

-THE-ECHO-

**New York State College
for Teachers**

**SOPHOMORE
NUMBER**

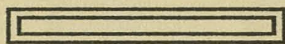
**February
1915**

MARCH WINDS

Are Most Detrimental

to a fair skin and a beautiful complexion. To restore and keep the complexion fresh, clear and beautiful, with that bloom of youth and health all women fondly cherish, and to counteract the destructive work of wind and weather, we recommend the following high grade toilet requisites. All goods are fresh and sold at the lowest cut prices.

Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.....	45c.
D & R Cold Cream,.....	10-25-35-50c.
Woodbury's Facial Cream. tubes.....	23c.
Pond's Extract Vanishing Cream, tubes.....	23c.
Hind's Cold Cream, tubes.....	23c.
Hokara Cream, jars.....	23c.
Hudnut's Creme Violet Sec, jars.....	45c.
Creme de Merida, jars.....	45c.



SCHNEIBLE'S PHARMACY

Cor. Western and Lake Avenues

ALBANY, N. Y.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

Manufacturers of

Class Emblems

Rings

Fobs

Athletic Medals

Wedding and Commencement
Invitations

Announcements, Dance Orders
Programs, Menus, Visiting Cards, etc.



*Samples and estimates furnished
upon request*



642 BASTIAN BLDG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

..DAWSON'S..

“Newest Styles in “Gold Bond”

guaranteed Hats, \$2.00

ARROW SHIRTS, and COLLARS

259 Central Ave.,

ALBANY, N. Y.

**Twenty-four Years of Reliable Service to Teachers and
School Officials**

THAT'S OUR RECORD

We have placed a large number of Normal College graduates. Members of the Class of 1915 who plan to teach next year will do well to register early.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY

81 Chapel St.,

ALBANY, N. Y.

HARLAN P. FRENCH, President

VINCENT B. FISK, Secretary

Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT	PAGE
A Valentine Helen Shepard, '15	275
Aunt Polly's Basket-ball Game, Lucille Hale, '17	276
Albany's New River-front . Edward L. Long, '17	280
Friday, the Fairest or Foulest, Ethel M. Houck, '17	282
The Old Orchard . . . Mildred C. White, '17	286
Hair Laura L. Freidell, '17	288
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	
On Time or Late	290
NEWS DEPARTMENT	292
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT	299
ATHLETICS	304
EXCHANGES	306
JOKES	308



The Echo

VOL. XXIV

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 6

Literary Department

A Valentine

Cupid took a careful aim,
And let fly a golden dart;
Swift unto the mark it came,
Deep imbedded in my heart!

Thus, oh thus was I undone,
For I must — alas, poor me! —
Love the first I looked upon,
And I looked, proud fair, on thee!

Since, my soul no peace hath known,
Yet from wounds I'd not be free,
E'en so sweet my pain hath grown,
Since, dear heart, thou smiled'st on me.

HELEN SHEPARD, '15.

Aunt Polly's Basketball Game

I s'pose you all kinda want to hear about my first and last visit to a basketball game, don't you? Well, one day last winter, my niece, who lives in the city, asked me to go to a first-class basketball game held in a Jim. I wondered why she didn't call it Johnnie or Charlie or somethin' like that, but she explained that Jim was the shortened up name for Jim Nazium. I declare these young folks is allus shortenin' everythin'. I s'pose they won't bother to give only just the fust letter of things pretty soon and leave it to us to guess the rest.

Well, we got there kinda early, so we had a real good seat on a bench. There wan't a single nice thing about the hull buildin'. There was a little recess where the benches was and not a pictur nor nuthin' to break up the bare walls, but I furgot to say there was too hoops hanging right across the room from each other about ten feet from the floor, and they had some fish net hangin' down as limp as a dish rag. I wondered what they was for, but I didn't durst ask Mary Ann, who puts on airs now and calls herself Marian since she's moved to the city. I didn't durst ask her, cuz she was lookin' jest as hard as she could at a door that was shut tight. Purty soon it opened, and three young men came out that didn't have hardly a dud on. I shut my eyes reel tight and jerked my head 'round quick, like so people wouldn't know I had seen em' cuz I reckoned they had left their clothes in the other part and was going to skin through and git em', but just then Mary Ann poked me and said, "Why, Auntie, there is Mr. Climbaway — No, Mr. Steinway Knox. Now, and oh! he's coming over to speak to me. Won't the other girls be jealous."

I opened one eye kinda cautious, and thought I might see Mr. Climbaway Knox without seein' them dretful men, when, my laws! if there wasn't one of them comin' toward me an' Mary Ann. I didn't see that air Mr. Knox anywhere, so I threw up my head an squinted right at them baskets. I thought it was an insult to a respektabul women like me, a deacon's wife, to have to see a man like that. Just then Mary Ann said,

"Auntie, I want you to meet Mr. Steinway Knox."

I turned 'round, and there was that Climbaway fellow, one of them dretful young men. I 'spected Marian would feel so ashamed she'd faint, but she didn't at all and Mr. Knox didn't get very much put out, only he talked a turrible sight I guess to make up fur his lack of clothes.

Then he ran back, and some more young men came out all just so. I made up my mind I'd never come agin, but I was bound I'd see the hull thing through, so I up and jest watched. One of 'em had a great big thing. Mary Ann said it was the basketball. One would take a little dog trot around and fire it right at that hoop. Once or twice it went through but the nettin' didn't have any bottom to it so that ball just dropped right out.

Jest then a man that was decently dressed come up, and they all shook hands. The man blew a whistle, and then them men started in fur all they was in it. My land! they danced and fisted and tore hair. I couldn't think what the trouble was, but purty soon I see it was that ball they was after. But what beat me was when they got the ball, they wouldn't keep it a second, but would fire it at some one else and want it right back again. I reckoned they had forgotten all

about shakin' hands at the begining but didn't anyone look worried so I leaned back and watched 'em fist and claw all they wanted to.

The people all acted sort of queer too. Every time the boys did anythin' at all they'd yell, and the ball would go just where it had a notion to. Once the pesky thing landed right in my lap, and I jest took right hold of it, and I was going to keep it but Mary Ann wouldn't let me. All this time the noise was purfictly dretful. Why it sounded worse then our hired man does when he's driving the cows from pasture. Purty soon after this somebody yelled somethin', and all the men went into the next room so we had a little breathin' spell.

But this didn't last long, and I declare if it didn't start in worser than ever. Everybody yelled somethin' different. The girls all jumped up on the benches, and the boys held 'em on. Mary Ann was as bad as the rest. She screamed at the top of her lungs and jumped up and down. Sometimes she'd screech,

“Break it up, break it up!”

Now, what she wanted broke up was more'n I could see, but land of Nod! I couldn't get a word in edgeways with her. Then she'd yell,

“Shoot, boys!”

Every time she did this, I'd shut my eyes and get ready to hear someone shoot, but nobody did, least-wise you couldn't hear 'em for the noise.

What happened after this was kinda jumbled up. The boys began to jump up and down, and it didn't seem to matter where they landed. Sometimes one of 'em would throw his arms around the next one's neck, an' I thought they had just found out they was brothers, but when I looked at their faces I changed

my mind. They both looked as if they wanted to do murder at the same time. After what seemed a dog's age a man yelled,

“Time's up!”

“Twenty to eighteen!”

Some of the boys formed a ring an' bent up like jack knives an' barked an' yelled like fire. It did take beautifully, that yell, cuz everyone clapped. My, but I was glad to get home!

LUCILLE HALE, '17.



Albany's New River Front

"Albany! All change!" shouted the conductor of a D. & H. train as it arrived in the city of Albany.

"Why, Mirandy, I do believe that feller has gone crazy! This ain't Albany!"

The speaker was an old farmer, who addressed the remark to his wife. As if in answer to what he had said, the door at the other end of the car was opened, and the trainman called, "Albany! All change!" and everybody in the car crowded near the doors in preparation for leaving, as soon as the train should come to a standstill.

"Well, it must be so, but I never seen Albany look like this before. Why, the river front here used to be right up agin the track, and now look at it!"

"Well, I declare, if the river hain't moved way out there yonder beyond where the middle used to be! And you remember that old shack there? The Troy boats used to start right out there in the middle of that sand. Well, well, look yonder, Mirandy. There be the same boats I seen when I was here years ago. Yes, sir, and they've got a board walk a-runnin' out to the new boathouse too. Let's git out and walk down the platform, and see what other changes has been goin' on. Well, now, I calc'late these folks in here have been turning things upside down. I can't see the sense of poking the river away out there. Look how far you'd have to walk if you was to git at the boat for Troy. Now, say, if the Boat Club ain't gone and got a new building; and see, they've built a new dock, too. I suppose the rich men has got big boats now, and they had to have a place to land them. And way down there be a new building and a couple of houses. I suppose they use them for barns for them there

auto wagons Hank was sayin' they ride the passengers up town in."

"I declare, if they hain't gone and raised that big building right in the street! That's where State street used to run through into the river, just where that new bridge is going over to the boat houses. How's people going to git to their boats now when they come down State street? Them big engineers will wake up some day to calculating on a common-sense basis, or I miss my guess. That beats all, to plant a big white building right in the middle of a street! And say, mother, you remember that picture of Westminster Abbey we got hangin' in our sittin' room? Well, don't that building remind you of it? Look at all the fancy work. Well, if the allies ever come over here, they'll think they are in England, and——."

"One side, please!" shouted a man pushing a baggage truck.

"Come on, Mother, and let's get up to the station or we'll be run down."

EDWARD L. LONG, '17.



“Friday, the Fairest or Foulest”

“Isn’t Friday noon just the loveliest time of the whole week?” queried the Dreamer, dropping into her chair at the table with an ecstatic sigh, and immediately beginning a frantic search for a napkin-ring decorated with a once-white ribbon.

“What!” chorused the two Freshies, “Friday noon the loveliest—! And history quiz coming at one-thirty! I just hate Fridays!”

“Why, Kitty McKay, how can you? And you have a red necktie to wear to-day, too! Don’t you know that it’s only Fear that spoils those delightful afternoons for you? And speaking of Fear, after all, *what are you afraid of?* Why, the worst that can happen to—”

“I say, Dreamer, that’s enough,” interrupted her room-mate. “My digestion isn’t any too good when not interfered with. And anyway, that happened on a Friday, too, so there you are again!”

“How interesting!” murmured the Knocker, “I suppose that is another precious piece of information in your box of clippings . . . Of course you referred to the date of the confusion of tongues on the Tower of Babel.”

“I hope *you* know what *you* are talking about, I’m sure—,” began Roomie, furiously, when “Betty Wales, Junior,” entered, looking as hopeless as a Freshman coming out of her German exam.

“Betty, dear, what ever is the matter?” begged the Bright Idea.

“Oh, I just had a phone call from my Prom man only five minutes ago, and he has sprained his ankle, and can’t come! (‘Sprained his ankle! The Bromide!’ muttered the Knocker). And I have my dance

order all made out, and the darlingest dress with a skirt six yards wide, and—, oh, dear, why hasn't anybody a brother?"

"The Eternal Why," the Dreamer was heard to murmur.

"A brother!" the Bright Idea ridiculed the idea. "Why don't you ask the Professor?"

Betty started. "Which one?" she finally ventured timidly to inquire.

"Which! Don't be stupid, Betty. You know there is only one. I mean that little 'Hoch-der-Kaiser' one who eats at Mrs. Drake's. He does the Maxixe beautifully, and I have a cousin who knows a fellow who has a brother who used to be in one of his classes, so I'll see that you meet him right away."

The Critic had looked interested at the mention of the Professor. Interest on the part of the Critic was unusual, to say the least, and a suspicious Senior remarked, *sotto voce*, "Please notice the change in attitude. Now what might you suppose the Connotation of that word to be in her case?"

"By the way, Betty," inquired a Freshman, "do you allow spectators to-night? I'd love to give the crowd the once over! It's going to be an awfully swell affair, isn't it?"

"Shades of psychology! Suffice it to say that this Infant must be made to apologize to the English Language," cried Roomie. "Child, wherever did you hear such slang?"

"Why, I heard about the 'once over' in French class, and I know a Sophomore who says swell." The Freshman's last remarks had the air of finality of "Well, I guess that will be all for to-day," and criticism ceased.

"I'm going to the Grand this afternoon," announced the Dreamer, waking up again. "You know Eva Fay is there, and I'm going to ask a question."

"You're going to ask a question! It seems to me I heard that remark in International Law one day," Roomie interrupted.

"Yes, and didn't you see then how the Law of Association works? Why, association of ideas is just like relativity, or rather, it's a proof of relativity. Oh, why can't beautiful illustrations ever happen the day before rather than the day after?"

"Find the Cause, and solve the Mystery of the Universe," suggested the Bright Idea.

"Nobody seems interested in *my* question, so I'm going to tell you what it is," stubbornly persisted the Dreamer. "I want to know what there is about destroying a time-honored institution like the Sophomore-Senior reception by inviting the whole College, which promotes College-spirit. 'Establish a sisterly feeling between the four classes!' The Freshman and Juniors are only cousins anyway, and now the Seniors will be that, too, or at least step-sisters."

"Then why didn't you speak out in meeting?" demanded Roomie. "You can't expect good government if the people won't talk. Oh, won't Woman Suffrage accomplish a lot, tho'?"

"I don't know whether it will or not. If I remember correctly, there wasn't exactly a majority of men present at the meeting under discussion." The Anti is always a wet-blanket.

The Senior glanced at her wrist-watch. "Twenty minutes after one," she reminded the table.

Kitty McKay, who had been mumbling Luther's Theses between forkfuls of cream-roll, jumped to her feet in consternation. "And I must get there in time

to ask somebody whether 'The Letters of Obscure Men' were written by famous men, or whether it was 'The Letters of Famous Men' that were written by obscure men! Titles are such stupid things," and she rushed out, followed by the other Freshman, likewise much excited.

"And they think they have to work! Wait until they get to Sophomore English," sighed Roomie.

"Oh, English is easy. Wait until they have Ed II," warned Betty.

"And when they get to Practice-Teaching—." The Senior had passed hers.

"Maybe they won't. You know the new rules," the Bright Idea called back to the rest as she ran down the steps with her toque in one hand, and four note books in the other. The Bright Idea is a bit of a pessimist at times.

ETHEL M. HOUCK, '17.



The Old Orchard

I can see it now, the old orchard with its rows and rows of giant prosperous-looking trees facing towards the setting sun. It always appeared to my childish fancies like a magic garden, full of wonders unsurpassed, of mysteries unsolved. As the ugly-looking brown twigs first showed a bit of green, I remember creeping up to a low branch and cautiously touching a tiny new bud to see if it were real, wondering all the while how that speck of green stayed in the twig all winter. From that time it was a fascinating process to watch the leaves spread out, making the orchard a thing alive. Then the touches of pink would appear here and there, until at last the western view from our doorstep was a mass of pink and white against the horizon. With the blossoms always came the injunction, "You mustn't pick them, for then there would be no apples!" I couldn't quite understand how apples grew from these flowers, yet that must be a part of the orchard's magic.

After the last dainty petals had fluttered away, leaving hard green knobs in their places, other wonders claimed childish attentions. One day there were strange rustlings in the branches of a certain tree, a commotion among the leaves, and a fat robin popped off from a limb as I approached. Being of an investigating nature, I climbed up by a low branch to the spot of the bird's exit. There, about halfway up the tree, was a little hollow in a large branch with a tiny blue-speckled egg. Nothing could be more wonderful than a robin's egg, and my first view of one only lent an added enchantment to the orchard.

It was there that the violets grew thickest in the deep sheltered grasses, and there some erratic hen

once preferred to rear her sturdy brood, far away from her more conservative kith and kin. The first inkling we had of her intentions was on the morning when she strutted over to our doorstep, fidgeting and cackling to her family assembled before our astonished but delighted eyes.

Yet all the delights of the orchard faded away at the discovery of the first ripening apple. Such scrambling as there was to get it, only to find that it was hard and sour, although streaked with red on the outside. It was speedily devoured, nevertheless, in blissful unconcern of disastrous results. During the long summer after the first apple, and into the autumn, we watched the venturesome early fruit ripen and fall to the ground, to be snatched up by eager hands and put into still more eager mouths. Very soon the pickers came with their long ladders and loads of empty pails and barrels. Every tree was attacked, while we played tag among the rows and hid behind great piles of luscious beauties. Apples were everywhere. They seemed to spring up out of the ground when you were not looking, and the wonder of it was how the slender branches could carry so many.

At last we had seen the whole process from the first buds to the piles of apples. We had played under the trees during the long summer days, had held our tea parties and picnics there, and had even been allowed to camp there under strange-looking structures of blankets and poles. But now sharp winds came along, taking away with them every trace of green, leaving the old orchard again bare and brown, ready for its long spell of winter's magic.

MILDRED C. WHITE, '17.

Hair

I never did have much, it never was long, and it never was curly. Like most persons so afflicted, I have had my troubles. The first I can remember was standing for hours at a time while my mother painfully and conscientiously wound each separate hair about a long, narrow stick made for that purpose. The process was a tedious one and the result was usually doubtful, always unsatisfactory in comparison with the locks of my sister, which absolutely refused to stay *un-curled*. The next step was the curling iron, an advance made, however, unknown to my mother. The first attempt was a decided success, and I rejoiced in a head as befrizzled as anyone could hope to see. I decided to grace the parlor with my beautiful presence and there dazzle the eyes of my Sunday School teacher, who happened to be calling. My mother failed to appreciate the masterpiece, and after some argument, took possession of my new-found treasure. The old-fashioned method held sway again for some time, then mother went on a visit, by some coincidence on the very day that I discovered the hiding place of the curling iron. I knew she was wrong, so I started out to prove it to her. When mother came back, it was up to her small daughter to explain away the appearance of an extraordinarily high forehead. Thereafter the curling iron was forever lost to view. Since then I have heroically borne the tortures of sleeping on curl papers I have meekly braided the rebellious strands into an infinite number of Lopsy effects, fastened so tightly that my scalp rose to meet them, but all to no avail. One day I put on a whole bottle of Parisian Sage, in the fond hope that, if a little would do all that its manufacturers claimed, a lot would

surely accomplish something. But it was only another hope blasted. Straight as ever, scant as ever, much stickier — my hair refused to grow. Finally I took my Christmas money and bought a switch. The girl said it matched beautifully, and I myself thought even mother might not notice it. She did — and lost no time in telling me so, accompanying her speech with some sound advice concerning stuff taken from nobody knows whose head. With that last struggle, I gave up the fight. Every two weeks I have my head well shampooed, and I watch the *Ladies Home Journal* for ways to do up scant hair and make it look fashionable. I can't say that I envy girls with long, thick, curly hair because it is so heavy to carry around on one's head. I have preached that to myself until I almost believe it now. I have almost begun to feel sorry for such ill-fated girls. I should much rather put in the greater part of my time trying to arrange my hair so that it looks fluffy and luxuriant than be able to give one or two little puffs and pats, a twist, a hair pin here and there and — a coiffure like those in the latest novels and Harrison Fischer pictures.

LAURA L. FREIDELL, '17.



Dr. Abraham Royer Brubacher





The Echo

VOL. XXIV

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 6

Board of Editors

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

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

On Time or Late!

To every one of you the temptation comes at some time or another, to postpone a part of your work. It is so easy to say, "I will have more time for that English theme next week," that it is hard to realize that next week will be just as full of its own duties. When you have not the ambition or the inclination to begin some piece of work, it is an easy matter to make yourself believe anything, and advice to the contrary

is unwelcome. Yet some facts remain unchanged. Every time you postpone a present duty, you dull your own common sense into thinking that delays are not necessarily dangerous, and you not only form, but you also strengthen the habit of postponement. Habit, you know, may prove a great friend or a bitter enemy. Furthermore, every delay makes the task more difficult. It is much harder to-morrow to do the task which should have been finished to-day.

To narrow down this habit of putting off work to the limits of College life, there is this to be said: It is hard enough to struggle with work piling up ahead without being obliged to fuss and worry over tasks which loom up behind. And though you may convince yourself that next week is going to be easier, strange to say, it never is, and one task deferred means several worries — later. Besides, did you ever stop to think that half of the value of a task is accomplishing it on time? Do not wait until you know what everyone else has done. Of what especial benefit is that to you? Cultivate the “do it now” habit of life!

THE ECHO Board extends the most sincere thanks to Professor Kirtland for his willing service in the truly splendid production of “The Servant in the House,” to the Echo Play Committee for its very kind assistance, to the members of the caste for their wonderful work, and to all who helped to make the play a success.

Members of the Y. W. C. A. of State College!

Beginning Tuesday, the 16th of February, a course of talks, six in number, will be held weekly in Sprague Chapel on Washington Ave. by the Rev. J. V. Molden-

hauer of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city. They will begin promptly at 7.30 P. M. and will last about three-quarters of an hour. The subjects are the "Fundamentals of the Christian Religion." Come if you do not want to miss something worth hearing.

News Department

College Notes

Dr. Brubacher became official head of the State College for Teachers on Monday, February 1, although he was given a welcome at chapel period, January 6. At that time Dr. Brubacher spoke of the demands made upon the teacher by the public. He said that the public required high conduct, social responsiveness, broad scholarship of those who were to train its future citizens. In concluding he said that the ideals of teachers should be high, and that the prayer of every teacher should be: "What in me is dark illumine; what is low raise and support."

The following week chapel period was taken up by Mr. Richard T. Wyche, a story teller of national reputation. He told stories from Longfellow's "Hiawatha" in a delightful manner. In the evening Mr. Wyche gave "Uncle Remus" tales with equal charm.

Thursday evening, January 28, Mr. Albert E. Wigam gave one of the most interesting and instructive lectures of the year's course. His subject was "Heredity, Eugenics and Civilization."

Y. W. C. A.

On January 6 the delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention, at Geneva, reported on the proceedings of the convention.

Helen Denny was the leader of the meeting held on January 13.

Rev. J. V. Moldenhauer, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, addressed the Association in the High School Chapel on February 4.

College Club

The last two meetings of the College Club have been particularly fine. At the first of these Dr. Moldenhauer addressed us on the subject of "The Poetry of John Masefield." Dr. Moldenhauer spoke of the recent knowledge of this young poet, whose four volumes must be considered among the world's poetry. The poet Masefield deals with all things, the ultimate end of the human life, such material as Pompey the Great affords, lyrics, and "Salt Water Ballads" and "The Story of a Roundhouse," his finest production. Dr. Moldenhauer read to us just enough from the different works to create in us the desire to have him keep on reading.

"It's a fine land, the West land,
The land where I belong."

* * * *

"Death opens unknown doors,
Oh, it is grand to die!"

Above all we felt a sympathy for the poet, because his works were dedicated,

"To the men of the battered battalion,
Which fights till it dies;
The lads who carried the kopjie
The lads who carried the koppie
And cannot be known.
The slave with the sack on his shoulders,
Pricked on with the goad,

The sailor, the stoker of steamers,
Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold,
Of the maimed, of the halt, and the blind in the
rain and the cold;
Of *these* shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be
told."

At the second meeting Mr. Andrews, the Corporation Counsel, talked to us on woman's place, not dealing with the subject of the day — suffrage — but with the spheres in which women can best serve. He spoke first of all of the great privilege of the woman in the home. Kindergarten work and nursing he thought very appropriate work for woman, while, though he did not dislike it, he rather preferred not to see a woman in a public office. He considered the work of the Y. W. C. A. remarkably fine and worthy of any woman's attention. Mr. Andrews closed with a verse from Tennyson's poems, which tells us that men may wield a sword, but it is for women to ply the needle.

Junior Class

"O we have our play days,
And we have our gray days,
And we dream dreams of the morrow,
In the jolly, jolly days of the Juniors."

Mildred Noxon, who was unable to join the class in September on account of serious illness, has returned to College.

Mary Johnston, a former member of the class, is visiting her parents for several weeks.

Despite the strenuous activity of the class in preparation for the festivities of Junior Week, the class has

found time to discuss very gravely the problem of "cold storage squabs" and the no less interesting problem of the "D. & H."

Promethean

A regular meeting of Promethean was held in the College auditorium Thursday evening, January 14. Papers on John Burroughs were read by Professor Stinnard, Mr. Lobdell and Miss Weaver. A piano selection was given by Marian McDowell and a violin selection by Howard Harrison, accompanied by Harry Russell.

After the business part of the meeting a mock session of the Legislature was enjoyed.

Chemistry Club

The last regular meeting of the Chemistry Club was held on Friday, January 15, 1915, with a large attendance. The officers for the coming year, who were elected at a previous meeting, were in their allotted places. The officers are as follows:

President.....Wm. G. Kennedy
Vice-President.....John McCracken
Secretary.....Amy Rextrew
Treasurer.....Bessie Post
Librarian.....Helen Pratt
Counsellor.....Prof. Bronson

At this meeting Miss Dabney read a very interesting paper on "Hormones, Enzymes and Activation." We also enjoyed a talk given by Mr. Wood on John Dalton, one of the Fathers of Chemistry. He showed us that Dalton worked diligently throughout his life on chemical problems, and consequently formed for

us a foundation upon which many of our principles of chemistry of to-day are based.

Our Membership Committee has been at work, and as a result many new members have been added to our ranks.

Delta Omega

Ethel Rose, '15, is occupying a position as teacher in the High School at Wallkill, N. Y.

Esther L. Marks was forced to remain at home two weeks after the Christmas vacation on account of illness, but she is now back at work in College.

Anne P. Stockwell, '16, spent the week-end after examinations at a house party in Poughkeepsie.

Helen R. Odell, '13, is now occupying a position in the State Board of Health laboratory in the city.

Ruth F. Evans, '16, went to her home in Waterville, N. Y., for a few days after examinations.

Marion A. Wheeler, '14, and Jennie F. Davis, '14, came to Albany for the Junior Prom and stayed at the house.

A son was born on January 26 to Mr. and Mrs. George Percy of West Hampton, L. I. Mrs. Percy was formerly Florence Gardner, '13.

Helen Rosebrook, '17, spent the week-end of January 30 with friends in East Greenbush, N. Y.

A number of the Delta girls attended the Colgate-Union basketball game at Union, Saturday, January 30.

Miss Perine spent a few days with Miss Steele at the Knickerbocker shortly after the Christmas vacation.

Katharine B. Odell, '16, attended the annual supper-dance given at the Auraina Club the evening of

January 26 by the directors and officers of the New York State Bank.

Eta Phi

At the last meeting of the sorority, held February 11 at the house, Eta Phi was pleased to welcome to its membership Lillian Farnham, '18, and Elmetta Van Deloo, '18. The house girls are glad to have Lillian Farnham as one of their number.

The following are the officers for the second semester:

President.....Louise H. Powers
Vice-President.....Ruth Oliver
Secretary.....Doris Quinn
Treasurer.....Faith Wallace
Chaplain.....Helen Kelso
Marshal.....Edith Gillespie
Echo Reporter.....Theda Mosher

Helen Kelso spent a pleasant week-end at her home in Walden, N. Y.

Elsie Austin spent Washington's birthday with friends in Salem, N. Y.

Faith Wallace spent the week-end of January 29 in Round Lake, N. Y.

Recent guests at the house have been Miss Wilson, Miss Steele and Mrs. Frear.

Lillian Farnham and Geraldine Murray attended the formal dance at the Aurania Club on February 8.

Kappa Delta

We are glad to welcome to our membership the following: Eleanor Dunn, '18; Clara Holden, '18; Marian McDowell, '18; Frances Larmon, '16; Doris

Cleveland, '17; Louise Burleson, '18; Elizabeth Mac-Machon, '18; Elvira Watkins, '15.

Kappa Delta congratulates Eleanor Dunn upon her success in winning second prize in the State Single Tax League contest.

Saturday evening, January 9, the third annual Kappa Delta dance was held in the College gymnasium. The sorority colors were effectively used in decoration.

Mary Allen, '16, spent the week-end of January 29 with Kathrene Eusigee, '16, at Cambridge.

Anne McIntosh, '16, enjoyed the week-end of January 29 with Edith Case, '16, at Kingston.

Marguerite Stewart, '17, and Ruth Moseley, '17, spent the week-end of January 29 at their respective homes.

The girls were glad to see Mary Johnston, who is home for a month's vacation from the Adirondacks where she is teaching.

Frances Larmon, '16, spent the week-end of January 29 with her sister at Hudson Falls.

Doris Cleveland, '17, passed a pleasant week-end, January 29, at her home in Philmont.

Louise Burleson, '18, and Helen Denny, '15, attended a dance given by the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity of Union College, Saturday evening, January 30.

Elvira Watkins, '15, spent the week-end of February 5 at her home in Cambridge, N. Y.

Helen Schermerhorn, '12, was a guest of the house girls for several days recently.

Laura Bristol, '13, made a flying visit to the house during examination week.

Psi Gamma

Marguerite Cramphin, '16, spent Junior Week at the Phi Delta Theta house party at Union College.

Cecil Kingsley and Leone Palmer were at the sorority house January 29.

Anna Hoolahan, of Middlebury, was the guest of Grace Meade during the weed-end of February 5.

Olive Horning, '17, spent the Saturday and Sunday following the mid-year examination at her home in Johnstown.

Esther Eveleigh, '15, visited at the home of Dr. Eveleigh, in Schenectady, the week-end of January 29.

Kappa Nu

Helen Nugent returned to College for a few days before the Christmas vacation. As a former president Miss Nugent was warmly welcomed by the girls.

Mary Haran, '15, spent the last week-end of the month at her home in Whitehall, N. Y.

Helen Clohosal was absent from College the week before examinations because of a severe attack of tonsillitis.

Marie Carmody, '18, spent part of the Christmas vacation with friends in Troy.

Dorothy Ablett, '17, spent a week-end during the month in Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Celia Casey went to her home in Schaghticoke, N. Y., for the week-end following examinations.

Marion McCarthy, '15, spent several days at her home in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Alumni Department

Gertrude I. Gifford, '08, has recently married Herbert A. Shaw of New York. Their home is now at 554 Riverside Drive, New York.

There has recently occurred the death of Mrs. Clara McClintock Wright, '97, at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Katherine Hardigan is teaching in Malone, N. Y.

Lela Farnham, '12, has a position as teacher of mathematics in Watertown High School.

Frances Poghlan is situated in Downsville, N. Y.

Bessie Clark is situated at Port Washington, N. Y.

Gertrude Brennan is teaching in Atlantic City, N. J.

Mattie Brenzel is teaching in Patchogna, N. Y.

Effa Van Terzee has a position at Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Martha Kinnear is situated at Lowville, N. Y.

Edna Hall secured a position at Peekskill.

Florence Woolworth is teaching in Walden, N. Y.

Christie Wait, '14, was recently married to Mr. Edwin Ruthven Eaton, Jr.

The many friends of Jessie Jones, '13, will be grieved to hear of her death, which occurred at her home in Gloversville, N. Y.

For those Alumni interested in the events of the State College the following is a calendar for the remainder of the year.

March 11.— A lecture by Mr. R. M. Moore on the subject "Goethe and His Faust."

April 2-April 13.— Spring recess.

June 2.— Final examinations begin.

June 13.— Baccalaureate sermon.

June 15.— Commencement Day.

On February 6, in the charming quarters of the Aldine Club, Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, was held the eleventh annual New York banquet of the Alumni of State College. Some hundred and fifty of the sons and daughters of the institution that has been known and loved under so many names were present to gather the inspiration that comes from a revival of the old days, and to rejoice in the fact that

they had heeded the call. Besides the pleasure of renewing old friendships, there was afforded the opportunity of meeting the new friend whose shoulder has so recently been put to the task relinquished by Dr. Milne. The Class of '84 had the largest representation of any single class, about twenty members being present. Among the other classes that were able to muster enough returned pilgrims to fill a table were 1890 and 1914.

At the business session the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President.....Arthur G. Balcom, '87

Vice-President.....Gerald S. Pratt, '14

Secretary and Treasurer....Fred A. Duncan

Dr. Brubacher, President of State College, Dr. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York, and Miss McClelland and Dr. Richardson, of the faculty of State College, were the speakers of the evening. Dr. Brubacher, speaking on the topic, "Unknown Elements in Secondary Education," outlined some of the important problems of high school administration that have thus far been brought to no generally satisfactory solution, and stated that he conceived it to be the first duty of State College to bend every effort to the solution of these problems in order that the work of training high school teachers may be intelligently directed.

Among the questions touched upon were the following: Why do such a small proportion of American children reach the high school, when the years of school attendance required under the Compulsory Education Law should bring all pupils of ordinary intelligence well through the high school period? What is the cause of the extremely great mortality

among first and second year high school students? To what lack in secondary training is due the fact that so many high school graduates gravitate rapidly to unemployment? Shall the high school prepare for living, or shall the training be strictly vocational? If neither of these extremes is desirable, what compromise shall be made? What are the social needs of the high school boy and of the high school girl, and how can these needs be most wisely met?

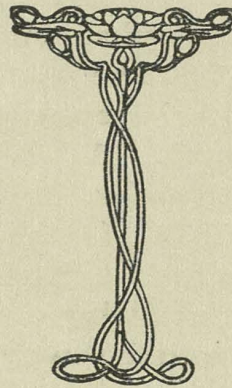
It can safely be said that few who heard the clear definition of the problems that confront every school administrator, and heard the earnest declaration of devotion to the task of finding a way out, came away without a feeling that the destinies of State College are under the guidance of a strong and able hand.

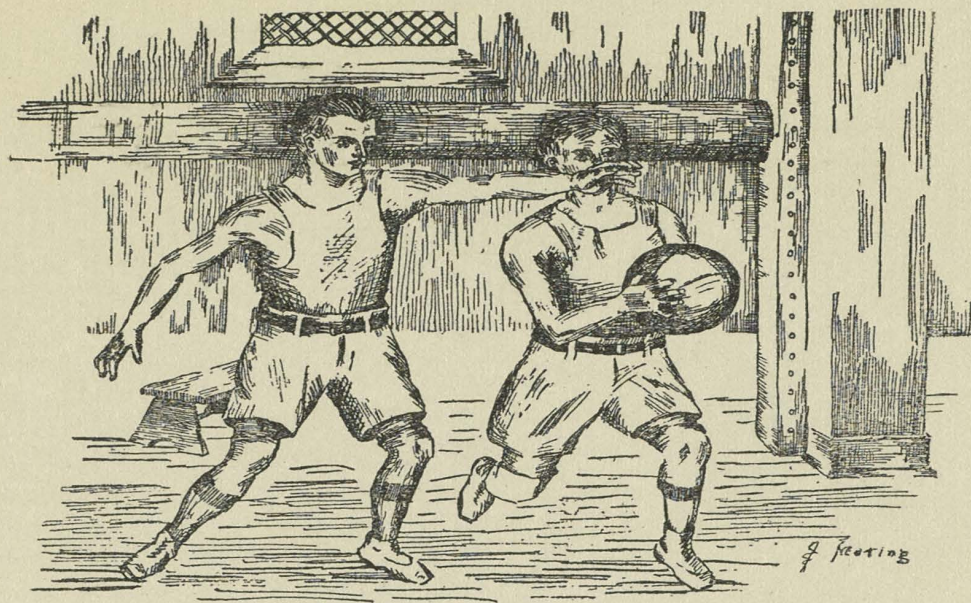
Dr. Finley, whose topic was "The State," drew a vivid picture of the great city that lies outside of Greater New York; the city state for whose benefit State College has been given its present mission. As he spoke in his delightfully simple way, earnest and thoughtful, yet keenly alive to all the possibilities of humor, the vision of the cold machine that presides over things educational in Albany, vanished.

Miss McClelland and Dr. Richardson, friends and co-workers of Dr. Milne for many years, brought a wealth of reminiscence to the talk of painting a more complete picture of him whom we have all known in some more or less partial way. The student, the philanthropist, the genial friend, the far-sighted and undaunted administrator was again among those for whom his life was spent. The spirit of veneration for the departed and the loyal welcome to him who is come to take the honored place were summed up in the closing words of Miss McClelland, "Our King Is Dead. Long Live the King."

It is planned to include in the organization of the association an executive committee composed of one member from each class. A partial list of this committee follows:

- 1880 Moses Becker
- 1884 James M. Edsall
- 1891 Mary E. Brown
- 1892 Mary E. Lynch
- 1898 William M. Strong
- 1900 Florence M. Greenwood
- 1902 Justus C. Hyde
- 1906 Henry H. Constantine





Athletic Department

The first interclass basketball games of this season took place on Friday afternoon, January 15, between the Sophomores and Freshmen. Splendid pass work was done by both teams and the game showed the result of hard practice. At the end of the first half the Freshmen had the highest score, but the Sophomores did some very swift playing in the second half and scored many foul points, bringing the final score to 21 and 13 in favor of the Sophomores. A fairly large number of the College students witnessed the game, and "livened things up" by cheering for both teams. An attractive feature of the game was the appearance of new red bloomers worn by the Sophomores.

The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores.

Teder — F.
Mosely — F.
Burleigh — G.

Freshmen.

Ferguson — F.
D. Austin — F.
Cole — G.

Braew	}	— G.	Gillespie — G.
Rosebrook		— G.	Austin — S. C.
Hutchinson		— S. C.	Shanks — C.
Grey		— C.	





Upon looking over the various magazines that come for Exchange, there is evident the lack of an Exchange Department in many of them.

This month THE ECHO has received *The Mount Holyoke*, of Mount Holyoke College; *The Normal Vidette*, of the Keystone State Normal School; *The Westminster Holcad*, of Westminster College; *The Colby Voice*, of Colby Academy; *The Garnet and Gray*, of Albany High School; *The Holy Cross Purple*, of Holy Cross College, and *The Vassar Miscellany*, of Vassar College.

The Holy Cross Purple is a very pleasing magazine with well arranged pages of prose and poetry. A few cuts, however, might add to the general appearance of the paper. The article "The Ethics of War" is splendid, and in it the author displays a familiarity with the subject at hand. After reading the article we can hardly fail to say that "war is justifiable." The editorials are excellent, written in a novel way, and not restricted to college topics exclusively.

The Normal Vidette is a very flourishing looking paper. A table of contents and a few cuts would, it seems, add a little to its general appearance. The articles, excluding those of a professional nature, are short and not of an especial literary character. The departments are well filled and are interesting to read.

The Mount Holyoke is again full of entertaining and interesting stores. "The Sister Who Never Was"

is very realistic and puts us back in the time of crusades, knights and ladies, and the days of chivalry. The department "In Short" is well supplied with short stories and poems, which deal especially with Christmas and the Christmas spirit.

The Vassar Miscellany contains the greatest number of long stories of any of the magazines which we receive. The article, "Women and the War," is wonderfully fine and splendidly written. We advise THE ECHO subscribers to read it.





The Latest War News

The Germans have taken Pilsner, and are now surrounding Delicatessen, where the wurst is expected. The Belgium hares have had a falling out with the Welsh rabbits and the Swiss cheese is shot full of holes. This will make the Irish stew and the English mustard hot, and if the Russian caviar see the French pastry, it may start a Swiss movement, watch!

The Spanish onions are strong for a mix-up, and if the Home preserves are called out and spread over the German noodles they may ketchup with the navy beans thereby.

A Perfect Gentleman

I rose with alacrity
To offer her my seat,
T'was a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

Dean — “You want a day off on account of the death of your Uncle Horace! Why, you used the same excuse a year ago.”

Stude — “Well, he’s still dead.”

Prof. M. — “Why didn’t you study your French lesson last night, P-t!”

Miss P-t — My throat was so sore I could scarcely speak English.

It is better to relate whiskered jokes than to dwell upon the calamities of the human race. This to the knockers.

Locating the Points

Cape of Good Hope — Sweet sixteen.
 Cape Flattery — Twenty.
 Cape Lookout — Twenty-five.
 Cape Fear — Thirty.
 Cape Farewell — Forty.

Plays and Players

Daddy Long Legs — Mor-in.
 He Comes Up Smiling — Prof. Sa-es.
 It Pays to Advertise — THE ECHO.
 The Shadow — Eva St-st.
 The Firefly — M-ie Tu-le.
 Seven Keys to Baldpate — Prof. Pa-er (first key).
 Little Women — Ser-od Twins.

Home Talent!

Rock-a-bye Senior, on a tree top,
 If Senior studies the cradle will rock;
 If the Senior fails to study at all,
 Down will come cradle, diploma and all.

That's Why!

“Why is a hat like a herald?” the giddy court fool said,

“Well?” asked the king. The fool replied: “Because it goes on ahead.”

(Note.— The court fool was afterward guillotined.)

Heard at the Prom

He — Do you like moonlight dances?

She — They fairly take my breath away.

Tramp — Say, Cap, will you give me ten cents for a bed.

The Other — Sure, bring it around any time.

“What business do you think Do-an will follow?”

One of his frat brothers — “Well, judging from the hours he keeps, I should say he was naturally cut out for a milkman.”

Prof. Berry — “What are the three words most used in school?”

Bar-ger — “I don’t know.”

Prof. Berry — “Correct.”

Fitz-d — “Why do the leaves of this book stay together?”

D. Bur-n — “Oh, they’re bound to do that.”

Prof. Hutchinson — “Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?”

Ep-in — “At the bottom.”

Prof. Risley — “What made the tower of Pisa lean?”

M. Ro-e — “It was built in the time of famine.”

Freshman — “My algebra book says simple equations.”

Upper Classman — “Don’t pay any attention to that. It’s just a printer’s mistake.”

Music Clerk — “What do you wish, madam?”
 Lady — “Sing me to sleep, please.”

Just before the examination in Sophomore Psychology!

First Sopho — “What do you know about the little gauglia racing up and down your spinal cord?”

Second Soph — “Haven't they got a nerve?”

A macaroon was once defined by a hungry husband in the following manner: “Huh! that tastes like nothing flavored with the same thing.”

Prof. Kirtland — “What are Mosaics?”
 D. Pa-ns — “The laws of Moses.”

Why is a Sophomore like a barber pole?
 Because he has a hollow dome on top.

“Shall I train him?” cried the Senior,
 And the victim's courage fled;
 You can't, for he's a Freshman,
 Just hit him on the head.

Familiar Sayings

Miss Valentine — “That's all right, but this expression is better.”

Prof. Douglas — “Pass a plane —”

Dr. Richardson — “What's the point?”

Do You Know These Books?

- "The Man in Lower Ten." — Prof. Kirtland.
"The Avenging Angel." — Billet Doux.
"A Study in Brown." — Prof. Douglas.
"Our Mutual Friend." — Prof. Risley.
"The Music Master." — Prof. Belding.
"The Children of To-morrow." — Freshmen.
"The Eyes of the World." — Faculty.
"The Last Try." — Make-ups.
"Their Yesterdays." — Seniors.
"My Lady of Doubt." — Alice Hutton.
"The Conflict." — Mid-year exams.
"Looking Backwards." — Alumni.
"The Magnificent Young Man." — Crehan.
"Initials Only." — R. H. K.
"Music of the Wild." — Music.



Index to Advertisers

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES :

A. G. Spaulding Bros., 52 State Street.

BAKERS :

O. K. Bakery, corner State and Lark Street.

BOOKS :

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

CLOTHING :

Steeffel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

COLLEGE CAPS AND GOWNS :

Cotrell & Leonard, 472-478 Broadway.

CONFECTIONERY :

The Sign of the Golden Robin, 31 Steuben Street.

DRUGS :

Schneible's Pharmacy, Western and Lake Avenues.

Honikel's Pharmacy, 159 Central Avenue.

FLOWERS :

Eyres, 11 North Pearl Street.

Hazeltine, 32 Central Avenue.

Whittle & Riggs, Albany, N. Y.

FURNISHINGS—MEN'S :

Dawson's, 259 Central Avenue.

GIFTS :

The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

GROCERIES :

Charles H. Sparks, 152 Western Avenue.

JEWELRY :

H. W. Anteman, 23 James Street.

Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.

Bastian Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

LAUNDRY:

Waterville Laundry Co., 289 Central Avenue.

MASONS:

Collins Bros., 82 State Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Brown, 55 North Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES:

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

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

PRINTING:

Hamilton Printing Co., 240 Hamilton Street.

SCHOOLS:

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES:

Abram De Blaey, 422-424 Broadway.

TEACHERS' AGENCY:

Albany Teachers' Agency, 81 Chapel Street.

Rensselaer Established 1824
Troy, N. Y.

Polytechnic
Engineering and Science Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

Charles H. Sparks

==FANCY GROCERIES==

152 Western Avenue

PHONE CONNECTION

COLLINS BROS.

MASONS AND BUILDERS

82 State Street

ALBANY, N. Y.

H. W. ANTEMANN

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Fine School and Class Pins

Original Designs Only

Fine Repairing a Specialty

23 James Street

::

ALBANY, N. Y.

**TWO
GOOD
HABITS**

EAT! If its candy, we have Nunnally's, Peter's and Pirika always in stock.

Drink! We serve everything the soda-water-man ever thought of, in a nice clean sanitary way at a Sanitary Fountain.

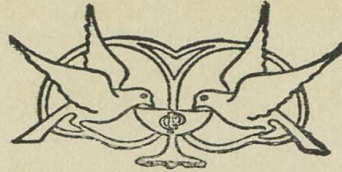
HONIKEL'S Down-to-date Pharmacy, 159 CENTRAL AVENUE

PHONES West 2036 and West 1303-W

PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL PRESCRIPTIONS.

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROBIN

TEA



ROOM

Dainty Lunches, Choice Candies, Sodas, and Ice Creams
31 STEUBEN STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.



The Sign of the Blue Bird Albany's Gift Shop

Dainty Valentines. Place cards at reasonable prices.
Hand colored platnums from Italy. A new and choice
selection of cards. Pictures, Pottery, and other articles
suitable for gifts.

29 STEUBEN STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE JEWELER

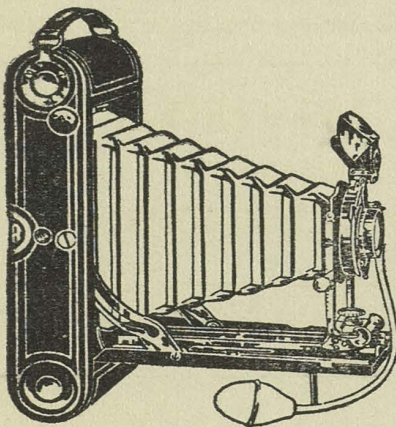
AROUND THE CORNER

YOUR JEWELRY REPAIRED AND MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW

SPECIAL PRICES FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVER

OTTO R. MENDE

3 DOORS ABOVE ROBIN STREET ON CENTRAL AVENUE



..THE COMPLETE KODAK STORE..

Kodaks and Brownie Cameras,

KODAK SUPPLIES

Radioptician, Picture Projector

*Bring us your Kodak and Brownie films. We
do prompt developing and printing with pains-
aking care.* ✨ ✨ ✨

F. E. COLWELL & CO.

459 Broadway

ALBANY, N. Y.



“The Master Mind

is absorbed in the search for things better than now exist, and rests discontented under ‘just as good.’ Mediocrity follows the beaten path, and is always a few laps behind.”

Many little “wrinkles” in athletic equipment are being constantly developed in our work. In Spalding equipment you invariably get more than you actually buy. It will be found “custom made” to your requirements.

A postal will bring you our catalogue showing you everything new and up-to-date for athletic sports.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

52 State St., Albany, N. Y.

ABRAM De BLAEY

All Necessary School Supplies

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

422 & 424 BROADWAY, - - - ALBANY, N. Y.

Second door below State Street

WHITTLE & RIGGS

Florists

ALBANY

NEW YORK



..KODAKS..

W. C. CARLAND CO.

31 Maiden Lane

All requisites for Kodak and Camera

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

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

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO STUDENTS

Quality

Quality



O. K. BAKERY

Cor. State and Lark Street



Quality

Quality

NO ORDER TOO SMALL FOR
OUR BEST ATTENTION

**Hazeltine's
Flower Shop**

Tel. West 1462

32 CENTRAL AVENUE
ALBANY, N. Y.

**Waterville
Laundry
INC.**

289 CENTRAL AVENUE, ALBANY, N. Y.

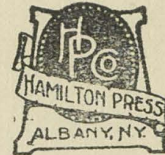
"GOOD WORK OUR HOBBY"
TELEPHONE WEST-1207

**American
Book Company**

Publishers of the leading
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
TEXTBOOKS

100 Washington Square
New York, N. Y.

**Price, Service
and Quality Printers**



Printers of the Echo

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

Steefel Bros.
Albany

*Price Isn't the Only
Important Consideration.*

Price is only important as its relation to quality. \$3.00 would be cheap for a good seat at an opera but an awfully high price to pay for a "movie."

Steefel prices are now 25% off—the qualities are of the "opera" type—high caste, high class, cultured, refined, guaranteed. When we cut 25% off our prices we say good-bye to profits—the farewell isn't sad, however, because it sends out our stocks in a Jiffy—Better not delay—this opportunity won't last much longer.

Brown

Photographer

STUDIO, 55 No. PEARL ST.

Special Rates to Students of this College

*Your kind consideration will be
greatly appreciated*

"The Thoughtful Giver Gives Timely"

Flowers

ROSES
SWEET PEAS

CARNATIONS
ORCHIDS

Baskets, Bouquets
and Hampers of
Cut Flowers in
beautiful bloom.

Eyres

Telephone, 5588 or 5589

11 North Pearl Street

**Academic Caps
and Gowns**

Makers to the
American Colleges
from the
Atlantic to the Pacific



**Correct Hoods for
all Degrees**

Rich Gowns
for Pulpit
and Bench

COTRELL & LEONARD

472-478 Broadway

::

15 James Street
