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**January  
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# The Echo

VOL. XXIII

JANUARY, 1914


No. 5

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## Literary Department

### Youth and Old Age

HE age of man depends not upon his years but upon his thoughts. He who lives in a future is young, while he whose mind is filled with memories is aged. The idle builder of Spanish castles is ever youthful, while he who meditates upon his past betrays a mind in its decline.

The young live in anticipation; the old in retrospection. Then, not in years, but in attitude, judge man's age.

I know a lad who is ever recalling the events of a few past years; one with whom you may not talk an hour but that he will wander into memory, and when the future is mentioned will remark, "I make few plans. To-day is the future of yesterday. To-morrow will come as to-day came. I seldom dream, for in doing so I merely disappoint myself." This lad treats his companions as acquaintances of to-day alone. He will say, "They pass so soon that it seems a waste to build my future around them. They are but 'ships that pass in the night.' At most they travel but a little ways on my path only to soon branch off on their several roads. Why anticipate when we know we may not realize?"

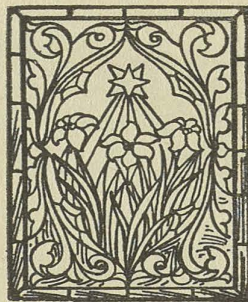
I know a person of another type. She has passed nearly three-quarters of a century in usefulness. To-day she is young, for her heart is in the future and her work is ever, improvement. Memories she uses but to wisely shape that future. As her ideals are shattered or realized they form but the basis to higher ones. And even when death comes to crown the life, she anticipates living as one of

“The dead but sceptered sovereigns,  
Who still rule our spirits from their urns.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The young live in anticipation; the old in retrospection.

FROM THE ECHO BOX.





### Mr. Tompkins Ventilates

When Mr. Tompkins entered the room he directed himself toward the radiator, turned down his collar, and unwrapped two mufflers from his neck.

"Pile of pneumonia in town, Mary Jane," he said. "Sylvester's got it, Winter's got it, and only half of the men showed up in the shop this morning to work on account of it."

"The papers say it's worse this year than usual," remarked Mary Jane.

"Yes, and it's jest because of overheated rooms and poor ventilation. If you don't want pneumonia, you must not sleep in a hot room. Lower the winders from the top and let in plenty of fresh air every night, and you will never be bothered with that disease. That's what the Board of Health is sayin', and it seems to me that there's heaps of sense in it too. We'll try it to-night. No pneumonia and doctor's bills for mine, if that's all it takes to keep them away."

Mrs. Tompkins uttered a mild protest which was not heard by her husband.

"Look at the pneumonia right here in this block, Mary Jane. The thing to do is to stop it, and that right away, too. What's the use of waiting until the silver is stole and then lock up the house? Those bedroom winders come down to-night. To-night!" he said emphatically. "After we get in bed once we'll only sleep the sounder."

Mrs. Tompkins did not receive the verdict with much enthusiasm. At bedtime, however, she took precaution to put an extra pile of covers in the room, in case of emergency, and to make up the spare bed, so it would be available, if worst came to worst.

Tompkins gave the cat an extra cushion and turned off the heat, before retiring. Mrs. Tompkins had gone to bed before this operation, so she had the pleasure of watching the new ventilating process.

Tompkins' slippers were not where he had left them, and as he was unable to locate them, he paced about the already-cooled room, clad in his pajamas.

Outside the thermometer was nearly ten below the zero mark. He opened the south window with difficulty. He raised the west one two or three inches and then that stuck. He pulled and tugged at it until it finally gave. The wind came in with a sweep, and almost blew him over. Hearing a muffled snicker under the covers, he left the window as it was, and crawled into bed. A shudder went over him as he touched the cold sheets, but he pretended to like it.

"It's just like it uster be at home when I was a boy," he said between shivers, "and I never was sick an hour in them days."

Mrs. Tompkins seemed to be snoozing. By and by Tompkins dropped off and there was no sound, save his snoring and the yowling of frozen Tabby in the kitchen.

Mary Jane slipped out and went into the spare room.

Various were the dreams that Tompkins had that night. He was back in his childhood days at school, making a snow fort and bombarding it with snowballs. Later a big white polar bear came along, and he mounted its back and started for the pole. Finally he dreamed that he was plowing through a big snowdrift, using his nose for a plow, when a shrill yell from Tabby awoke him.

Tompkins was not at all sure that he was awake. He was surely in a snowdrift, and his nose certainly had snow on the end of it. His teeth chattered. He

rolled over toward Mary Jane. Whew! Mercy me! Where was she gone? He struck an empty place that felt to him like an ice-box in July.

“Mary Jane!” he yelled. “Why for Heaven’s sake did you take all them covers from the bed?”

Mary Jane, from the spare room, told him of the emergency pile. He sat, resting on one elbow, and tried to figure how he could get to those clothes without freezing his feet.

“Say, Mary Jane, I can never get them blamed things on straight. Can’t you come —?”

Mrs. Tompkins, who did not want to get out of bed, pretended to be asleep, and by her deep breathing convinced Tompkins of this fact.

He finally plucked up enough courage and made the plunge. Whether by accident or otherwise, Mary Jane had piled the clothing in the farthest end of the room, and Tompkins was very thankful when his last trip across the icy floor had been made. He walked on his heels to save his toes, and on his toes to save his heels. On his third and last journey he picked up a rug and two cushions, which he put on the bed with the quilts.

After a few shivers and quakes he had started his circulation again, and he tried to sleep, but he couldn’t get comfortable, somehow.

At last he sneezed. That settled the question then and there. He made a plunge for the windows, but they were stuck fast — frosted and frozen. He turned on the heat, but it was no use; the room wouldn’t get warm. His next move was to the spare room. What was that he heard? Could it be Mary Jane giggling in her sleep? Tompkins decided not; and after a number of shudders he started proudly back to his own frigid chamber.

The next morning when Mary Jane got up she went into her husband's refrigerator, as she called it. Her husband was still asleep and snoring. There he lay with a fascinator over his head and his fur-lined coat buttoned up to his chin. Tabby was cuddled up at his feet. The floor creaked like a road on a crisp, winter's morning, but it did not waken Tompkins.

He came out to breakfast with a croupy wheeze and a voice like a bass drum.

"Darn this old ventilation business anyway, Mary Jane!" he croaked. "There's lots of things that's heaps worse than pneumonia. I would a great deal rather have pneumonia any day than to be frozen to death."

Mary Jane smiled and looked around for something to soothe Tompkins until she could send for the doctor. From that time on there were no more night ventilations in the Tompkins residence.

CHRISTINE THOMAS, '16.



### The Experiences of a Commuter

Some people might think that a commuter led a hard life, but all the drawbacks of commutation are outweighed by its interest. Riding twice a day over eleven miles of D. & H. railroad is an education of an unusual order. There is always the question at the start, "Will the train be on time, or shall I take a chance and eat that egg?" The chance is usually taken, the egg hustled unceremoniously into a voracious interior and then a scramble made (not of the egg) for the train. A fast freight that should have gone through the night before whistles about a mile up the track and spurs the commuter to a great effort. He arrives at the gates as the caboose goes by and refrains from any profanity because his breath is not with him. It had left him back on the hill. He sits down on the hand car that the inspector from the junction left on the siding two years before, and watches a very little boy trying to walk down a path while a very big dog pulls him the other way by the belt on his blouse. The *boy's* blouse of course. It might look dangerous for the boy to one uninitiated, but the commuter knows that if it were not for the dog the boy would be run over every time a train went by.

"Hang it, who owns a gate with a rusty hinge?" An unpleasant squeak has grated upon the commuter's ear for the last five minutes. He leaves the hand car to look for the gate but finds instead a persevering old guinea hen with a played-out vocal chord. It is too bad it is not a hinge, for you cannot oil a guinea hen.

Hello, there is the bell in the gate operator's tower, and here is the train. The commuter would know

that train if he saw it in Darkest Africa, and he ought to. It has been taking him on for the last fifteen years and has not changed as much as he. His seat, sixth from the door, right-hand side — unless someone else has it — has comfortable hollows in the back which hold his head and right shoulder so he can look out of the window with no effort. There are many objects the commuter must watch for every day while he listens to the woman behind him tell how her friend cried so hard that her tears were honestly as big as the plush tacks on the seat top, and the politician in front knew we never should have made a school teacher president of the United States when we needed a *man*. Neither of the speakers knows enough to look out at the swamp where the ducks live; the funny ducks that sit in such a disconsolate group about the swamp when it is frozen over in winter, and in the summer so gayly climb up the spirogyra to pick the duck weed. They are all out this day and waggle their stubby tails in aquatic glee.

Next comes the dump heap, that place of mystery. Who and what is the individual that picks up such a unique living on, in, and by the city ash pile? His house is made of dilapidated billboards, and for all their heterogeneous arrangement it is clear that the pig pen and hen coop once formed a long fence to the effect that "The Albany Business College, free car tickets to students, has placed thousands of young men and women." Why do corn, beets, beans, cabbages, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes and squash grow in cast-off ashes for this man, when nothing will grow for the commuter even in perfectly good dirt? Why do his pigs get so fat they cannot walk and his hens look like prize Wyandottes just because they live where no one else would think of putting them? His ridiculous old weather vane made of broken down tin pans whirls

around merrily at the slightest breeze. Evidently he has a family, else why should he take the wheels off a go-cart and hang the wicker part on a trolley where it speeds back and forth on fifty feet of wire, with a faded American flag, presumably for decoration, floating out behind. No matter how tired the engine is or how often it has to stop and rest, it never pauses long enough at the dirt pile for the commuter to see half the sights, and he has never been able to read the queer old signs on keg ends that begin "Ye Old" — and then get so cramped that they become unreadable. While he puzzles over this queer abode the train slows down at its journey's end and the toothless old trainman opens the door and shouts, "Albany, all change!"

A COMMUTER, '14.



### At the Sign of the Question Point

On Christmas eve, I, Miss Gradgrind, lover of facts, otherwise known as the Innocent Bystander, growing tired of standing by, hung my stocking up by the fireplace At the Sign of the Question Point, and lay down to rest. In the morning, such is the generosity of Santa Claus, my stocking was bulging, yea — the contents were even protruding from the holes in the heel.

The first thing I pulled out was a roll of brown paper all covered over with scrawls I recognized as Peddy's. I don't know just what to make of it but I'll give it to you as it is:

"Last night," remarked Mr. Thomas Thumb, "I dreamed that my pillow changed into a mossy bank in which were imbedded numberless Latin roots all tangled and intertwined. From these sprouted Latin stems and as I looked they put forth brilliant red and yellow and blue flowers. I was beginning to pick them when a terrific chemical explosion occurred and shattered the whole thing to atoms."

"Last night," responded Dolly Dorens, "I dreamed I was Alice. I went into a kitchen where the duchess was making soup. She let me hold the pig-baby while she did it. First she poured and poured out quantities of diluted stuff called 'Ed Foundation.' Then she began to shake in great handfuls of letters and numbers.

"'Alphabet soup,' I murmured. But 'twasn't so, for presently she began to chop cabbage hard and fast. The leaves of the cabbages seemed to be selections from our best authors. She chopped them all to an infinitesimal fineness and dumped them all in.

"Then she seized some dried herbs and thrust them in hurriedly, along with a crab or two. 'Back to Nature,' I heard her mumble.



“ Next she began hurling in soda and other things that made the soup hiss and seethe and threaten to boil over, and then she snatched up a box of Educator Crackers all labelled with Greek and Latin symbols and tossed a few in, grunting as she crunched them together, ‘ Just for appearance’s sake. Just for appearance’s sake.’

“ Finally she sampled it. She looked troubled, and threw a spoonful across the room, so I dodged behind the table with the pig-baby.

“ ‘ It lacks seasoning,’ she said. ‘ It doesn’t taste at all.’

“ She glanced angrily around the room, and presently pounced on a tin box on the top shelf. She shook it just a bit, and tasted the soup again. ‘ Um,’ she said. Then she shook in some more.

“ She found it tasted better and offered some to the pig-baby and me. I can’t say I liked it specially, and the pig-baby wouldn’t have it at all. But the duchess didn’t pay the slightest attention.

“ She said, ‘ It’s good — more’d be better,’ and peppered away at a great rate — so fast that when I tried to read the label on the box I couldn’t tell whether it was ‘ Popular Unrest ’ or ‘ Personality of the Teacher.’ Presently the cover came off and the whole boxful fell into the soup. The duchess stirred it right in and never even bothered to fish out the cover. But she began to sneeze. ‘ There certainly is too much pepper in that soup.’ I started to expostulate, but just here I sneezed and woke up.”

“ Ahem!” Dolly Dorens and Mr. Thomas Thumb looked up. The principal was standing in the doorway.

“ Last night,” said he, “ I dreamed I found a book and the title was ‘ The Last Word on School Problems.’ ”

This young essay made me feel very cozily comfortable, but my feeling of warmth and fur-ropes was more completely stimulated when there emerged an object that turned out to be a glass cellar full of red pepper.

This verse was attached :

Speak your words with proper precision,  
Season them well with pepper red,  
And when it comes to real pronunciation,  
Remember "The Poet is not 'Eupolis' said."

— Mustard.

"Well, well!" said I, sneezing in no stimulated fashion, and diving into my stocking again.

This time I extricated an India paper volume of "*The Egoist*," jacketed with a limp leather cover of "*The Return of the Native*." "This is some of Wordy's doings," said I confidently. Sure enough, for on the fly-leaf (Don't you *love* that word *fly-leaf*!) was Wordy's inscription, "*The Egoist* is to be read in the light of *The Return of the Native*. This is the way to do it. W. W."

"Another stimulated reindeer," sez I, and dived in again.

This time — what do you think? — 'twas a barrel skirt from Brass Tacks with this word of advice affixed. "For trimming use the hoops from your hooping cough." "No stimulation about that," sez I, and coughed grippily.

"What's this thing?" cried I the next minute, "miles and miles and miles long! An application for a civil service examination for assistant superintendent for Institutions for the Feeble-minded!"

Eugenia tries dozens of those things every year, and sends applications to all her friends. She had my history all made out for me on a slip, including the

seven district schools I've attended and the twenty-two towns I've lived in (I being a minister's daughter). I was much obliged, I'm sure, especially for the pamphlets on "*The Care of Delinquent, Feeble-minded, and Dilapidated Children,*" and a bunch of statistics saying that only one red-headed person in a thousand can be found in an insane asylum, and that bad teeth are not necessarily a sign of criminality.

I put this literature aside for later perusal and felt for other presents. Out came — what do you think? — "Mrs. Pankhurst" — the little lady of the Christmas party (you all met her). It seems that Fraülein made her. Under her dainty little "Votes for Women" button was a Christmas tag, saying "Für einem gutem Kind."

"What's this?" said I next, "Music, on my word!" And verily there was the song, "Oh, Why Is the Ocean so Near to the Shore?" with two tickets to Blanche Ring's "When Claudia Smiles." The Ignoramus is a dear. She also enclosed a little book of conundrums. Here are some of the specimens:

"What professor got so carried away with the holiday spirit that he began playing 'Tin-tin' with the window stick at his last lecture? Ans. We don't dare tell.

"Formerly what was the only way to get rid of a cancer? Ans. 'Cut it out.'

"What is the best place to carry one's locker-key? Ans. On one's shoe-string.

"What should one answer in English when one doesn't know what to say? Ans. 'Are we free agents?'

"Will our minds ever become so highly developed that we can imagine paper with only one side? Ans. What would you do with the people who haven't any environment?

“What is meant by a freak or genius? Ans. ‘A fortuitous variation.’ (Such should be treated for the disease of ‘too-brightness.’)

“Why did they lasso the man who stopped just on the brink of a cliff when the gravity ceased to work? Ans. To overcome the gravity of the situation.”

H<sub>2</sub>O put in the stocking a string of borax beads strung on a platinum wire. It meant a good deal of work, I know; and the harmony, rhythm, and balance of them were splendid.

Heraclita contributed quite a characteristic gift, “Sketches from the Life of Thoreau,” including his recipe for making bread out of flour, water, and salt. On the fly-leaf (ha!) was this bit of sentiment, “I had rather be an independent peddler of shoe-strings than a Standard Oil Magnate.”

And what do you suppose Fuzzy, the freshman, gave me? The cunningest little Kewpie, and on his celloid back were scratched these lines with a pin:

“Dear little Kewpie, queer little Kewpie,

This child will cheer you up, when you feel hoopy.”

At length I arrived at the toe of my stocking, into which the Life Member had stuffed a little book of snap-shots, among which were “Get Behind the Racks,” “The Call of the Alarm Clock,” “Birchy’s Room the Day After” or “Shoes,” “In the Last Analysis,” “The Retouching of Minerva,” and “On the Trail of the Lonesome Collar Button.”

“Merry Xmas!” called the Question Pointers, entering just then, “Happy New Year and No Flunks!”

P. S. — I dreamed all this. It didn’t happen at all. I just ate too much ribbon candy one evening and so stimulated the hull thing.

MISS GRADRGIND.




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# The Echo

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VOL. XXIII

JANUARY, 1914

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Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before October 15th; single copies, 15 cents.

Contributions and expressions of opinions are solicited from the student body and interested alumni.

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

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## Editorial Department

### The Meaning of "The Echo"

One of the chief aims in finding a title for a book, magazine or daily paper is to procure some name which will give such a keynote to the content or purpose of the publication as will arouse the interest and support of the readers. Doubtless the students who, many years previous, edited the first copy of THE ECHO exerted no less discrimination in their choice of a title. Why, then, did they call our magazine THE ECHO?

The dictionary declares the word "echo" to mean "a repetition of the words or opinions of others." As a title for a college paper what word could more completely and yet symbolically suggest the purpose of any earnest student body in issuing a magazine which shall represent every phase of college life? To us, therefore, THE ECHO should be a reflection of the thoughts and the work of our own college students. If we save trouble and, perhaps, expense for ourselves by issuing a monthly or even weekly news sheet, or if we gain wealth and, possibly, notoriety by publishing a joke and cartoon paper, we shall not completely echo the sentiments of our college; we shall not be true to our title.

Our aim is to produce a magazine which shall contain a record of both a month's events in college and of the doings of our Alumni, so far as they are known, and a fair sample of student endeavor in the department of literature. In order to accomplish this aim we must have the full support of the entire student body. By support we do not mean only financial aid, though that is necessary, but the loyalty and enthusiasm which result in voluntary contributions to THE ECHO and personal championship of its cause and the criticism which is given kindly, sincerely and understandingly. Until we have this support we cannot satisfactorily *echo* the sentiments of S. N. C.

The duty of THE ECHO Board is, therefore, reflective. The duty of the student body is productive. Until the latter has produced, the former cannot reflect.

## News Department

### Lectures

We were delighted with the evening of Bohemian Folk Songs rendered by Miss L. Llewellyn in native costume. Her singing voice is beautiful, her manner charming, and her delivery graceful and picturesque.

On the evening of December 11 Dr. Wirt, U. S. Commissioner of Education in Alaska, addressed the students. Dr. Wirt is a powerful speaker. His descriptions of travels and experiences in the Arctic were so beyond the experiences of an ordinary life that the address well merited the appreciation of everyone who was fortunate enough to hear it.

Governor Glynn will address the students at chapel on February 11.

Omicron Nu, the senior honorary society for the promotion of Home Economics of the New York State Normal College at Albany, New York, took charge of the exercises for the observance of Home Economics Day in this city. We were especially fortunate in having Miss Anna M. Cooley, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, as the chief speaker on the program. Her subject was "Personal Recollections of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards," a theme which she was peculiarly fitted to present to us because of her intimate associations with Mrs. Richards.

In addition to several musical numbers, a short talk on the origin of Home Economics was given by the President of Omicron Nu. An informal tea and reception followed the program, at which time those present had the opportunity of personally meeting Miss Cooley as well as many leaders in the Home Economics movement in the Albany schools.

### Promethean Literary Society

A meeting was held Friday evening, December 5, at which the following Christmas program was rendered:

Christmas Song .....	Society
Readings from "The Other Wise Man" (Van Dyke)	Miss Ayres
Solo .....	Edna Alberts
Selection from "Ben-Hur" (Lew Wallace)	Ethel B. Stewart
Christmas Songs .....	Society

After the program a short business session was held, at which it was decided to have a general rally some time during February. At this meeting Promethean will render a program to the entire student body.

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### Chemistry Club

The annual election of officers was held December 10. The following were elected:

President .....	Wm. G. Kennedy
Vice-President.....	Chester J. Wood
Secretary.....	Helen I. Denny
Treasurer.....	Kathryn Breen
Counsellor.....	Prof. B. S. Bronson
Librarian .....	Clara Anderson
Reporter .....	Marguerite Cramphin

#### Assignment Committee —

Orris B. Emery.  
Marion Fleming.  
Mary Dabney.

#### Membership Committee —

Louise Carmody.  
Esther Eveleigh.

At the next regular meeting papers will be read by Rachel Harrison and Wm. G. Kennedy.



### The College Club

We were all pleased to have the opportunity of hearing Judge Brady of the Juvenile Court — a fact which was evidenced by the splendid attendance at the meeting at which he spoke. His sincere love for the little ones with whom he deals and his eager desire to help them is manifest in all he says. He feels that tenderness rather than punishment is what children need, and if parents would show more of the one, the law would not have to give so much of the other.

Those who came to hear Newton Vanderzee, Surrogate of the County Court, at the next meeting, and who were disappointed on account of his inability to be present, will be glad to hear that he will come and talk to us at a near date, and we hope everyone will be present at the meeting.

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### Commercial Club

The members of Prof. Berry's classes met at his home, 693 Hudson avenue, on the 12th of December, for the purpose of organizing a commercial club in connection with the department. Membership in the club is open to all students pursuing courses in commercial work. The object of the club is two-fold, viz., the fostering and development of a social spirit among its members and the broadening of their education through contact with business men and industries of the city.

The following officers were elected:

President .....	Bernard Rugg
Vice-President .....	Agnes Marron
Secretary .....	Evelyn Edmunds

Treasurer .....Edna Guppy  
 Echo Reporter .....Maud Hinckel  
 Counsellor .....Prof. Berry

After the business meeting refreshments were served, and a pleasant social evening enjoyed by all. With the coming of the new year we have high hopes for the successful development of this side of the Commercial Department.

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### Athletics

Three victories and one defeat. That is the record that has been made thus far this season by the Normal College basketball team. On Friday night, November 14, our team defeated the Faculty in a hard game. On Friday night, November 21, the Albany Medical College five was defeated by a score of 18 to 12 in a closely contested game. The Albany Law School team proved a rather easy proposition for our boys, Wednesday night, December 17, being trounced to the tune of 37 to 13. The only defeat suffered by the Normal team was received at the hands of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, December 13.

Several new men in college have made the team this year and have shown up well. Sam Ellner, who was elected captain to succeed George Anderson, has played great basketball for the team. He was the leading point getter in both the Medical and Law School games. Mackler and Curtis have done excellent work in the guard positions, forming a strong defense in every game. Mackler was unable to play in either of the last two games and his loss was a big handicap to the team, especially in the R. P. I. game. Robertson has shown rapid improvement at center, his work against the Law School evidencing this.

### Girls' Athletic Society

Basketball season has begun! The class teams have commenced regular practice and the games promise to be exciting. Who will be champion? Will it be your class team? Come out and see — or better yet, come out and help win!

A meeting of the Association was held Wednesday, December 17. Plans for the season were discussed and committees were appointed.

If you are not a member of the Girls' Athletic Association hand in your name and your dues and become one. Help our college spirit — and *get into things!*

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

The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. after the Thanksgiving recess was led by Miss Hazel Vibbard, who spoke on Timothy, Book III. Her sympathetic treatment of her subject was much appreciated by the girls who heard her.

On December 10th the members had the pleasure of hearing an address by the Reverend Mr. Colebrook, of the Memorial Baptist Church; while a week later, the regular meeting took the form of a Christmas Party, to which the whole college, faculty and students, were invited. After a program, consisting of carols and hymns sung by the "party," violin selections by Miss Lindsay, recitations by Miss Jessie Luck, songs by Mrs. Whitman, and a Christmas story, "The Coming of the Prince," told by Miss Farquar, Traveling Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., refreshments of tea and Christmas candies were enjoyed.

“Y. W.” hopes that it has inaugurated a new era in the State Normal College, an era in which the students, as a whole, will get together and show some of the college spirit now dormant. All it asks is, that each student will do his and her best to fulfil this hope.

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### **Borussia**

Borussia has decided to give two short plays this year. One has already been selected, entitled “Ein Pensionstreich.” Work is to be started on the plays at once, and the society hopes to present them before Easter vacation.

The Christmas meeting of the society was held on December 16 and was a great success. Christmas songs were sung and a game entitled “Eine Musikalische Romanze” was played. The tables were appropriately decorated with Christmas trimmings and the dainty refreshments were thoroughly enjoyed.

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### **The College Orchestra**

We are now a very much alive organization. Last month we made our début in the college at chapel. We thank every one for the kind reception accorded us.

The Students' Club of Albany volunteered the use of its rooms, provided that we join the club. We have now a regular place for practice.

At the second meeting of the Orchestra Mr. Nusbaum was elected manager and director, and Miss Lois Atwood, assistant.

The members of the Orchestra are as follows:

Director .....	Mr. Nusbaum
Pianist .....	Mr. Daley
Assistants.....	Miss Atwood and Miss Schmidt

Violins.....Messrs. Long and Bates, Misses Prat,  
 Wheeler, Reynolds, McCabe, McKelligett, Haley  
 Mandolins.....Misses Prat, Whish, Bradt, Stewart  
 Drum.....Messrs. Wood and Schneider

---

### Senior Notes

The year book board stands as follows:

Editor-in-Chief.....J. Harry Ward  
 Secretary to Editor.....Grace Malcolm  
 Associate Editor.....Marion Button  
 Literary Editor.....Rachel Griswold  
 Art Editors.....Marion A. Wheeler, Jennie F. Davis  
 Photo Editors.....Adele Clark, Beatrice Wright  
 Athletic Editors.....Gertrude Wells, Earle Elmore  
 Business Manager .....Lois Atwood  
 Subscription Editors..Christie L. Wait, Anna Rickon  
 Advertising Editors.....Marjorie Davidson, Jenette  
 Campbell, Orris Emery  
 Auditing Department..Prof. Walker, Fanny Church,  
 Edith Casey

The Senior Class extends to the College best wishes for a successful new year. If any underclassmen desire advice as to making new year's resolutions, consult any senior and your wish will be granted.

Practice teaching is drawing to a close for some of us. Enjoy vacation, ye who have not yet experienced the ordeal, for in a few months not even vacation will be soothing to your spirits.

Come, seniors, support your College paper. If you will not set an example how can you expect underclassmen to subscribe? It's worth while, come on!

### Junior Notes

At the December meeting of the Junior Class, Junior Week was the topic of discussion. It was decided that the Junior functions should be held during the week following mid-year examinations. The banquet is to be held on Tuesday evening. The place has not yet been definitely decided, but it will probably be at one of the city's best hotels. The reception will be held on Thursday evening and the promenade on Friday.

Extra invitations will be sold to Seniors only, until the fifteenth of January. After that date the remaining invitations will be sold to anyone in the College. There will be only one hundred invitations issued this year.

The Juniors wish to extend their sympathy to Rachel Harrison for the recent loss of her mother.

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### Delta Omega

Delta Omega welcomes into her membership the following girls: Marion Blodgett, Hildred Griffin, Fannie Leech, Mildred Alden, Dorothy Swartwout, Carolyn Bennett, Dorothy McCabe, Edith Rose, Bertha Reedy and Edith Wallace.

The Deltas enjoyed their annual Christmas party at the flat on Saturday evening, December 13.

A delightful Christmas meeting was held at the Delta Omega apartment Monday evening, December 15.

Miss Edna Albert spent a few days in New York during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Mildred Fleming visited in Newburgh, N. Y., during the holidays.

Miss Lois Atwood enjoyed a trip to New York during the Christmas vacation.

### **Eta Phi**

On Saturday, December 13, Geraldine Murray entertained the Eta Phi girls and their newly-initiated members at her home on Manning Boulevard. We had the pleasure of seeing again some of our graduate members. The sorority is pleased to welcome to its membership Anna Nelson, Helen Kelso, Myra du Mond and Alice Gazely.

Miss Jennette Campbell entertained at a delightful Christmas party on Thursday, December 18.

Eta Phi extends to the faculty, to the students, to everybody, hearty wishes for a prosperous and happy new year.

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### **Kappa Delta**

We are glad to welcome into Kappa Delta Janet Robertson, '17, Marguerite Stewart, '17, and Ruth Mosely '17.

Friday night, December 19, the annual Kappa Delta Christmas dance was held in the College gymnasium. The following alumni members attended: Isabel Knapp, '12, Anna Boochever, '12, Helen Schermerhorn, '12, Mary Denbow, '10, Ada Edwards, '10, and Anna Kenedy, '13. The gymnasium was decorated with Christmas greens.

Barbara Pratt, '15, attended the wedding of her cousin, Miss Marjorie Lake, at Cambridge, December 9th.

Miss Louise Livy, of Hudson, visited Edith Casey, '14, during the week of December 14.

Miss Mary Doremus, one of our alumni members, is taking a course for a master of arts degree at Seattle, Washington.

Kappa Delta hopes all the students enjoyed a very merry Christmas vacation and have come back with strength and vigor to cram for exams.

---

### **Psi Gamma**

Psi Gamma welcomes her new members, Grace Meade, Mildred Hearn, Olive Horning, Arline Newkirk, Laura Smith and Helen Greene.

Initiation was held at the house December 13, and a dinner party was given in the evening at the Knickerbocker.

May MacHarg, Hope Duncan, Charlotta Jordan and Mabel Tallmadge were the alumni members present. Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Randall chaperoned.

Esther Eveleigh spent the week end of December 6 in Schenectady.

A Christmas party was held at the house December 18.

Psi Gamma wishes to congratulate the College orchestra for the splendid rendition of the selections in chapel.

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### **Alumni Department**

The Metropolitan Alumni Association of the N. Y. S. N. C. have decided to hold their next annual dinner at the Hotel Majestic, West 72d St. and Central Park, New York City, on Saturday, February 7, 1914.

Fred Fischer, '11, is principal of the High School at New Lebanon, N. Y.

Miss Anna Kennedy, '13, visited Miss Rachel Griswold, December 19-20, 1913.

The student body feel keen sympathy for Miss Laura Bristol in the loss of her mother.

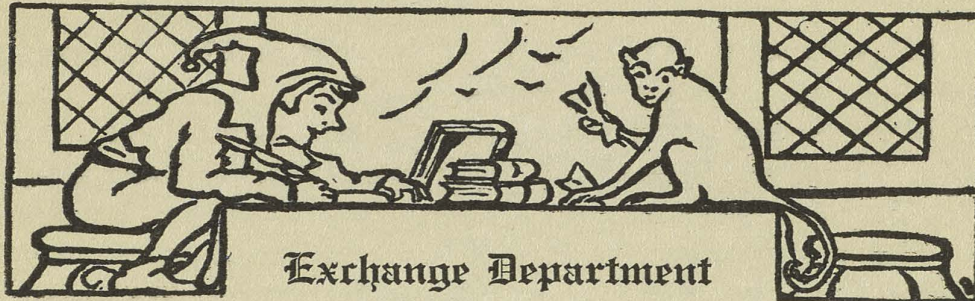


Miss Amelia Kartluke, '11, visited Miss Milly Lakin, of this city, over the holidays.

Miss Seeley, '10, was married in August, 1913, to Mr. Chas. F. Breitzke. They are living at Boonton, N. Y.

The engagement of Miss Laura Bristol, '13, to Mr. Edwin Smith, who was graduated from the Michigan Agricultural College in '12, was announced during Thanksgiving week.





The exchanges this month have been very good. All the magazines show a tendency toward steady, substantial, material. They seem to have settled into the harness for the year's work and to be pulling with earnestness.

One of our latest exchanges is the *Western University Gazette*, of London, Ontario. This is a magazine well worth reading. It has many departments and each one represents some side of University activity in an entertaining manner. To those who are unfamiliar with this paper a table of contents would be of considerable assistance.

*The Normal News*, Cortland, N. Y., which seems to be exclusively a "news"-paper, prints accounts of the social activities of the students in such a lively fashion that one wonders about the studious side of their life.

*The Prospect*, Plymouth, N. H., an interesting exchange of ours, has this to say of us:

"Your paper is excellent, but might be improved by a few cuts. We are glad to see that you realize the need of an exchange column, and we hope it will prove a valuable addition to your paper."

*The Prospect* is right about the need of an exchange column, and THE ECHO, appreciating such a necessity, has this last year endeavored to establish an exchange department. The following publications

have been kind enough to respond to our invitation to exchange:

*El Monitor de la Educacion Commun*, Buenos Aires, S. A.

*The Normal News*, Cortland, N. Y.

*The Mirror*, Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas.

*The Normal Magazine*, Potsdam Normal, Potsdam, N. Y.

*The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

*The Cue*, Albany Academy.

*The Prospect*, New Hampshire State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.

*The Western University Gazette*, London, Ontario.

### Jokes

Practice Teacher — "Are there any absentees here to-day?" (General confusion.)

A practice teacher was pounding his desk and waving his arms in a manner calculated to convince refractory pupils. "What do you think of him?" whispered one student to another. "O, he can't help it," answered the other. "It's a birthmark." "A what?" "A brithmark. His mother was scared by a windmill."

Teacher — "Johnny, what's a hypocrite?"

Johnny — "A boy wot comes to school wid a smile on his face."

Freshman to Senior — "Take this splinter out of my finger, please."

"What have you been doing, my child, scratching your head?"

The Chemists at dinner.

E—ry — “ Pass the  $H_2O$ .” W—d passes the water.

“ Shove the  $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$  this way please.” W—d passes the sugar.

“ I'll take a little of the  $K_2H_{27}Co_{15}Pb_{114}$ .” W—d passes the soup.

---

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

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In Physics Class — “ Can anyone tell me who was the first electrician? ”

Bright Student — “ Noah, of course; he made the arc light on Mount Ararat.”

---

Perhaps these jokes are old  
And ought to be on the shelf,  
Improvements could be made  
If you'd hand some in yourself.

---

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,  
And settled down to drill,  
He boned away for half a day  
And finally broke his bill.

---

“ What's the difference between Miss K—r—e and a parasol? ”

“ Well, you can make a parasol shut up once in awhile.”

---

Interested party — “ Ep—n, why are you limping? ”

Ep—n — “ I sat down on the spur of the moment.”

---

Freshie — “ Can a sewing bee sting? ”

Prof. — “ No; but it can buzz a lot.”

Student — “ They say R—s—ly is an auto fiend.”

Another Student — “ So he is; he sleeps in his goggles and has gasoline sprinkled on his pillow.”

---

Like the lava from the crater,  
 Came the gravey on his pate,  
 For he failed to tip the waiter,  
 So the waiter tipped the plate.

---

“ Now, boys,” said Dr. Bulbous Roots to his class,  
 “ You shall have a half-holiday if you can prove in a novel way that ‘ *ten* ’ is an even number.”

Next morning, when the Doctor came into school, he found this on the blackboard :

	SIX=6
	IX=9
	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>
By subtraction	S= —3
	SEVEN= 7
	S= — 3
	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>
Therefore	EVEN=10
	Q. E. D.

The half-holiday was won.

— *N. Y. World.*

**Index to Echo Advertisers**

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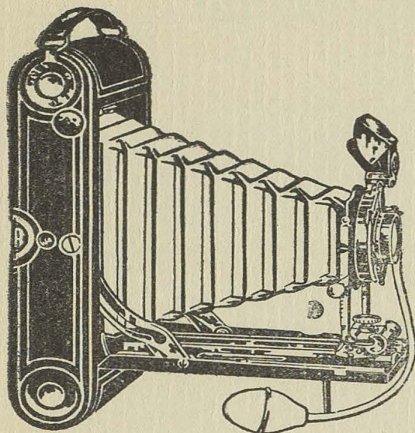
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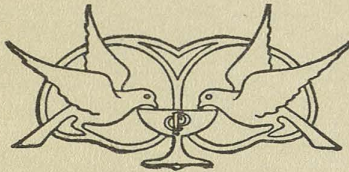
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