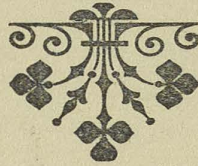


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The Echo

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Literary Department

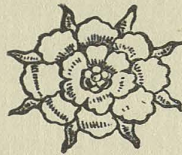
A Te Deum of Common-place Things

FOR that hour which of all is the most blessed, that hour when light and darkness, sun and shadow, dispute, in gentle fashion, this world; when night hides the stars, the harshness the deformities of the world, and throws into kindly relief its purity, its gentleness, and its beauty; for the deep, comforting blue of the sky, upon which one may gaze without flinching; for the gloom which transforms some city street into a canyon and its decreasing traffic into a rushing stream cutting a way through virgin rock; for the magic shadow which makes of half-concealed spaces enchanted gardens, whose thick verdure and pale, fragrant, half-seen flowers hint of some mystery, charm,— for that dim shroud which the rainclouds bring, when there is a beauty in starless skies, soggy, fallen leaves, and a ceaseless pattering; for the darkness which can transform a dazzling, blinding world into one of sad purples and greys, lit up by gleams of quivering, glaring gold; for the soothing dimness which can wipe out, with one stroke, the soil and dust and grime which cling to the habitations of men, and can soften their rugged outlines, blending their ugliness into dark masses against a background of pure

blue; for the glow of colorful light which makes of gloomy piles rich palaces, and of plain dwellings, homes, when the halo from a flower-like lamp, — a half-opened, creamy tulip or pinkish water lily, — makes rich canvas, wood and tapestry more beautiful; when the gaudy plainness of a home is beautified by the air of happiness which it wears; for the greyness which draws a veil over faces, evil, care-worn, despairing, sullen, life-sick, complacent, cold, passionate; for the lulling quiet of an hour which shares the beauty of both the light and the shadow and foretells, not only the calm and rest and peace of the night, but also the glory and vigor and beauty of the coming day,

We thank Thee, Lord,

GRACE MALCOLM, '16.



The Shepherd Who Remained

Silently, but half expectantly, night settled down over the country of Judea, and the shepherds watching their flocks on the hillside of Bethlehem. And as the darkness grew, the sheep lay down quietly, one by one, near to the shepherd who was to guard them during the night from the untold terrors of lurking wolves.

"Brother," said one of the shepherds, as he made count of the now safely gathered sheep, "Brother, hast thou noted the stillness of the night? It seems as if the flocks were quiet sooner than they are wont."

"Ay," said the other, gathering up a tiny lamb to place it in the bosom of his mantle, "and hast thou noted, too, how quick the darkness fell? 'Twould seem the night were waiting for some great thing to befall. See how brilliantly the stars glow! Methinks they look as if they had just wakened from dreaming a thousand years."

"Ah, David, thou has been dreaming, not they. I see no special brilliancy about them. The night is chill. No wonder the sheep prefer to lie close so soon. Have thy sling ready, lad. The wolves will surely be about."

The elder man drew his mantle the more snugly around him, his gaze ever intent on the sleeping flocks. Truly there was something mysterious about the night, but what, he did not understand. Suddenly he was aroused by the voice of David exclaiming:

"Brother, see how marvelous a light! It cannot be a star, — and yet it is."

"Child, thou art like those foolish Magi, whom I saw in Jerusalem some days ago, when I went thither to visit our kinsman Simeon. 'Tis said they conversed

long with Herod concerning a new star which they had observed, and also concerning the prophecy of the Messiah, whom they say is to be born in Bethlehem village soon, — this night for aught I know. Look about thee well, David. Is not that the sound of wolves? See, thy sheep are restless! Thou dreamer, thou wouldst let thy sheep be destroyed while thou standest blinking at the stars! Ho, rascal, a stone for thee, for disturbing the sheep!”

The marauder of the sheep slunk away before the vigilant sling of the shepherd, but David stood, unheeding, gazing at the radiant heavens.

“Ah, child, wouldst ape those foolish wisemen? Tend thy sheep.”

“But, Brother, dost thou not see the star? How wonderful it is! Methinks ——”

“Child, — thy sheep!”

“I will go to Bethlehem village. I, too, will see the Messiah. I will take the lamb in my bosom, and thou ——”

“I will take nothing. I will remain. If thou wilt follow those madcap Magi, go. But leave me to tend my flock in peace. Our father had as well have left thee a child’s bauble as a flock. But then, my sheep only are my affair. Leave me in peace.”

The lad turned away wistfully, yet knowing it was useless to urge. He gathered the little lamb more closely in his coat, and set forth alone. At the road to the village he looked back and saw his brother sitting motionless in the shadows, unmindful of the gleaming diadem of stars which crowned the sleeping earth.

How long he sat there thus, the elder shepherd never knew. His brain was not fully aware of the conflict raging in his breast. He felt only that his

heart ached with a pain which was new to it. Once he mechanically shot a stone in the direction of some prowling beast. He realized dimly that his brother's sheep were restless without their shepherd, — but his own sheep were safe, and the thought dulled the pain in his breast, somewhat. They were worth much to him. His neighbors had always praised him for his carefulness and thrift.

Suddenly he seemed to hear singing voices. They penetrated the metal of his apathy like stinging arrows. Gradually he roused himself and listened. "After all it was only the wind sighing in the forest beyond," he said to himself, half in apology. He looked sullenly about him. The earth was lighted by a strange light which seemed to flow like a living fountain from Heaven. Conscious only of the blinding brilliancy, he shaded his eyes with his hand, and counted his sheep. They were all there, and he was satisfied.

Then he looked toward the road to the village, as if he still expected to see the retreating form of David. But instead he saw a crowd of fellow shepherds hurrying towards the town; some running lightly, bearing lambs upon their shoulders; others helping their aged steps with the aid of their shepherd staffs. They shouted to him to join them as they hastened on, and snatches of their eager conversation came back clearly to him:

"The star — the light — the angels — the promised King!" The ache was gone from his heart now, and he sneered as he caught their breathless exclamations:

"More fools they. The world is gone mad. I alone remain to watch my flock." And once more he counted his sheep.

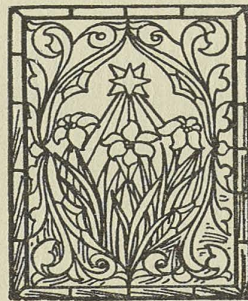
Towards sunrise, David and the other shepherds returned, singing and praising God. The shepherd who had remained heard their glad voices, but his heart could no longer respond to joy. He hailed them harshly as they drew near:

“The wolves have been about, and many of your sheep have strayed, while ye have been on your fool’s errand. David, thou hast let thy fortune slip through thy fingers, and what has thou seen?”

The lad bowed his head. “I have seen the King,” he answered simply.

But the shepherd who had remained, girded his cloak tightly about him, and bitterly fell to counting his sheep.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '14.



The Day Before Christmas

I

'Twas the day before Christmas in the little red school,
And each chubby pupil was like a young mule,
Their lessons were dull and they knew not a thing
But mischief, and pleasures which the morrow would
bring.

II

The cranky old master was snoozing away,
"Asleep at the switch," for 'twas not flogging day.
His specs on the desk did not stay very long,
For sandy-haired Tommy was trying them on.

And mischievous Patsy with spit-ball poised high
In the air, with true aim shot for Tommy's left eye.
In a far-away corner the turbulent twins
Were nudging and kicking each other's plump shins.

Next in line sat Archibald Snyder,
Armed and equipped with a fat, juicy spider,
Which he placed on the neck of Percy the "sis,"
And watched his squirmings with infantile bliss.

A squeak from the "sissy" awoke "cranky-bones,"
Who jumped up from his seat, and in sternest of tones
Denounced the bad miscreants, Percy and all,
And promised each one a flog in the hall.

Finale

Dear reader, will the students of S. N. C.
On the day before Christmas like this school be?

MARY F. GILLIGAN, '14.

The Quest of the Christmas Spirit

The magazine landed in an undignified sprawl as Maria Cocklebury rose to her feet. She stood looking at it a full minute, then crossed to the window and raised the shade. A brilliant night looked in at her and called to her, — a sympathetic night that linked hearts, and pleaded cheer and good fellowship to men. The stars danced, the sleigh bells tinkled, men and women hurried to and fro laden with bundles. The Christmas spirit was queen of this night.

Maria closed her eyes, breathed deeply, and shivered at the wonder of it. She was not one with it, — only a looker on. She longed for the joy and cheer of it all, the Christmas feeling. Her thoughts wandered back to the magazine on the floor. That had opened her eyes to her own loneliness, had even suggested a quest for the Christmas spirit, and the secret, Charity. Charity — she almost laughed at the thought! That she, Maria Cocklebury, should give to others when she hadn't enough for herself!

Her eyes wandered to a window across the street where a tree was being trimmed; and as she watched the workers' joyous faces alight with the spirit of the time, her longing deepened. She wanted to get out of the small world of self, to probe and feel with another the joys of this night. Her hand automatically sought her purse. Yes, at whatever cost, she must find the Christmas spirit.

About ten minutes later the door opened and Maria Cocklebury stepped out. The street lamp threw a merciless glare upon her pale face and scant figure, as she breathed in the fragrance and wonder of everything. She walked briskly along, her hand clasping and reclasping the purse in her pocket, and her eyes on the alert for something. Suddenly a shrill, merry

whistle in back of her made her halt. She looked around. About fifty yards away, perched on a slowly moving soap box, was a tiny cheery mite of humanity. He was whistling to keep the cold away, with now and then a short interval of silence, while he dislocated the soap box from a snow bank or gave it a vigorous shove. His red, chubby, dirty face grinned Christmas cheer.

Miss Cocklebury took in every detail of the little man, from his shrill whistle to his dirty nose, — and shivered. Plainly charity was pointing here. She walked over to the soap box, looked at its occupant, and said, —

“ Little boy, wouldn't you like a sled? ”

“ Huh? ” came the surprised answer.

“ I say, wouldn't you like a nice pretty sleigh to ride down hill on instead of that old soap box? Wouldn't you, dear? ”

“ Aw quit your kiddin'. Better look out there, lady, or I'll run you down. ”

And Miss Cocklebury had barely jerked herself out of the way when, with a mighty whoop, he whizzed past her on his soap box. Maria sighed. Evidently charity was not the only requisite in the quest of the Christmas spirit.

She walked sadly on, her eyes less alert, her enthusiasm waning. She had gone several blocks and was approaching the business section of the city when she realized that something was following her. One look was more than sufficient. Maria had never fancied dogs, and to-night, in the darkness, when she beheld a shaggy member of that family trotting leisurely behind, her heart rose and sank. She looked him over carefully. He seemed all right, a trifle thin, perhaps, but not vicious. It was then that the thought of charity was again awakened. For a minute only

Maria hesitated, then walked up to the animal and laid her hand on his head.

No sooner had she thus attempted to show her good feeling than with an impatient, vicious, unexpected snarl the poor half-fed sleepy mongrel of a previous moment turned into a raging beast. Maria made a hasty and undignified exit from the dog's whereabouts. Not until she had reached the more crowded thoroughfares did she halt, and even then it was with a frightened glance behind.

She stood for some minutes discouraged, while the hustling, bustling world pushed past her, unheeded. The tinkle of bells had dimmed, the stars were dimmed, and all the wonder and beauty of the night was dimmed.

"Help a poor man buy his Christmas dinner!" The words slowly pierced her abstraction. She looked up. It was a piteous face upturned to hers, an old man, his two legs gone, pleading for bread. Her heart went out to him, and without a thought she emptied the contents of her purse into his box.

"God bless you, miss, and a merry Christmas to you." He almost wept out the words in his gratitude, and Maria turned away—her face alight with the Christmas spirit.

It did not matter that as she turned the corner the "poor old man" suddenly grew legs and walked away. She only knew that she had *given* to a fellow-man, and that the stars danced once more and the bells jingled. She was bringing home the new found Christmas cheer.

AGNES E. FUTTERER, '16.

The Haunted House

Right across the road from our school house, —
We hate to go by it at night,—
There's a house that's shut up an' empty,
With its windows nailed down tight.
The panes are all broke in these windows,
It's across from the school, you see,
An' in winter the snow on the porch
Is piled way up to your knee.

They say that the old house is haunted,
That there's ghosts go there every night,
That there's dead men's bones in the cellar,
An' there's sometimes a queer, strange light.
Pa, he says that the man what owns it
Is rich — 'most a millionaire,
An's travellin' somewhere in Europe,
An' there ain't no ghosts nowhere.

But Bill Jones heard groans there last winter,
An' sobs, like the wind when it blows.
He swears that he saw a white figure —
Bill's almost sixteen — an' he knows.
So when we kids have to go by it,
If we're all alone an' its late,
We close both our eyes an' just beat it,
An' stop when we get to our gate.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, '14.

Thru the Mist

Thru the mist that obscures my childhood,
The haze that deepens each year,
That clouds and befogs my memory
And leaves but the outlines clear,
I see at an open window,
When the sun's gone down for the night,
A child peering out at the evening,
Watching the fireflies' flight.

There's the smell of dew in the twilight,
Of grass from the fresh cut lawn,
And the odor of primrose blossoms
That close again with the dawn.
And the fireflies shine and wander,
In their wavering, zigzag way,
Like the lights of countless vessels
On the waves of a restless bay.

It's only a glimpse, a memory,
Thru the fog of increasing years.
The rest of that twilight picture
Is blotted — perhaps by tears,
For a sadness goes with that memory,
A sadness I can't explain,
Yet I want to stand by that window
And watch the fireflies again.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, '14.

The Psychology of Baseball

No game or sport ever devised by the mind of man has attained such deep-seated and lasting popularity among the people, not only of America, but of practically every country of the world, as has baseball.

Its almost incredible hold upon men and women of all races and temperaments leads us to the supposition that it must be based upon fundamental laws that govern the activity of the human mind and body. And such is, indeed, the case.

Inasmuch as the evolution of the baseball spirit through the child to the man may be taken as approximately representative of its growth in the history of the race, let us first consider its development with the growth of the child.

The strongest and most undeniable of all the instincts of the child are those which impel to physical activity as an outlet for the boundless energy stored up within. The primary object of these first random movements is, of course, to enable the child to gain control over his muscles, to bring him into closer contact with his environment, and with the aid of interest, to select for development those activities which are of most use and pleasure to him.

Baseball is thus admirably suited to his needs at this stage, for before he can walk he likes to roll the ball on the floor and creep after it. Later, when he can walk and finds that a ball is also to be thrown and caught, its charm for him is increased. When still older and he learns to bat it and finally to play it with all the complexity of the great national game, its fascination for him is complete.

Of course, the instinct of imitation plays a large part in this process, as he sees many around him of

all ages participating in it, adores its great heroes, and dreams of the days when he will play on his college team or uphold the glory of his home town upon the diamond.

In the early days of the race, man's life was one ceaseless struggle with the elements, the wild beasts, and with enemies of his own kind. In accordance with inevitable laws, prehistoric man bequeathed to later generation the tendency to pugnaciousness, combined with a certain inborn love and yearning for strife. In times of peace, this manifested itself, in the olden days, in the combats of the jousts, and the stunning shocks of the tourney. In the Roman amphitheater, it was a gladiator fighting against his fellow or struggling with wild beasts. In Spain, it finds expression in bull fights.

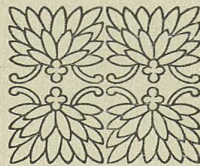
Baseball not only unites the practiced skill and physical prowess which made these sports so popular, but it is, when properly played, far more a mental exercise than a mere physical sport. So if Hercules, or Spartacus, or Samson lived in the America of today, it is very probable that much of their energy, which they were wont to spend upon fighting, would be devoted to baseball; and King Arthur, Agamemnon, Pericles and Cæsar would be noted as famous diamond stars, in addition to their fame as statesmen, even as A. G. Spalding, the "father of baseball" and the greatest pitcher the game ever knew, is a State Senator in California.

A. G. Spalding says: "Baseball elevates, and it fits American character. The emotional and moral, as well as the physical side of a man's nature, are brought into play by baseball. I know no other medium which, as completely as baseball, joins the physical, mental, emotional, and moral sides of a

man's composite being into a complete and homogeneous whole. And there is nothing better calculated than baseball to give a growing boy self-poise and self-reliance, confidence, inoffensive and entirely proper aggressiveness, general manliness. Baseball is a man maker."

Experimental psychology has made rapid advance in the last few years by recording the relation between thought and action by means of delicate instruments. These instruments in the psychological laboratories of the colleges show that the mental reactions of the athletes are quicker than those of any other students. In the case of the baseball player they are quicker than in that of any other of the athletes. This is because the thought of the baseball player must take a thousand things into consideration. He must think while he is doing. And that makes baseball interesting.

EARLE B. ELMORE, '14.



At the Sign of the Question Point

Scene II — The Dining Room

“I saw Diogenes to-day,” announced Heraclita at the supper table.

“You did? Where?” asked Fraülein, as she helped herself to the potatoes.

Heraclita examined a salt-cellar carefully before answering. “Oh, he was wandering about the college halls with his lantern, looking for — a *student*.”

“Did he find one?” demanded Fuzzy, with big eyes.

“Once, long ago, he said he had seen one. He has filled his lantern with oil many times since, but he has never found another.”

“Perhaps he needs to trim his light,” suggested Brass Tacks, glancing up at the bunsen burner over the table.

“Perhaps he needs to turn the light on himself,” snapped Mustard, whilst she peppered her salad viciously.

“I have seen them before, these Diogenes people,” said Wordy, slowly, as she watched her glass of water reflect the gas light. “They come here, sometimes from our own Kindergarten, sometimes from the parks of the Universities and often from the green-houses of Vassar and Wellesley, rushing about in our quite gardens, seeking to classify our plants, and at their approach the flowers, I have often noticed, close their petals tightly about themselves, so that these people say, with a look of scorn at us, ‘Lo, there are nothing but leaves in your College.’”

“Do you believe in hardship for the sake of hardship?” The Ignoramus is splendid at breaking silences with disconcerting questions.

“Piecing bed-quilts in order to learn how to sew?” inquired Brass Tacks. “No, thank you, I prefer to practise on dolls’ clothes.”

"Then you'd have me believe," cried Peddy, all in a burst, as though she had just swallowed a hot biscuit, "that discipline in our schools is for the sake of making life pleasant and of making people of service to others?"

"'The beautiful is as useful as the useful,'" quoted Wordy, very quietly.

"That's true," endorsed H₂O heartily. "Sometimes, you know, I lose my head over there in that lab over the sheer beauty of chemical laws. You know —," but H₂O could not continue.

"I know what you mean," said Eugenia, smiling across the table at her kindred spirit. "I felt that way to-day in sociology class, when I saw how the law of selfishness and unselfishness works."

"How's that?" asked Fraülein, quite amused at Eugenia's ardor.

"Well," retorted Eugenia, taking fire, "It's this way. When we are willing to harm ourselves in *being unselfish*, nature will not let us, but has built a circular track for us on which all our deeds of *high selfishness* come home to benefit us. Oh, it was worth something to see that! It was the Law of Compensation and Bread upon Waters, and *everything*, all clear at once. Diogenes with his lantern! It's too bad they furnish him oil!"

Scene III — The Philosopher's Attic

"Ach, Heraclita! Heraclita! here's a telegram for you." Fraülein came puffing into the philosopher's attic one evening just as the clock was striking seven. Heraclita dropped a violet drapery from her arm and reeled from the chair where she'd been perched. "My precious family!" she murmured.

"Mein liebes kind!" comforted Fraülein, supporting Heraclita while she opened the telegram with trembling fingers.

“Shades of Plato! What next?” shouted Heraclita, after a glance. “It makes one long to be a stoic.”

“‘Colgate 35 — Syracuse 13,’” read Fraülein from the extended sheet. “‘Great game.’” And then, “Oh, girls, girls! Come on up!” she shouted at the head of the stairs. “Heraclita’s waxing frivolous in her old age, getting telegrams from football fans and decorating her room in lavender.”

“Lavender! Indeed, I’m not. This is ultra violet, the shade that cures all sorts of diseases, and has faster vibrations than any other color, and I believe thoroughly in good health and an active brain. Come right in, girls,” added Heraclita, as a greater share of the Question Pointers came crowding in at her door.

“But, Heraclita, have you a headache?” demanded Fuzzy. “You look like a regular boob with your head all dolled up in that black thing.”

“Red, my child,” responded Heraclita solemnly, is a color very bad for the nerves, calculated to irritate the senses and induce insanity. You have heard of the disagreeable temper of red-headed persons? Behold the logical explanation. And at present you note my extreme mildness? Due to the absence of that objectionable portion of the spectrum.”

“And would you say,” inquired Peddy, adjusting her spectacles and gazing about curiously, “that school-room walls should be done in ultra violet?”

“Fiddlesticks, no!” growled Brass Tacks. “Contrasting shades of soft blues and tans are the proper thing. Consider the harmony, rythm and balance!”

“I wonder,” said the Ignoramus, chewing the end of her fountain pen, “why college professors carry their lectures in dark green bags?”

“I don’t know,” said the Life Member, dubiously.

"They've always done it. One on Minerva's arm wouldn't look at all unnatural. Maybe it's connected with that new phrase flying around college, 'Atmosphere educates.'"

"Ho ye! All ye good debators! Once more we have it — Heredity and Environment!" shouted H₂O, flapping a sofa-pillow violently.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Miss Wordsworth unexpectedly, "I go up in the library and just stare at the backs of the Atlantic Monthlies, and I don't feel like using slang for hours. And I just sit around in a few classes and mope and sulk, and pretty soon something begins to ooze into my brain that makes me as different! When I haven't been thinking a solitary think!"

"I understand that," promptly spoke up Peddy.

"You know at times when I've made fifty-six superficial answers to fifty-six wild questions, I just have to sit back and put my brain to soak, and *then*, I verily believe, *is when I learn most.*"

"You're making mental solutions then," smiled H₂O.

"Would you advise having the schoolhouse near a factory?" asked the Ignoramus.

"I don't know," pondered Eugenia. "Here's a funny thing I heard in an Ed class the other day. 'What would you do about the bad situation of the back seat? Let's not have any back seat.'"

"Then shall we chloroform the feeble-minded?" came the perplexed query of Brass Tacks.

"Or," rasped Mustard, "let's come down to earth. Shall we do away with the Greek letter people because they make our freshmen bitter?"

"Bitte, bitte, Ein Augenblick," shouted Fraülein. "I have something on that I found in Owen Wister's 'Virginian.' Here 'tis — 'All America is divided into

two classes, the quality and the equality. The latter will always recognize the former when mistaken for it.' ”

“Bitter,” pronounced Wordy at once. “Cynical. You'd better drop German, Fraülein.”

“Snap-shot judgments, Wordy,” remonstrated Heraclita. “You condemn a thing on the surface.”

“O, I say, but this sounds like an argument. Go to her Kate. *Shall* I have some water? *Where* are my slippers? Have at it, fair damsels!” applauded H₂O.

“‘A cultured person seeks the truth’,” quoted L. M., quite unmoved. “Yes, that idea was introduced into the college in 1909-10. Now they announce it from the rostrum.”

“But would you advise,” inquired Peddy, “making barns out of chicken coops?”

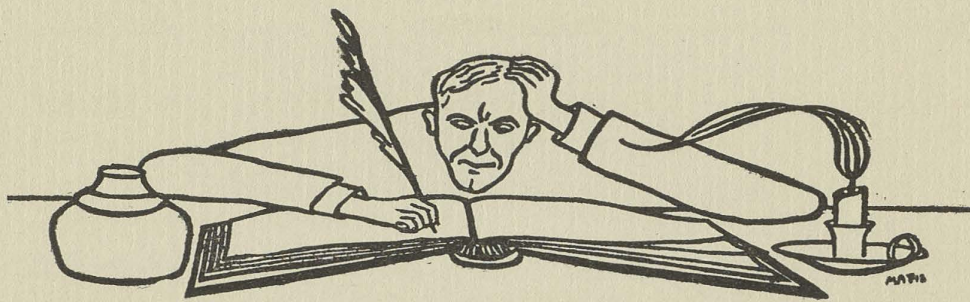
“Constructive rather than *destructive* criticism, certainly. For two years we did our lab experiments in a barn, you know, and now we've even outgrown the alarm-clock.”

“Indeed we've not,” objected Fraülein, jumping up. “I must get up at six to do my Dutch, for I have to go to a suffrage meeting.”

“I can see too,” said Wordy, “that Heraclita's about to get on her rubber reception gloves to say good-bye to us.”

“No, seriously, girls,” said Heraclita, getting up amidst the laughter of her departing guests. “I'm not at all sure this handshaking business is a sanitary procedure. But, good night!” And for a long time after that only the sound of the opening and shutting of books and the rustling of leaves was to be heard At the Sign of the Question Point.

— Written by MISS GRADGRIND, 19—?



The Echo

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Editorial Department

The Message of Christmas

Have you ever looked up into the mysterious, starry depths of the heavens upon Christmas eve and wondered just what the three weary wise men saw there upon the first Christmas eve so many long years ago? The same far away stars looked coldly or yearningly down upon them. Did they give the same message?

To Balthasar, the Egyptian, confused and disheartened by a superstitious blind devotion to myriads of false deities, the star promised one God, a *people's* God and a life with God. To Melchior, the Hindu, weighed down by the wretchedness of a nation chained to the rules of caste, the star promised a religion and a life of freedom and love. To Gaspar, the Greek, perplexed by the ununited theories of two distinct groups of philosophers, the star promised a way out of the mystery — a relation between God and the soul, between faith and reason.

Many Christmases have passed since then and, year by year, the message has been dimmed by the ceremonies in celebration of its coming. Let us look and seek for it anew.

To you who have the comforts and advantages of this age is the message, "Go thou and buy such a present for thy friend as will not shame thy present or hoped-for reputation among men," or is it, "Go thou and live thy coming year more broadly, more nobly. Gain the companionship of thy lonely brother. Give for the sake of giving?"

News Department

Faculty Notes

We are glad to note that Dr. Milne, our honored president, is again among us for the first time this year.

On November 8, Dr. Blue addressed the Association of Collegiate Alumni upon "The Teaching of Education in Colleges for Women."

Prof. Berry and Prof. Decker attended the convention of the New York State Modern Language

Association, held at Syracuse during the last week in November. Prof. Decker spoke on "The Next Step in Modern Language Instruction," and Prof. Berry on "The Commercial Training of Teachers."

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland was held at the State Normal College on November 28, 29, 1913. Prof. Risley spoke at the meeting of the Association of History Teachers, Saturday morning, November 29.

Lectures

The following persons will speak at chapel hour during the next semester:

1. Dr. Deane of the Department of Vocational Training. "Vocational Education."
2. Dr. Richardson. "Reminiscences of a Year Abroad."
3. Prof. Kirtland. "An Hour with English Lyrics."
4. Prof. Walker. "Immigration."
5. Mr. Horner, Chief of the Examination Division of the Educational Department. "The Business of Being a Teacher."

College Notes

Lectures

On Thursday evening, November 20, Mrs. Foss Lamprell Whitney, of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass., gave a recital on "The Servant in the House." A large part of the student body attended, and all were unanimous in their expressions of delight at Mrs. Whitney's pleasing manner and her remarkable dramatic ability.

Miss Van Lieu spoke at chapel on November 12. The subject of her address was "The Home, and Its Educational Influences." She showed very clearly how a knowledge of domestic science is essential if we would perfect our homes, and, through their influences, our nation. Her talk was instructive and most beneficial to all.

"The Taming of the Shrew" was presented in the college auditorium on Tuesday evening, November 25. This is the fifth play that has been given by the students of the college, and in many ways the best. Our stage presents serious limitations to scenic expansion, yet this but added to the value of the production. There was enough scenery to suggest sufficiently each setting, and, aside from that, the excellent portrayal of the parts filled every need of the imagination. The spirit of the play was carried to the spectators with admirable skill.

The shrew was a shrew beyond question or doubt, and the audience longed to see her tamed as much as did her father, sister, or her sister's lovers. And then the tamer arrived. After the first interview between the shrew and her future tamer, it was evident that Greek had met Greek, and before long it became plain that the shrew could not escape the taming. These two principal parts were carried through with masterly consistency and were remarkably well supported by the rest of the cast. In no play that has yet been given here have all the characters been better portrayed, and this is one of the elements that makes "The Taming of the Shrew" our most professional attempt yet.

Another factor contributing to the general merit of the production was the co-operative spirit of the Play Committee. Whatever assistance was needed,

whether great or small, material or suggestive, was generously and promptly supplied. This support, along with the really talented rendering of the play by the cast, makes our fifth annual production a memorable event.

Tag Day

At last the latent athletic spirit has made its appearance! Through the courtesy and exhortations of Professor Risley, the management of Mr. Swain, the energetic efforts of Messrs. Curtis and Singer, and the voluntary assistance of the Misses Jennings, Snyder, O'Connor, Dayton, Barremore and Pratt, whose excellent services deserve the highest commendation, forty-seven dollars were solicited toward the fund necessary to accoutre the S. N. C. Basketball team.

On Friday, November 7, throughout the corridors, one could easily perceive the above-mentioned young ladies industriously distributing tags. Even the faculty could not escape the scrutinizing eye of the co-workers.

During the day one might observe the "Tags" dangling conspicuously upon the apparel of the students and our worthy professors. Thus ended "A. A. Tag Day," and a very successful day it was.

Basketball

On November 14 a game occurred between the Varsity team and the Faculty of the College. The score was 18-7 in favor of the Varsity team.

In the game between the Varsity and Albany Medical College, on November 21, the score was 18-12 in favor of S. N. C.

The College Club

Have you been coming lately? Did you hear Mr. Blessing talk on "The Crisis in Mexico" and the "Significance of the Election Returns?" He is the editor of *American Education* and principal of School No. 7. He spoke of the need of threatening armed intervention on the part of the United States and gave a vigorous and concise summary of the political situation in New York State. His message was to the effect that we should inject a little idealism into our public service.

Also, Captain Roger D. Black, of the Department of the United States Army, engineering corps, spoke to us. He was in Albany, at the time, in the interest of the deeper Hudson movement and, enthusiastically in favor of the plan himself, his talk was most interesting.

The next week Miss Mary I. Breed, well known in this city and deeply interested in social service, addressed the club. We heard about some of the work that is being accomplished, but time passed all too quickly for us to listen to all that Miss Breed had to say.

At the last meeting Dr. Blue, in his usual informal way, gave us a good general idea of the Ford Republic, which is near Detroit and quite similar in its aim to the George Junior Republic with which we all are more familiar. He told many interesting incidents of the citizens of the republic, among which were some of the punishments inflicted by the boy court upon boys guilty of misconduct. Running away is considered the greatest of offenses, and when the boy is caught and brought back, he is made to walk around a circular track ten hours a day for three weeks.

Promethean Literary Society

At the meeting of November 7 the following debate was given: Resolved, that the direct primary bill, as advocated by Wm. Sulzer, will prove a permanent benefit for the evils at which it aims.

Affirmative —

Mr. F. Crosier.
Helen Denney.

Negative —

Louis B. Ward.
Marguerite McKelligett.

Professor Kirtland and Professor Walker acted as judges. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

A meeting was held November 21, at which the following Thanksgiving program was given:

1. Song — Thanksgiving HymnSociety
2. Topic — “ The First Thanksgiving ”
J. Harry Ward
3. Song — Thanksgiving DaySociety
4. Harvest verses —
“ Autumnal Music ” (Keats)....Christie Wait
“ The Rapture of the Year ” (Riley)
Mary Gilligan
“ Aftermath ” (Longfellow)...Emily Schrader
“ The Corn Song ” (Whittier)....Ruth Evans
“ Indian Summer ” (Van Dyke)
Roberta Smyth
“ Thanksgiving — 1881 ” (Field)
Harold W. Goewey
5. Talk — “ The Meaning of Thanksgiving To-day ”
Dr. Painter
6. Song — AmericaSociety

Omicron Nu

Omicron Nu is glad to welcome the following new members:

Hazel Bennett.
Naomi Howells.
Ruth Thompson.
Clara Wallace.
Gertrude Wells.
Frances Wood.

Home Economics Day is to be observed Thursday, December 4, 1913. Miss Cooley of Teacher's College, Columbia University, will talk at this time about her personal acquaintance with Mrs. Ellen H. Richards. An informal reception will follow the program.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

It may seem early in the college year to draw conclusions concerning the Association work of this year, but, so far, the prospects point to an unusually successful year. The lunch-room conducted by the Association is no longer a project, but an institution, well managed and patronized. As a result, a portion of the proceeds is to be devoted to some social affairs. This fact was made public at the financial meeting of November 19th.

On October 29th Miss Naomi Howells, President of the Y. W. C. A., led a meeting at which the recognition of new members took place. Miss Ward, Extension Secretary of the Albany Y. W. C. A., gave the members an interesting glimpse of extension work at the meeting of November 5th.

"The World's Christian Student Federation of Young People" was the subject of Miss Springstead of the faculty, who spoke on November 12th. This

last meeting was one of a series of five held during the week of Prayer, November 10th through November 14th. The first, led by Miss Dorothy Osborne, was devoted to the student Volunteer Movement. Miss Pierce, Dean of Women, who considered "The Student's Responsibility," Miss Olive Osborne, whose subject was "The Personal Call," and Miss Dike, who spoke on "Why Are Missions?" completed the series.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. extend the greetings of the coming season to the College.

Borussia

Borussia is making an effort this year to have native Germans speak upon the life and customs of Germany, or some other topic of interest to students of German. At the meeting of October 28th, Mr. Lutsky, who is a student at the College, spoke upon a personal meeting with a German. At the meeting upon November 18th Mr. Karl Frank, who has been in America about ten weeks, spoke concerning German schools and told something of his first impressions of America. It is very beneficial to German students to hear native Germans speak and it is to be hoped that more students will avail themselves of the opportunity. The usual Christmas meeting of Borussia will be held about the middle of December — a good program and refreshments are promised. All come!

Musical Club Notes

The Men's Orchestra and Girls' Musical Club have united and expect to form a strong organization. The membership is not yet completed, and all who can play musical instruments are asked to join at once.

The club is planning to play in chapel soon, and preparations for a recital are under way.

Meetings are held every Monday afternoon at 4:10, generally in the High School chapel. Attendance of *every* member at *every* meeting is desired. A complete list of members will be published soon.

Delta Omega

Miss Ruth Bayer is staying at the Delta Omega apartment at 2 Delaware avenue.

Miss Hazel Bennett spent the week end of November 21 at St. Stephens.

Miss Adele Kaemmerlen, '13, has recovered from her long illness and is now teaching in Haverstraw, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Evans, of Waterville, N. Y., has been the guest of her sister, Ruth.

The Misses Kathryn Odell and Fannie Leach visited Miss Hazel Bennett at her home in Norwich, N. Y., during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Miss Ruth Evans spent Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Waterville, N. Y.

Eta Phi

The society met at the home of Miss Jennette Campbell on Friday, November 7.

Eta Phi is pleased to welcome her new faculty member, Miss Van Liew.

On Thursday, November 20, a meeting was held at the home of Miss Pearl Schafer.

Miss Mary Bradt, '14, spent Thanksgiving in New York.

Miss Martha Kinnear, '13, is teaching Latin in the Albany High School.

Kappa Delta

Kappa Delta entertained a few friends at a Progressive party Saturday evening, November 15.

The house was somewhat deserted during the week end beginning November 7 with three of its most prominent inmates away. Barbara Pratt spent the week end in Cambridge, Edith Casey in Hudson and Edith Case in Kingston. They received a cordial welcome on their return.

Mary Denbow, '10, visited the house Sunday, November 9.

Psi Gamma

Charlotte Wright and Jessie Spense, '13, spent the week end of November 23 at the Psi Gamma House.

Marion Chapman entertained three of her brothers at the sorority house on Sunday, November 9.

On November 15 a Progressive dinner was given at the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Decker and Mr. and Mrs. Walker were at the house for dinner November 12.

On November 9, a straw ride, followed by luncheon at the sorority house, took place.

Newman Notes

The Newman Club held its third regular meeting on November 15. A very interesting program was presented. The main features were: A review of a magazine article on "Education;" the synopsis of a chapter of Newman's "Idea of a University;" a letter from Newman to his sister; the reading of a poem

entitled "Scum o' the Earth." This poem appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1911. It is a protest against the scornful attitude assumed toward the immigrants who come to our shores. Mrs. Mooney's comparison and contrast of Newman with Macaulay gave us a clearer insight into the family and college lives of these two Englishmen whose influence on our literature is so widely felt at the present time.

The next meeting will be held on December 15.

Sigma Nu Kappa

On November 14, Sigma Nu Kappa attended the first basketball game in a body, unfurled the new fraternity banner, and, with Brother Goewey as cheer leader, led the organized cheering.

The fraternity is perfecting plans for a reception in the near future.

Alumni Department

May F. Strouse, '13, is preceptress and teacher of English and German in the Prattsburg, N. Y., High School.

Edith Potter, H. E., '13, is teaching in the Albany Orphan School.

Anna Boochever, '12, has taken up a position with the Albany Humane Society.

Olive Maxwell, '13, is teaching at Rotterdam Junction.

Charlotte Wright, '13, and Jessie Spence, '13, visited the College on their way to the Teachers' Association meeting at Syracuse last month.

Adele Kaemmerlin, '13, is now able to take up her teaching at Haverstraw.

Nola Rieffanaugh, '13, visited Amy Wood, '13, at Otego during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Ruth Cawkins and Mildred Lawson, both of the Class of '11, are attending the Library School of the State Education Department.

Mary Denbow, '10, spent Thanksgiving with Isabelle Knapp, '12, at her home on Hudson avenue.

Helen Kernan, '13, is teaching in the Rotterdam High School.

Henrietta Frazee, '13, is teaching Algebra in the Port Jervis, N. Y., High School.

Lelia Allen, '13, is preceptress of the Rensselaer Falls High School.

Frances Stillman, '11, was in town Saturday, November 29, 1913.

Frances Coghlan, '13, is at her home in Hartford, Conn., recuperating from a severe illness, of which we were all very sorry to hear.

Henrietta Fitch, '11, is one of the girls who has decided to "stay at home" this winter. She is with her parents in Poland, N. Y.

Susan De Garmo, '13, is teaching in the High School at Stillwater.

To all S. N. C. Alumni:

BE LOYAL.

Pray help us out both great and small,
Pray help us out both short and tall,
If you're from old Normal
And are not too formal —
We'd like a few items — that's all!



The Exchange Department is pleased to welcome its latest arrival, *The Holy Cross Purple*, of Worcester, Mass. This magazine is to be complimented for placing all necessary information about itself, upon the cover. So many college publications hesitate to put the name of the place from which they come, in a conspicuous position. One often has to search through pages of advertisements and other material to discover the source of a magazine, and its table of contents. *The Holy Cross Purple* has all this information well arranged upon the cover, part of it outside, part inside.

This is the second publication to come to us from a college for men only. It is most interesting to compare magazines issued by an editorial board of men, with those published by a board of women. Come to the filing stand in the library and make such a comparison for yourself. It will be illuminating. And then see if those magazines, edited by a mixed board, strike a happy medium.

Jokes

"After all, there isn't much difference between the editor and the office boy."

"You're joking."

"Not at all. The editor fills the waste baskets and the office boy empties them."

“Pa, what is a pillory?”

“A what?”

“A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday and I didn’t know.”

“Why, that’s a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won’t these schools put into your head next?”

The Zoo ostrich saw a woman wearing a modern style hat.

“Ah,” he mused, “wouldn’t I like to have one of those portable hiding places!”

Junior — “Did you ever take castor oil, Freshie?”

Freshie — “No, sir; in what room is it given?”

Two boys were sitting on a high board fence discussing the latest developments in football. They were getting warmed up to their subject when the topmost board broke, precipitating them to the ground. The older boy looked at the younger and sorrowfully remarked, “Defence is weak.”

The clerk was most obliging, but the young woman customer was hard to please. Roll after roll of blankets did he patiently take down and show her; nothing suited.

For some fifteen minutes this mock sale went on, then the young woman said condescendingly, “Well, I don’t intend to buy, I was just looking for a friend.”

“Wait a moment, Madam,” cried the clerk. “There is one more blanket on the shelf. Maybe you will find your friend in that.”

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair reading an article on the law of compensation.

“Accordin’ to this, whin a mon loses wan uv his sinces, another gits more developed; for instance, a bloind mon gits more since in hearing, touch an’ ——’

“Sure, an’ it’s quite true,” exclaimed Pat. “Oi’ve noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter thin the other, begorra, the other’s longer.”

Freshie (despondently)—“What would you do if you were in my shoes?”

Soph.—“Blacken ’em.”



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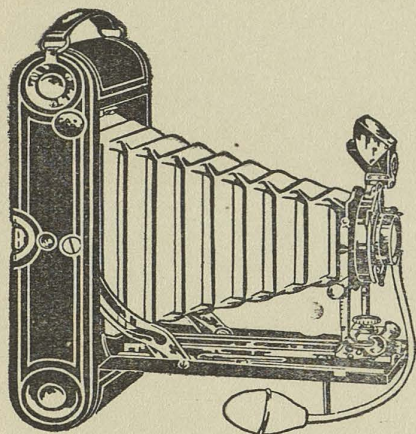
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Grocer: “Ambuscade? What kind is that?”

Nickleby: “Why, they lie in weight, as it were.”

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A certain divine who had wandered, in the course of his travels, beyond the conveniences of the railroad, was obliged to take to a horse. Being unaccustomed to riding, he said to his host, "I hope

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you are not so unregenerate in these parts that you would give me a horse that would throw a good Presbyterian minister?”

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Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, dat am de lady. She yain't much to look at."



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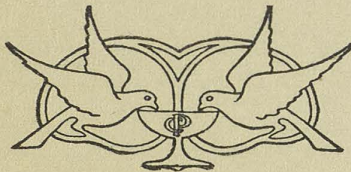
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Citizen: "Well, no, not very much, Uncle Rastus."
Uncle Rastus: "But she hab fohty-seven dollahs in de bank, boss,
and she hab promised to gib me de power of attorney-generalship."

