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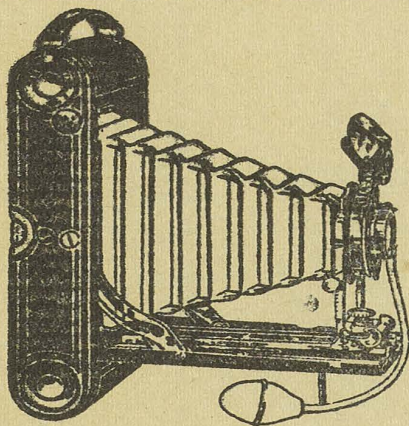
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The Echo

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The Echo

VOL. XXV

APRIL, 1916

No. 8

Literary Department

On a June-hung road in the summer sun,
Or in leafy shade, where the branches lace,
With feet untrammelled and blithe to run
And know in the world no homing place.

To scent the dew in the golden fields
And match a note with the rising lark,
To breathe in my soul all nature yields
And turn again to sleep in the dark.

In the dark, when the world to another tune
Should sing faint songs that the moonbeams know,
And wist no more of the light of noon,
Then I dreamed of you in the long ago.

Ah, such was the promise of earth to me,
Ere I paused awhile at your garden gate,
To cull a flower ere night should be,
To quaff a cup — and stay too late.

MARTHA DECKER.

Old King Cole and Danny Berger

"Some people do get on my nerves. Just see how puffed up Mrs. Berger is, showing off that boy of her'n. Anybody'd think he was better'n anyone in town," complained Miss Speed.

"I guess she's got some right to be proud of him. They say he's been mighty smart in college," said Mrs. Melius, who always made it a point to stand up for the oppressed.

"I heard so, too," contributed Mr. Melius; "but I never rightly understood just what all them honors was he took. The deacon used to come down to the store and tell us 'bout it, but we didn't sense what he was talkin' 'bout, always."

They were at the annual social of the Ladies' Auxiliary in the Sunday School room of the Union Church in Toddsville. Deacon and Mrs. Berger had just entered, followed by their son Daniel, who had completed his last year of college and returned "to the haunts of his childhood," as the *Republican Courier* described the main street and byroads of Toddsville.

While Miss Speed and the Meliuses commented, Danny Berger was enjoying the hearty greetings of old friends. The deacon, from his favorite, though now unnecessary, stand near the stove, was keeping an eye on his son's triumphal progress, and Mrs. Berger hovered near to share in the effect which Danny was producing upon unsophisticated eyes. Unaware that his smart clothes and easy manner were more admired than his frank and well-known grin, he moved about the room until the company were impelled to silence by the beginning of the program.

When this was safely over Mr. Melius rose and announced that they were now to have a contest "writin' po'try." Every body said "Gee" under his breath or "Oh, my" under her breath, and Danny Berger grinned appreciatively.

Mr. Melius continued, "It's this way. Each one of you will get a piece of paper and a pencil, and you have to write two lines to finish up

'Ol' King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he.'

Now, you understand, you got to make up two new lines that you never heard before, and make the next one rhyme with 'soul' and the last one with 'he.' Will Bill and Ted Smith pass out this paper and pencils? You better all try hard. There's a fine prize for the winner."

Miss Speed leaned over four people and poked Mr. Berger in the back, saying, "You ought to get the prize, Dan, seein' as you been to college and know more than us."

Though she smiled, Miss Speed's words were not without malice aforethought, and her shrill tone reached every part of the small room.

"That's right;" "Go to it, Dan," reached the red ears of the college grad, who felt rising within his soul that fruitless wrath against the unreasonable Philistine.

Mr. Melius was on his feet again. "I forgot to say, don't put your names on the papers. There will be three judges, and they'll pick out the best po'm, and I'll read it to you, and then the modest author can claim it — and the prize, too."

Mr. Melius sat down amid chuckles at his lame and harmless jest, and thereafter the room was silent, Danny Berger looked about. There sat his neighbors with pencils raised to pursed-up, thoughtful lips, with fingers in hair, or in the relaxed attitude of those who do not struggle against the impossible.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he," murmured many lips, seeking the inspiration to proceed from the known to the unknown.

In Danny's mind they mingled with that pernicious suggestion, "You ought to get the prize, Dan; seein' as you been to college."

He was inclined to agree with Miss Speed and with the majority who had seconded her idea. But why should he try? It didn't matter. Oh, yes, he begged pardon; but it did. His mother's hopeful eyes were upon him, even as in the days of Sunday School entertainments. Mr. Melius was, at that moment, joking the Deacon about being swell-headed over a worthless college boy. He knew these people pretty well. Miss Speed's words had recalled to mind things he had heard when he was a boy, and other men, only two or three, had come home from college.

For his own honor he must win here. These people did not comprehend the presidency of the Senior Debating Society; the Phi Beta key was no emblem to them; his success in an inter-state essay contest had not been noted by the local press. Some triumphs in football were, indeed, better known to them; but jokes on going to college to learn to fight were not unfamiliar in Toddsville.

It was an unreasonable thing, he knew; but he felt that the hour of judgment was before him. In the

heated air and close companionship of this tiny room he must think — think of a silly rhyme. And he could not. Panic seized him. The words of the nursery rhyme whirled through his brain and filled it so that he could think no further. Some pencils were busy now, a murmur of conversation was starting in various parts of the room. They would soon collect the papers, and he had not even made an attempt.

Then Daniel Berger, '16, came to his senses. The calmness of a hot debate, the concentration of cramming, the cheerful pugnacity of a losing game had all been his lessons, and he used them. He bent above the paper on his knee, grasped his pencil, and wrote.

Danny Berger raised his eyes to meet the laughing countenance of Mr. Melius.

“Gee, boy, you look as if you'd been working hard. If you always take play so serious, I don't wonder you got through college.”

Then they gathered up the papers. In one corner the judges giggled over their work. The ladies passed ice cream and cake. Danny ate steadily, nervously, with one ear open to the stream of nothingness which Miss Speed was pouring in. He was wondering why he could not have thought of a better rhyme and calling himself an idiot for caring whether he thought of any. But there was no minimizing the importance of the thing. It simply could not be done. It was a fact, like gravitation or tides or ——

“Don't you think so, Dan?”

“Why — why — yes, Miss Speed. No doubt you're right about it.”

“I thought you would say so. I told Miss Ely only yesterday I bet you'd be awful sorry to hear of

Maude's marrying like that; I kind of thought you had intentions that way yourself once?"

"I guess I misunderstood you; kind of noisy and hard to hear in here, isn't it? I approve very much of Maude's marrying young Conway. Good idea, I think."

He was listening with both ears now, against further disaster. Miss Speed had her mouth open for an indignant response, when Mr. Melius returned from an interview with the judges. He held a slip of paper in his hand and stood waiting for silence. It settled, deep and impressive, after the manner of silences. Mr. Melius cleared his throat and adjusted his eye-glasses half-way between his nose and the paper.

Danny Berger felt a longing to get up and leave the room, but an equal fear of making himself conspicuous kept him in his chair. He felt his muscles stiffening, and a crinkly pain was climbing upward toward his Adam's apple.

Slowly Mr. Melius interpreted the handwriting and read,

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
One day he climbed a telegraph pole,
And sent a note to me."

They laughed heartily and joyously and looked about to see who had written the successful rhyme.

"Will the author please step forward and claim this valuable prize?" said Mr. Melius, holding out a parcel which had the earmarks of a matchsafe.

There was a moment's pause, as when the last curtain has fallen and the audience waits the appearance of the playwright for whom it has called.

Then Danny Berger rose and went forward.

"Speech, speech," called someone.

With the prize in his hand, he turned and faced them. In his mind were relief, gratified ambition, a knowledge that he ought to feel foolish and didn't; but on his face was the old, familiar, friendly grin. It faded, and he was looking at them seriously, understandingly, as he said,

"I am proud to receive this honor among you, and I thank your judges for a hard-earned prize."

PEARL LUKENS, '17.

Somewhere Isle

"There is a land — a wondrous land,
For everyone, for you;
The land that mirrors paradise —
Where childrens' dreams come true."

The heavenly laughter of children drifted me far, far out on the boundless seas of memory, and harbored me on the mystic shores of Somewhere Isle. Near me the prow of a ship, alive with the spirit of its sailors, scooped and burrowed under the seaweed, searching hidden treasure. High on the bridge a boy's dauntless figure faced the wind. Feet far apart, a knife between his teeth, revolvers in either hand, rough boots from hip to heel, he awaited the tide. A skull and cross-bones grimaced and danced a-top the mast. Fearfully trembling beneath them were the flags of many a conquered hulk.

The sand, the blossoms, the trees, and the hills of Somewhere Isle were all divinely young. Even the air was young — young with the myriad echoes of childrens' voices. For angels kept guard around

Somewhere Isle, and welcomed only those who knew the pass-word, "Spring."

Merry families were gathered on the gay carpets fashioned by sunbeams and shadows of fragrant branches. The tender, high-pitched voices of little mothers were earnestly engaged in the mysterious process of "bringing up" dolls. Dolls, indeed, but such dolls! Of their own accord, they could talk, walk, eat and behave properly or naughtily; but under no circumstances could they break. A still more astonishing characteristic of these dolls was that, when ignored, they became totally inanimate.

On a hill-top the gallant defence of a fort was steadily shattered by onrushes of a determined enemy. A glorious battle it was, and that part of the Isle was dense with the sturdy odor of powder. The fort was won, and the new banner hidden by a cloud of caps. Then the treaty, promising a cessation of hostilities until the next day, was drawn up.

A vast grove rang with the joyousness of Peter Pan's comrades whose only thought was mirth. All day long these little playfellows created happiness, which spread over Somewhere Isle, rose, and sailed away, in wee, glad breezes, to far distant earth.

Just as the waves around Somewhere Isle turned golden and pink, laughter and glee ran riot through the trees. This was the hour for a frolic with Daddy. The fun grew louder, gayer, then subsided almost imperceptibly, as if being slowly muffled by distance. During the short time of quiet, twilight stole in and took possession of the Isle. After the last "Amen" had sleepily found its way into heaven, even the angel guards bowed before the infinite love of mothers' lullabies.

KATHERINE LA ROSE, '19.

Alma Mater

Alma Mater, thou hast led us
Where the paths of learning wend,
Striving ever so to stead us,
That our steps might still ascend.

In the hour of backward turning,
Where old fires begin to glow,
We shall drink to sober learning,
Mindful of the debt we owe.

For in mem'ry's cellars lying
There is wine of gratitude
Ever, as the years are flying,
Growing rich and deeper hued.

When the eye is bright with hoping,
And the step is light and free,
Memory, the cellar oping,
Forth shall draw this wine for thee.

When the same step fainter growing
Follows where it used to lead,
And the years like winds a-blowing,
Scatter all our youth to seed.

Toward the close, O Alma Mater,
When the last toast comes at length,
Not a drop of Lethe's water
Shall dilute its noble strength.

GEORGE KENDALL, '15.

Neighbors

“Ma, that plagued Russell girl, Blanch, has gone and got my Peggy shot.”

“What?”

Mrs. Smith squared her jaw a little more and flashed out,

“What in the name of ——?”

“Yes, she did. I saw and heard it all.” Jack went on, “I was on the back porch peakin’ through the quilt. Mr. Russell was fixin’ his gun in the back yard, an’ Blanch came around the corner of the house with that cross-eyed cat of hers, an’ she saw Peggy in the garden, an’ Peggy wasn’t doin’ nothin’ neither, anyhow, but scratchin’ up a few weeds around her posies, an’ that ’d ought ’a been done too.”

Jack stopped for another breath and his mother walked to the window to steal a glance through the shutters into the neighbors’ back yard. There lay the remains of poor Peggy, Jack’s fat old Plymouth Rock hen, scattered about in Blanch’s flowerbed.

“An’ then,” Jack’s tongue ran on, “she said, ‘Daddy, just see how near you can come to that old brat of a hen without hittin’ her;’ an’ he fixed his old gun up quick, an’ hit Peggy right in the —— well, I don’t know just where he did hit her, but she’s dead, an’ he shot her, an’ I think she’s to blame because she told him to, an’ anyhow I think they’re the meanest neighbors we ever had, anyhow, so there! I’ll get even too, so there!”

The back door slammed behind him with a vengeance.

Since the Smith's had moved there a year ago, Jack and Blanch had fought continually. Their mothers, each protecting her own child, had also quarrelled.

This little incident brought out a triumphant smile on Mrs. Smith's set countenance. It was the best bit of news she had had for the sewing society since Mrs. Russell had nailed a comfortable on the end of her back porch so Jack couldn't watch Blanch play house. Of course Mrs. Smith had immediately nailed one on their porch so Mrs. Russell could not watch her do the washing, and she had closed all the blinds on that side of the house for interest. Besides, it was an easy way to be rid of Peggy, she thought, for Peggy had dug up her sweet-peas that spring.

In the meantime Jack was busy. With a bit of meat, he had placed himself behind the tool house by a hole in the fence. Soon a sleepy-looking feline bulk of pampered laziness came stretching from the barn in the other yard.

"Here, Fluff, Fluffy, Fluff," called Jack in his most winning tones.

Fluffy half remembered his last encounter with this boy, when he, Fluffy, had been left, securely tied, to a clothesline, with head downward. The meat, however, proved too tempting, and Fluffy soon found himself comfortably carried in two stubby brown arms. A low voice was muttering softly,

"Lie still, you nice, pretty Fluffy."

Once inside the tool-house the cat woke up. Jack flopped him onto the broad shelf, snatched the hatchet, and clip,—off came Fluff's tail.

"There, go home, you ball of good-for-nothing fur. Tell your mistress she can kill all my hens she wants

to, an' I'll cut your tail off every time. I'd 'a killed you if I hadn't wanted to leave something to do next time she kills my hen."

The war of words held in the back yard that night was too much for Mr. Smith. The next morning, before starting to his oatfield, several miles from the village, he abruptly announced that they might as well begin to pack up, for they were going back to the farm.

"If we con't live here without keeping the whole town in an uproar, we aren't going to live here at all."

Again the back door slammed, this time between the master of the house and his undoubtedly surprised family.

As she began to clear the table, Mrs. Smith spoke, "Well, I guess your father's right."

Jack began to think. If they went back to the farm, he would be obliged to leave the school and the boys he liked, and, worst of all, he would have no Blanch to tease. Before night he had laid his plans. At supper when his father said, "When will you want the horses for the first load of goods, mother?" Jack's courage rose.

"I say, dad, if I make up with Blanch, an' we don't scrap no more, an' ma 'll quit scrappin' too, will you let us stay here?"

Mr. Smith did not look up. He was afraid there might be a dangerous twinkle in his eyes. Instead, he said very soberly,—

"I'll think it's over. Let's see; I'll give you one week. Yes, if it's all made up, and the town has stopped watching our every move, I'll stay."

He picked up the last week's paper, and promptly forgot the whole affair.

That week was the longest and the shortest Jack had ever experienced. It was long because he did not dare to quarrel with Blanch, and short because he could find no way to "make up."

Blanch watched Jack for seven days. At first she was glad at the thought that maybe he would have the fun of getting the measles or anything else. Then she began to be worried. It was impossible not to be worried when he had not done one thing to plague her for a whole week.

The seventh evening came. Jack stood in his yard, and Blanch in hers. No one was about. Jack mumbled faintly, "If I must, I must; so here she goes," and bolted across the lawn.

He leaned heavily on the fence, and looked everywhere but at Blanch. She could stand it no longer. She was sorry she had been so mean to his hen last week when he wasn't feeling well. Finally she, too, came to the fence.

"I'm sorry I had daddy kill Peggy, Jack. Don't you feel well?"

"Huh!" Jack drew up his full four feet of dignity, "If you hadn't killed Peggy, I wouldn't have cut Fluffy's tail off. Are we made up?"

"Are we?" Blanch asked, her face brightening. "Come on over and play house."

"All right. Got anything to eat?" And Jack jumped the fence with a light heart.

He would tell his father that night that they were "made up." Then they could stay in town, and, best of all, to-morrow he could plague Blanch again.

BEULAH E. LAWRENCE, '19.

The Sawdust Doll

A little girl once had a precious doll —

A soldier, in his trappings fine and new —
She cherished it with tenderness and care,
This soldier-doll in coat of white and blue.

A little girl once had a tender dream,

A great fair dream which stronger grew each day
Until it seemed a living thing to her,
Which she could call her own, and keep away.

The soldier-doll, his grave is still unknown,

He perished as all sawdust dollies do.
His little mistress wept. But what are tears
When she discovers that her dream's untrue?

JESSIE E. LUCK, '19.

Snakes and Hero Worship

Everyone has some predominating desire. Some seek wealth; some power; some education. The only thing my sister Polly and I have even sought is a real romance. Alas, a real one has never come, but last summer, in the poetic month of June, a near romance entered our lives.

Since the beginning of my brother's college career, four years ago, an entrancing photograph had adorned his dresser, the photograph of a young man, far beyond the wildest dreams of Harrison Fisher. To Polly and me this picture represented our hero.

Never shall we forget the feeling we experienced when we heard that *He* and another young man were to come to our farm in June for a visit; and we could scarcely wait for the time, which we felt sure would decide for us whether life were prose or poetry.

He was to arrive on Thursday, and Wednesday was a wonderful June day, just the sort to precede such a glorious event. What should we do, we thought, to quell our rising exuberance? Strawberries!! The very thing!

In old ballads, the country maid, in her sunbonnet, is an entrancing figure, but we, with our old middy blouses and tin pails, should have fitted better into one of the modern limericks.

We strolled through the fields until we met a spotted adder out strolling too. Suddenly losing all desire for strawberry short-cake, I called a decided halt. But Polly, being a dauntless maiden, promised to go ahead and see that no venomous reptile crossed my path. She armed herself with a large branch and slashed the ground before her as she advanced, calling out, "Shoo!" at every step. I stuck close to her heels, as if I were really confident in her ability to protect me. But I did timidly suggest that she abandon the "Shoo," as it might call out some snake, who mistook it for the voice of a long lost relative.

When we came to a high stone wall, I flatly refused to get over until the ground on the other side had been purged, for would you care to jump into the coils of a waiting serpent? Polly gave me a scornful glance and advanced to the wall, with her brush upraised in an attitude that Joan of Arc might have envied. The picture she made as she stood on top of the wall, her spiny hair standing out in all directions, and her white tennis shoes planted firmly apart, is printed indelibly on my mind. Thus might Dido have looked on the funeral pyre.

I have tried in vain to forget the terror that filled my soul as I saw my one and only sister disappear from sight, with a spasmodic screech.

The thoughts of her struggling, perhaps, in the coils of a boa-constrictor filled even me with a wild courage. We should die together! In the seeming hours that it took me to gain the other side of the wall, I became a worthy descendant of my celtic ancestors. But my feet met only the ordinary unwrithing *terra firma*. I saw a young man attempting to assist Polly from a position of Hindoo worship at his feet, and I heard a masculine voice from behind me saying, "Does this kind of shower come very often?"

Turning, I looked into the eyes of our Hero.

Why carry the tale further? They had come a day early and were sitting beside that fateful wall because they had started to walk from the station across the fields and were waiting for my brother, who had gone back for a forgotten suitcase.

There is nothing more to tell. The photograph is no longer the shrine at which Polly and I worship, for we are now convinced that it is the photographer's business to flatter.

KATHRYN LINEHAN, '19.

Fragments

Wonders

Only a rosebud hard and green,
 Showing no glimpse of crimson sheen,
 Shedding no fragrant incense rare,
 Bearing no marks of beauty fair —
 Yet it will be a rose!

Only a crumpled petal red,
 Only a stalk that's brown and dead,
 Nothing of perfume's wondrous breath,
 Only the fading traces of death —
 Yet it has been a rose!

SPIDER.

Age versus Youth

“Stony” burst noisily into the sitting room and had just slammed his books upon the table, when a cold, displeased voice said, “Good afternoon, Reginald. Is that the way your mother teaches you to enter the house?”

“Holy smokes! It’s Aunt Penelope! Where’s ma?” and he offered his aunt a dutiful kiss, which was received in like manner.

“Your mother has gone to Pottsville to help Mrs. Peterson take care of Annie, who is ill. While I am here, Reginald, I hope you will refrain from such expressions as ‘Holy smokes.’ Now, wash your hands, sit down quietly, and compose yourself.” So “Stony” went into the kitchen, ostensibly to do his aunt’s bidding, but in reality to pull the much-abused tail of Old Mother Hubbard, the black cat.

When he returned, Aunt Penelope was occupying the straightest chair, taking precise little stitches in drab-checked material. (Miss Penelope always bought drab, for it didn’t show the dirt. Then, too, it always looked so *neat*.) “Stony” glanced restlessly out of the window. He pulled the shade string; he thumped upon the window pane, until his aunt impatiently asked what ailed him.

“Kin I go swimmin’?” he burst out.

“Swimming?” came the horrified retort. “Swimming! Why, you would catch your death of cold. Swimming!! Why, *I* never thought of such a thing when *I* was your age!”

“’Course *you* didn’t,” muttered her nephew.

“What’s that, Reginald?” asked Aunt Penelope, suspiciously.

“Au, nuthin’,” sullenly replied “Stony.”

After a few moments “Stony” went toward the door, and having satisfied his aunt by an unusually meek answer that he was going to his room to “compose himself,” mounted the stairs. From a back window he watched until, after a low whistle from the vicinity of the garden hedge, a hand, with two fingers crooked in a mysterious signal, shot up above the bushes. Then, the composing process over, “Stony” lifted himself over the sill, and with the aid of a convenient cherry tree, slid safely to the ground,—and was off to the “swimmin’ hole.”

ELOISE LANSING, '18.

Butterflies

A sky of blue and silver clouds,
A meadow green with daisies white,
And softly on the fragrant air
A flash of winged light.

Across the blooming dale and hill
A warmth of sun through shadows cold,
And resting o'er our dusty path
A band of living gold.

J. L.



The Echo

VOL. XXV

APRIL, 1916

No. 8

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

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

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

Editorial Department

"Because the Commandment is a Lamp, and the Law a Light."

There was once a man who thought he could sing — naturally sing without the guidance of masters or law. His voice was rich, his range was wide, and he had a heart. But the world that he met laughed at him for his song was a wild utterance, untaught, unsmoothed, uncontrolled by the tools of training.

There once was a girl who thought she could paint — naturally paint the things she saw without the guidance of masters or law. Her vision was keen and appreciative; the sheer rock, the swamp grass, the wild strawberries beside a country road — all these meant pictures to her. But her work lay unbought, uncommenced, for her brush was ignorant of the arts of her Art.

There was once a boy — young, inexperienced, yet with a mind that promised much, an open mind that pried into the mysteries of science and religion. And he — like the artist and singer — thought to formulate his own creed without the guidance of master or law. He walked into his father's temple of worship and looked for reason. He looked quickly, for life was short and his work was big — he found no reason there and left. So he passed — looking, seeking, floundering, denying until at last he thought he had found reason. This should be the foundation of his church. And he builded for years — his life years — on the "church." And when it was finished and he invited friends to gaze at it, they saw no church, but a laboratory, not a place for the expression of feeling to a spirit that feels and knows and understands and helps, not a place where troubles may be brought and soothed, not a place of hope or love; but an abode of iconoclasts, unbeautiful, unspiritual, wholly material. And they left him there still unhappy, floundering, seeking, while the greater laws of greater men lay unsought.

The Old Echo Board welcomes the New Echo Board, whom they invite to assist them in compiling the May-June issue, which ought to be the largest,

finest issue of the year. With a parting regret for the joys that are gone and the work that might have been bettered, with a fleeting pleasure for the memories of those joys that are gone and the work that has been done earnestly, if poorly, the Old Board gives way to the New Board and wishes for it artistic and financial prosperity.

The New Board follows:

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Margaret Christ
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Faith Wallace
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Ethel Houck
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	Lucille Hale
<i>News Editor</i>	Alfred Dedicke
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	Maud Rose
<i>Joke Editor</i>	Hildred Griffin
<i>Athletic Editors</i>	{ Emma Gray
	{ Reinhard Hohaus
<i>Business Manager</i>	Edith Rose
<i>Advertising Managers</i>	{ Augusta Ten Eyck
	{ Arthur Woodward
<i>Subscription Managers</i>	{ Ruth Kimmey
	{ Willard Pearsall
<i>Circulating Managers</i>	{ Dorothy Wilbur
	{ Earl Southerland

News Department

College Club

On the afternoon of March 24th many of the members of the club listened to a most interesting talk by Lieutenant Atcheson. Lieutenant Atcheson spoke to us in chapel last year, and those who remembered hearing him then were very glad of the opportunity

of doing so again. He described, simply, the condition of our army, its needs, and the training system now in use. Those of us who were at the meeting are anxious to avail ourselves of the Lieutenant's invitation to visit an army post.

Y. W. C. A.

On March 14th the meeting was conducted by Una Boice. It was a missionary story meeting, and various members of the Association told stories of the different countries. There were stories of Turkey, China, India, Japan and also one from the Kentucky mountains.

The subject on which Pearl Lukens talked at the meeting of March 21st was "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." Short talks on the application of this to college life were given by Blanche Avery, Marguerite Stanley and Hildred Griffin. Kathryn Shelters gave a report on the Y. W. C. A. papers which are in the library and told us some of the interesting things to be found in them.

The installation of officers took place at the next meeting, that of March 28th. The officers for next year are:

President.....Edith O. Wallace, '17
Vice-President.....Marion I. Blodgett, '17
Secretary.....Sabrina M. Gaylord, '17
Treasurer.....Eloise Lansing, 18

After the installation, Miss Springsteed talked on "Practical Methods of Service."

At the meeting of April 4th, Helen Loveless told about the "Eight-Weeks' Clubs," a comparatively new

activity of Y. W. C. A., and read some reports of what others had done in this line. A class is to be formed after the Easter vacation to show girls how to organize these clubs. Here is an opportunity for the girls living in small towns or the country to do something worth while. Go to the class and find out about it.

The annual Y. W. C. A. Bible Study Class has begun and is to last six weeks. The meetings are held every Monday evening in Sprague Chapel. Mr. Moldenhawer is the leader and his subject is "An Intensive Study of the Sermon on the Mount." All who have ever attended these classes and know Mr. Moldenhawer will know what they are like and will attend, but we want some new girls to come and see, too. They will not be disappointed.

Chemistry Club

On Friday evening, March 31st, an illustrated lecture on "Diamonds" was given in the auditorium by Mr. Whitlock, of the State Education Department. Mr. Whitlock is the most eminent crystallographer in the country.

This is the first public lecture which has been given under the auspices of the Chemistry Club, and we hope it may not be the last. In fact, other lectures have been arranged for tentatively.

Spanish Club

At the regular meeting of the Spanish Club, March 29th, the following officers were elected:

President.....Hildred Griffin
Vice-PresidentWillard Pearsall

Secretary Grace Matthews
Treasurer Marie Lee
Echo Reporter Glena Allen
Critic Prof. Stinard

The subject under discussion at this meeting was the Jones Bill and its relation to the Philippine Islands. On Friday evening, April 7th, Prof. Stinard gave a very interesting lecture on "Mexico and Her Problem."

Joseph Henry Society

On February 27, 1916, the Joseph Henry Society was organized. The purpose of this society is to acquire a broader knowledge and appreciation of the current development in physical science. Meetings are held every other Tuesday afternoon at 4:25 o'clock.

Dr. Hale was elected honorary critic and Dr. Power faculty member.

The officers are as follows:

President Guy Bruce
Vice-President Agnes Gillespie
Secretary Gertrude Benjamin
Treasurer Walter Le Grys
Reporter Anne McIntosh

At the meeting held March 21st an interesting paper on "Joseph Henry" was given by Dr. Hale.

Senior Notes

The Senior Class has been exceptionally busy for the past month, especially that part of it that constitutes the Pedagogue Board. The book has gone to press and is, without a doubt, the peer of any year-book yet produced by a graduating class. The business and subscription managers are particularly anxious to have the subscribers pay for their books without delay, so that the efficient handling of the work may be expedited.

The class has decided to give to the college as its memorial a sum of money to be used in the foundation of a fund for the purchase of an athletic field. The need of such a field is beginning to be strongly felt in the college, and this need is likely to be even more strongly evident in the immediate future, since the athletic side of college activities is ever becoming a more considerable factor. The class hopes that, with the sum it contributes as a nucleus, the college will be able in a few years to raise such an amount as will be sufficient for the desired purchase.

The presence of our caps and gowns in our lockers makes us feel how imminent is the June to which we look with mingled emotions of pleasure and regret.

Junior Class

The Juniors have been busy and interested this last month in the elections of officers for next year. Tuesday, March 28th, a meeting was held for the purpose of choosing the Editor-in-Chief of the Year Book. The first ballot resulted in a majority vote for Hildred Griffin. Miss Griffin proved most efficient on the

Junior Banquet Committee, and we are sure that under her direction the best "Pedagogue" yet will be published early next spring.

Thursday, April 6th, a meeting was called, and nominations for class officers were made. Miss Christ appointed a committee to arrange for the Echo Candy Sale which is to be held early in May. This committee consists of Mildred Henry, chairman; Julia Erdle, Una Boice and Helen Kelso.

One week later we discovered that thirteen is one of our lucky numbers, for on that day we succeeded in electing splendid officers for our Senior year. We are proud of the list: President, Kolin Hager; vice-president, Emma Gray; secretary, Lucille Hale; treasurer, Arline Newkirk; Echo reporter, Pearl Lukens. In the absence of Miss Christ the vice-president, Miss Payne, appointed Edith Wallace and Willard Pearsall a committee to secure arm-bands for Moving-up Day. The new president promised "big things" for next year. Watch us make a record for N. Y. S. C. T!

Freshman Class

The Freshman Class has a number of social affairs in view by which she hopes to bring together all of the members of the class for a good time. Plans are being made for a straw ride which is to take place in May.

Delta Omega

Our new home is 394 Western avenue; come and see us.

We are busy now preparing for our annual weekend, May 12th-13th. We expect to have an entertainment Friday evening, a luncheon at the Hampton

Saturday noon, and a dance in the college Saturday evening. It's always a gay time for the Deltas, for we have a large number of our alumnæ back with us.

Mrs. Futterer gave a party for the girls on Friday evening, March 31st.

Kappa Delta

On the evening of March 18th the annual Kappa Delta dance was held in the college gymnasium. The charm of the decorations was heightened by rather unique electric light effects. The patronesses were Miss Pierce, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Power, Mrs. Larmon, Mrs. Tedford, and Mrs. Dunn. The evening passed on wings, and it was with regret that the dancers heard the orchestra play the last number.

Barbara Pratt, '15, came to Albany to attend the dance.

Marion McDowell, '18, returned to Vassar on April 4th, after her Easter vacation spent in Albany.

Mary Dabney, '15, visited the college on April 3rd.

Eta Phi Notes

Eta Phi welcomes into membership Evelyn Gardner, '16, Pauline Kinne, '18, Harriet Church, '19, and Hazel Beyer, '19.

Tuesday evening, March 28th, the H Φ girls with a few of their friends enjoyed a candy pull.

Susie Eta Phi gave a baby party April 4th, and the Eta Phi girls and their friends had an enjoyable time.

Psi Gamma

The following literary programs have been given in connection with our regular meetings:

March 13th.

“ Juvenile Courts ”Marjorie Mitchell

March 27th.

“ After this War, What? ”.....Lillian King

“ Prison Reforms ”Edna Merritt

Two of our alumnae, Beatrice Wright, '14, and Helen Quick, '14, have been recent house guests.

On Saturday evening, April 8th, we held another of our informal house dances.

Sigma Nu Kappa

The annual Σ N κ dance will take place in the college gymnasium Friday evening, May 5th. Francis H. Conners, '17, has charge of the arrangements.

Sigma Nu Kappa congratulates Kolin Hager upon his election as president of the Class of 1917.

Willard Pearsall, '17, has been elected manager of the basketball team, while Jesse Jones, '17, will captain the same organization. George Anderson, '16, will captain and manage the tennis team. Irving Goewey, '18, has been selected to captain the baseball team, which team Earl Waring, '16, will manage. We wish them all success.

Plans for the annual banquet are nearing completion. The same efficient committee that directed this affair last year will again have charge.

Kappa Delta Rho

Recently we entertained at the Chapter House Brothers Smith, Ottman, and Wright of Alpha Chapter.

Plans are being made for the annual banquet to be held in May.

Brothers Heason and McNeill attended the National Fraternity Convention, held at Middlebury on April 6th and 7th.

After the adjournment of a recent Fraternity meeting, we were highly entertained with a cornet duet by Brothers Logan and Nolde. The K. D. R. quartet, consisting of Dedicke, Harwich, Doyle, and Hohaus, also entertained.

College Notes

On March 20th Dr. Ward talked in chapel about the "Influence of the French Army on Social Life." The comparison between the influence of the German army and that of the French was very interesting.

We were all made to feel the call of the woods and fields when Prof. Kirtland talked to us in chapel on Monday, March 27th. No one knows better the nooks where the wild flowers are found or the places where the loveliest pictures can be taken.

On the afternoon of March 27th the official lecturer of the W. C. T. U. gave a short talk to the students on "Temperance." She explained very clearly the evil effects of alcohol and showed how more and more large business concerns are demanding that their employees be total abstainers. In teaching children the effects of alcohol, sentimentality

and exaggeration should be left out of the question and facts which prove that alcohol lessens ability in any field should be given.

In Student Assembly on March 31st Mr. Earle Waring made a plea for the college support of our new baseball team. Mr. Swaim announced the gymnasium exhibition, which was held on Thursday evening, April 6th. Mr. Francis Connors called the attention of the student body to the concert to be given by the College Quartette May 3rd for the benefit of THE ECHO. He also told us of a big bargain for those who have not subscribed for THE ECHO, the last three numbers *all for a quarter!* Don't fail to take advantage of this offer, you who are not subscribers of THE ECHO.

On Tuesday, April 4th, a preliminary contest was held in the college auditorium to decide upon the delegate for the inter-collegiate contest held at Crouse College, Syracuse University, on April 15th, under the auspices of the New York Inter-Collegiate Peace Association. The two contestants, Mr. Harry Fisher and Mr. Roy Honeywell, spoke upon the subject of "International Peace." The contest was a very close one, but the final vote of the judges was in favor of Mr. Fisher.

Alumni Department

1915

Gladys Dobson is teaching in Erie, Pa.

Bessie Sprague has a position in Carlyle, Pa.

Rachel Harrison is teaching in West Englewood,
N. J.

1914

Laura Sexton is teaching in Saratoga Springs High School, Saratoga, N. Y.

Clara Wallace has a position in the Cape Vincent High School, in Cape Vincent, Lake Ontario, N. Y.

Beatrice Wright has a position in Patchogue, L. I.

1913

Betty L. Clark is teaching English and Biology in the High School at Port Washington, N. Y.

Charlotte Wright has a position in Patchogue, L. I.

Charlotte Tracey is at her home at Ghent, N. Y., this year.

Katrina Van Dyke is teaching at Lowville, N. Y.

Nola Nieffanaugh has a position in Jackson, Mich.

Minnie Scotland is teaching in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mabel Ensign is teaching Household Economics in Waynesboro, Pa.

1912

Harold Dabney has been taking a course in graduate work in Harvard University this year.

Ethel Anderson is teaching in King Wood, W. Va.

1911

Johanna J. Schwarte is teaching Biology in the Saratoga Springs High School.

Florence Whittmen has a position in Utica, N. Y.

1910

Jessie M. Harphan is teaching in Condersport, Pa.

Berthy Purdy has a position in Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. C. D. Johnston, *née* Grace Van Auken, is living at 577 First street, Troy, N. Y.

Florence McHanigan is teaching in Schenectady, N. Y.

G. Emmett Miller has a position in Valley Falls, N. Y.

Florence McKinley is teaching in Schenectady, N. Y.

Ethel C. Lucas is teaching in Rensselaer, N. Y.

M. Bema Hunt has a position in Chatham, N. Y.

Clara C. Horton is teaching in Albany, N. Y.

Leona M. Eaton is teaching in the Norwich High School at Norwich, N. Y.

Bertha S. Weaver is a teacher of Teacher's Training in Schenectady, N. Y.

1908

Mrs. Howard DeGraff, *née* Viola Carnrite, is living in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Mrs. Millard Cowan, *née* Edna E. Harder, is living in Altamont, N. Y.

Elizabeth Marron is teaching in the Troy public schools.

Mrs. Harry S. Benson is living in Glens Falls, N. Y.

1907

Mary Jones is at her home in Oxford, N. Y.

Ionia Ladoff is teaching Science in Pittsburg, Pa.

Ruth Guernsey is teaching in White Plains, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles J. Dutton, *née* Laura E. Meigs, is living at 1329 Second street, Rensselaer, N. Y.

1906

Marion Moak is at her home in Elsmere, Albany, N. Y.

Alma L. Johnson is teaching in the High School at Yonkers, N. Y.

The Award Committee in the Song Contest has been appointed and is as follows:

Dr. Harold W. Thompson,
Mrs. Edward Cameron, '90,
Miss Agnes Futterer.

There has recently been organized in Utica a branch of the Alumni Association of the college of which Mr. Roy C. Van Denberg, '10, has been appointed president. They are planning a banquet and reunion, which will take place some time early in May.





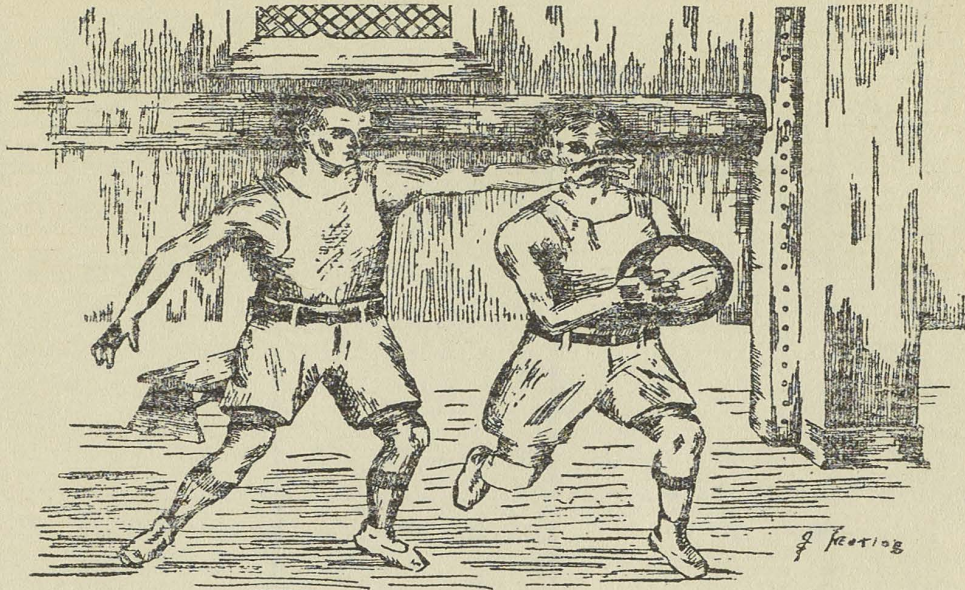
I wonder how many of you actually realize the purpose of an exchange department? Of course, you vaguely understand that it is to acquaint us with the student publications of other colleges; but do you know that more than that, it is to acquaint us with the *activities* of other colleges? How can we know these and profit by their example if we don't read our exchanges?

If you look into *The Vassar Miscellany* you will find the literary department full to overflowing. Vassar has not many more students than we. What does that tell you about Vassar — and us?

Perhaps you know nothing about *The Mount Holyoke's* alumnæ department. If you glance through its ten or twelve pages you may be moved to give some information to our long-suffering alumni editor.

Again, you may discover the interesting department of "Communications" in the *Holy Cross Purple*, the photographs in *The Cornell Era*, and the "breeziness" of *The Concordiensis*.

While you have these examples in the library, why not look into them? They will do much good to both you and THE ECHO.



Athletic Department

Girls' Athletic Association

Have you ever attended an auction? Those who have had that experience will not be surprised that the members of the Association are so enthusiastic over the last "gym frolic," which had for one of the chief features a real auction. What did it matter if beans were used as money when we received actual presents? Later in the evening, it was our good fortune to enjoy dances given by Miss Gray, Miss Gray and Miss Johnson, and by eight girls from the Junior dancing class. Last, but by no means the least interesting, were the interclass basketball games. The Seniors had no difficulty in winning from the Freshmen, who, in spite of their defeat, showed signs of quick playing. In the second game between the Juniors and Sophomores we were given a great surprise, when the wonderful work of the Sophomores brought them victory. The teams were composed of:

SENIORS — 20

Nolan Forward
 Matthews Forward
 Wager Center
 Martin, Frisbie S. Center
 Loveless Guard
 Tedford Guard

FRESHMEN — 4

Harty Forward
 Barry Forward
 Vedder Center
 LaRose S. Center
 Shirtz Guard
 Lee Guard

JUNIORS — 19

Moseley Forward
 Feder Forward
 Gray Center
 Boice S. Center
 Braem Guard
 Reynolds Guard

SOPHOMORES — 31

Austin, D. Forward
 Gillette Forward
 Shanks Center
 Austin, L. S. Center
 Cole Guard
 Keefe Guard

In the most exciting game of the season the team representing 1916 was defeated by the Juniors by the close score of 11-8. At the end of the first half the score book showed a slight margin of two points in favor of the Seniors, which was kept until within the last few minutes, when the Junior forwards made a couple of baskets. This gave them a slight lead which decided the game. The teams for this game were:

SENIORS — 8

Ensign Forward
 Matthews Forward
 Wager Center
 Nolan S. Center
 Loveless Guard
 Noon Guard

JUNIORS — 11

Moseley Forward
 Feder Forward
 Reynolds Center
 Boice S. Center
 Hale Guard
 Burleigh Guard

The annual Girls' Inter-class Athletic contest for the silver loving cup was held on Saturday afternoon, March 25th. Before this contest few realized the results which are being obtained in this line of work, but after watching the wonderful exhibition which these girls gave the audience could not express its admiration too emphatically. It showed most forcefully the work which the girls have done to make the meet successful, and the ability of their instructor to gain the desired results.

When the judges' decision was learned, it was found that the loving cup had been won by Eula Hicks, '18,

and the second and third places were given to Veronica Farrell, '19, and Beatrice Sullivan, '19.

At a recent meeting of the Association it was voted to award the college letters to the winner of the Inter-class meet, and to give their class numerals to the girls who won second and third place.

As a result of THE ECHO Board elections, which have just been held, Emma Gray, '17, was chosen athletic editor for next year. The Association is justly proud to have its president chosen for this position.

When the Sophomore-Freshman game was played, the former team had no difficulty in winning the game, the line-up of which was:

SOPHOMORES — 39		FRESHMEN — 6	
Austin, D.	Forward	Curtis	Forward
Ferguson	Forward	Harty	Forward
Shanks	Center	Andrae	Center
Austin, L.	S. Center	Lipes	S. Center
Cole	Guard	Linehan	Guard
Keefe	Guard	Lukens	Guard





In Memoriam

Naughty boy;
New air gun,
Shooting cats
Just for fun.

Auto comes,
Breakneck speed —
Toots horn,
Boy don't heed.

Collision;
Head on head,
All right, cats —
Boy is dead.

Why not apply the methods of State to matrimony?
“I guess I will have to write another note to my wife,” said a man the other day. “Last night she knocked me down with a chair, danced a jig on my chest, pulled my frozen ear, took my pocketbook, and then locked me in the cellar where the temperature was seventeen degrees below zero. Such a person should be reprimanded, and I will write her a stern note forthwith. I will demand a disavowal. By the gods, no one can run over me like that without receiving a note from me!”

A certain boarding house mistress had a book in which she requested each boarder as he left to write some fitting little sentiment and sign his name. There was one man, however, who wrote something which seemed not at all witty to the poor lady, but which strangely enough seemed to move almost every departing boarder who saw it to mirth. Finally, before showing the book to a man who was leaving, she asked him to explain it to her. He agreed to, but after looking at the book he burst out laughing, and begging to be excused from explaining, withdrew.

The quotation was, "Quoth the raven —."

If all the poems I have written
Were piled up in a pile,
And with a candle they were litten,
You could see the blaze a mile.

But all the gold that I have gitten,
From all the poems I have wrote,
Would not hurt the feeblest kitten,
If poured molten down its throat.

Bluffer — "Since this here fuss about Shakespere, I've read both his Romeo and Juliet. Did he write any besides them two? If so, what others should I ought to read?"

Squelcher — "Yes, he wrote a little more. Why not read 'Mack,' and then the sequel, 'Beth,' also 'Tem' and then 'Pest?'"

Noticed Around College

Minerva has recovered her former dignity, having decided to abstain from the use of the weed.

Professor M - h - - says the "insane asylum" is good enough for him. If you don't believe me, ask the French A Class.

Professor S - yl - s told in Education II an episode of school life in which "Miss A" and "John Jones" figured.

We fear that our Lenten suggestions have not borne much fruit.

The dire need of a person who absolutely dislikes dancing and dotes on playing ragtime is being felt daily in the gymnasium.

A feeling of relief that Junior Class elections are ended and the crisis safely past pervades the atmosphere.

A subdued excitement is visible among the Freshmen and Sophomores. Moving-up day is drawing nigh, and ay, then will be the test of the valiant warriors in either class! The Juniors look on with regret at the gambols of childhood and sigh for their erstwhile simple pleasures.

To The Student Body

Everybody should mention it when shopping for
College spirit demands it.

Help a good cause.

Only say "I saw your ad in the Echo".

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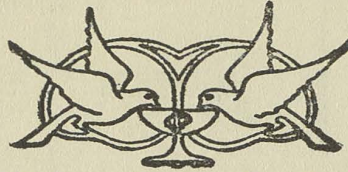
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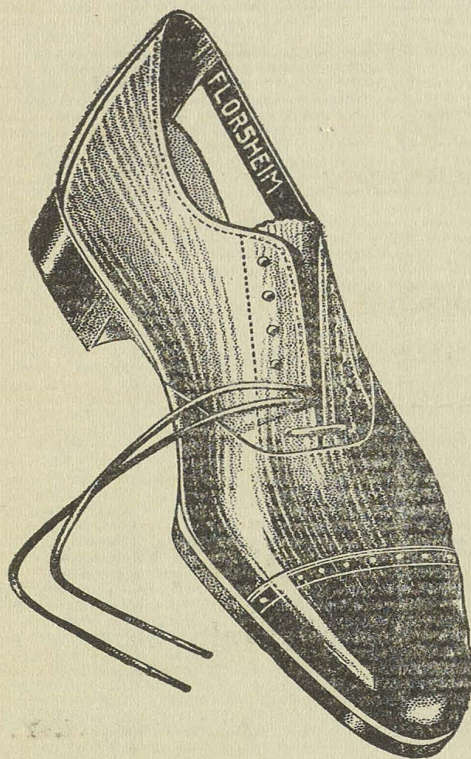
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