

-THE-ECHO-



October
1914

FOR COUGHS

**Schneible's White Pine and Tar
Cough Syrup**

contains no harmful drug — will not disturb
the most delicate stomach — and is *guaranteed*
to cure any curable cold. Price 25c per bottle.

FOR COLDS

Schneible's Cold Breakers

These little Chocolate Coated Tablets act
as a mild Cathartic and Regulator. Price
25c per box.

SCHNEIBLE'S PHARMACY

Cor. WESTERN AND LAKE AVES.

The Essex Lunch

Strictly First Class at moderate Price

Dainty

Sanitary

Appetizing



60-62 North Pearl Street

18 South Pearl Street

295 Central Avenue

ALBANY, N. Y.

376 River Street

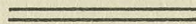
7-9 River Street

TROY, N. Y.

== J. BARBAGALLO ==

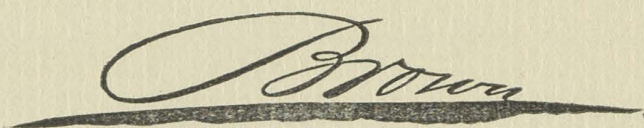
**SHOES REPAIRED AT THE SHOE
HOSPITAL**

464 WASHINGTON AVENUE



**Ice Cream, Fruits
Confectionery, Cigars and Groceries**

466 WASHINGTON AVENUE



Photographer

STUDIO, 55 No. PEARL ST.

Special Rates to Graduates of this College

*Your kind consideration will be
greatly appreciated*

ALL STUDENTS OF THIS COLLEGE ARE
DESERVING OF AN OCCASIONAL BOX
OR CORSAGE OF MY BEAUTIFUL
FLOWERS—THE MOST APPROPRIATE
OF ALL REMEMBERANCES.

Roses, Carnations, Orchids, Lilies

EYRES

"Fairest Flowers"

11 North Pearl Street

Telephone 5588-5599

Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT	PAGE
The Philosopher at Twilight, George E. Kendall, '15	73
After the Fire—Smoke! . . . Edwin Lewis, '15	75
Guesses Are in Order . . . E. Ray Schneible, '17	88
Sam Jones F. W. Smith, '14	93
Minute on the Death of Dr. Milne	95
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	
An Organization of the Student Body	99
Please Help the Poor	100
NEWS DEPARTMENT	101
ATHLETICS	108
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT	109
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	111
JOKE DEPARTMENT	111



The Echo

VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1914

No. 2

Literary Department

The Philosopher at Twilight

Dost thou, with mind unwearied still,
Pursue thy quest?
When fades the sun o'er yonder hill
And deep shades thicken in the West
Do not thy wakeful thots betray
Sweet tendencies to melt away
In lulling rest?

Knowest thou that soon 'twill be
The hour of sleep?
Life, the master, wearies me,
Pressing me with thots too deep,
Tasks that ages, far evolved,
Nodding o'er, shall leave unsolved
And seek their sleep.

In the shadowy, dim, deceiving
 Realm of thot
Can long theories, interweaving
 Hazy tenets teach thee aught
That should keep thee waking ever,
Struggling on in vain endeavor,
 Rest unsought?

Come to the kingdom of dreams, with me,
 Thy thots will keep.
Or if a problem should follow thee
 After thine eyelids have closed in sleep,
Were it the choice of thy baffling themes,
It will be solved by the king of dreams
 In the land of sleep.

GEORGE E. KENDALL, '15.



After the Fire — Smoke!*A story of an island coast*

“The abomination of desolation!” The words fell unconsciously from the lips of the missionary as he turned a bend in the rocky path that followed along the side of the hill. It was the first week in December, and late in the afternoon. From where he stood, he could see far out on the Atlantic, east, north, south, but to the uttermost extent of his vision nothing met his eye but a solid field of ice. For several days the wind had prevailed from the northeast, and the floating ice which came down from the Arctic seas had been packed against the shore in one huge, solid mass. Overhead the clouds hung low and angry and appeared to be almost motionless, but away to the northwest they were rolling and heaving as though some gigantic power they imprisoned were struggling ineffectually to release itself. The missionary detected the unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. That imprisoned power in yonder laboring cloud-bank would soon come to birth, and, rioting in its freedom, would take this limitless, ponderous, inert ice field, and scatter it in ten million fragments before the dawn of another day.

In contrast to the dull-white ice field was the scene which lay more directly at the spectator's feet. The ice filled every square inch of space in the little harbor below, and seemed to lie there in sullen resentment because rock and earth set a bound to its progress, beyond which it could not go. Yet why should it want to go any farther? From the top of the low hills four or five miles inland right down to where rock and ice met, gaunt, staring, naked blackness, rendered the more hideous by a background of snow and a setting of dull green forest of scrub spruce and fir, bore a testimony

as eloquent as any that was ever borne by roadside gallows with its dangling corpse. Three months before, the fire-god, brother to that wind-god who in a few hours time would wreak his fury on pounding, crashing ice, had suddenly leaped up in a long flame on the top of the hill. In that leap he had seen all he wanted to see; a few miles away a little fishing village of a score of houses. Swiftly he called to his wind brother to come from the west, and the two, clapping their giant hands in devilish glee, rushed toward the village. Three miles out on the fishing grounds, fear-stricken men saw the devouring fury tearing madly down the hill. The wind-god, looking, saw the quick turning of the boats to land, and, divining the purpose, leaped mightily forward, and lashed the sea again and again until it rose up in anger and fought with him, and the little boats, caught in the commotion which the fighting monsters made, were tossed about in a fateful helplessness. Wild-eyed men, mad with their impotence as they saw the relentless fire swooping upon home, wife and child, in turn cursed and prayed, and it is said that some there were who cursed that day who had never cursed before, and some there were who prayed that day who had never prayed before. Nineteen of the twenty houses fell before the hot blast of the nostrils of the fire-god, and four of the thirteen boats which the wind-god had leaped forward to hinder were lost in the deadly embrace of contending wind and sea.

The one house which escaped the destruction was built on the outermost point of the land which enclosed the harbor. People said — and truthfully enough — that Levi Martin built his house where he did so that he could be as far away as possible from his neighbors. He was a rough, brutal, unsociable fellow, and it was

always a mystery why the quiet gentle woman who was his wife could have brought herself to wed him. In addition to his other bad points, Levi was lazy. During the days of his courtship, acting under the influence of his passion, he had erected the frame of a good-sized house, and everybody marvelled at his industry. Against the back of the frame he built what he said was going to be the porch. As soon as the porch was finished, he married. That was five years before, and the frame still stood as it stood then, and the porch, now made into two rooms, was doing service as the home of Levi and his wife and their three little ones. After the fire, the settlers had scattered among the neighboring villages, expecting during this winter to cut lumber and to rebuild their houses and wharves in the spring. Thus it happened that the Martins were the only family now living in the place. The third child was but a few weeks old, and Sewell, who was visiting a settlement a mile or two farther along the coast, had walked down to see the mother, who was reported to be very ill.

The desolation which prevailed without was more than matched by conditions within the little house. Levi Martin sat by the stove smoking. Two half-naked children retreated to a corner as the missionary entered. The floor, walls, and ceiling were all destitute of any covering. What furniture there was was home-made, and was of the rudest kind. In response to Sewell's greeting, the big black-bearded fellow gave an inarticulate grunt. He did not offer to get up, nor to stop smoking, nor even to converse.

"How is the wife?" asked Sewell, presently.

"She's in t'other room; go and see her if ye wants to." Sewell entered what for courtesy's sake would be called a bedroom. By means of the dim light which

struggled through the broken window, he made out a couple of bunks built one on each side of the tiny room. A woman lay on one of them, a babe at her side. The attempt to answer the minister's greeting brought on a fit of coughing, and a pain gripped the young fellow's heart as he heard the hollow sound, and made out the emaciated features and form of the mother. What was anything he could say or do worth in these circumstances! The "message" this woman needed was not that which he was supposed to carry. Rather was it the message which came by skilful doctor and tender nurse. Returning to the kitchen, he expressed his convictions to the husband. The response he got from between the teeth which still held the pipe was a coarse laugh.

"She don't want no doctor and nuss. She'm just lazy, that's all. I allows she been sick all right, but she ain't no sicker now than what I be. If she'd get up a spell, and move around, she'd be all right in no time. Why, my mother — she had fourteen kids, and she never made no blooming ——." He got no further. Sewell stood before him with blazing eyes, and sharp as the incessant crack of a repeater, the words came out.

"You're a great lazy hulk of a good-for-nothing, that's what you are. I tell you, that woman in there will be dead inside of three months if you don't get her food and medicine. Lazy, indeed! It's you who are lazy. I'd — yes! I'd like to give you a good thrashing, you — you worthless rascal!"

Levi Martin listened to the fusilade in astonishment. Then slowly he raised his long ungainly body, and looking fiercely at the missionary, hissed out, "Be you a-talking to me?"

"Yes, I am. I'm talking to you, and I mean every word I say. I say it again—you're a big lazy scoundrel, that's what you are."

Before Levi could make any reply, a spasm of coughing shook the weakened frame in the other room, and Sewell hurried in. When he came out again, his voice was quieter as he asked, "What food have you in the house?"

"We ain't got nothing but some flour and p'taties," was the reply.

"No fish?"

"No."

"No tea?"

"No."

"No molasses?"

"No."

"Then in heaven's name, man, why don't you go out and shoot something?"

"Ain't got no powder."

"Well, you can at least snare a rabbit."

"Ain't got no wire."

Again the anger blazed in the missionary's eyes. "Levi Martin, the proper place for you is Hell. You're no man at all. You sit here smoking all day long, and let your wife and children starve." Then an idea occurred to him, and he asked quickly, "Where did you get the tobacco?"

Levi looked uncomfortable, but replied, "Tommy Sanford give me a stick."

"Well," said Sewell, "maybe he did, and maybe he didn't. Anyway, here's a dollar. It's storming already, but if you hurry, you can get back. Go to Skipper Joe's store, and get some things. A pound of tea, that's fifty cents; a gallon of molasses, that's forty; and you'll have ten cents left for a can of milk."

In a little over an hour Levi returned with the provisions. The storm was increasing, and it was now dark, and Sewell was anxious to get away. He stopped, however, to make tea, sweetened with the molasses and canned milk, and the woman drank it as eagerly as the parched ground takes up the rain. "That's the first cup of tea I've had since afore the little 'un came," she said feebly.

When he returned to the kitchen, the missionary saw Levi cutting off strips from a plug of tobacco, preparatory to refilling his pipe. He observed that the plug was a new one, and at once he was suspicious. "See here," he asked, "how much molasses did you get?"

"A gallon," was the sullen reply.

"Bring me the jug."

Levi brought the jug. It was only half-full.

"Tell the truth, Levi,—you bought half a gallon of molasses, and spent the other twenty cents for tobacco?"

The man, plainly cornered, muttered: "Well, and what if I did?"

"What if you did!" roared the other. "What if you did! Why, that you're the biggest blackguard that God ever let live, that's what."

But nothing could shame the unnatural fellow. Later that evening, as he accompanied Sewell to the other settlement, he endeavored to defend his conduct. "Baccy is all the comfort I has, yes, sir. I just got to have it. B'gar, you wouldn't rob a man of his smoke and chew, would ye?" But the missionary would not argue. He was too utterly disgusted with his companion to talk with him, and besides, he needed all his strength for the battle with the storm which was now at its height.

The next Sunday morning, Sewell was back at his "headquarters." He had thought seriously over the incident in Levi Martin's hut. In a way, what Levi said was right. The pipe was almost the only form of self-indulgence, not only for him, but for practically every man on the coast. Nevertheless, nothing could justify Levi's dastardly conduct, and a grim resolution formed itself in the missionary's mind. It was a startled congregation which heard his bold announcement: "Next Sunday morning, I shall preach a sermon on the subject, 'Tobacco, the Greatest Curse of the Mission.'"

Throughout the week, the promised sermon was the chief topic of conversation. As he went among the people, Sewell detected an undercurrent of feeling against what was considered his unwarranted interference in a matter that was purely personal. On Friday evening, the doctor called him into his room. The table was littered with pipes, tobacco, and stubs of cigars. Sewell noticed them, but said nothing. With a gleam in his eye, the doctor began:

"So you're going to get after us for our bad habits, eh?" The missionary smiled, and narrated his experience with Levi Martin. "That's all very well," said the doctor, "but if you take my advice, you will keep your mouth shut on this tobacco business. The men are in a pretty ugly mood about it. They'll give you all the rope you want on most things, but they have the notion that this is their business, not yours, and I rather agree with them. I've been here longer than you have, and I know the people." He leaned forward, and spoke affectionately. "Drop it, sonny, and let us poor sinners smoke our pipes in peace."

But Sewell was obdurate. "No, sir, I'll see this thing through whatever the consequences. I'm like

that ancestor of yours, 'I never turned my back on don or devil yet.' I'll rake those fellows Sunday morning with a full broadside. Of course, you don't need to be there if you would rather not." The doctor laughed. "Not be there! My lad, this is a pretty quiet hole, and fun is too scarce for me to miss this bit."

Sunday morning saw practically the entire male population present at church. True to his announcement, the young prophet blazed away at the enormity of the sin of smoking. The angry scowls on the faces of the younger men, instead of checking his rabid utterance, served only to inspire it, and the reformer, secure in the exalted sense of duty done, was in nowise affrighted by the groups of angry men who stood about the church door at the close of the service.

The approach of Christmas made it necessary that plans be drawn up for entertaining the people, and the doctor and Sewell consulted together for the purpose. The former was keen for having an "athletic meet" on the ice, with a free-for-all supper in the school-house, followed by an entertainment and the distribution of prizes. "You look as if you might have been something of an athlete in the old country," he said to Sewell, "and this ought to suit you first-rate. Let's fix up a regular English program."

The missionary entered into the plan with great eagerness, and the two men soon had a program arranged — in the morning, a football match under English association rules, the doctor to captain one side and Sewell the other; in the afternoon, running, sack races, sack fights, "high-cock-alorum," jumping, shooting, wood-chopping contests, and other similar events.

Friday came, the day for the sports. Sewell's unpopularity made it difficult for him to get a team for

the football match, and he was badly beaten. He determined to take no part in the "meet," but when the sack fight was called, and he saw the doctor preparing to compete, the primitive instinct asserted itself, and he seized a sack. Some thirty men entered the contest. The sacks were laced up over the men's shoulders, so that only the head and neck were exposed. Each man was to choose an opponent, and try to hustle him down. The last man standing would, of course, be the winner. The contest was tried out in heats, until all but four men had been eliminated — the doctor, Sewell, David Thorn, and a little fellow of French extraction named Henri, who came from a settlement thirty miles to the south, and was making a long journey to consult a priest. Sewell chose the doctor for his opponent. The two men laughed as they faced each other, and Sewell said, "Well, doctor, you beat me at football this morning; I guess it's my turn now." In a few minutes both the doctor and David Thorn lay sprawling on the ice. The final bout therefore had to be fought between the missionary and the Frenchman.

Five minutes were allowed for the two men to rest, and then once more they were tied up in the sacks. A great silence settled down upon the spectators as the struggle began. Somehow they divined in it a meaning deeper than lay on the surface. The Frenchman was an outsider, and had been allowed to participate only through courtesy. But the other man had had the audacity to arraign them in the most public way, and they were by no means sure that they did not want to see him defeated. Sewell felt that the situation was critical, and he began the struggle with extreme care. He was much taller and heavier than his opponent, but in a contest of that nature, height and weight were a

disadvantage, and the hustling of the Frenchman caught him low all the time. The crowd as a whole still refrained from taking sides, although the outsider had a few friends who backed him noisily. Presently, after Henri had barely escaped a fall, Uncle Solomon — with whom Sewell lived — had to voice his feelings. "Good for the Parson!" he cried. Others quickly took up the cry, and the missionary heard the doctor say something which sounded like "Waterloo." Henri heard it too, and his eyes snapped, and he muttered an oath. Suddenly, from a distance of several feet, with lowered head he rushed at Sewell as one bull might rush at another. The missionary failed to avoid the rush; the Frenchman's head caught him squarely in the pit of the stomach, and he doubled up like a knife, face white, breath gone, but still keeping his feet. The blow had been foul, for the doctor explained at the beginning that there must be no "ramming." The action aroused the spectators, and it aroused to full strength the fighting blood of the Englishman. But Henri also was mightily stirred. He, too, seemed to sense the symbolism of the event. "Doctor," he cried, "can't we leave out them rules?" The doctor looked inquiringly at Sewell, who nodded his consent. "Go ahead then," said the doctor, "anything's fair. Go-as-you-please is the word."

Henri, who had now lost his self-control entirely, quickly took advantage of the suspension of the rules. In a close grapple, each man stooping low, and seeking to get his shoulder under the other, the Frenchman made a quick movement of the head, and the next moment Sewell felt his opponent's teeth sink into his ear. The doctor, watching every movement, saw the action, and in a flash his fingers had closed around Henri's neck, and he was shaking him as a dog might shake a rat.

"You sneak!" he roared, "what do you call that?"

Quickly the retort came. "Didn't ye say no rules?"

"It's all right, doctor," interrupted Sewell; "if he wants to play that game, take us out of these confounded sacks and I'll give him all he wants."

"Steady now," was the reply; "this is no boxing match. It is supposed to be a friendly tussle. Now, Henri, quit your tricks, or you'll be in trouble."

Once more the men, glaring now like wild beasts, faced each other. In a few moments, Sewell saw the chance he had been waiting for. He had just stopped a rush, and Henri was shuffling backwards, preparing for another. Swift as lightning, Sewell put into effect an old trick he had learned as a lad on the football field, when the ball was flying along some three feet above the ground, and had to be returned without being stopped. Seizing the loose of the sack in one hand, he leaped as high in the air as he could. The quick, strange action startled Henri, and he was thrown off his guard. Then suddenly the two feet of the man in the air shot out in the corners of the sack, and caught the other squarely just above the waist-line. Henri went down like a log as his opponent recovered himself, and in the ensuing roar that arose from the crowd Sewell knew that he had regained the affections of his people.

After supper the school-room was arranged for the entertainment. The doctor brought his graphophone, "magic lantern," electric battery, and other paraphernalia, and for two hours the simple-hearted fishing folks enjoyed themselves to the full. Last of all came the distribution of the prizes. On the platform was a large wooden box, and there was much conjecture as to the nature of the prizes it contained. The doctor made a little speech, in which he explained that the allot-

ment of the prizes for the events had been made the day before, so that if there should seem any incongruity between the prize and the person who won it, it was *entirely unintentional*.

He began to read. "First prize for chopping wood, an axe, Reuben King. Second prize, a jack-knife, David Thorn." Amid much good-natured banter, the two men walked to the platform to receive the articles. "First prize for the mile race, a fur cap, Jeremiah Jones. Second prize, a woolen helmet, Timothy Bell." So the list was read off, until the doctor reached the last item. Before reading this, he made another speech. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure we are all proud of the minister to-day. Henri is not present, so I can say what I think. You will agree with me that, in the words of the poet, 'it was a famous victory.' I didn't suppose anyone could get around in a sack as those two men did this afternoon. We should all have felt badly if Henri had won, especially after he acted as he did. If the minister sometimes says things we don't like, we must not mind that. That's part of his business, after all, just as it is a part of mine to give you nasty medicines." He stopped, and reaching into the box, drew out the last package. Then he read from his program: "First and only prize for the great sack fight goes to the Reverend Winfield Sewell, a meerschäum pipe and five pounds of plug tobacco."

Sewell was standing close to the platform, and he could almost feel the silence which settled on the people as they heard the announcement. For a moment he felt the hot temper surge within him. Then he caught the twinkle in the eye of the wise man on the platform. Quickly he recovered himself, and with a broad grin on his scarlet face stepped forward with outstretched

hand to receive his prize. For a second or two longer, the silence remained unbroken. Then the real significance of the little comedy was seen, and such a laugh and a cheer burst from two hundred throats as the old school-house had never heard before.

EDWIN LEWIS, '15.



Guesses Are In Order

After checking his derby hat and carefully depositing his suit case upon the seat beside him, Professor Dinklespeigle was actually on his way to join the expedition of the North American Society for Zoological Research, as its chief. The professor was very nervous. He had spent much time in preparation for his journey and was very tired. Many things, each requiring considerable work, had to be done before the last trunk was safely piled upon the express wagon. His sample cases of dried Xyminazines required more time for packing than did any of the other specimens because of the long antennæ which was characteristic to each family of the species.

For three days after his arrival in New York, the professor was very busy arranging his many packages of bugs for storage aboard the large steamer, Alexandria. But there was one little box, made of black grain leather, the ends of which were covered with very fine wire netting, which he never let out of his possession. It contained the only living member of the Calinasiantiæ family (which is a kind of buzzard) and of which the professor was very proud. It was the purpose of the expedition to search the wilds of Africa for a companion for this beautiful little Calinsiantia who, being along in his cage, was often very sad. The professor had named him Philip, and many an hour was spent crouched over the little box, looking through the wire netting and watching Philip at play.

The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful except when the professor became very nervous and insisted that the rolling of the ship was making Philip seasick.

When the party arrived at Cairo, the professor was as happy as a schoolboy on an unauthorized fishing trip. He wandered by himself far and wide over the sands, picking up here and there little bugs and worms which were carefully stored in a basket which hung at his side.

The journey over the burning sands of the great desert was very tiresome. For days at a time, the only sight which met the eyes of the travelers was the glare of the sun and its reflection upon that ocean of white sand, which extended to the horizon on all sides. They journeyed by night when the temperature fell to forty or fifty, and when the first rays of the sun appeared in the morning, tents were pitched and the camp slept during the hottest part of the day. The camels never seemed to tire, but kept on hour after hour with that same easy step; their bodies swaying from side to side with that peculiar motion like unto the rolling of a ship.

After three weeks of this kind of travel, signs of vegetation were seen; here and there a low shrub or vine, not any too healthy, you may be sure, but certainly proof that the little "ships of the desert" were nearly safe in port.

The path soon led through thick vegetation, composed mostly of massive trees growing near together, and so made progress very slow. It was nearly six weeks later when worn out and weary they arrived at the edge of the greatest jungle in the world.

A camp was built high above the ground to prevent the snakes and lizards from strolling in and out, while the flies and gnats were kept out by means of fine wire netting which completely covered the tents. This was to be the main camp, and all exploring parties were to start from and end here.

Early one morning, the professor and three of his companions started out for a trip to the interior. They were to be the advance guard of a party of ten who would join them in a few days. The professor headed the procession. Every day's journey showed a change in the vegetation. The trees became smaller, bushes grew everywhere, vines climbed up the trees forming a great tangle, a beautiful home for all the creepy, slimy snakes, lizards and worms. But the professor did not mind such things; he beamed with joy when he found one more slippery and more slimy than the rest, and chuckled as he dropped it into his basket.

The ground was rapidly becoming marshy, so wet that every time one of the party set a foot down, that sound peculiar to a cow when she draws her foot out of a mud hole was heard. In this juicy ooze, the snakes and lizards were more numerous than before, red ones, green ones, and brown ones; some large, others small, yet each belonging to the Lufinalizuene family, in which the professor was greatly interested. But yet no sign of a Calinsiantia.

Philip's cage, still hanging at the professor's side, was forever getting tangled in the vines, and so at last, though much against his will, the professor gave Philip into the keeping of Professor Snodgrass, who was second in command.

Immediately after the noonday meal, one very hot day, the chief left the camp, and wandered about by himself. He had been absent about an hour and was on his return when there, perched upon a bush in the center of a large swamp, was a Calinsiantia. The professor's heart leaped and bounded. "Ach!" he cried, "now all trouble is over. Hier ist a companion for mein Philip," and quickly falling upon his hands and knees, he crawled rapidly, through the muck and

mud, toward the bush. Carefully he stood up and raising his net above his head, made a swipe at the Calinsiantia. He missed. The bug flew away over the marsh, the professor a close second. Now as the Calinsiantia flew a little lower, the pursuer jumped and with a well-aimed stroke, caught his prize squarely in the net, but alas! The professor lost his balance and was now deep in the mire. When he picked himself up, he was humming a little German ditty for his quest was won. With a light heart he began his journey back.

He had gone but a short distance when he saw Professor Snodgrass, very red and perspiring freely, hurrying toward him. "Ach Himmel, mein Herr!" he cried, "der bug is loose," then seeing Philip, for Philip it was, he exclaimed, "aber gut you have him caught!" Professor Dinklespeigle fainted.

Early one afternoon, some three weeks later, the professor was chasing a huge Sagua along the bank of a small stream. The Sagua lighted upon the end of a tree trunk which stretched from the bank far out into the water. The professor laid his gun on the bank and carefully made his way toward the end of the log, but the Sagua had gone. Disappointed the professor turned around when there, at the end of the tree sat a huge lion. The poor man was nearly dead with fright. How was he to escape?

Above the log hung a large limb of a tree. The professor grasped the bough and was about to draw himself up when he saw, much to his horror, the coils of a large boa-constrictor slowly moving toward him. He was so overcome that he nearly lost his balance and fell into the wide open jaws of a crocodile which lay below him in the water. In his terror the poor

man ran toward the shore. The lion advanced, awhile licking his chops, when —

Professor Dinklespeigle included the story of his narrow escape in his report on the expedition. All interested may find the same in the last report of the North American Society for Zoological Research.

E. RAY SCHNEIBLE, '17.



Sam Jones

Sam Jones owns a little land
That isn't wuth a cuss
It's muddy an' it's marshy —
Sam lives right next ter us
An' he too's mighty wuthless,
No time fer doin' much
'Cept lazin' round an' fishin',
Talkin' politics an' such.

No one tuk much stock of Sam,
Exceptin' Sam of course,
An' folks 'ud always kinder grin
When Sam druv his poor horse
With his old broke-down wagon
Down Main street of the town,
But now Sam is a personage,
A person of renown.

Now Sam's no longer shif'less
He's merely kinder quaint,
There's fifty real good reasons,
His house's in need of paint,
An' Sam he takes his sudden fame
With a real modest face,
While wise men from fer an' near
Dig all around his place.

Way back in the icy age
Ten million years ago,
They say that the cave men chased
A queer beast thru the snow.
The beast had a longish name,
An' was a'mighty queer
But men hunt it in them days
As we would chase a deer.

The critter fell in a swamp,
Was killed, an' left ter rot,
An' fer nigh ten million years
It rested in Sam's lot.
Now sci'ntists from the hull land
Come here ter view them bones.
Our most noted citizen
Is Mister Samuel Jones.



Minute

The members of the faculty of the New York State College for Teachers desire to put on record their admiration, love and respect for their late president, Doctor William J. Milne.

After graduation from the University of Rochester Doctor Milne was intimately associated with the work of education in this State during a period of almost fifty years. He taught for a short time in the State Normal School at Brockport and then for eleven years he was principal of the State Normal School at Geneseo and in both these schools he left the impress of his strong personality and his high ideals. Twenty-five years ago he was elected to succeed Doctor Waterbury in what was then known as the State Normal School at Albany.

The Normal School at Albany had had a long and effective history and had well served the State in education; but Doctor Milne desired to enlarge its functions and to transform it from a school to a college where the science and art of teaching should be especially emphasized. Therefore he applied to have its charter and its name changed. Thenceforth it became known as the State Normal College at Albany. His aim was to establish here an institute of pedagogy based on philosophic principles where graduates of academic colleges might receive special training in what would virtually be a post-graduate course. The large number of graduates who at once came testified to the need and value of such an institution and the results were so suggestive that courses in pedagogy were soon introduced in almost all academic colleges. Then the attendance here began to fall off. To meet this condition of things Doctor Milne applied

for a change in the charter of the college so that it might take rank with these academic colleges, while still retaining its special function of training teachers and emphasizing the pedagogical nature of the work. The rapid increase in the number of students justified the wisdom of the president's action.

When the old college building was destroyed by fire, Doctor Milne's energies were bent toward the erection of a new building whose design and character should be worthy of its position among the colleges of America; and his wisdom, fine taste and zeal were rewarded. These halls are a monument to his life and his work and in them we still feel the impress of his mind and heart and will. No one can fail to be impressed with the exceeding beauty and fitness of these buildings; and to have succeeded in their completion in the midst of so many difficulties and discouragements is a striking tribute to what Doctor Milne has accomplished. They are in truth not only a monument to his memory but an ornament to the city of Albany and an inspiration to all lovers of real education.

Doctor Milne's life as president of this college was rich in accomplishment and in suggestion. This period of twenty-five years was the most significant in his life and he always thought of the work that he had done previously as a preparation for the larger work which was to be done by him here. With all the energy of his nature, with all his intellectual ability, with all his deep power of sympathy and kindness and with the tremendous vigor of his will he worked to lay foundations on which he was permitted to build until his life was closed, and on which others will be permitted to build now that he has gone.

The last few years of his life were supremely happy so far as his connection with the college was concerned. He had struggled against difficulties and trials and dangers and at last what he aimed to do had been done. To say that he loved the college is but a feeble expression for the depth of the emotion with which he thought of and spoke of it. His associates recall his expression of sincere and simple happiness in the architectural beauty and in the general fitness of these buildings for their work and in the loyalty of the teachers and students; and as he stood at the window of his office and looked out upon the beauty of the campus with its flowers and trees and thought of the high place to which he had been called as the head of such an institution he would often say: "I should like to live for many years in such a beautiful spot as this, in such congenial surroundings and among such good friends."

After long and persistent endeavors he finally succeeded in having a name given to the college, which, in his opinion, more nearly expressed its exact nature and characteristics; and it was a source of great content and laudable pride to him when the name of the college was changed and it should henceforth be known as the New York State College for Teachers. That work having been accomplished, the time of his departure seemed to be at hand; and, although his associates and his friends and the students all hoped that for many years to come he might still be the guide and the inspiration of the work here, yet they felt that his career was well complete and rounded. In very truth he had finished his course in faith and he now rests from his labors.

The members of the Faculty desire once more to express their admiration for him and his Christian

character and to record their love for him. It is hard to go on without him and his words of encouragement and wisdom. A great presence is missed among them, but they feel that his spirit still lives within these walls and in the hearts of all young men and women whom he taught and whom he influenced for good and also in the hearts of those who were privileged to be associated with him in this college of high ideals, to which he contributed so richly of his nature and of his life.

They therefore direct that this minute be spread upon the records of the college and that copies thereof be sent to Doctor Milne's family and to the Board of Trustees.





The Echo

VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1914

No. 2

Board of Editors

LOUISE H. POWERS	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
EDITH A. CARR	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
GERALDINE H. MURRAY	<i>Literary Editor</i>
DORIS SMITH	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
JESSIE F. DUNSEITH	<i>News Editor</i>
MARY ALLEN	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
GLADYS DOBSON	<i>Joke Editor</i>
BARBARA PRATT }	<i>Athletic Editors</i>
KOLIN HAGER }	
MARY DABNEY	<i>Business Manager</i>
DOROTHY H. HAILES	<i>Advertising Department</i>
STANLEY G. FITZGERALD }	
MARGARET CHRIST }	<i>Subscription Managers</i>
JOSEPH SPROULE }	
E. RAY SCHNEIBLE	<i>Circulating Manager</i>

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

An Organization of the Student Body!

Within the past three years various incidents and accidents have brought to our notice the necessity of having some organization of the student body. For instance, on the occasion of the death of Dr. Husted, the presidents of the four classes took action in their separate classes and then together, in drawing up the proper resolutions. There was no organization of

the whole student body which could take the lead in such an emergency. And we have felt the need at other times of concerted action on the part of the whole college. Please think this matter over carefully! The Senior Class has already voted in favor of such an organization! Are you going to recognize our present lack and endeavor to remedy it?

Please Help the Poor

Literary Editor! This is YOUR paper. Make it more really yours because YOU are one of its contributors. Probably most of you have no idea how material is collected for each issue. The process is complicated to say the least. First of all, we only know about twenty people in the entire college upon whom we can depend. Others fade away at our approach! To these few we go month after month, begging, beseeching them for SOMETHING. Finally, after about two weeks of gentle (?) prodding, we manage to extract enough material to make a presentable looking magazine. We NEVER have more copy than we can use. More often we could and would print more if we had it.

Why is it that you give all the honor, and incidentally all the labor, to a choice few? Why, why won't you bring your waiting manuscripts to THE ECHO box? It is not even necessary to sign your name, if you wish to remain incognito. The main thing is to see that we find the material.

The November issue is to be a Thanksgiving number, and we want it to be exceptionally good. THE ECHO box is *now* receiving!

News Department

Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. extends greetings to all the students of the college, especially the new ones, and hopes that they may have a most successful and happy year.

The lunch counter has opened again in the lower hall of the Science Building.

The annual Y. W. C. A. reception was held Friday evening, September 25th. A thoroughly good time was enjoyed by all who availed themselves of the hospitality of the Association.

The membership campaign is progressing under the leadership of Jessie Dunseith and Edith Rose. We hope to receive as members all new girls and those upper classmen who have not as yet joined the Association.

The first meeting was held September 23rd, led by Edith Carr. At the meeting held September 30th, led by Miss Springstead, every seat in the chapel was taken. May this be the case at every meeting!

College Orchestra

Two rehearsals the first week! Not bad.

Ain't our new directoress just gran'! No wonder everyone turned out both times. Wait till you hear us.

"Eddie" L - - - got three notes right at the last rehearsal. Good work, Ed.

Evolution (Eng. 2) is taking place in the Orchestra. Last year, all horn; this year, all first fiddle. "From the basser to the finer."

The business manager says he is going to invent an instrument to supply bass to the Orchestra. Won't

some of you who play bass instruments ease this poor fellow's suffering and eventually your own?

We are glad to welcome Miss Shanks and Messrs. Harrison and Townsend into our ranks. May their efforts to "boost" the Orchestra prove untiring.

Harry D - - - - hasn't lost a "pound" during vacation. It's a wonder the "worries" aren't all worn out.

Le Roy D - - - - and Orthello S - - - - - - - took up pugilism this summer. Both have developed a wonderful "blow." They almost reached high C, not quite.

Aw, come on, Freshmen! This is your Orchestra as well as ours. There aren't any dues yet, and if you join now you'll have the say as to whether there shall be any or not.

Our drummer has acquired a new "roll." Anybody could guess that he worked in a bakery all summer.

Don't forget the rehearsal every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, and WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD.

Camera Club

Don't think that because your camera came from the \$1.98 counter you cannot take real pictures. You can, and, if you will only let us, we will show you how. The Camera Club is a live organization, and it's bound to become more so. Wouldn't you like to join now so that you won't miss any more of the instructive talks and the delightful tramps? Every Monday afternoon at ten minutes after four, we meet in Professor Kirtland's room, and there listen to a varied program relative to our cameras—how to use and how not to abuse them. Professor Kirtland is one of our most enthusiastic members, and shares with us

the benefits of his interesting and successful experiences in taking and making pictures. There are other artists among us, and they also lend a helping hand to the less fortunate. Prizes are awarded monthly for the best specimens handed in, and every one is given a fair judgment according to his camera and the conditions under which the exposure was made. But, best of all, will be the trips we are planning to take. There are always pictures waiting for us, if we only see them, but Albany and the country surrounding it are especially rich in this respect. None of us who went last year will ever forget the Indian Ladder expedition. Without any doubt we will have many more just such good times, and we want every one who is at all interested to enjoy them with us. Don't be afraid to come just because you don't know how to handle a camera. If this is your first year, come and get acquainted; if it is not, come anyway. Professor Kirtland and Edward Long will be glad to answer any questions about the club, or, if you do not see them, come on Monday afternoon to room III.

Senior Notes

Have you seen the grave-faced Seniors
Climbing to the High School floor?
Have you seen them hustling youngsters
Through a class room door?
Have you met one by your locker
And been promptly buttonholed
While to your unwilling ear
A lengthy tale of woe is told?
What hath caused this troubled spirit?
Why the frown, the weary sigh?
Bless you, they are practice teachers,
That's the reason why!

Junior Notes

The Junior Class held its first meeting Tuesday, September 29, 1914. Arrangements were made for the annual Junior frolic to be held October 23. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions expressing the sorrow of the class for the loss of four members during the past summer, Russel Henry, Violet Ballard, Ethel Browning and Agnes Nial.

It was decided that the following memorial be published in THE ECHO, and a copy of THE ECHO be sent to each of the bereaved families.

As our Class of 1916 entered the State College for Teachers two years ago, there were of our number four young people who are not with us to-day. These four members had the same boundless enthusiasm, the same determination to realize the ideal of our class. They had felt the desire for a widening out of their narrow world. They saw visions and dreamed dreams of the future; and as their work progressed they felt a new power surging within them.

Yet the goal was not to be reached in this life. In the early summer of this year our classmates, Russel Henry, Violet Ballard, Ethel Browning and Agnes Nial passed away from earth. The dreams, the visions, the seeking were to be realized and rewarded in the land beyond our sight.

We cannot forget our loss, and the loss of those to whom these four lives were especially dear, so we, as a class, extend to the parents and the friends of these young people our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy.

JESSIE F. DUNSEITH.
ELLA N. HOPPE.
HARRIETT TEDFORD.

Delta Omega

Helen Odell, '13, is staying at the Delta House and is taking up some work at college.

Dr. Richardson spoke to the Delta girls at their house on the afternoon of Thursday, October 1, 1914.

Helen Rosebrook, '17, spent the first week-end of October at her home in Hoosick Falls, New York.

Marion Wheeler, '14, and Jennie Davis, '14, who are now teaching in Northville, N. Y., came to the Delta House to spend Columbus Day.

Ethel Secor, '13, has accepted a position in the Educational Department of this city.

Marion Blodgett, '17, went to her home in Newburgh for the week-end of October 19th.

Katharine Odell, '16, has entirely recovered from her illness of last spring and is at college renewing her studies.

Frances Burlingame, '14, is back at college taking up some courses of study.

Hildred Griffin, '17, was confined to the house the last week of September with a severe cold.

Mildred Fleming, '16, Edith Rose, '17, Bertha Reedy, '17, stayed in Albany at the house for the Y. W. C. A. reception on Friday evening, September 25.

Eta Phi

The Eta Phi girls, with a number of Freshmen, enjoyed a delightful picnic at the Normanskill on Saturday, October 3rd.

We are glad to have with us again several of the girls who spent ten days at their homes in quarantine.

It was a great pleasure and delight to the Sorority to entertain at the house for the week-end, Jennette Campbell, '14, who is teaching in the Katonah High School.

Kappa Delta

The girls are glad to welcome Helen Denny, '15, Kathrene Ensign, '16, Marguerite Stewart, '17, and Ruth Moseley, '17, to the house this year.

Elizabeth Skinner, '17, entered Wellesley College as a Sophomore in September.

Marguerite Stewart motored home for the week-end of September 26.

The Great Country Fair was in full swing at the house on Yates street Friday evening, October 2. Many freshmen enjoyed the wonderful exhibits.

We are glad to have Marguerite Alberts, '17, with us again this year.

Constance N. Ratliffe, of Willette, Pa., who spent many weeks at the flat last winter, died suddenly this summer of an acute attack of trapitis.

Barbara Pratt, Kathrene Ensign, Marguerite Stewart and Ruth Moseley spent the week-end of October 3 at their respective homes.

Burglars entered the flat during the summer and carried off a priceless topaz clock.

Bessie Baremore has been elected marshal of Kappa Delta to succeed Elizabeth Skinner.

Psi Gamma

On October 2nd Psi Gamma entertained at cards. A number of friends and alumni enjoyed the evening at the Sorority house.

At the last regular meeting in September Psi Gamma was pleased to welcome into membership Miss Margaret Christ.

Miss Hattie Ogle has returned to college and is entered in the Sophomore Class.

Miss Francis Wood spent the week-end of October 1st at the Sorority house.

Ethel Reynolds, Marion Chapman, Clara Anderson, Lucille Hale and Helen Greene are again in college after a week's absence, because of exposure to scarlet fever.

Kappa Nu

With the consent of Dean Blue, the organization formerly known as the Newman Club wishes to announce that it has been reorganized into Kappa Nu Sorority. Mrs. Mooney was unanimously elected as honorary member and Professor Mahar as Faculty member. Kappa Nu has already begun regular Sorority operations, and has plans for many social functions well under way.

The loss of Mrs. Mooney's daily presence among us is a matter of deep regret to the members of Kappa Nu. However, we rejoice to state that she will remain with us as honorary member of the Sorority. For many years she has guided us by her wise advice, and now she has not failed to rise to this new opportunity of directing us along new lines.

Miss Celia Casey, '16, spent a week-end during the month at her home, Schaghticoke, N. Y.

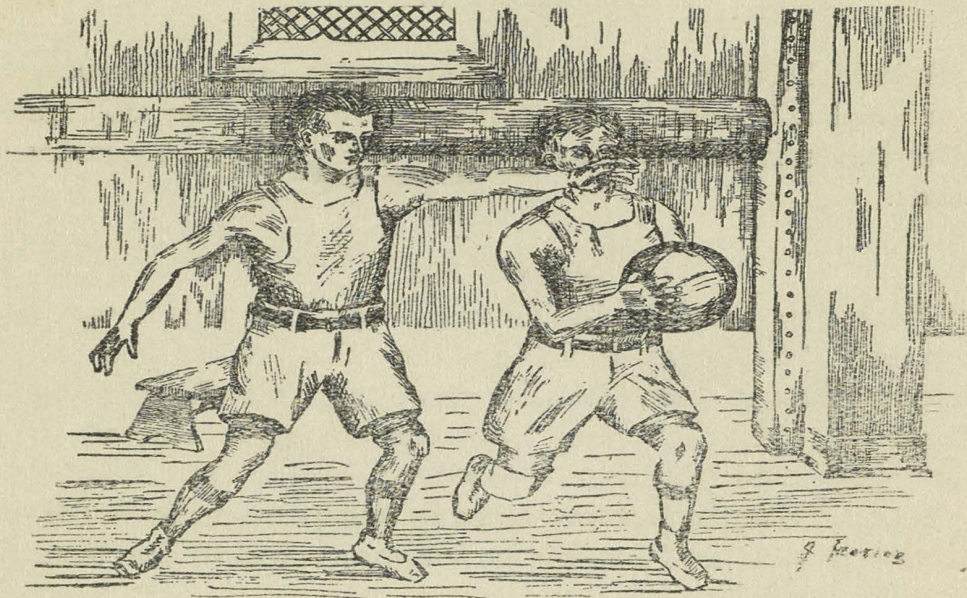
Miss Helena Laventure, '17, spent the week-end of September 18th at Burden Lake.

Miss Isabella Devine, '15, motored to Pittsfield, Mass., and remained there for several days during the past month.

To the Freshmen Kappa Nu extends a most hearty welcome and hopes that they will soon know and love our Alma Mater.

A theatre party was given Saturday, October 3rd, by the members of Kappa Nu.

Miss Marion McCarthy, '15, and Louise Carmody, '15, spent the last week-end in September at their respective homes in Glens Falls, N. Y.



Athletic Department

The prospects for a splendid college basket ball team were never brighter. Much new and experienced material has been added since the opening of college, and at Captain Curtis' call a goodly number are expected to report. The schedule promises to be an ambitious one, and all are urged to make the team a success.

The men's tennis tournament promises to be a pretty battle. Some excellent players are among the contestants.

LOOK, YE MARATHONERS!!

Coach Swaim announces an inter-class cross-country run to be held late in October. We need a good college relay team, and can see you at your best in an event such as this. Don't be backward in coming forward.

The possibility of a football team was mentioned earlier in the year. Coach Swaim wisely realized that even with excellent material we couldn't get into form with so short a period of practice.

The Girls' Athletic Association has elected the following officers for the year 1914-15.

President.....Margaret Hays
Vice-President.....Helen Loveless
Secretary.....Sibyl Wager
Treasurer.....Emma Grey

It has been suggested that this season the girls play their basket ball games as preliminaries to the men's games. This seems an excellent idea, for it would arouse more interest and thus gain better support for all teams. Last year neither the men's nor girls' games were as well attended as they should have been, and anything which promises to give the teams the support they deserve is certainly worth trying.

Special Notice.— If you get a chance to help the Athletic Association, *do so*, for it is all in a good cause.

Alumni Department

Mr. Martin M. Todd, '79, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., was visiting the college Thursday and Friday, October 1st and 2nd.

Miss Edith Casey, '14, is teaching in the Roxbury High School, Roxbury, N. Y.

Miss Abby Franklin, '14, has a position at Waterford, N. Y.

Miss Amy Wood, '13, is now teaching in Niagara Falls High School.

Miss Emily Hoag, who took graduate work here last year, has accepted a position in a boarding school at Asheville, N. C.

Miss Ruth Jacobs, '12, was visiting friends in college on Thursday, October 1, 1914.

Mrs. Gerald S. Pratt, *née* Rachel Griswold, '14, is living in Spring Valley, where Mr. Pratt is vice-principal in the High School.





THE ECHO wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Ridge*, William Smith College, for June; *The Cue*, Albany Academy, for June; *The Westminster Holcad* supplement; *El Monitor de la Educacion Comùn*, for May, June, July; and *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar College, for June.

College has just opened, and it seems as if we ought to do all in our power to help make our magazines better than they have ever been before. Indeed, there are a great many improvements needed.

"A Poet's Word on a Vexed Question" in the June issue of *The Ridge* is a splendid essay, showing a thorough knowledge and a deep appreciation of Browning's works. But the stories and sketches are for the most part only fair. The whole appearance of the magazine might be improved by a few cuts and a few jokes.

The Cue is a splendid magazine. The Literary Department is good, but it might be enlarged upon a little. The cuts are excellent, the departments are well filled and arranged, and the jokes are real.

The Vassar Miscellany is by far our best exchange. The literary material is splendid and worth while, and the departments are especially well arranged.

Joke Department

"Did you see the ball game Saturday?"

"No, I had my girl with me."

Why, of Course

Prof. W.—“Here we have a bacterial growth, found in potted ham. How would you classify it?”

Stude — “Incandescent.”

Stude — “May I borrow your gray necktie?”

His Roommate — “Sure, but why all this formality of asking permission?”

Stude — “I can't find it.”

Most of us would like to work about as hard as the sun dial on a rainy day.

“Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money.”

Father — “Humph! My son, you ought to be successful; that's all you've done the years you've been at college.”

Racial

Stude (reciting in math.) — “Now, the angle K. C.—”

Second Stude (interrupting) — “Casey isn't an angle; he's an Irishman.”

“What did the sororities give the seranaders?”

“Gamma Phi know.”

Prof.—“Mr. Blank, did you study your lesson?”

Mr. Blank — “I looked over it.”

Prof.—“You mean you overlooked it.”

Change in the pocket is worth two in the weather,
n'est ce pas?

Prof. B. (in Chem. 5) — “What is the first organ of the digestive system?”

Brilliant Soph — “Mouth organ.”

From Cookery Laboratory

The proof of the pudding is the quantity left over.

Definitions

Freshman — A green creature; a cause of apology; a person of distrust; one who takes the elevator.

Sophomore — A distressing malady, contracted during infancy and attended by growing pains in the knees, head and other joints of the body.

Junior — A human being; one who looks back with no regrets and forward with tremors.

Senior — A state of mind; a dreadful spectacle. The accumulation of years.

Little Willie,
Pair of skates,
Hole in ice,
Golden Gates.— *Ex.*

Freshie — “Whew! this Latin book smells fierce.”
Another — “Well, it’s a dead language.”

From the barnyard came the maid
With milk pail in her hand;
The Fresh young boarder from N. Y.
Beside her took his stand.
“How is the milk maid?” queried he,
The young girl knit her brow,
“You poor old boob, the milk ain’t made,
We get it from the cow.”— *Ex.*

A watch may have no gender,
 But you really can't efface
 The fact that nearly always
 There's a woman in the case.

As the Freshman sees it:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are;
 Up above the world so high
 Like a diamond in the sky.

As the Senior knows it:

Scintillate, scintillate, luminous constellation,
 Interrogatively and admiringly I question your
 constituent elements;
 In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial
 sphere,
 Similar to a carbonaceous ismobic suspended in
 the celestial firmament.— *Ex.*

Boarding-house Term

Nova vestigia pruna.

Fresh traces of prunes.— *Ex.*

Junior — “I strained my eyes.”

Freshie (innocently) — “How?”

Junior — “Looking through a sieve.”— *Ex.*

Never Again

“Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last
 week?”

“No, mum. I'll never be th' same man again!”

Untimely

Cohen (entering delicatessen store) — “Gif me some of that salmon.”

Prop.— “That’s not salmon, that’s ham.”

“Vell, who asked you what it was?”

Explained

Mistress — “Are you married?”

Applicant — “No’m. I bumped into a door!”

“You can lead a horse to water,
But you can’t make him drink.
You can ride a Litin pony,
But you can’t make him think.”— *Ex.*

Freshman — Emerald.

Sohpomore — Moonstone.

Junior — Soapstone.

Senior — Grindstone.

Post-Graduate — Tombstone.— *Ex.*

Index to Advertisers

BOOKS :

American Book Co., 100 Washington Square, New York.

Kimball Bros., 618 Broadway.

CLOTHING :

Steeffel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

CONFECTIONERY :

The Sign of the Golden Robin, 31 Steuben Street.

DRUGS :

Schneible's Pharmacy, Western and Lake Avenues.

FLOWERS :

Eyres, 11 North Pearl Street.

Hazeltine, 32 Central Avenue.

Whittle & Riggs, 93 Hudson Avenue.

FURNISHINGS—MENS :

Dawson's, 259 Central Avenue.

FURNISHINGS—WOMENS :

A. L. Crowley & Co., 211 Central Avenue.

GIFTS :

The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

GROCERIES :

J. Barbagallo, 466 Washington Avenue.

Charles H. Sparks, 152 Western Avenue.

JEWELRY :

H. W. Anteman, 23 James Street.

Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.

LAUNDRY :

Waterville Laundry Co., 289 Central Avenue.

LUNCH :

Essex Lunch, 295 Central Avenue.

White Lintie Tea Rooms, 61 Columbia Street.

MASONS :

Collins Bros., 82 State Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS :

Brown, 55 North Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES :

W. C. Carland Co., 31 Maiden Lane.

F. E. Colwell & Co., 459 Broadway.

PRINTING :

Hamilton Printing Co., 240 Hamilton Street.

SCHOOLS :

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy.

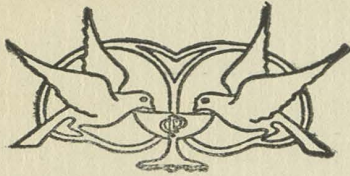
SCHOOL SUPPLIES :

Abram De Blaey, 422-424 Broadway.

SHOE REPAIRING :

J. Barbagallo, 464 Washington Avenue.





The Sign of the Golden Robin TEA ROOM

WILL BE PLEASED TO SERVE YOU AT
THE OLD STAND

Dainty Lunches, Choice Candies, Sodas, Ice Creams
31 Steuben St. ALBANY, N. Y.



The Sign of the Blue Bird GIFT SHOP

The partnership of Tibbetts & Hart having been dissolved, the business will be continued by Miss Tibbetts. A choice selection of gifts personally chosen for the discriminating lover of the beautiful.

Lookers and Buyers, alike Welcome
29 STEUBEN ST. (Two doors below North Pearl St.)

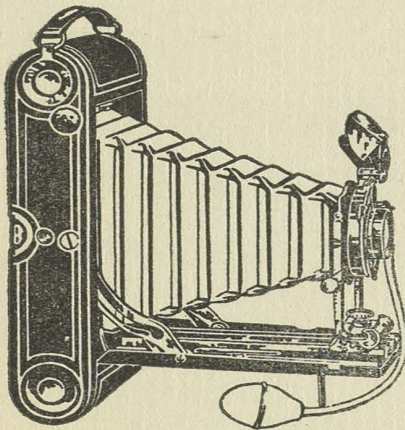
THE COLLEGE JEWELER

AROUND THE CORNER

Your Jewelry Repaired and Made to look like New

OTTO R. MENDE

3 DOORS ABOVE ROBIN STREET ON CENTRAL AVENUE



..THE COMPLETE KODAK STORE..

Kodaks and Brownie Cameras,

KODAK SUPPLIES

Radioptician, Picture Projector.

Bring us your Kodak and Brownie films. We do prompt developing and printing with painstaking care. * * *

F. E. COLWELL & CO.

459 Broadway

ALBANY, N. Y.

NO ORDER TOO SMALL FOR
OUR BEST ATTENTION

**Hazeltine's
Flower Shop**

Tel. West 1462

32 CENTRAL AVENUE
ALBANY, N. Y.

Books and Stationery

A FULL LINE OF NEW BOOKS
FOR THE HOLIDAYS



KIMBALL BROS.

618 Broadway, ALBANY, N. Y.

First Block North of Station

A. L. CROWLEY & CO.
THE WEST END SHOP

We thank you for your patronage during our first year—It was gratifying to know our efforts to please you were appreciated. We tried hard to satisfy you—knowing that *satisfaction means more business*—We hope to supply a goodly share of your wants this year.

211 Central Avenue :: ALBANY, N. Y.

ABRAM De BLAEY
All Necessary School Supplies

Simplex Note Books, Paper to fit in all ruling Popular Numbers
3804 and 3806

422 & 424 BROADWAY, - - - ALBANY, N. Y.
Second door below State Street



..KODAKS..

W. C. CARLAND CO. 31 Maiden Lane
All requisites for Kodak and Camera

We have the New Autographic Kodaks in stock.
Date and title your negatives permanently when you make them.

Members of the Camera Club are cordially invited to come in and let us show you how simple this photographic device is.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO STUDENTS

Business Womans' Luncheon
11:30 A. M to 2 P. M.
25 cents

Phone Main 832

Business Womans' Supper
5:30 to 7 P. M.
25 cents

..The White Lintie Tea Rooms..

61 COLUMBIA STREET, UPSTAIRS
OPPOSITE HOTELKENMQR

We make a specialty of serving private parties, banquets, etc.

Tables Reserved by Phone

WHITTLE & RIGGS

..Florists..

ALBANY,

:: ::

NEW YORK

ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT

Neat, Clean, Sanitary

VISITORS WELCOME

A Modern Family Laundry
For you

WATERVILLE LAUNDRY

829 Central Ave.

Telephone West 1207

..DAWSON'S..

Men's Furnishers

Keep Warm by Wearing One of Our
"Profile" Mackinaws

NEWEST MODELS IN SWEATERS

Arrow Collars and Shirts

259 Central Ave.,

ALBANY, N. Y.

Charles H. Sparks

== FANCY GROCERIES ==

152 Western Avenue

PHONE CONNECTION

COLLINS BROS.

MASONS AND BUILDERS

82 State Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

H. W. ANTEMANN

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Fine School and Class Pins

Original Designs Only

Fine Repairing a Specialty

23 James Street

::

ALBANY, N. Y.

**American
Book Company**

Publishers of the leading
**SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
TEXTBOOKS**

100 Washington Square
New York, N. Y.

**Price, Service
and Quality Printers**



Printers of the Echo

Hamilton Printing Co.
240 Hamilton Street, ALBANY, N. Y.

Steefel Bros.
Albany



You feel that a custom tailor is the only man that can put true distinction into your clothes—give you perfect fitting garments—you are laboring under the wrong impression.

If you think that a custom tailor is the only man that can give you an exclusive pattern and weave—once again you're wrong.

And if you think that a custom tailor can give you nearly as much value as "Steefels" can—we're afraid you're wrong again.

If your thoughts run in the above channel, drop in and see us—we'll put you right.

Suits and Overcoats \$10 to \$60
