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for Teachers**

**MAY-JUNE  
1916**



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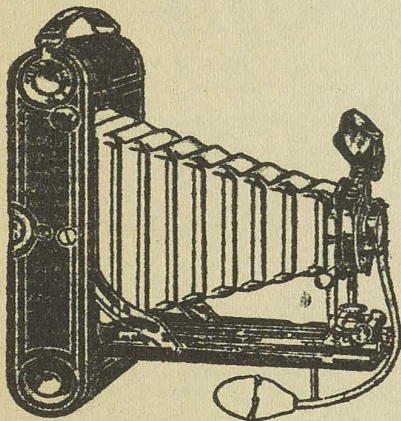
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# The Echo

VOL. XXV

MAY-JUNE, 1916

No. 9

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## Literary Department

### Our Future

Our future, that elusive goal hid deep  
In life's own mystery; mirage of hope  
That gleams or glowers and slips beyond the slope  
Of Time; dim vision of a dreamy sleep  
That mocking fades or grows grotesque at peep  
Of day; unknown, unknowable To-morrow,  
How do we cry aloud in joy or sorrow  
Are there no promises that she doth keep?  
Reach but to touch the universal soul  
By love of woods and waves in waking dream,  
Meet one atuned heart with love supreme,  
Love all mankind and each as a part of the whole,  
Then listen as the winds this promise tell,  
If you now live in love, your future will be well.

HOWARD DABNEY, '12.

### Gods — and the Third Generation.

Agnes Worth turned the knob of the garret door. It was the third day of her visit to Aunt Josie Goodyear and the top floor was still unexplored. What treasures of hoop and crinoline might not be lurking in old trunks! Half way up the steps her gaze reached the level of the splintery floor and glimpsed a pair of flat heeled Queen Quality shoes — Aunt Josie's.

"Hello. I always get caught when I go prying. Do you keep antiques up here?"

The little old lady, bending over a jumble of nondescript, jumped.

"What in the world is that?" said Agnes with a poke at a chair. "Looks to me like teakwood. Bless me, there's another! Good heavens, Aunt Josie, why do you keep that gorgeous screen up here? And that vase!" Agnes' thin voice had risen to the pitch of ecstasy. "I'll wager my old shoes it's a — Aunt Josie Goodyear, what do you mean by this?"

"Sh—sh!" said the old lady. "What?"

"*Why* do you keep things in your attic that would make your neighbors wriggle with envy just to look at?"

Mrs. Goodyear thought of her neighbors, plain, undiscriminating village folk, and smiled.

"Why, back in town," continued the niece, "Mrs. Theodore Price has a chair that she dotes on and it's not half as lovely as that one. She had her whole drawing room done over when she got it."

"Hm. Bad as Jahn. He planned that when he got all these things together, he'd have Terwilliger come in and paper the parlor. The screen was to stand by one window so's 'twould show from outdoors, the vase



by the other and the chairs, one on each side of the center table. Jahn always did have an eye for effect. But he died too soon, poor man. *I* might have carried out his notions but — what's the use? He wouldn't care about 'em now,—and those chairs aren't very comfortable. Furthermore, if they came down the Family would have to come, too. One thing calls for another.

“The Family!”

“Over there,” said Mrs. Goodyear, pointing a thin finger to the further wall, where lined up in exact gradation, were six rather terrifying shadowy figures.

“Idols — false gods,” said Aunt Josie with a hint of repugnance. “They were another of Jahn's notions. Every time he came home from a trip he'd bring one with him. There are six of 'em. Steps. Ma, pa, and four little ones. He scoured India and China for the youngest to get him the right size.”

Agnes Worth examined a squat brazen figure at close range, gave it a pat and squealed with delight.

“My dear aunt, just one of these darlings would lend enough *atmosphere* to a room to suit even Elsie DeWolfe. She wrote a book on the “House Beautiful,” you know, Mrs. Worth tactfully explained. “I think it was awfully clever of Uncle Jahn. *Do* let me arrange these things downstairs. Don't say no, there's a dear. Come right down with me now and we'll plan how to set about it. Of course, the red plush furniture would have to go in the living room — or somewhere. When I was in town the other day there was an adorable piece of tapestry that would look very well on ——.”

At great cost of ammunition, the younger generation triumphed. Mrs. Worth arranged the Goodyear "parlor" and the "family" peeped out from corners here and there. To be sure, to Aunt Josie, bustling in her niece's wake, the result seemed a bit bare without the "tidied" rockers — and there was no center table. But the treasures of Uncle Jahn, collected with such painstaking care, had come into their own at last and the idea of a "party" was being discussed fore and aft. Old Isaac, ancient gentleman of color, who had faithfully watchdogged the small Goodyear household ever since Miss Josephine Bevier had married a traveling man beneath her own station and settled on High street, presumed that it took city folks to know what was what. (In his youth he had worked three years in a New York restaurant.) Now he beats carpet and polishes best silver, unprotesting, for hadn't Mrs. Worth decided that all Beviertown, at least anybody who was anybody, should find herself and Mrs. Goodyear at home on the coming Monday?

Through the tense hours of preparation, cool and aloof, walked Thompson Appleby Worth, cherished only son of the house of Worth, hands jingling the miscellany of his pockets,— shoe strings, buttons and necktie nonchalant. A glance at him would have conveyed the impression that he and his clothes were enjoying a glad holiday from parental fondness, but, to be accurate, Thompson Appleby was not exactly content with his present lot. It was good to have one's fingers manicured or one's psychology considered, it was better to be out of doors, but out of doors there was mud and between Thompson and mud there was an affinity that would not have simplified the festive arrangements of his mother and great-aunt. True,

Isaac, life-long friend and present source of consolation, on the back porch where the dust flew, from his African virility proved as usual a delightful conversationalist. Then there *were* the "gods," whose facial expression studied from the doorsill of the newly cleaned and therefore forbidden parlor, seemed worthy of imitation. Between these two points of mild interest Thompson roamed until supper came, followed by *bed*, which was for once an isle of happy oblivion between Saturday's unusual boredom and Sunday's church.

To Thompson, church was inevitable. His philosophy included it with school, dancing class, hair cuts and concerts. In Beviertown it was relieved for the nonce by the difference of human species around and in front of him from that displayed in similar edifices of the city. But even Mr. LeBrun's sartorial individuality and Miss Darcy's nodding approval of the minister grew familiar and uninteresting. On this Sunday morning, he slouched down to his customary dreamy abstraction on the end of his spine. He knew that now the creed had been said he would not again be disturbed, except to find the last hymn for his mother. This he had already done with admirable forethought. The organ creaked dismally, the drone of the minister sounded afar off. How did they come to invent churches — and why didn't Miss LeBrun get a new hat. He was tired of seeing that pink flower bobbing nervously — ever bobbing —. Bob Terwilliger had a simper just like that youngest idol. Why was his mother so crazy about those idols? Were they ilke the one that fellow Elijah hated so? The voice of the minister came wearily to his attention.

"And he set up the graven image of Asherah — and

Jehovah spake by his servants the phophets, saying: Because Manasseh hath done these abominations and hath done great evil — behold, I bring such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah that whosoever heareth it both his ears shall tingle. And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down. And I will cast off the remnant of mine inheritance and deliver them into the hands of their enemies and they shall become a prey and a spoil to all their enemies.”

The drone died away again for a horse clattered by. Maybe it was Isaac's son Dave on the old mare. Thompson had ridden that mare himself.

“ Oh, ye followers of false gods! ” A sudden thunder from the pulpit brought him back with a start.

“ I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children *and* upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me! ”

“ Gosh! ” Thompson Appleby Worth straightened as from a blow. His mother glanced toward him alarmed but seeing that he had apparently subsided again into discretion, let him alone.

He said nothing more until dinner time, but his brain was struggling through all the paths of logic it had ever learned. During the lull while the chicken was being carved, he ventured a question.

“ Mother, what generation am I? ”

“ What dear? ” said Mrs. Worth. You always have to repeat things to grown-ups.

“ That depends, ” said Aunt Josie. “ To your mother you're the second. To me you're the third generation. ”

"Gosh!" he said again, this time inwardly but as one who has decided. The afternoon found him in earnest conversation with Isaac.

"I get you boy, I get you. Don't lak them things much myself. They looks s'picious. 'Taint lak Christian folks to have 'em round. Ah come by 'em las' night 'bout dark an' I swear one of them things winked at me. They's conventions ob de devil, dat's what dey are — con—ventions ob de devil. Ole Mist' Good-yeah, he said to me just fore he died, 'Isaac, Isaac,' he say 'tek good care ob mah wife. Doant let nothin' happen to her.' *Ef* in a moment of misguidernent he done wrong and brought them thar things, 'taint no reason why ole Isaac shouldn't do his Christian duty — 'taint no reason why ole Isaac should break a *deathbed* vow. But laws, chile, ef *she* ever find out, ef she ever *find out!* 'Twon't be no place in this heah town for a cullahed man to lay his haid."

"How'll she ever know, Isaac? She'd blame me, too. I won't tell, you can bet your life on that. Cross my heart. Look here. If it turned out like it says in the Bible, 'twouldn't be only me would suffer. Guess you'd all come in for your share as aidin' and abettin' accomplishers."

"Jes' say that ovah again, boy, the paht out ob de Bible."

"For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting, etc." — repeated Thompson solemnly. "You see if you didn't come in for it your son Dave would or his children, anyway, for you live in this house most of the time. *He'll* wipe us up like a plate — that's what he'll do. The minister read it — and we'll be a prey to all our enemies."

The darky's eyes rolled as the threatened revenge of Jehovah materialized in his imagination.

"Yeh. Dat's right. Ah'll do it, boy. Don't you give me away, though. Don't you ever squeal."

"Guess we're partners, Isaac. Shake. *Twelve o'clock*. Be sure."

The hour of midnight struck within the peaceful Goodyear household. From the room adjoining his mother's, Thompson stole out, a small night-clad figure, and ran the gauntlet of creaking boards. It took an infinity to creep downstairs in the still darkness when every breath was a betrayal. He reached the Baal infested parlor at last and noiselessly shut the door. It took some courage to proceed then for a shaft of moonlight came in the window and fell straight across the horrible staring face of what must have been the ugliest idol. Still the zeal of his mighty Christian purpose spurred him on to the pane. Isaac was without. Through the trees he caught the gleam of the white mare and knew that the cart was hitched behind her. Softly he raised the window and Isaac stepped in.

"Laws, boy, this doant seem right, doant seem right, me comin' in here lak a low-down thief in de night, me what's been an honest cuhluhed genman all his life. S'pose we get cotched — s'pose de neighbors see us!"

"Sh—sh! They're all in bed. The quicker we get done the better. Here, take the biggest first."

"Oh, golly, boy, s'pose Miss Josephine come down. It doant seem right. Hit's stealin'!"

"If you don't," hissed Thompson Appleby Worth, pausing ominously after each word, "He'll wipe us up like a dish. We'll be the *prey to all our enemies!*"

“ Oh, golly! Hurry up — giv me a lift. Here goes, easy, now. Woa dere!”

“ Sh——, don't talk,” warned the boy.

Five times the old man labored stealthily down the walk from the Goodyear cottage to the street. The last trip almost bent him double for the two youngest sons of Baal were tucked one under each black arm. And the scion of the house of Worth waited at the window, one ear alert for developments above stairs, the other for the welcome patter of hoofs which came at last.

Monday noon, Agnes Worth coming late to luncheon, wore a look of repressed excitement. She had been in to have a last look at her handiwork.

“ Aunt Josie,” she said, with studied calm — I don't want you to get excited. We shall probably recover them, but — the ‘ family ’ have been stolen.” She waited for results.

Aunt Josie seemed interested but not alarmed.

It was more than the guilty and artistic soul of Thompson could bear. The nature of things absolutely demanded an outburst of some sort so he attempted to furnish it.

“ Gosh!” he said — to his mother's instant disapproval and suspicion. Could Thompson have ——? But no, it was absurd, one small boy get rid of those six brazen images? Impossible.

To Thompson the afternoon session of the village school, where he was an honored transient, waited for him as a peaceful refuge. As soon as he could he slipped out. Cutting the lawn was Isaac.

“ Sh—sh!” said the boy in preparatory warning. “ All safe?” “ Safe as de daid,” said the darky. Done buried 'em in Burns' sand heap!”

"But — but," sputtered the boy in despair. "You said you'd take 'em home; you said you'd never let anybody see 'em but Dinah. Anybody can find 'em in Burns' sand pile. You said —, you said —."

"Couldn't tak 'em home," returned Isaac calmly. "You dunno wimmen. Dinah wouldn't let 'em in de house. 'Isaac,' she say, 'you done bin up to de mourners' bench five times at persuasion meetin's an' now you come heah tryin' to bring dem graven himages into dis house. Tek dem heathen gawds right away from here,' she say. So Ah buried 'em deep as Ah could in Burns' sand pile. Nobody goes there boy, they're safe — safe as de daid."

School brought relative comfort, for the seat of Miss Dorothy Smith, black-haired flesh and blood idol of his affections, was moved and behold she sat across the aisle from him. This would have enlivened his spirits for the rest of the day had not one or two incidents occurred.

Miss Smith, feeling herself the center of Thompson's attention, called forth social tactics and wrote him a note. Thompson opened it and read: "The minister has idols." As he slowly comprehended, once more the safety valve opened and emitted "Gosh!" If the minister, righteous of the righteous, had idols, he, Thompson Appleby Worth, should worry. The irony of life galled him.

"Thompson, bring your correspondence to my desk." The voice of Mr. Paine reverberated in the room. The boy obeyed and took a grim enjoyment in the look of perplexity that crossed the teacher's face as he read. "What in the —," muttered Mr. Paine, then caught himself and called the class in grammar.

On the way home Thompson, eyes on his toes, con-



sidered the question and again gave it up. One thing, however, was clear to him, either the minister or the Bible was to blame. He had just decided in favor of the minister, for there were one or two social amenities to the minister's credit, when, looking up, he saw that gentleman a few yards ahead in apparently earnest conversation with Mr. Paine.

"My friend," the words of the teacher reached Thompson's ears as he came closer. "My friend, you don't know these people as I do. They won't understand and they don't tolerate much."

"But, man," said the minister, "I just found them to-day in Burns' sand pile. Funny. I stayed all night over the river and drove home this morning about seven. Coming along the north road I saw something gleam peculiarly on the hill."

Thompson turned his footsteps and proceeded in an opposite direction. His demeanor was unnaturally quiet.

In his dazed wanderings further and further up the road from home, he encountered Bob Terwilliger.

"H'lo! Say, have ye heard about the preacher. Deacon Du Bois come in this morning all het up. Said he'd seen the preacher luggin' a lot of them images into his house — like they have in the museum in the city, ye know. Ma went right over with some new butter. Said they were the ugliest things she ever saw — settin' right there in the parlor. Pa says it's awful, a minister harborin' heathen gods under his very roof. Everybody's talkin'. Gee wilikens! if Deacon Du Bois and pa and some of those old guys that pass the plate get together there'll be trouble 'fore long.

"That so?" said Thompson mildly, contemplating a

cloud on the horizon. "Goin' to rain; guess I'll go home."

"Say, y'aren't sugar!" shouted Bob after him. "Sides ye seem to be goin' in the wrong direction from home."

"Oh, shut up!" flung out the harassed Christian Martyr, vanishing up the street.

Fifteen minutes later he retraced his footsteps realizing that the hour was late and drawing toward dinner time. He supposed that when he reached home his aunt's party would be over and his own, of a vastly different nature, would begin, for if, as Bob said, "everybody was talkin'," then they must have talked at home. He had heard them talk on other occasions.

Slowly he opened the door of the Goodyear homestead. There was no one in the hall. He laid down his hat and went upstairs. His mother and aunt were lying down — *he* would not disturb them. He went into his room and looked out of the window. The glowering horizon seemed to symbolize his approaching doom. After awhile he decided to go and find Isaac, not that he could do anything, but it would help some to talk. Just then his mother came in.

"Thompson, most dinner time. Wash your hands and face."

He diligently obeyed, as though an extra effort might appease the wrath to come. His mother dallied in the room, picking at things here and there, talking about their return home and his school. There was no evidence of anger in her tone. Presently Aunt Josie, recuperated from the afternoon's sociabilities, came in. They all went down to dinner.

The meal was rather of a comfort with its sandwiches and cakes and ice cream that Beviertown had

not been able to dispose of; he hoped they'd let him eat in peace. But no, the strain was too great to bear — he wished they'd let "it" come.

Finally it came. "Aunt Josie," said his mother, "whom did *you* tell?"

"Nobody," said his aunt. "What'd you say?"

"Nothing. I didn't get a chance."

"Agnes," Aunt Josie laid down her fork. "They must never find out! My-name-must-*never*-be connected with this affair."

"But the minister," said Mrs. Worth, "and the family!"

"It wouldn't help the minister if we claimed the family. The family — are a curse. He can keep 'em or send 'em away. It'll go the way the town says, I guess. From the present developments you must realize that if Barbara Elliot and Peter Du Bois and Mrs. LeBrun and a few others found out that they belonged to me, I'd be the disgrace of the county. People might even accuse me of leading the minister into paths of unrighteousness!"

"But Isaac!" vouchsafed Mrs. Worth.

Mrs. Goodyear lowered her tone. "I'll have a talk with him to-night. As for Thompson here——" she turned to her nephew but he seemed lost in rapturous contemplation of the table cloth.

The word was passed about school on Tuesday. It was a big word for unaccustomed fingers and tongues to manage. Bob Terwilliger started it. He could pronounce it but he couldn't spell it and by the time it had been passed from desk to desk surreptitiously in closed grammars it had lost much of its rightful shape. Bob said it meant a fire. Put together it spelled something like "con-fla-gration." Anyway it was what the

minister had invited the town to witness in the Terwilliger pasture and it was rumored that there for once "the devil would get his due." School was let out early for the event and people poured in from the east and the west to set down in Terwilliger's pasture. The minister was there, in the middle, dressed in his black coat and near him in solemn row, *waited* the "family." A traveler, passing through the town, would have remarked that though the minister might be said to have carried off the ceremony with a touch of lightness, the zeal of the village patriarchs was like unto that of Moses and Elisha. Let it be said in closing that over the smoking fumes of Baal that rose as incense to righteousness, Isaac and the Third Generation exchanged a solemn wink.

MARTHA DECKER.

---

Ho, fairies of the woodland,  
Come play awhile with me.  
We'll dance upon the hilltop,  
We'll sport along the lea.

The peeps will make us music,  
The junco-birds will sing,  
We'll gather round, hands clasping,  
And tread a fairy ring.

We'll chase the glinting sparkles  
That shine on forest rill,  
We'll sip the drops of nectar  
The brimming moss-cups spill.

In furry pussy willows  
How snugly we shall lie,  
Then sail the dead-leaf galleons  
The wind drives briskly by.

For it's springtime, joy time, love time.  
Come! love, rejoice, agree,  
Ho, fairies of the woodland,  
Come play awhile with me.

ELSIE SHANKS, '18.

---

### June

The first beams of sunshine flash across the green sward; birds stir in their nests; flower spirits peep from dew-bathed petals. There is a Something in the air that was not there yesterday — a joy, a fullness, yet a promise of still greater things to come. June is here!

See, She rides above the tree tops in a chariot of pure white clouds, with wheels of azure. In the tips of Her rosy fingers She holds,— and yet seems not to grasp at all, so light is the touch,— the first sunbeams of the morn, by which She guides myriads of gay-hued butterflies in Her course through the heavens. As She glides above gardens, lying fresh with the splendor of the day, She drops roses sprinkled with dewdrops from the thousands that shine in Her golden hair, and of a tint that can only be matched by the bloom of Her own fair cheek. The music of Her voice is caught by the streams, which follow their courses more joyfully and sing more exaltedly as they go. She teaches the birds a new song, and they fly

abroad, eager to pass their inspiration on to plodding mankind.

The children, indeed, feel Her mysterious presence. They romp with a greater joy, and their hearts pulsate in almost unconscious harmony with the rhythm of — June. And Man, for whom all this miracle has come to pass, arises from dreams of financial prosperity, yawns wearily, and selects a fresh collar. Then,— quite incidentally, understand,— he looks out of the window, indifferently remarks he is “glad the blasted rain’s over,” and hurries out — to hang upon a strap of a crowded trolley car which takes him direct to “The Office.”

ANON.

---

### The Aliens

We welcomed you with open hand at meeting;  
 We strove to teach you Freedom’s noblest songs;  
 We bade you come in peace, we gave you greeting;  
 We spread a table for your starving throngs;  
 We took you at your word, without probation;  
 We made you free of all our choicest store;  
 We hailed you as a part of our own nation;  
 This western country of the open door.

You settled in our midst nor thought of duty;  
 Your babel-tongues resounded in the street;  
 You scorned the higher things — the greater beauty,  
 Our flag you trampled underneath your feet.  
 You made a plague-spot in each noble city;  
 You scoffed at our grave teachers more and more;  
 You kept your cruel ways, untouched of pity,  
 While still we stood beside the open door.

Your brothers now from over sea are nearing,  
With proud demand, the shores where once you came  
With humble knee; the old pretence of fearing  
Is flung aside; uncovered is the game.  
We stand in fear; nor arm us for the battle;  
We spread aloft our hands as once before;  
To-morrow comes, the alien firearms rattle —  
And still we stand beside an open door.

KOLIN D. HAGER, '17.

---

**“ Petit Begue ”**

Lying on the border of the ravaged French soil the little village Thierry, once so peaceful and pleasant a spot, is now a desolate ruin. The women and children had long since crossed the fields to the seigneur's chateau rising grey and stately in its park. The few courageous ones who stayed behind sent their messages of hope and encouragement with “ Petit Begue,” the youth with the mind of a child.

“ Petit Begue ” they called him. Few remembered his parents. Eighteen years he had been with them but the stumbling tongue found free utterance only in childish sports with the tots of four and five. The lad came and went as he willed; every home was open to him for food and shelter. “ Petit Begue ” was happiest when marching his gallant columns of tin soldiers in battle array, but he was always happy since the dulled wits responded only to the pieces of metal lying in the sensitive palms,—responded without comprehending.

Among those peasants who did comprehend there was great consternation and dismay when they learned that their well-loved lord was lying wounded and exhausted in his chateau. Hard-pressed by some Ger-

man Uhlans, who knew his mission and the vital importance of the dispatches he was carrying, he had ridden in his pain all the way to his native village.

Late in the afternoon of the next day "Petit Begue," running to the chateau brought the dread news of a pursuing foe. The peasants waited in stolid resignation while the hated Uhlans galloped toward them. Not a murmur escaped them as the German officer rode furiously into their midst casting imprecations that fell upon the huddled group like a shower of bullets. His bravado, his sneers, and his imposing uniform mocked them in their helplessness. He sought the seigneur. Threats availed him nothing; the group only shrank closer to the protecting walls of the castle. Search revealed the horse of the French officer lying dead in the stables. The Uhlan was triumphant as he returned to the group.

As he caught sight of the overgrown lad who lay on the floor unconcernedly drilling little tin soldiers, a flash of intuition told him that there was the chance of obtaining information. He ordered the lad to stand before him. "Petit Begue" looked confidently at the angry, sneering face bent above him. Then the officer said:

"You — have you seen a wounded soldier?"

"Petit Begue" caught eagerly at the word familiar to him. There was a bond between him and this big, gruff man, so he replied confidently with a quaver in his voice,

"Ye-ye-yes — m-m-my s-sol-dier."

A stir of vague fear passed over the huddled group that the officer did not fail to note. He continued,

"Good! Soldier sick, hurt?"

"Petit Begue" struggled with the halting tongue,



then he said mournfully, dispelling all doubt,

“ P-p-poor s-s-sol-dier very s-sick.”

The officer's laugh rang out as he looked at the peasants who no longer concealed their despair.

“ Poor soldier,” he continued craftily, “ Where is poor soldier — where, do you know? ”

“ Petit Begue ” nodded and his face puckered as a child's who is about to cry. The officer repeated eagerly,

“ Where is he? ”

For a moment there was death-like stillness, the lull before the breaking of a storm. Every eye was fastened on the idiotic youth. He sighed piteously and pulled forth from his ragged coat a broken tin soldier, saying simply, “ Poor, poor d-dead s-soldier.”

Relief flashed from face to face, but instantaneously gave way to horror as the infuriated Uhlan with a mighty blow laid “ Petit Begue ” senseless. The little tin soldier fell from the loving clutch and rolled to the Uhlan's feet. The German looked down silently for a moment, then wheeling rapidly gave the curt command to retire. Followed by the troop he strode out and leaping to the saddle, rode furiously far, far from Thierry lying on the ravaged border of France.

C. F. H., '18.

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### Ghosts

When time shall soon or late deliver  
Thy soul to dead hopes' solemn rites,  
When old emotions rouse and quiver  
Life dying leaves on autumn nights,

Then shall the ghosts of old desires  
Rise up before thy misty eye,  
A while renew their former fires,  
And pass like vanquished warriors by.

And thou shalt watch them come and go  
And think old thoughts that shake the heart  
Then thou perchance shalt weep and so  
Shalt linger till the ghosts depart.

G. E. K., '15.

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### Just Martha

Sun-bonneted, gingham aproned little maidens and blue-overalled little lads trooped out of the district school at Shenwood's Corners into the good out-of-doors. Forsaken, forgotten, "Just Martha" sat alone at her desk, her face despondently buried in Barnes' "Elements of Geography."

She roused herself with an effort and shoved her pudgy little finger frantically up and down the map of Europe in search of the capitals of the Balkan states. How could she study? The birds were singing choruses that sounded all the way through like the hallelujahs which the church choir occasionally puts on the end of an anthem, while every breath of air was laden down with apple-blossom perfume and wood fragrance. Besides, the Balkan Peninsula had no possible interest for her. She much preferred to be gathering long-stemmed violets on the little peninsula that jutted out in Trout Brook.

Having finally retrieved her failure, Martha started home alone, pondering, soliloquizing, philosophizing as usual over her great woe — that of unpopularity. She

had reasoned the matter all out many times, inductively and deductively, with logic as sound as a lawyer's, but she always reached the same conclusions.

She was the only one at school who never counted. Virginia had soft brown curls and dimples which drew a train of admirers. Anna Belle was rich and was going to be an heiress some day. Nearly every week she had a new dress with ribbons to match. Then there was Susan who was painfully plain. Her hair was always drawn so tightly back from her forehead that it drew her eyebrows up. Besides there was a certain monotony about Susan, her aprons all being made from the same kind of goods and after the same pattern. Yet even she had a saving grace. It was the good things in her dinner pail — fat cookies with raisin stuffing, Fried-cake men with cinnamon eyes, and juicy blackberry tarts which she generously distributed. Margaret was smart, so very smart that it balanced up her meanness. Why, she never missed a word in spelling and could name all the states in the Union with their capitals. Lastly there was Betty. Everyone liked her because she "sassed" the teacher, and did things to make folks laugh.

"But, Oh, Ginger, I'm 'Just Martha,'" sobbed out the philosopher as she clasped her dog who had come to meet her.

"I'm not purty, nor smart, nor anything at all. I'm just ordinary. I never done anything that the folks in school even noticed. But I will, I will do something and I'll do it tomorrow too. Oh, Ginger, I must be popular. I won't be 'Just Martha' any longer."

The next morning Martha went to school with an air of superiority and aloofness which was quite unusual. Her plan had formulated during the night.

At noontime she was going to climb the ladder to the top of the schoolhouse, fall from the roof, break her left leg, and faint romantically away with her head pillowed on the cold ground. That surely would make her popular. The girls would bring her flowers and the teacher would come and read to her like she did to Virginia when she had the mumps.

It was eleven o'clock. Billy Dean was reciting the table of two's when a loud knock came at the schoolhouse door. In came the portly form of Mr. Andrew Jenkins, the district superintendent, the dreaded ogre who never laughed, but scowled and frowned and bristled. The silence of a graveyard came over the room as he took a seat. Even the teacher's voice shook as she called up the class in physiology. She steadied it, however, as she proceeded in a somewhat successful discussion of teeth and their uses.

"What are the different kinds of teeth?" roared out The Lion in a dreadful voice.

Horrors! He pointed straight at Martha who was already in a fever at the thought of her coming escapade. For once Martha felt the sympathy of the school. Everyone breathed in concert. Anna Belle laid a consoling hand in her lap, while tears actually stood in tender-hearted Tommy's eyes. But Martha was as brave as a martyr. She arose in the tense silence, pulled down her apron, looked the ogre straight in the eye, and said:

"Please, Sir, I know three kind uv teeth. They is white teeth like mine, and gold teeth like the city doctor's that comes up to board, an' last is false teeth like gramma an' grampa's"

The ogre — laughed, and laughed again long and heartily until it seemed he could not stop.

"That's pretty good," he said as he patted Martha's head, Martha being just about ready to succumb with mortification.

"I will send that to the Teacher's Magazine."

At last Martha had attained her dreams. She was the idol of the school. She had made "Old Grump," as he was popularly called, laugh and she was to be in the magazine. From all sides she collected cookies, slate pencils, colored stones and paper dolls. It was, "Martha, come here," and "Martha, what shall we play?" Her triumph more than fulfilled her expectations.

"Ginger," she said as soon as she had a chance to tell the grand news, "I'm popular."

"I'm Martha now same's Anna Belle's Anna Belle. I feel just grand and angelified. But, 'Ginger,' schools is funny places. Mostly if you're popular you got to be awful purty, or awful smart or awful rich, or awful good like Susan or bad like Betty. But if you pray hard enough the Lord'll let somethin' unusual happen for the ordinaries like me. It's all turned out beautifully, 'Ginger,' but — I just thought — I forgot — to break — my — left — leg!"

B. E. K., '19.

**Fragments****Mona Lisa**

Mona Lisa, calm, indifferent,  
Centuries have tried to read you,  
Tried to find the soul if there be  
Soul behind those mocking, cool eyes,  
Tried to hear the words that red month  
Uttered, know the deeds those smooth hands  
Wrought. But even as they ponder  
You are changing, you are different,  
All unknowable. Fair lady,  
Did your maker, Leonardo,  
He, the man who made the Christ head,  
Love you? hate you? fear you? know you?  
Or did he, without the seer-power  
Put you there upon the canvas,  
As he saw you, luring, baffling,  
Asking us to solve the riddle?

DOROTHY MARTIN, '15.

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It had just turned morning, and the last star was dying out. Far away over the fields came a lone rooster's crow, and from a different direction another's echoed it. In the east, the day began to glow faintly. Here and there wreaths of smoke curled from farm houses over the hills. Through the covering of leaves, thick, brown and frost-coated, a pair of bird dogs raced, sending their voices far out and echoing through the distant woods. An impatient, warning whistle called them in another direction. Then there was silence, but for the fall of leaves and the waking twitter of the birds. Suddenly a faint scratching began in the

branches of a hickory tree; a saucy red-head poked around a limb, made a cautious survey of the immediate neighborhood, and then a chipmunk coughed out several violent invectives and scuttled down the tree to the nuts which had fallen in the night.

A. R. N., '17.

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The silence crowns the still dark night,  
 And e'en the melancholy moon is gone,  
 Tho shadows creep about us everywhere,  
 Were't not for night-time, could we love the dawn?

K. L.

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Just then a tiny little thot,  
 (I can't imagine whence it came,)  
 Fell down into my aching heart  
 And took away all it's dull pain.

And now a vision seems to come  
 Quite near, quite near, O, very near—  
 It gathers me into its arms,  
 I'm glad it's you, my dear, my dear.

ANON.

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The sun sinks from sight, the shining gold disappears, the blue in the sky deepens, and dark shadows fall across the water. It is twilight on the river. Strange birds are singing in the trees, and the weird cries of little wild creatures can be heard in the distance. The fire-flies sparkle along the shore; it grows darker and darker. Then the stars peep out one by one, twinkling at their reflections in the water, and the moon rises in the east. Night has fallen on the river.

VIRGINIA RAY, '17.



# The Echo

VOL. XXV

MAY-JUNE, 1916

No. 9

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Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 if not paid before November 1; single copies, 15 cents.

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

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

## Editorial Department

### Windows of Gold

In a sun-warmed valley of a far-away land lived a little boy. His home lay on the hillside in the cool shade of trees. Here he played through the long summer days with the birds and flowers and was content. But once he wandered out into the meadow beyond his home and saw the whole beautiful valley



stretched out before him, the quiet farms, the town set like a jewel in the river's silver band.

"What a marvelous world!" he thought. Something shining on the opposite slope attracted his gaze. A castle with *windows of gold!* Here was a wonder indeed! It must be the fortress of Knights or of a King. Surely there was singing and laughing and happiness behind those golden windows.

"Oh, that I lived in a castle with golden windows," he sighed. "That must be the happiest place in the world."

He went slowly back to the shade of the trees, but he played no more. All day he dreamed of the castle. All night he pictured the riches lying in the fortress across the valley. The next morning he skipped out to the meadow again.

There was the castle with its glittering windows — he must go — it fascinated him. Alone he set out on the path leading down to the town. Through the fragrant meadows and clumps of woods in the morning, to the river — across the great bridge, through the town in the heat of noon, — up the unfamiliar slopes in the afternoon he trudged, forgetting weariness in anticipation.

"Ah, if I can only reach it!" he cried, with face uplifted. At length he came close to the stone walls. What had happened? Where were the windows of gold? He saw only cold, blank widows with iron bars across them. Miserably he turned away. The sun hung low over the hills. Down in the valley shadows clothed the river and town. His eyes sought a little house among the trees. Lo, there on the hillside was his own home with *windows of gold!* They shone brightly and sent out to him the message of love and

happiness which they reflected from the sinking sun.

"I never knew there were golden panes in our windows," the little boy breathed in wonder.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seniors, who came here from your homes on the hillsides, who have crossed the bridge and passed through the town, now are you beginning your upward climb to the castle with windows of gold. In your youth you saw it on the distant height. Lest you be disappointed when you reach the goal, look back to your homes to gather a few rays of happiness with which to brighten those deceptive castle windows far away.

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It's easy to plough a field which has been planted for years. It takes a man with some backbone to make a ploughed field out of a strip of woodland. If you get a position to teach in a well-regulated school system, it will be lucky for you, *but* if you have to remove stumps and boulders before you begin — don't be discouraged. Remember that someone has to make the clearing and it will be to your advantage to accomplish the task.

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## News Department

### College Club

College Club held one meeting during the month of April, and that one proved most instructive to all who came. Mr. Manning of the Commercial Bank gave us a talk on finance and banking, and told us many things which we needed and wanted to know. We are sorry to know that this is the last meeting for the year.

College Club elections are to be held sometime in May. We want everybody to vote. This is one more chance to make N. Y. S. C. T. a bigger, better place. Do your part to help make it such. Vote for people who will make College Club a more vital and active force here.

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### Y. W. C. A.

The last meeting before the spring vacation was led by Miss Woodruff who is studying in college now. She talked on China, describing a journey through a city's streets, and telling of the opportunities for missionary work there. After the meeting most of the girls stayed to see the collection of Chinese things which Miss Woodruff had brought with her.

On May 2nd was a meeting for the report from the annual member, Ruth Evans, on her trip to the Annual Members' Convention in New York City last March. Our annual member represented Hunter College for Teachers also, which alternates with us in sending a delegate to the convention.

The meeting of May 9th, was a Northfield meeting led by Miss Elizabeth Cheeney of Troy. Miss Cheeney described Northfield and extended an invitation to Y. W. C. A. girls to visit it.

A Silver Bay meeting was held on the afternoon of May 16th. Miss Ward of the city Y. W. C. A. talked on the city conference at Lake George. Leah Bice described the missionary conference, and Edith Wallace, who was the leader of our college girls at the conference last year, described the college conference at Silver Bay.

The last meeting of the year, on May 23rd, was the Senior meeting. Doris Smith, our president of the

past year, was the leader; Bessie Race and Frances Larmon were her assistants and their topic, "Y. W. C. A. As We Have Known It."

As a grand winding-up feature for the year, a sing on the college steps is planned for the evening of May 28th. All are requested to come and join in the songs. Let us make this sing a great success by coming and by singing our very best and loudest.

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### Chemistry Club

At the last meeting of the club during the month of April, a very good paper was given by Miss Rextrew. The paper, entitled, "Water and its Forms," was illustrated by lantern slides, some of which were very valuable and much prized, being the only ones of their kind in the State collection.

On May 5th a short meeting was held to decide about the annual outing.

The outing took place later. The club had a very enjoyable time (including "feed.") The fun of this day will long be remembered by the members of the club (remembered happily by those who went on the trip, and regretfully by those who stayed at home).

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### Promethean

Promethean is becoming one of the live college organizations. The debate on the question of national preparedness showed promise that will mature in a college debating team in the near future.

Plans are being laid for the annual banquet. Besides the customary toasts, the program will also include a play to be staged by members of the organization.

### Senior Notes

The class is, of course, exceptionally busy getting ready for the festivities attendant on graduation. Class Day is being planned for, and preparations are well under way for the Senior Ball, which is to take place on the evening of Commencement Day, June 19.

The College Year Book, published by the Senior Class, is expected to be ready for distribution June 1.

Moving-up Day is over and the Class of 1916, to all intents and purposes, is no longer the senior class. On May 4th we met in the chapel and in a very impressive speech, our president Mr. McNeil, bade success to the new seniors. President Brubacher, however, insisted that we were still as we had been until a few trivalities, in the way of examinations, should be over. Be that as it may there is little doubt but that in little more than a month we will no longer be an active factor in State College. We will, however, always carry with us a deep love and a profound respect for our Alma Mater.

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### Junior Class

With class elections well out of the way the juniors turned their attention to Moving-up Day. Having been ruthlessly judged to be beyond the age limit under which nocturnal struggles are permitted, we gave most of our thought to the events of the day itself. Miss Christ appointed Gertrude Kalb, Mildred White, Stanley Fitzgerald and John McCracken as our committee for the day. They chose as the junior stunt a classic dance, "The Maid of the Mist," which surely was the prettiest stunt of them all. In fact we were devoted to aesthetics that day, for did we not choose as marshals Alice Gazeley and Josephine Keating!

The year is almost ended, and not all the class dues are yet paid. Every member of the class by virtue of his membership has a share in the class debts. "He does not pay his debts except under compulsion," is not a nice thing to have said about one. Stand by your class officers! Don't ask your chosen representatives to pay *your* debts. One thing that *you* can do for your college is to see that all the dues in your class are paid up before you leave for home this June.

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### Sophomore Notes

A meeting of the Sophomore class was held Monday, May 8th. The officers for our junior year were elected: President, Agnes Moore; vice-president, Arthur Burns; secretary, Janet Wall; treasurer, Lillian Magilton; *Echo* reporter, Eloise Lansing. We are all proud of the officers, and we are sure that they will make the junior years a success.

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### Freshman Class

Before we realize it, examinations and their accompanying terrors will be upon us. In the little time that remains, let us make the most of every minute for our Freshman year is almost finished. It is indeed with regret that we see our Sophomore year approaching, because we have had such good times together as Freshmen. No other year can possibly bring us more happiness than this one has. We have met and selected those friends that will be ours for years to come. We have been allowed many privileges this year. Soon people will expect us to know so much and to be so dignified that we shall yearn for our Freshman days. But we can say:

" Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy."

We hope that the world will treat you kindly, Seniors, and that when you come to visit your Alma Mater you will always ask for your " Frosh " friends.

To every one in S. C. T. we extend our heartiest wishes for a delightful vacation. And — may Fate record many A's on your report cards!

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### Delta Omega

On Friday and Saturday, May 12th and 13th, Delta Omega held her annual week-end festivities. Fifty-one people were present at the luncheon, and many were heard to say that it was the most successful ever had. Dr. Richardson gave us a most delightful talk, and several others responded to toasts. The dance also was a decided triumph.

We are most happy to announce that Delia Ross and Louisa Vedder have been pledged to Delta.

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### Eta Phi

Saturday evening, May 6th, Eta Phi held its annual dance in the college gymnasium. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with blue and gold crepe paper and butterflies. Mrs. J. M. Sayles, Mrs. Harry Birchenough, Miss Springstead, Miss Van Liew, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Van Deloo were patronesses.

The Eta Phi breakfast was held this year at the Hampton, Saturday, June 3rd.

We are glad to welcome to membership another member of the Class of 1919, Hazel Hengge.

Doris Quinn recently spent a week in Hunter, N. Y., substituting in the Latin and German departments of the high school.

The sorority was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Pearl Shafer, '15, Tuesday evening, May 23rd.

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### Psi Gamma Notes

On Saturday evening, May 6th, we held another of our series of informal house dances, and it was greatly enjoyed.

Psi Gamma is glad to welcome as one of its members Helen Sproat, '18.

The following alumnae have been recent house guests: Grace Meade, '14, Mary Robinson, '14 and Florence Whitmeyer, '11.

Psi Gamma has decided to occupy the house at 124 So. Lake Ave., next year. She extends an invitation to all her friends to come and see her.

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### Kappa Delta

We feel the deepest sympathy with Elizabeth MacMachen, '18, in the recent loss of her father.

Amy Wood, '13, spent a very enjoyable week-end at the house soon after the Eastern vacation.

The annual Kappa Delta luncheon will be held at the Ten Eyck on the 27th of May.

K Δ girls are planning a hike to Indian Ladder on May 30th, stopping for dinner at Mrs. Christie's camp, "The Pinnacle."

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### Kappa Nu

Kappa Nu cordially welcomes to membership Aileen Russell, '19, of Saranac Lake, and Elizabeth Martzlaff, '17, of Lowville.

Our annual spring dance was held in the gym on April 28th, and was a black and white ball, with palms and red roses. Mr. Mahar was patron with the follow-



ing patronesses: Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. O'Connell, Miss Brown, Mrs. Carmody and Miss McDermott. Marion McCarthy, '15, Ann Brown, '13 and Florence Kelley, '13, are our alumnae who were back for the affair. O'Neil's orchestra furnished the music and the committee in charge were: Eleanor White, '16, Helen Clohosy, '17, Katherine Hagle, '17, Clare Lally, '18 and Mae Cronin, '18.

Barbara Cronin of Bennington, Vt., visited her sister at the house the week-end of April 28th.

Katherine McManus, '15, is teaching in Bridgeport, Conn., for the remainder of the year.

Louise Carmody and Helen Clohosy spent the week-end of May 20th as guests of Mary Haran, '15, in New York City.

Helen McEney, ex-'18, has left college to accept a civil service position in the city. We miss her greatly, but wish her success in the future.

Eleanor White, '16, entertained the sorority at her country home at Van Wie's Point on May 13th. As usual we all greatly enjoyed the function.

Our annual spring luncheon is to be held at the Ten Eyck the last week-end of the month.

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### Sigma Nu Kappa

The annual  $\Sigma$  N K dance took place in the college gymnasium Friday evening, May 5th. A spirit of fun pervaded the whole evening, and everybody enjoyed themselves. The Fraternity Quartette rendered several selections during the course of the evening which were well received. Mr. F. Herrick Connors, '17, had charge of the arrangements.

Harlow Curtis, '16, will direct the  $\Sigma$  N K banquet which occurs at an early date. An excellent toast list

has been prepared, and we all anticipate a good time.

Mr. F. Herrick Connors spent the week-end of May 14th at Deerfield, Mass. He will tell us all about his experiences at the next meeting.

We are justly proud of our new fraternity song composed by Mr. Kolin D. Hager. We await the S. C. T. song book with anticipation.

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### Kappa Delta Rho

The fraternity on May 1st moved into its new home at 385 Washington Ave., directly opposite the college.

On Wednesday evening, May 10th, our second initiation banquet was held at the college. The occasion will long be remembered by the twenty-eight present. The decorations consisted of banners, pennants and a very clever draping of the fraternity colors in crepe paper. Too much praise cannot be given to the following committee which was in charge of the affair: Frederick Sisson, '16, James Walker, '17, Earl Sutherland, '19 and Howard Whitney, '19. John F. McNeill, '16, acted as toastmaster. Some of the toasts given were, "Welcome to the Initiates," by Raymond O'Connell, '16; "Response," by Raymond Walz, '19; "Retrospection," by Sylvester J. Maguire, '16; "Prospect," by Stanley Heason, '18. Addresses were given by Prof. John M. Sayles, Dr. Harry Hastings, Dr. David Hutchison and William Ayres of the Alpha chapter, Middlebury.

We are glad to welcome the following into membership: Arthur Woodward, '18, Walter Doyle, '18, Raymond Walz, '19, Arnold Nolde, '19, Dr. Harry Hastings and Dr. David Hutchison.

All indications point to a very successful and fruitful year for K Δ P.

### College Notes

In Student Assembly on April 28th, Miss Dorothy Feeney, chairman of the College Song Book Committee, told the students how they can help the committee to get out a splendid song book. Every student was urged to sign a subscription blank and pay fifty cents now and the rest of the money when the books are delivered. The payment of fifty cents in advance will enable the committee to pay the necessary expenses which occur before the book can be printed. Miss Pierce then urged the students to have as their motto, "Help S. C. T. Grow." A song book will do more than anything else to increase college spirit, and in this work, which will be of such benefit to the college, every single student can help.

On May 8th, Mr. Lewis, of our faculty, gave a most interesting talk on "The English Army." Mr. Lewis was born in England and has a brother in the English army, and is therefore well fitted to talk upon this subject. England has proved that she does not need a system of compulsory military service. Six out of every seven men have offered their services voluntarily and, as Mr. Lewis said, "A system of military service which calls into service six out of seven men should not be condemned." If the seventh man refused to offer his services, it is then just that he should be forced. Two characteristics distinguish English boys and English men, their inborn love of a fight, a fair fight, and their love of personal liberty. In the present war these characteristics have always been in evidence in the English army.

Mr. Kerr Duncan MacMillan, president of Wells College, gave us a short talk on May 11th on the subject of "Woman's Education." Mr. MacMillan con-

trasted the attitude of the past toward the education of woman with that of the present, and the schools of the past with those of the present. It used to be thought that women were not capable of higher education, and any woman who attempted to get a college education was looked upon as hardly a woman, rather an outcast in society. Think how times have changed, when now college is sometimes considered as a stepping-stone into society! Since women have received higher education, she has had an influence she never had before. They have begun to find themselves and to realize their own powers. All over the world women are making new professions for themselves, and there is now no reason why men and women can't stand on an equal footing.

In Student Assembly on May 12th, Mr. Swaim presented eight of the men with letters which were won in athletics. The fortunate ones were: Mr. Maguire, Mr. Stanley Fitzgerald, Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, Mr. Hohaus, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Curtiss and Mr. Goewey. After the presentation of the letters Miss Faith Wallace invited all the girls in the college to attend the Silver Bay party which was held in the gymnasium May 17th.

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### Alumni Department

The Executive Committee has designated Saturday, June 17, 1916, as Alumni Day. You are cordially invited to come to the college and to take part in all the commencement events.

ALUMNI DAY PROGRAM, JUNE 17, 1916

I. Class meetings in assigned rooms, 10:00-11:30.

Particular emphasis will be laid on the reunions of

one-year, three-year and five-year classes. Each of these classes (this year, 1915, 1913, 1911) will offer some special feature of the program.

All decennial classes will have reunions and will participate in the parade and "stunts."

2. General business meeting in the Auditorium, 11:30-12:30.

3. Luncheon in the gymnasium, 1:00.

4. Alumni parade and class stunts, 2:30.

The parade last year was a huge success, but it will be "the best ever" this year. Class yells and "stunts" will be given, and all Alumni, whether costumed or not, will parade.

5. Reception to the Alumni by President and Mrs. Brubacher in the Administration Building, 5:00-6:00.

6. "Campus Sing," 7:00-8:00.

As a result of the contest arranged by the Alumni Association to secure new songs for a College Song Book, about thirty songs were received. These are now in the hands of a committee on Award of Prizes, consisting of Mrs. Edward Cameron, '90, Dr. Thompson, faculty member and Miss Agnes Futterer, '16. The announcement in regard to the outcome of the contest will be made at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, June 17.

Meeting of the N. E. A. in New York, July 3-8, 1916.

Headquarters for the New York State College for Teachers will be in Hotel Astor. There all alumni will find college literature, pennants and pictures illustrating the past and present life of the college. Well-known alumni will be in charge. A committee of New York alumni will co-operate with the college committee in making this a delightful place for meeting friends.

Very soon there will be over one hundred new mem-

bers added to the alumni lists. The alumni editor of THE ECHO will appreciate their co-operation in making the department useful, interesting and one of the largest in the college paper. Do not forget THE ECHO. Boost it by sending information to the editors and by adding your name to the mailing list.

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### DIED

Howard B. Dabney, B.A., Class of 1912, of Watervliet, N. Y., at Harvard University, May, 1916.

In December, 1915, Mr. Dabney married Elva Venton, '13, of Watervliet, N. Y. He was principal of the Otego High School for two years, and was doing graduate work at Harvard University.

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### In Memoriam

Those of our faculty and graduates who knew Howard B. Dabney, '12, think of him as a character who contributed more toward the development of college social life than any student before him or after him. His whole-hearted participation in various college affairs, as well as his capacity for telling work, marked him as one of the young men who have come nearest to the realization of the eclectic aim.

During his four years here he was always at the front. The keenness of his mind was proven whenever he made an impromptu speech. He could talk for ten minutes (on subjects of nation-wide interest) carefully and exhaustively, analyzing all sides of the question, and could support his assertions convincingly. His appreciation of philosophical works came from his constant reading. At one time he spent two weeks on Max Muller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, out of pure delight in it. His artistic feeling for poetry re-

sulted in his producing perfect verse. Love of music held him to continual practicing. He learned to play the piano solely through his own efforts. Dancing he considered as a fine art and practiced it as such. To watch him dance was a pleasure.

He took the part of "Bob Acres" in *The Rivals*, the first college play given, playing it with rare skill. As "Young Marlowe" in *She Stoops to Conquer* he showed splendid dramatic ability.

No one in college could play a better game of tennis than he. At Otego he led the boys of his school in safe interests; was the umpire of their baseball team; had a billiard table put up in his own home and brought the boys there evenings, and so became as well beloved there as he was here.

As we look through the college year books we find his name printed as a member of Phi Delta Fraternity, ECHO Board, Athletic Association, Promethean, President of the Contributor's Club, and Vice-president of the Class of 1912. In the 1912 Year Book we read under his picture:

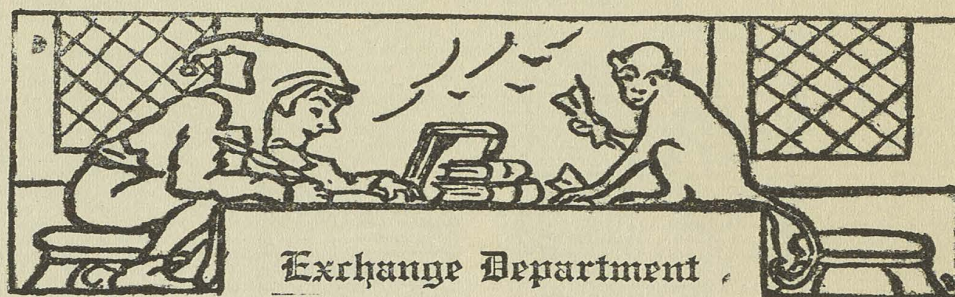
"Language most shows a man; speak that I may see thee."

A graduate who remembers him well says:

"He built up the social activities in this school more than any other student of his time."

Mr. Kirtland says:

"For any comment upon this boy I would go to Shelley's *Adonais*."



This month the new board takes part in the publication of *THE ECHO*. We have been thinking of improvements for the paper, and the time seems ripe to bring to the student's attention the exchange departments of other colleges.

*The Mount Holyoke* offers very able comment on exchange publications, and in fact we look here for verifications or contradictions of our previously expressed and printed opinions. However, the department lacks originality in one way — the arrangement of criticism. We find the name of an article in a magazine, and then criticism upon it; the name of a second article, and criticism upon that; and so, *ad infinitum*. If these were grouped under several general headings, they would not be so erratic, and the impression would be much better.

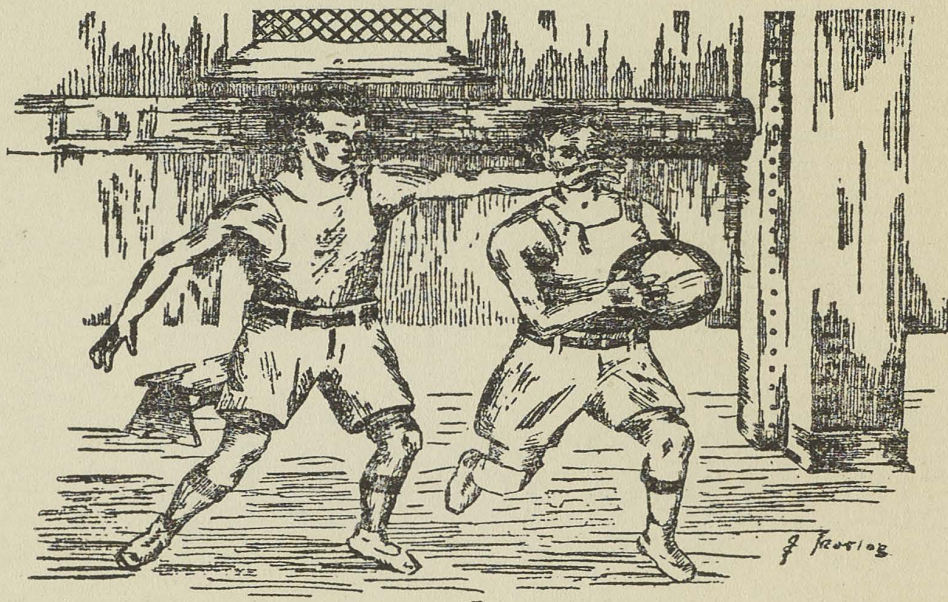
*The Vassar Miscellany* are exceptionally clever and original. One especially noticeable feature is the name of the department, "Intercollegia." The criticisms are systematically grouped. In the April *Miscellany*, for example, the subjects discussed are, "Current Events in College Magazines," "Nature Poems," "Sentimentality," and "College History." In spite of its excellence, however, the criticism seems rather bitter and unsympathetic.

Now, a word to our own students. We want to improve our exchange department. We want to make



it vie with Mount Holyoke's and Vassar's. But we can't do this without something to criticize. We ask then that, if any of our students know people in other colleges, they will try through them to procure exchanges for us. The exchange editor will be eternally grateful.





## Athletic Department

State College, 14; Y. M. C. A., 7

On Saturday, May 6th, the Varsity baseball team opened its season with a game with the Albany Y. M. C. A. Our boys came through with a 14-7 victory. As the score indicates, the game was a free hitting contest. There was also plenty of loose fielding on both teams, but this was due more to lack of practice than to inability. The Varsity showed good promise in this game and seems to warrant that a good team ought to be developed out of the material.

The team is virtually a new team, only four veterans being left from last year. Goewey, who is captain of the team, is again covering the short field position in his customary capable fashion. "Shorty" Dolan is again the stronghold in the box, and he showed that he still possesses the old speed and baffling assortment of curves when he struck out thirteen men in seven

innings in the Y. M. C. A. game. "Bill" Doyle is still with us as our reliable and consistent slugger. "Bill" is taking care of center field. Jesse Jones, who covered third last year, is doing the receiving this year, and is rapidly acquiring proficiency as a catcher. The Freshman class claims the other five players as her sons, and she can be proud of them. Frank Fitzgerald, otherwise known as the Trojan Sphinx, is cavorting around second base and seems to be one of the "finds" of the season. Cassavant has proved to be the best place hitter on the team, and he is taking care of left field. Gossip says that the Albany State League team is after Logan, because of the great showing he has been making at third. "Eddie" Nolde has been covering first base so far this season in capable style. "Whitey" Carr, who is a disciple of Orpheus, is custodian of the territory behind first base.

The box score of the Y. M. C. A. game is:

Team.						Team.							
State College.						Y. M. C. A.							
AB	R	H	O	A	E	AB	R	H	O	A	E		
Fitzg'd, F., 2b..	5	4	4	1	1	1	Menges, ss.....	4	1	0	2	2	2
Logan, 3b.....	4	2	1	0	1	0	White, cf.....	5	2	1	3	0	0
Cassavant, lf....	5	2	1	2	1	1	Crump, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	2	1
Goewey, ss.....	5	1	1	0	0	1	Baswat, 1b.....	4	1	2	4	0	1
Nolde, 1b.....	5	1	1	3	0	0	Fay, 2b.....	4	1	1	2	1	0
Jones, c.....	4	1	1	12	0	1	Douglas, p.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Doyle, cf.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	Dayton, cf.....	3	0	1	2	0	0
Carr, rf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	Watkins, lf.....	3	0	0	6	0	1
Dolan, p.....	4	1	1	2	1	0	Holmes, c.....	3	1	1	0	1	0
<hr/>						<hr/>							
Total .....	39	14	12	21	4	4	Total .....	30	7	7	21	7	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Team.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Runs								
State College .....	1	4	0	2	3	2	2	14
Y. M. C. A.....	3	0	2	2	0	0	0	7

Two base hits—Fitzgerald, 2. Three base hit—Crump. Stolen bases—White (2), Fay, Fitzgerald, Goewey, Nolde, Carr, Dolan. Base on balls—Douglas, 2; Dolan, 1. Struck out—By Dolan, 13; by Douglas, 3. Passed balls—Jones, 1; Holmes, 4. Umpires—Behan and Graham. Time of game—1:50.

## State College, 0; R. P. I., 13

The team went to Troy on the thirteenth of the month and it seems they were "jinxed" by the numbers seven and thirteen. They played on the thirteenth, had thirteen men with the team, and were beaten thirteen to nothing. Also they lost the game in the seventh when seven runs were scored against them. For the first six innings the team went fine, holding the R. P. I. team to two earned runs, the other two runs being scored on a fluke hit. Our boys were starting to hit the ball and it began to appear as if we would give the "Engineers" a close rub for the game. In the fatal seventh, though, the Albany boys went completely to pieces. Offensively, they showed an absolute lack of knowledge of base running; and defensively, balls went through the infield like water through a sieve.

Following is the obituary:

Team.						Team.							
State College.						R. P. I.							
A	B	R	H	O	A	A	B	R	H	O	A		
Fitzg'd, F., 2b..	3	0	0	2	4	0	Haber, 3b.....	4	2	1	0	0	0
Logan, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	2	2	Johnson, ss.....	3	1	1	2	2	0
Cassavant, lf....	4	0	0	1	1	0	McManus, ss....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Goewey, ss.....	4	0	1	3	1	1	Folan, 1b.....	5	2	2	10	1	1
Doyle, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0	Highbee, rf.....	4	2	2	2	0	0
Nolde, rf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	Culver, cf.....	5	1	1	0	0	2
Carr, 1b.....	3	0	1	10	0	2	Ferris, p.....	3	1	0	1	4	1
Jones, c.....	3	0	0	4	2	0	Robertson, 2b...	4	1	3	4	4	0
Dolan, p.....	3	0	0	0	3	1	Behan, lf.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
							Sherman, c.....	3	2	2	8	0	0
Total .....	31	0	3	24	13	6	Total .....	37	13	12	27	11	4

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Team.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
State College .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. P. I.....	2	0	2	0	0	0	7	2	x	13

Three base hit—Ferris. Two base hits—Johnson, Culver, Highbee. Stolen bases—Nolde (2), Goewey, Robertson (2), Sherman (2), Ferris, Culver, Highbee. Sacrifice hit—Logan. Double play—Fitzgerald and Goewey. Struck out—By Dolan, 4; by Ferris, 8. Base on balls—Dolan, 3. Hit by pitcher—Dolan, 1 (Highbee); Ferris, 1 (Fitzgerald). Passed balls—Jones, 3. Umpire—Rafter. Time—2:10.

### Basketball

On Friday the twelfth, the following men received their college letters for their services on the basketball team: Maguire, Stanley Fitzgerald, O'Connell, Frank Fitzgerald, Curtis, Jones, Goewey and Hohaus. The team elected Jesse Jones as their captain for next season, and this department, in the name of the student body, wishes to extend to our new leader in basketball the heartiest congratulations and the best wishes for a most successful season next year.

---

### Football

The football management wishes to announce that games have been scheduled with Hobart, Clarkson Tech., R. P. I., Stevens Institute and Middlebury College.

---

### Girls' Athletic Association

The game to decide the championship was played between the Seniors and Juniors on April 6th. From beginning to end it was the most exciting game of the series. The Juniors took the lead at the start and set the pace throughout the game, winning the championship by the close score of 11-10. The line-up was:

SENIORS — 10		JUNIORS — 11	
Nolan .....	Forward	Feder .....	Forward
Matthews .....	Forward	Moseley .....	Forward
Wager .....	Center	Reynolds .....	Center
Hays .....	S. Center	Boice .....	S. Center
Tedford .....	Guard	Burleigh .....	Guard
Loveless } Noon }		Hale .....	Guard

Everyone was given the surprise of the year when the Freshmen beat the champion team. The team work shown by the Freshmen was marvelous, and although

the Juniors started off with a lead, the team of 1919 surged ahead and won by a score of 11-8. The teams for this game were:

JUNIORS — 8		FRESHMEN — 11	
Feder .....	Forward	Curtis .....	Forward
Staats .....	Forward	Lee .....	Forward
Reynolds .....	Center	Andrae .....	Center
Hutchinson .....	S. Center	La Rose .....	S. Center
Braem .....	Guard	Shirtz .....	Guard
Bice .....	Guard	Lukens .....	Guard
Hale .....	Guard	Burrell .....	Guard

The Gym Exhibit given by the girls' classes was a decided success, and much credit is due to their instructor for obtaining such marked results.

The Basketball Luncheon held on May 18th, in the Gym, was a delightful event. Rose Martin as toastmaster introduced the speakers with original and witty remarks which kept the banqueters in uproars of laughter. The tables were prettily decorated with apple blossoms and the color scheme of pink and white followed throughout.

The happy winners of numerals and letters for participation in basketball, tennis and the meet, were presented with their rewards in student assembly. At the same time Eula Hicks received the loving cup as the first prize in the athletic meet.



## An Experiment in History

Professor Risley's class in American History has sent out an explorer into the field of historical research. Early in May Mr. F. Herrick Connors '17 made a trip to Deerfield, Massachusetts, a village rich in relics of New England colonial history. He succeeded in bringing back the atmosphere of Indian massacres and blockhouse defenses with refreshing vividness by means of pictures and stories. Photographs of houses dating back to 1683 and 1698 were passed around the class, while Mr. Connors told of his conversation with Mr. George Sheldon, ninety-eight years old, the sage of Deerfield. Mr. Sheldon's message to the history students was: "Study history for a long life."

The class feels that through their representative they have come into intimate acquaintance with Deerfield, and that some of the remoteness of the dry historical facts has been removed. Mr. Connors' work has proved well worth while.





Our First Aid to the Ignorant Department.

Dear Sir.—Setoin shrdlu vbgkqj Tgkqj Woemwo  
oct 98 dead

Trydevh thyp,  
Zacharevitch Perczynki.

Ans.—Dear Zach, etc., we tried to get the “Rosetta Stone” to work out your breezy letter. You evidently used some form of spelling now obsolete. In reply to the above, would say that you can buy THE ECHO at all the leading bookstores of the world.

G. U. S.—The poem to which you allude was written by Fannie W. Buttonhook. Miss Buttonhook also wrote a volume of poems which are all more or less saturated with grief and damaged syntax.

D. R. M.—Your poem entitled, “The Lonely Life of the Eyeless Clam,” is accepted. We will work it off on the public in the form of newspaper wrappers, or sell it to lay under a carpet.

Research Bug.—You are evidently in error about the Sac Indians. They are not farming much this spring, so your proposition to sell them 600 Cole hay loaders at a discount is of no practical utility. The chances are that if they had 600 hay loaders, they would trade the entire lot before huckleberry time for a plug hat and a pair of red suspenders.

Disgusted Reader.—Please describe the creature who writes this bosh. 2. How does he dress?



Ans.—Aha, you wish us to describe ourselves, do you? Well, we are tall, rather fine looking, with a bulbous nose and long fair hair which we do up in tinfoil at night. 2. We usually wear the requisite amount of clothes and a beaming smile.

Fan.—Has N. Y. S. C. a good baseball team?

Ans.—Well, I rather guess we have a good ball team! Last year we cleaned up every game we played and also a bunch we didn't play. We wrote a challenge to the New York Giants, but they did not accept it. We do not know the reason, but on careful investigation we think it was because the challenge was not sent to them.

---

### Commencement Days

When the Hurly-Burly's Done  
(An Inventory)

#### *Credits*

- 3 broken hearts (since mended).
- 23 badly used textbooks.
- 1 sheepish skin.
- 40 pictures of classmates.
- 1 bulging stunt book (kept only because we remember we were fond of it once).
- 10 ill-deserved testimonials.
- 5 Latin words.
- 3 German idioms.
- 10 French oaths (for daily use).
- 1 prospective job in Hickory Grove at \$4.25.

26 pennants of brilliant hue.  
 1 fraternity pin, and  
 68 cents in real cash.

*Debits*

1 lost heart.  
 \$29 for books.  
 \$15 for back class dues, etc.  
 10 notes of thanks.  
 \$3 to roommate.  
 \$25 to teacher agencies.  
 26 pennants for exchanged ones.  
 \$10 borrowed from a friend.  
 Therefore, I cry,

Does an education pay?

---

*A Little Friendly Advice to Our Departing Seniors:*

To the {girl}  
 To the {boy} who talks too much  
 This proverb may appeal;  
 The steam that blows the whistle  
 Will never turn the wheel.

The man who lives twice as fast as he should is apt  
 to see double.

It's all right to get out your little hammer — when  
 you have occasion to drive nails.

If you would please your neighbor say less than you  
 think.

Laff every time you pheel ticklid; laff enny how.

His satanic majesty seldom wastes any time trying  
 to tempt a busy man.

*Nutty Poultry*

The night 'twas dark and stormy,  
 The sun was shining bright,  
 The young man's lips were sealed,  
 But he cried with all his might:  
 "Shoot and kill me, if you will, but spare my life!"  
 he said.  
 The villain shot him thru the heart and hit him on  
 the head.  
 A fair young maid came down the path,  
 Her form was bent with years,  
 Her face was full of gladness and  
 Her eyes were full of tears.  
 She recognized the dying youth  
 And cried aloud, "Who's he?"  
 The youth raised up his headless corpse  
 And cried, "B'gosh, it's Lizzie!"

---

*New Songs and Their Singers*

"I'm a Rag Picker," sung by that person who hasn't  
 applied to play in the gym.  
 "Who Were You with Last Night?" sung by M - y  
 E - w - - s and assisted by J - E - s in "I Was Afraid  
 to Come Home in the Dark."  
 "I'm a College Boy, oh! oh!" sung by J - ph  
 S - u - e.  
 "Whistle and I'll Wait for You," duet hit by C - n  
 B - T and A - e N - k.  
 "On the Old Front Porch," sung by G - e, A - n  
 and K - e O - l.  
 "We Were Dancing Around," sung by anyone who  
 has time to waste in the gym.

"My Love's Like a Red, Red *Rose* and Her Laughter Like the Song of the *Brook*," sung by a Williams College man.

"Take Back That Job You Gave me," Pedagogue Board of 1917. (Yes, already!)

"Phi Sigma Kappa Fair" and "Are You from Dixie?" duet by the famous pianolas of N. Y. S. C. Can be heard at any time of day, merely for the asking.

"Where Did You Get That Man?" chorus by N. Y. S. C. girls just before any dance.

"Bobbin' Up and Down," sung by anyone riding on Western avenue.

"'Neath the Shade of the Fir Trees on Our Lawn," sung by N. Y. S. C.

"You'll Always Be the Same Sweet Girl." Favorite hit of the leader of the C - s dancing class. He sings it to one alone, so do not ask him for it.

"Where Are Those Doggone Gloves of Mine Gone?" sung by S - y F - tz - d. He means it, too, and will offer reward to the finder.

---

Repetition Endears to the Heart, words like these:

"Now, this is something every college graduate should know."

Dr. W - d.

"Am I not right, Mr. ——?"

Prof. B - y.

"Put up your umbrellas, people!"

Prof. K - d.

“ Ja, meine Damen — und mein Herr, es ging nicht so glatt heute! ”

Prof. D - r.

“ First, I will outline the lesson for the next time.”

Prof. S - d.

“ You want to get that *stuff* over.”


Prof. R - y.

“ You'd better wash that down a little.”

Prof. P - e.

Isn't it so, fellow students?

---

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PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES:

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PRINTING:

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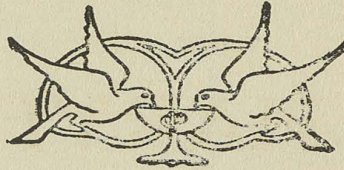
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