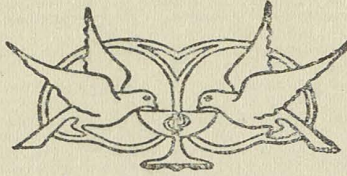
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