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APRIL, 1907



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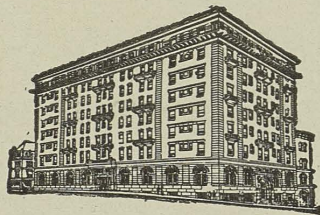
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THE ECHO.

VOL. 15.]

ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL, 1907.

[No. 8.

His Pilgrimage.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Traveleth toward the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink my everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill,
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold
No forged accuser bought or sold;
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
Who pleads for all, without degrees,
And He hath angels, but no fees.

And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death; and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless Pleader!
Unblotted Lawyer! true Proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and
sea:

That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start
and spread;
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths; which before
I writ.

— Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618).

We know something of the writer of the above poem in connection with the early history of our country, but little of him, perhaps, as a poet. His brilliant public life at the Court of Queen Elizabeth and in the service of the govern-

ment, has been summarized as follows: "He was a courtier, a warden of the tin mines, a vice-admiral, a captain of the guard, a colonizer, a country gentleman managing his estate of 40,000 acres in Ireland, a pirate and a writer." But we do not fully realize the many-sidedness of his life and character until we see him a prisoner in the Tower of London, held there on various charges for thirteen years, and at last condemned to be beheaded by Elizabeth's successor James I. His execution took place on October 29, 1618. During his imprisonment he devoted himself to study and writing both prose and poetry. His *History of the World* is the earliest historical work of literary value and was written during his imprisonment and published in 1614.

The poem "His Pilgrimage," in the light of Raleigh's impending doom, is a revelation of the author's spirited attitude toward death and the future life. He is the pilgrim equipped for his last journey and, approaching the end of his long pilgrimage with reverent hope and faith, he contrasts the tribunal of Heaven with those of Earth that have condemned him to an ignominious death. The justice of God is presented in legal phraseology and by implication man's injustice is strongly expressed.

Many poets have written their personal feelings on the subject of death. It is interesting to compare these views. A group of poems on this theme is suggested: Browning's "Prospice," Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," Longfellow's "Victor and Vanquished." The circumstances under which these were written are so different that one would not look for the same spiritual attitude that we find in Raleigh's "His Pilgrimage." In only one of them do we find his Christian faith.

— Margaret S. Mooney.

A Session of the Assembly.

Ever since I came to Albany I had heard about how interesting and instructive it was to attend the Legislature. The girls told me how exciting and interesting the debates were, so this winter I went to the Assembly at my first opportunity, and, of course, I was full of eagerness and wonder about what it would be like, for I had never attended anything like it.

We sat up in the gallery quite far back; there were some seats ahead of us, but no way to get to them unless we climbed over the backs of the seats, so we could not see all the people. The Assembly chamber is a large room that will hold 500 or more, and which has great high galleries above it. From the gallery where we sat the Assembly room looked as if it were a sort of a pit; on the outside edge there was a single row of millinery displayed of the most beautiful hats imaginable; under these hats were beautifully gowned ladies chattering away among themselves and to the Assemblymen who were inside the outer edge.

I considered the Assemblymen the queerest lot of men ever assembled; there were all sorts of men there, some were young and happy-looking, others were middle-aged and looked bored, and still others were white-haired, important and venerable-looking. Each of them had a small desk about the size of an ordinary school desk, with lids, and most of these seemed to be filled with papers, books and all sorts of manuscripts. In front of these desks the Assemblymen lounged in easy chairs; some were smoking, others were writing articles on binder paper that looked like English Essays, others were chatting, laughing and enjoying

themselves as much as though they were out for a social evening, and none of them seemed much concerned or troubled about the weighty affairs of the State. I thought to myself that Assemblymen are just like college students, in that they like a good time better than they do their work. Then I argued with myself that they must have had to work hard to obtain their high positions, and just then my eye fell upon a jolly-looking young man who was laughing, puffing away at his cigar and slapping a boon companion of his upon the back, and I thought, "Well, *he* never worked very hard to get here. I presume his father was rich and had what they call a 'pull.'"

But every once in a while an Assemblyman would come to himself and seem to realize how important he was and to feel that he ought to be working. At such time he would give his hands a clap together and go on talking and laughing. Soon a page would come rushing up to him as though his life depended upon getting to his employer that moment, though there really wasn't any hurry at all, I could have told him, for he was generally called just to take a letter or some such errand.

Suddenly, after we had been there quite a while busying ourselves by watching the people, some one out of sight under the gallery, whom the girls said was the Speaker, began to hammer the table with a gavel and said that the House would be in order, but it didn't get in order. No one but the pages assumed anything like order at the first summons, but after the hammering was repeated two or three times the House at last quieted down, and some one else, out of sight, began to talk in a loud, monotonous tone like that the caller at the depot produces through the megaphone. I

could not understand clearly a word that he said, although he kept it up for a long time; but I thought he must be reading the roll-call, as I thought I caught men's names once in a while. When he had repeated this performance he called out something about a bill, so then I knew that he had been reading a bill all the time. The bill must have been something about dredging out the Mohawk river, for some of the men who had been writing out essays in the early part of the evening rose and talked very eloquently upon the subject, but for the most part in such oratorical tones that I failed to understand them.

There was one white-haired gentleman who sat in about the center of the room who rose after nearly every other speech and appeared very much excited over something—so much so that the man with the gavel had to call the House to order and say that we'd now hear from "the gentleman from New York." We could not discover who the gentleman was, for a different one rose every time he said it. One young man gave a very interesting description of the old graveyard at his home and told in what a dilapidated condition it was, and I wondered if he wasn't ashamed of it and why he didn't fix it up instead of wasting his time talking about it.

At last, after about a dozen amendments had been approved, and disapproved, and reamended, and passed, the man with the thundering voice began to call off the name of each Assemblyman, to which he answered aye or nay, according to his wishes, and some made short speeches to express what they thought about it. It was a very long list of names and there were a great many absent, it seemed to me, and I began to grow sleepy; one of the girls who came with

me *did* go to sleep, and the pages all looked tired and the Assemblymen began to laugh and visit again. We stayed as long as we could endure it, and, as it was late and I had work to do, we all came home before the session was closed.

That night I lost some of my respect for the lawmakers of the great State of New York, for always before I had imagined that making a law was not such a jolly social function as I'd found it to be, and I had thought that the Assembly was composed of greater men, of more dignity and bearing than those that I saw, and I wondered if all nations made their laws in the same happy-go-lucky way New Yorkers do. This taking the laws of the State in such a free, happy manner was new to me and shocked me at first; but, probably, after I become accustomed to it I shall like it and think that law-framers may as well have a good time doing their work as the rest of the world. And, surely, after this, when I read in a civil government or a newspaper of new laws or constitutional matters, I shall not think of some vague, distant power of which I stand in awe, but of an Assembly room and a Senate like those at the Capitol, filled with ordinary men who can and do enjoy themselves like other people.

Emily F. Hoag, '10.

THE IF OF IT.

"If hearts could all be jolly,
 If grieving were forgot,
 And tears and melancholy
 Were things that now are not.
 "If cruel words were kisses,
 And every scowl a smile,
 A better world than this is
 Would hardly be worth while."

**The Proposed Spelling Reform
 Would be an Injury to the English Language.**

There is at present a considerable agitation in some circles for a change in the spelling of some three hundred English words. I have given the matter some thought and can find, for my part, very little cause for any change. I have also noted the proposed so-called reforms and conclude that in every case where the change was brought about by agitation, the result has not been for the best.

The needed reforms will come naturally in course of time. A careful comparison of our language, as written today, with that of the days of the early English writers, shows that the spelling has greatly changed. Shakespeare uses splendour, beautie, furnisht, and musick. Spencer uses pittie, brest, sovraine, stretcht, etc. Addison, publick, ballance, kickt, slept, etc., while Chaucer, in the original, is practically unreadable to the average student. It would seem to me that this slow natural change is rapid enough without the intervention of any fame-seeking educators or philanthropists. This natural change in spelling through use and wear is unavoidable and must necessarily continue, and while it has its advantage of accommodating the language to the thought of each age, yet the changes necessary for this purpose cause a loss of associations that many words bring in their spelling with the sources from which they are derived. The word psychology, spelled sikologi, loses all semblance to the ancient Greek word, meaning the soul, about which many beautiful legends and myths are clustered. We would now have no association left for this word except the modern brain storms incident to our

dreary and painful progress from the simplicity of nothingness to a partial resemblance to human perfection.

In speaking of spelling reform in this paper reference is had especially to the list of three hundred words endorsed by President Roosevelt last year. The list consists of a mixture of words naturally changed as above indicated, and words which need no reform arbitrarily mutilated with no reason offered therefor. It is obvious that this list does not include all the changes the so-called reformers desire to make, but is intended as an entering wedge to establish the precedent by which all variety and interest may be eliminated from orthography. Each change, they say, obviates a difficulty and smoothes the path of the pupil, yet is there any path so dreary as a dead level? or what interest can be maintained in a class with no difficulties to overcome?

No excuse can be consistently advanced for changing the final *ed* in certain words to *t* without changing in the same way all such words. No excuse can be given for spelling *wished* with a *t* and *fished* with *ed*, or *looked* with *t* and *hooked* with *ed*. Time would fail me to speak of any number of such exceptions to the general rule of preterite endings created by the list of the three hundred words mentioned. Dividing a uniform class of words and making many of them exceptions, complicates instead of simplifying the problem of easy spelling.

While the spelling of some of our English words is not obvious from their sound, yet the spelling of English is in nowise impossible to the diligent student; and I hold that it is hardly wise to modify the spelling of our language for the sole purpose of making easy the task of the

schoolmaster. Let us have schoolmasters to teach English, but English modified to suit incompetent pedagogues is the height of folly.

This brief survey of the subject leads to but one possible conclusion — the proposed spelling reform, if made at once, would be an injury to the English language.

— Floyd H. Case.

The Theatres of the 16th and 18th Centuries.

The fog was gradually becoming thicker and thicker, the lights grew less distinct, the sounds farther and farther away, and the few people abroad upon the streets of London, found their progress more and more confused and retarded. On a thoroughfare of the city, crossing the river, two pedestrians were unconsciously making their way toward one another. As they approached and each became conscious of the presence of the other, they stopped and called.

Although entire strangers, each joyfully welcomed the other, and after a short conference decided to cast their lots together. As they stood conversing, suddenly to the right of them the fog lifted as if through an avenue, at the end of which gleamed a brilliant light, toward which they immediately directed their steps.

As they drew nearer, confused sounds reached their ears, and, approaching, they found themselves in front of a wooden building gay with flags, and boards upon which was printed in large letters the word "Hamlet." One of the gentlemen, for such they were, seemed to look upon the scene with familiar eyes, but the other stared about in bewildered amazement. Unconsciously, as they drew

within the circle of the light, each turned to examine the other. The one to whom the scene seemed familiar was a man past middle age, clad in long hose, an unstarched shirt with ruffles at the wrists and a broad collar or ruff, and a rapier buckled at his side. His companion, a man several years younger, was dressed in a costume elaborately trimmed with point lace ruffles; at his side was a diamond-hilted sword, on his head was an immense white wig, and he carried his hands in a muff.

The man with the rapier was the first to speak. "Do you know where we are?" he inquired. His companion answered confusedly in the negative, and the speaker continued: "Well, fortune has favored us this time, for we have come to the 'Blackfriars,' and are just in time to hear one of the best performances given, a play by Mr. Shakespeare, and entitled 'Hamlet.'"

Into the mind of his companion came a crowd of confused ideas. "Shakespeare, Blackfrairs!" Surely he must be dreaming, for they came to him as memories of centuries passed. However, he put aside his misgivings and entered with his new-found friend.

Within all was confusion. The floor upon which they walked was covered with rushes, the air was smoky, the lights burned dimly, and the yard was crowded with vulgar people, standing, eating apples and nuts, or laughing and shouting to one another. Along the sides were three galleries and into the center projected a stage with boxes at each side and a gallery at the back. From this gallery were hung black curtains, and through these curtains people seemed to make their entrance to the seats at the side of the platform. This was the only part of

the building which was covered, the rest being exposed to the mercy of the elements.

The gentleman of the rapier seemed to have some influence and shortly obtained seats for them upon the stage. A notice was hung in front which read, "Elsinore, a platform before the castle," and shortly the performance began. The actors were somewhat hampered for space, so much of the stage being taken up by the spectators, but aside from that drawback everything appeared to proceed most successfully.

There were only two female characters in the cast, Ophelia and the Queen, and these parts were taken most effectively by men, who, according to the idea of the gentleman of the muff, managed their skirts most wonderously well, except when Ophelia stumbled in a river and was drowned. One of the most impressive characters was that of the "Ghost," who was no unholy phantom, but a pale and stately figure in ancient armor. The costumes of the rest of the actors seemed to give the impression of having seen better days, but still showed traces of finery. At times the performance was interrupted by hissings and shouts, which were made, so, the gentleman of the rapier explained, by people in the center or pit, who were hired for the purpose. But the claps of applause finally overcame, and the acting came to a tragic but triumphant close.

Outside the theatre the fog was as thick as ever, and the friends paused for a moment to consider in what direction they should go, when, as suddenly as before, an avenue of light streamed down upon them. Abandoning themselves to the spirit of the evening, they turned their footsteps toward the light.

The gentleman of the muff, who up to this time has been moving as if in a maze, excitedly uttered an exclamation of delight when at the end of the avenue an imposing building of brick loomed up before them. This, he informed his companion, was the theatre of "Drury Lane," and here were being enacted the popular plays of the day. It was now the gentleman of the rapier's turn to be mystified, and he followed his friend wondering.

Within all was vastly different from the scene they had left; the interim was much larger. In the pit, instead of a rabble, were seated gentleman, who, the friend of the muff remarked, were critics. On either side were elaborately-decorated boxes in which were men and women dressed in the height of fashion, and in front of the stage was a large orchestra which furnished music from time to time. Galleries flanked the back as at the "Blackfriars," and from the upper one came the hoots and yells of the vulgar, who occasionally threw orange peel and nut shucks upon the occupants of the pit below.

The play being enacted was "The Rivals," but elaborate stage settings took the place of announcing placards; elegant costumes of the present day replaced the taudy finery of the past; the female characters of the caste were played by talented women instead of awkward men or boys.

The friends obtained seats in the first gallery and watched the performance intently, with the greatest enjoyment on the part of the one and the greatest amazement on the part of the other. Scene followed scene rapidly, and when the curtain fell for the last time, amid a thunder of applause, the gentleman of the muff turned with a smile of triumph to the gentleman of the rapier, but re-

ceived in return only a look of doubtful surprise. The changes wrought by time were indeed great, but were they all for the better?

Once again outside the theatre, these chance acquaintances shook hands across the centuries which divided them and then disappeared in the fog.

— Maude Cecelia Burt, '08.

The Mission of the Essay.

INTRODUCTION.

Among all the various forms which literature has assumed from its very beginning to the present day, there is one which, although perhaps not so popular as the novel or the drama, has played an important part in the development of prose literature, and which has had a lasting and beneficial influence not only on literature but upon life itself. The form of literature to which I refer is the essay, and especially the essay of the eighteenth century.

DISCUSSION.

Corresponding Form of Literature in Greece and Rome.

Many years before, the essay existed in the form of orations. In Greece Pericles, Demosthenes and Isocrates, and in Rome Hortensius, Cicero and Seneca correspond to the later essayists.

Early Essays in England.

In England in the sixteenth century there were the gazette and the circulating letters written by able men, and sent from place to place somewhat in the manner of the circulating library of today. In the latter part of the sixteenth century Bacon wrote his essays; and all these — gazette, letters and the essays of

Bacon — paved the way for the essay of the eighteenth century which was to appear in the periodicals of the day.

Eighteenth Century Essay — Periodicals.
“The Tatler.”

Important among these are “The Tatler” and “The Spectator.” “The Tatler,” by “Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire,” began April 12, 1709, and was issued three times a week for the price of one penny. Each paper began with the words “Quicquid agunt homines.” Its purpose, it is said, was “to expose the fake arts of life; to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse and our behavior.” Richard Steele was the publisher of this paper and was very soon aided by his friend Addison. When Addison joined Steele the essay began to assume a definite form. It was in reality a short paper on one subject and headed with a Greek or Latin motto.

“The Spectator.”

“The Tatler” ended its career in January, 1711. Soon after this “The Spectator” was begun. Most of the essays in it were by Addison. The demand for this sort of literature had so increased that it was necessary to issue “The Spectator” daily — the number at one time reaching 14,000. No coffee-house nor breakfast-table was complete without it.

Subjects of Essays.

At times the essays were criticisms of other literary works, but they were oftener a discussion of life, manners, fashions and morals — holding up the follies of men to kindly ridicule and doing it in a most entertaining way.

Time Especially Adapted to the Essay.

The eighteenth century was a time peculiarly fitted for the essay. Printing and transportation were slow, and intercourse restricted, so that the periodical of the day was eagerly received, and containing, as it did, articles which were really worthy, it had no slight influence on its readers. Books were costly at that time, and very few people had access to libraries.

Mission of the Essay.

But why was the essay written when other forms of literature were so entertaining? Those other forms were entertaining, but the mission of the essay was to do more than entertain. Institutions, habits and manners had become vicious, and it was time for men like Addison to step forth and show the absurdities of the times. Addison in his essays endeavored to reform society. He wrote with a purity of thought quite contrary to the spirit of the time. In the Saturday number of “The Spectator” he always had a devotional essay. Such writings were much needed, for at the beginning of the eighteenth century very little thought was devoted to religion by the English people.

Forms of Literature Developed from the Essay.

To what did the essay lead in the development of literature? First, by its character sketches to fiction and biography, then by the dialogue which it often contained it affected the later drama, and its influence is even noticed in the editorials of newspapers and in book reviews to-day. The newspaper itself was the main cause of the decline of the essay, for as the number of newspapers increased the daily essay was less in de-

mand, for its work was covered by that of the newspaper.

Effect of the Eighteenth Century Essay.

But although this decline came, the essay had fulfilled its mission in more ways than one. First, by Addison's clear expression of thought it brought about a great simplification of style in English prose. Before this the main object of writers had been to display their learning. It also diffused knowledge and cultivated literary taste; it gave morality a higher tone; it brought about social order and condemned excesses and vices of all kinds. Its value was not only for its own time but for all succeeding times.

Permanent Value of the Essays.

The eighteenth century essays are read with profit to-day, for they not only show the life of the time in which they were written, but they often apply to present day fashions of other times as they return again and again, and give striking instances of human motives and actions.

CONCLUSION.

Those having a moral tone are worthy of study at all times, and who at any time, no matter how far distant, can help enjoying Addison's "Version of Mirza," that picture of human life and death so beautifully portrayed, so accurately presented and so affecting in its very simplicity of style?

— Leah Hollands, '08.

Flunks to the left of her,
Cuts to the right of her,
Zeroes in front of her,
Battled and thundered.
Yet on the fatal day,
Nobly she held her sway,
Passed her exam's away,
All the girls wondered.— Ex.

Some Experiences of Travel.

The last trip I took that was in any way unusual was that to Siasconset two years ago. The trip from New York to New Bedford had been slightly rough, but that from New Bedford to Nantucket was alarmingly so, especially after the steamer passed Martha's Vineyard. Although it was early July, the temperature was very low and a strong wind was blowing, which made the rough sea still angrier. The passengers' vacation spirits were not proof against the increasing motion, and before long all faces were set and white. Some of the people sat bolt upright, holding tightly to their chairs, while many had already prepared to die as comfortable as possible. The saloons were crowded, and the sight of the passengers' silent and hopeless misery and the close air made me desperate. I donned my sweater and went out.

The old boat was struggling against the wind and laboring valiantly in the heavy sea. With difficulty I succeeded in getting well forward on the upper deck, where two men in oilskins were braving the weather. I had to clutch the rail the moment I reached it, for otherwise I should have been rolled over the deck like a ball. One moment the steamer rose and pointed skyward and the next descended as if to the depths. And before she had time to rise again a "longboy" would roll up and crash against her, broadside, and a violent shudder would pass from bow to stern. Her loud creaking and rending made one think that she was in her death agony and would go to pieces the next instant. Torrents seemed to sweep over the lower deck, and the spray shot up in sheets and poured upon the upper. It was glo-

rious! I do not believe that I ever can enjoy anything more keenly.

When I was thoroughly drenched and blue to the lips, I went in to see how the rest of the little party were faring. Some were in mortal terror of a watery grave and others too desperately miserable to care what became of them. But like everything else, good's bad, this part of our journey came to an end—we arrived at Nantucket. And certainly every one was duly thankful.

But we had still further to travel, and the best part of our journey was made in a train. Such a train! On the first day of the season the one little fat, rusty old engine is attached to the coaches, and towards whichever direction it points there will it point for the remainder of the summer. The coaches are three, rickety and decidedly uncomfortable.

We settled ourselves, and after a tedious delay to take on baggage the train started. It crawled, crawled at a snail's pace, and blew and tooted as if it were the Twentieth Century Limited, and a dozen trains were coming and going ahead of it. There are no settlements between Nantucket and Siasconset, yet the "Island Express" stopped twice before we reached our destination. Once it was to allow some enthusiastic maiden ladies, who had lost their youth but not their volatility, to gather some flowers they admired, and a second time for some tired berry-pickers. The maiden ladies above referred to proved a source of entertainment all summer, for they were second Rachel Wardens.

The conductor of the "Express" was the most obliging person in the world. Later in the summer I had occasion to go over to Nantucket by rail and arrived at the station at the time for the train to start, bemoaning the fact that I had

brought nothing to read. The conductor heard me and said, "Why, just run up to the shop and get a magazine and we'll wait for you." I took him at his word, and after purchasing a Scribner's from the proprietor of a tiny news-store, built on a broad footpath known as "Fifth avenue," I hurried back. Sure enough, the train *had* waited for me. Often, when all the passengers were seated, the conductor, or the engineer (who was also fireman), would find himself possessed by thirst, and the time of leaving would be advanced far enough to enable him to buy a soda and have a little chat with the girl who served it.

That same little train witnessed still stranger things. How many people, I wonder, have gone to a railroad station and boarded a train attired in a bath robe! Yet one Sunday morning, when some of the "S'consetites" were going to Nantucket for church dressed in their summer finery, they were attended by heathenish friends thus comfortably clad, who on their way to the beach had sauntered down to the train for a little Sabbath gossip.

My crowning experience in the line of travel that summer was at the Nantucket pier. Some had returned to New York the week previous, our friends had had a mishap on the way and they did not sail in until the steamer had left the pier, so I was obliged to attend to the luggage as best I could. The baggage car had not been emptied promptly, and it was within fifteen minutes of the steamer's departure when the last trunks and bags were dumped along the docks. Everything was in hopeless confusion, for the accumulation of a week lay scattered or piled there. I trotted up and down that long pier dozens of times, dashing at anything that looked familiar, only to

find it marked Smith, or Greene, or anything but my name. I pleaded with the baggage clerk to help me, but he was besieged by fifty others and was completely distracted. I looked at the clock. It was 1.55 o'clock and the steamer left at two o'clock sharp. My plight was tragic. Yet there were scores (Tale of Two Cities!!) of others, men and women, tramping up and down, up and down, up and down—some peering at every trunk, others, wild-eyed and disheveled, women moaning "oh dears," men muttering viciously.

At last I found my trunks! Happy? Yes; but they had still to be checked, and the steamer was shrieking its final admonition to make haste. Oh-h! I did check them, and they and I got on board in time, but how it came about I cannot remember.

So ended the last unusual experience. The remainder of that trip was uneventful, as have been its successors, few in number and totally lacking in interest.

— Agnes Stuart, '10.

Ideals.

Once on a time, a long, long time ago, a little girl fell in love—with her teacher, her very first teacher. She was most wise, most good, and most beautiful; but above all these she read every Friday, out of *The Brownie Book*, a wonderful story without an end, and on gala days she wore a long dark-green dress with fur edging the bottom just like a princess. When she smiled her eyes were all shiny and when she spoke her speech rivalled the pearls that fell from the poor orphan's lips. Once she talked with the little girl, all by herself, before any one else was there; and once, oh, happy day!

some one told the little girl that the teacher liked her, which was almost too good to be really true.

Long before June came the little girl had quite decided that she would be just like the teacher when *she* was "over twenty"—ages hence. She, too, would wear a long dark frock edged with fur, and her hair would be all fluffy. She, too, would make children happy; she would read *The Brownie Book* not only on Fridays and the day before Christmas but every single day.

The years sped by, and with them teachers came and went, each in her turn adding a thread or two to the fabric of the little girl's dream, and always she promised herself, "I will remember when I am older what I did and how I felt when I was a child. I shall never forget and be a common, unfeeling grown-up."

Then came the High School, and perhaps the dream grew a little dimmer and not so alluring as before; but when she reached the place where an avenging spirit in the shape of the instructor in geometry, with her $\pi R \sqrt{\quad}$ and "Limits," nearly wrought the little girl's doom, she resolved anew to lighten "the terrible load" all poor children, even High School pupils, had to bear. Then came the goal of goals, "The State Normal College," where she became more thoroughly convinced than ever that there was a field for teachers who could smile, who had not become simply automata set in motion by the Board of Education to conduct school as a sort of "straight-jacket." Finally she really taught—a most profound subject. She smiled often, even when she exacted home-work in the shape of "note-books," and once she laughed aloud with a particularly nice bad boy.

Sometimes, say once a week, and that not of a Monday, this grown-up teacher who had once been a little girl and made herself such a solemn promise, really thought she was keeping it, though The Brownie Book as a means of creating joy had long since been abandoned, for were not her pupils "High School Freshmen," who fed on Latin verbs and Higher English, to say nothing of Commercial Geography?

One day as she was passing slowly through the halls of learning the teacher heard two voices raised in speech, not so low but that on hearing her name she caught the sentences:

First Freshman: "How do you like Miss _____?"

Second Freshman: "Oh, I suppose she is all right, but she is cruel. She thinks —" But the poor stricken teacher would hear no more. She fled.

S. L., '07.

THE "STARBANGLE BANNER."

The following parody was not written in mirthful vein, nor by a reeling drunkard, nor by an inmate of ward "H" at Ogdensburg:

O, say can you see, by the perous fight,
T'was so proudly we air,
At the Twilight stars glooming,
And the rokins red bress,
And the stars perilous figt,
Came through through the night,
That our flag was still there,
O, say does that Starbangle,
And ever night, and Free,
Or the Land of the free,
And the home of the brave.
O say does that Star-Spangle Baner,
And let it always be waving above us,
And let it always wave before us,

Or the Star's glitter before us,
And the Stripes, of the blue,
And the Stripes of the stars.

It was written by a schoolboy in Brooklyn. He was doing his pathetic best to obey the order of a district superintendent who ordered a test of 10,000 children from 10 to 16 years of age upon their knowledge of the national anthem. It will be noticed that of the seventeen lines the boy made sense of just two.

Of the 10,000 scholars 100 were able to write three stanzas of the song correctly, although all the school children of Brooklyn stand up on their feet and sing it once a week.

The Brooklyn Eagle explains this appalling state of things by remarking that the children learn these things in concert, and phonetics therefore play a large part. In the same way children have been heard singing in church, "Nero, my God, to Thee," without any impiety, and even trained choristers who have lost the place in the anthem have been heard to utter words which Crapsey would declare unorthodox.

Furthermore, good Americans who can sing "The Star Spangled Banner" are probably no more numerous than Harvard men who can repeat the words of "Fair Harvard;" and that's not saying much. A good child who was once heard repeating the fourth commandment with the words "heaven and earth, the sea and all that's in the Miz" explained that she supposed the Miz to be some place neither in heaven, earth nor sea.

Yet when all excuses are offered and accepted, it seems a pity that so much time and effort should be used for teaching a vocal patriotism which never gets as deep as the meaning of the words.

EDITORIAL.

EVERY one connected with the College has observed with the greatest interest the plans for the new buildings. The site is the triangular piece of land on Western avenue now occupied by the dingy buildings of the orphan asylum. Upon this site it is proposed to erect three buildings, in pure New England Colonial style, of red brick with white trimmings. The main building is to stand the farthest back, with the other two, a chapel and a laboratory building, so arranged as to make three sides of a square, with the campus in the middle. Covered passageways will join all three buildings. Part of the campus will be terraced in the style of an Italian garden, and the beautiful old trees, which are to be carefully preserved, will save the grounds from that appearance of newness characteristic of many of our American colleges.

AN interesting comparison was recently made between English and American education by Dr. Peter Chalmers Mitchell, secretary to the Zoological Society of London. He said in a lecture at Cornell University: "Cornell is so tremendously alive. You have none of our traditions. I think that the ordinary man here is turned out much better fitted to face the world than a 'pass' man at Oxford; but I maintain that the honor man at Oxford is the best equipped in the world."

He implies greater practicality in the American and greater culture in the English universities. And he is probably right, for the traditions and memories

of the English universities are like the matted roots under the velvet of the English grass, the result of time, which welds all together into an inimitable product.

ONE of the great advantages of residence in Albany is the privilege of attending the sessions of the Legislature. We should be "delighted" to listen to the debates the outcome of which may affect some of our most vital interests.

The arguments for and against the passage of a bill would not only be instructive but would put one into the spirit of the age and of the State in which we live.

Lessons in government may be learned by attendance at the sessions of the Senate or Assembly. Law-making, the introduction and advancement of bills through their several readings, are practically illustrated.

The application of parliamentary law will be seen in actual operation. We surely cannot spend an hour more profitably than at the State Legislature.

ON April twentieth Dr. Richardson will give his last lecture on Homer and Homeric Age. It is to be hoped that more students will avail themselves of the opportunity of attending this lecture. All who have attended, even though their knowledge of Greek was limited, have found these lectures very interesting and instructive. We sincerely hope that other series of lectures will be given next year.

News

Three Cheers and a Tiger for Miss Shaver.

Miss Elizabeth Shaver entertained the Shakespeare Class at her home in Water-vliet, Saturday, April thirteenth. Ask the members of the class if they have any superstition about the thirteenth now. Great sport was had solving the placards on the wall, and Miss Shaver is to be congratulated upon the delightful way in which she managed our names. When all the names had been solved Mr. White read "The Cricket on the Hearth." Later he played a selection from "Il Trovatore" and then "The Shepherd Boy" as his second "chirp," both of which were highly appreciated. No less did we enjoy Miss Shaver's playing of Oberon and selections from Fra Diavola. The dainty place cards called forth great praise, and again we admired Miss Shaver's originality. The evening closed with singing some well-known college songs. It would be telling to hint that one member went for a walk before coming to Miss Shaver's house, or to divulge what wonderful views concerning the Hudson and the Erie Canal another member has. Telling isn't the proper thing in "polite society," so we are discreetly silent about the above-mentioned meandering and views. "Now to begin all over again"—three cheers and a tiger for Miss Shaver.

Dr. Richardson's first two of the series of three lectures on the Homeric World, given March sixteenth and twenty-third, respectively, were extremely interesting and instructive to all, and especially so to those who have never had the opportunity to study Greek.

The first played the part of a general introduction, in which Dr. Richardson pictured to the minds of his audience the distinguishing characteristics of the Homeric world. The old question of the authorship was discussed and laid aside as one not worth while to consider; for the poems, themselves, and not their authorship, are what should give us pleasure. Epic poetry, its nature and forms, was treated in a charming manner. Greek, Latin and English hexameter were illustrated. As for the problem of translation, Dr. Richardson gave the students the names of the works he considered the most valuable, and suggested that with a half hour's study a day, spent in reading first from a translation and then from the original, one might soon be able to read Greek readily.

The Illiad was the subject of the second lecture, and the outline of the story was given, and due reference was made to the qualities of style. The distinctive personalities and chief episodes were described and narrated. Several of the finest passages were read and commented upon.

This rare opportunity of acquainting themselves with the Homeric world has been duly appreciated by many of the students, and they are eagerly looking forward to the third and last of the series. Through his many years of Greek study Dr. Richardson is so familiar with that great classic as to make it an easy matter to put his listeners into the very atmosphere of that wonderful Homeric age. All are deeply indebted to him for these lectures.

On the Friday evenings of April fifteenth and April twenty-second Miss Hannahs gave two very interesting talks on her last summer's European trip. The

first evening she began by emphasizing the fact that going abroad is no impossible thing if we only will do it. She took us with her by picture and description through the continental journey, and before she had finished more than one of us had said "I will and I must go." The following Friday evening she took us with her through England, Scotland and Wales. This was a most charming visit, and it was with regret that we had to return to America. Miss Hannahs presented the subject in her usual charming manner, and all who were present decided that a trip abroad would yield more pleasure than writing a "lesson unit."

Dr. Aspinwall has been made a member of the Regents' Question Board on French.

Delta Omega.

Regular meetings were held on the twelfth and twenty-sixth of the month.

Miss Helen Kerr recently spent the week end with friends in Albany. Miss Kerr is now teaching in the High School at Highland Falls.

Miss Helen Hitchcock has for two weeks been ill at her home in Champlain.

Miss Gertrude Bushnell was out of College several days because of illness.

Miss Esther Tomkins's mother visited her on March twenty-fifth and Miss Tomkins returned with her to their home in Stony Point.

Miss Bertha Jordon spent a few days at the Sorority rooms recently.

Dr. J. W. White, of Fonda, N. Y., has been visiting his sister, Miss Delleria White.

Miss Emma Montrose spent a part of the vacation with Miss Alice Merrill at

Johnstown and Miss Ethel Robb at Amsterdam.

Most of the members from out of town spent the Easter vacation at their homes.

Miss Eleanor Marsh's mother and sister have sailed to meet her abroad. We regret to learn that upon their return the family will make their home in New York city.

Eta Phi.

On the evening of March twenty-ninth the regular business meeting of the society was held at the home of the president, Miss Clement.

We were glad to receive visits from two of our alumnae members, Misses Mary Sharpe and Florence Graham. Miss Graham is now teaching at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

All of the Eta Phi girls report delightful times at home during the spring vacation. Miss Adeline Raynsford visited the Misses Treible at their home in Norwich.

At a recent meeting two new members were initiated into the Sorority, Misses Jean Laing and Agnes Stuart.

Psi Gamma.

MARCH.

During the early part of the month Miss Lois Reidell spent several days in the city visiting Miss Dora Snyder.

On the evening of March 6 Psi Gamma gave a reception at the Sorority rooms in honor of Miss Lois Reidell. Mrs. Mooney was present and a very delightful evening was spent.

On Friday evening, March 15, Miss Fannie Paull, Miss Emma Krenrich, and

Miss Lillian Waldron were initiated into Psi Gamma.

Thursday evening, March 21, Psi Gamma held a regular meeting at the Sorority rooms. All the members were present.

During the month letters from several of the Alumni members have been received.

Miss Margaret MacGee was in the city on Tuesday, March 26.

APRIL.

All of Psi Gamma's members who live out of town spent their Easter vacations at their homes.

A special meeting of the Psi Gamma Society was called on Tuesday evening, April 9. Nearly all the members were present.

Miss Mabel A. Tallmadge has been detained at her home for the past three weeks on account of her health.

A regular meeting of the Psi Gamma was held at the Sorority rooms Thursday evening, April 18. All the members were present.

Miss Marion Mackay was confined to the house for several days with a severe cold.

Letters have been received from the Misses May Marsden, Edith Blades, Olive Perry, Eva Locke, Alma Glann and Martha Tobey.

Miss May Marsden is teaching in Newburgh, N. Y.

Misses Olive Perry, Eva Locke, Alma Glann and Martha Tobey, are expected to be in the city for several days during the latter part of the month.

Miss May Marsden, of Newburgh, expects to visit friends in Albany during the latter part of the month.

Kappa Delta.

A regular meeting was held March 21.

Misses Burt, Decker, Hoag and Forbes have been pledged Kappa Delta.

Miss Molly Lansing visited the girls at the Sorority house during her vacation.

Most of the girls went to their respective homes for vacation week.

Miss Nellie Sargent remained in the city during Easter vacation and had as her guest Miss Potter of Hartwick.

The vice-president valiantly "guarded the castle" during vacation.

Miss Katherine Hickock is ill at her home in Crown Point.

Miss Margaret Cass, who was called home owing to the illness of her mother, has returned to college.

Miss Florence McKinlay and Miss Ada Edwards spent Easter in New York.

Initiation was held at the Sorority house Friday, April 12. Misses Burt, Forbes and Hoag were received into membership of Kappa Delta.

Phi Delta.

A meeting of the Phi Delta fraternity was held on March 21, 1907, with President Case in the chair.

A brief business meeting was held, during which the constitution was signed by three new members.

The subject of college spirit and athletics were discussed generally.

Motion was made and carried that we change the time of our meetings to the second and fourth Fridays of the month instead of the first and third as named in the constitution.

The literary part of the meeting was given over to "three-minute discussions."

Messrs. Bassett and Case spoke on the "George Junior Republic."

Mr. Brown on the "Carnegie Fund for Teachers."

Mr. Nolan on "Courts of Discipline."

Mr. Dann on the "Rochester Reformatory."

Mr. Randall gave a recitation entitled "On the Shores of Tennessee."

The meeting was then adjourned, and all seemed agreed that they had spent a pleasant and profitable time together.

A regular meeting of the Phi Delta fraternity was held on Friday evening, April 12. An impromptu debate on the question: "Resolved, that it is for the best interests of the people generally for the government to control the coal mines," was the main feature of the evening. The participants in the debate were chosen by lot, and were as follows: Affirmative, Messrs. Brown and Dann; negative, Messrs. Randall and Brunson. Mr. Nolan was chosen judge and Mr. Case critic. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

Freshmen Class.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on April 19, when the class of 1910 entertained the faculty and students of the college at a reception in Primary chapel.

The hall was very tastefully decorated with the class colors, green and white, and the same color scheme was carried out in the refreshments.

During the evening there were several games and guessing contests. One of the most interesting was the pictures representing the names of the freshmen. Telegrams, in which each word began with the same letter, afforded a great deal of amusement.

Miss Florence Burchard rendered a

most enjoyable vocal solo. Miss Blanch Russel recited a very amusing piece, telling about the troubles experienced in "Sonny's Education." Miss Mary Foyle played the "Grand Valse" by Chopin.

The committees who had charge of the affair were as follows: Entertainment, Florence Brown, May Foyle, Alice Hill, Mary Boyle; decoration, Mary Denbow, Florence Hanigan, Marjorie Bennett, Leona Eaton, Evelyn Austin, Mr. Haupin, Mr. Case; refreshment, Fanny Powel, Genevieve Brooke, Blanch Russel, Alice Finn, Marie Gallagher, Florence Burchard, Alfred Bassett; reception, Roy Van Denburg, Florence Brown, Harriet Osborn, Florence Burchard, Mary Denbow, Fanny Powel; door, Mary Harpham, Jessie Harpham.

It is safe to say that at no time during the year was an evening more pleasantly spent. The members of the committees deserve the greatest praise for their work and the class tender to each one their sincere thanks for making everything such a success.

Miss Helena Frank is spending a few days in New York.

Miss Agnes Stewart spent a week at Kenwood.

Miss Mary Denbow visited her sister in Rochester during vacation.

Miss Winia Miller is visiting in New York.

Miss Jessie Decker has been obliged to leave college owing to ill health.

Miss Bertha Purdy spent the vacation in Fultonville.

Messrs. Bassett and Haupin visited Mr. Van Denburg on Easter Sunday.

Mr. Bassett and Mr. Van Denburg spent two days in New York.

The Junior Class.

On March 22 the Junior class held a business meeting and were given class colors, which a committee, with Miss Payne as chairman, had provided. Several affairs of interest to the class were discussed, among them the old one of a convenient time of meeting.

The Juniors are glad to welcome to their ranks Miss Nitzschke, of Utica, a former student of S. N. C.

We hear that our Junior president thinks there is at least one High School teacher who can drive.

Miss Maud C. Burt, who has been substituting for two weeks in the schools of Scotia, has returned to her work here.

Y. W. C. A.

On Tuesday evening, March 26, Miss Florence McKinley entertained a number of the Y. W. C. A. members at a "Silver Bay frolic."

The evening was spent in various amusements, but the greatest pleasure was found in looking at the souvenir books which were brought by those who have been fortunate enough to visit Silver Bay. These books were filled with snapshots of various places and *persons* of interest and naturally led to the relating of amusing incidents occurring there and to the singing of Silver Bay songs.

After this the guests were invited to the dining room where refreshments were served interspersed with reminiscences and stories illustrative of the beauties and other attractions of this ideal spot.

Endeavoring to live up to Silver Bay rules the guests departed at a proper hour, grateful to Miss McKinley for a

delightful evening and with a deep desire that some day it might be their privilege to experience for themselves the delights of Silver Bay.

The last devotional meeting of each month is given to the recognition of new members. Wednesday afternoon, March 27, this meeting was held, when a number of new members were recognized.

Miss McKinley, our corresponding secretary, spent the Easter vacation in New York, where she visited the National and State committees of Y. W. C. A.

A very interesting letter has been received from Mabel Rose, '04, who is now teaching in Brooklyn. Letters from the alumni are very much appreciated, and we would be glad if other alumni members would take as much interest in Y. W. C. A. as Miss Rose.

The devotional meetings this month have been part of a series on the subject of "Immigration." Miss Lillian Brown has had charge of these meetings and has made them very interesting. There are still four more meetings in this series. Try to come and hear Miss Brown's very interesting talks.

The two Y. W. C. A. papers, "The Intercollegian" and "The Association Monthly," are to be found in the Reference Library. Many interesting articles are in these papers this month.

Our association received the following Easter Greeting:

The Young Women's Christian Association of Lake Erie College sends greetings and sincere wishes that this spring-time may bring to your society inspiration and a rebirth of activity and service.

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place or tranquil
 room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 "This is my work; my blessing, not
 my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done in the right
 way."
 Then shall I see it not too great, nor
 small,
 To suit my spirit and to prove my
 powers;
 Then shall I cheerfully greet the labor-
 ing hours,
 And cheerful turn, when the long shad-
 ows fall
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best.
 — Henry Van Dyke.

The Alumni

Miss Anthony, '04, of Gloversville, spent Sunday, the fourteenth, in the city, the guest of Miss McKinley, '05.

G. Emmett Miller, '06, has been re-engaged as principal of the Middle Granville High School at an increased salary.

Miss Alma Johnson, '06, has been seriously ill for the past month with la grippe at her home in Croton. She hopes to return to her work at Fishkill by the last of this month.

HEARD RECENTLY,

Miss H.—According to the English Prayer Book, every man is allowed 16 wives—4 richer, 4 poorer, 4 better, 4 worse.

Prof. W.—I'd better get in line soon.

Review

"THE FAR HORIZON."

Lucas Malet's "The Far Horizon," the most widely discussed of recent books, is principally a character study.

Dominic Inglesias is a superannuated London bank clerk, the son of a Spanish exile and of an Irish mother. Dominic's father, like all political refugees, is forever implicated in plots and conspiracies and finally disappears mysteriously. In his boyhood Dominic has renounced the Catholic faith, to which he returns at the age of fifty.

Poppy St. John, a kind-hearted, pleasure-loving actress, a gay, unrestrained, unconventional woman with a doubtful past, is a striking contrast to Dominico, grave, courteous, refined and unworldly as he is. Poppy appeals to him for sympathy, a curious friendship results, and Poppy is raised by him from her lower nature.

De Courcy Smyth is an unsuccessful author and playwright—a born ingrate, mean-minded, envious of those more successful than himself. Dominic, meeting Smyth in a café, is repelled by his egotism, vanity and meanness. But ever responsive to the call for aid, he becomes the benefactor of the man he loathes.

Ingrate as he is, Smyth, having accepted financial aid from Inglesias, cannot forgive a kindness done him and injures his benefactor as much as possible. His play fails, and at last convinced that it is himself and not the commercialism of the day that is responsible for his failure, he ends his miserable life. Other minor characters introduced are of lesser interest.

The story contains no love-making and little humor. It is an interesting story, however, and skilfully told.

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