

# -THE-ECHO-



ALBANY, N. Y.

Miss B.  
Albany

April 1912

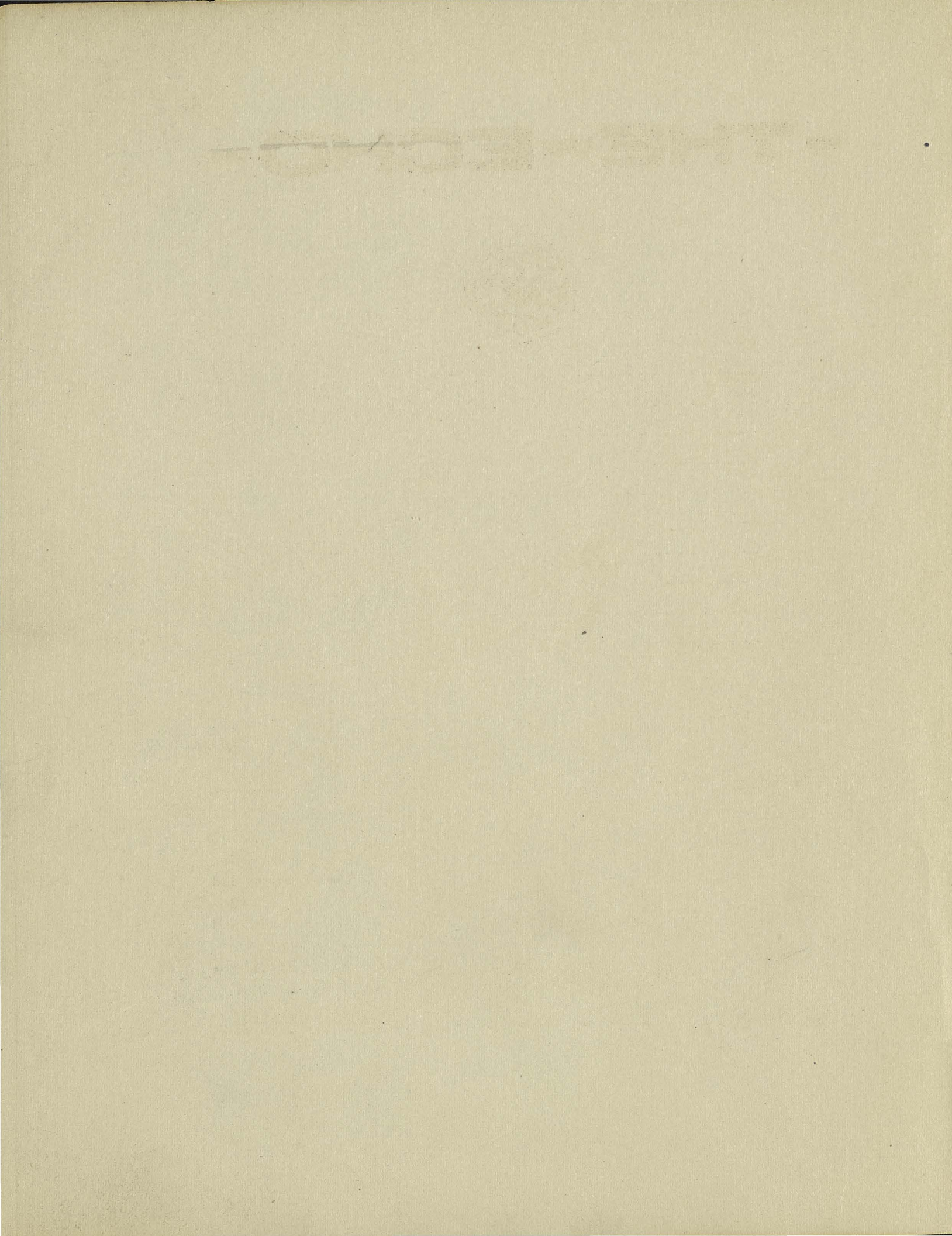






M B Scotland







# -THE-ECHO-



APRIL, 1912.

ALBANY, . . . . . NEW YORK





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## THE ECHO.

Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before October 15th; single copies 15 cents.

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

Address all business communications to the business manager, 800 Madison avenue.

THE ECHO is entered in the Albany Post Office as second-class matter.



# THE ECHO.

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XXII.

APRIL, 1912.

No. 8

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## Literary Department.

### A LULLABY.

Eyes o' blue,  
Draw down thy fringed curtain,  
Shut from sight the yellow candle glow,  
Pussy sleeps upon the hearth beside thee,  
Softly swings thy cradle,  
To and fro.



Eyes o' blue,  
The fairies come a' tripping,  
With their shimmering wands of moonbeam light,  
Crown thee with the flowers o' pretty fancies,  
Throw thee dainty dream pearls,  
All the night.

ETHEL G. EVERINGHAM, 1912.

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### A LESSON OF FALL.

Martin stepped quite briskly across the dazzling snow-covered surface of the field. His features and movements expressed hope, and the joy of existence. Well might such a morning make even him hopeful! A thin layer of snow, like an immense white scarf, covered everything, and the bright morning sunlight was reflected in a billion tiny rays from trees, fences and grass. The air was sweetly clean and stimulating.

The man's figure had probably once been nearly perfect. Now, under the heavy coat, the peculiar stoop of the shoulders, which the flattened chest allowed, was plainly visible. His face was handsome, with its own type of beauty. Dark, deep-set, and very clear eyes gave it a striking appearance, which the roses in the cheeks increased. Though very thin, and white but for the flushed cheeks, it was hardly a face to awaken pity, for its expression was strong.

Martin's thoughts were bright. It was Thanksgiving Day. Why, he might be much worse off! He felt very much better, and, perhaps, after all, he was growing stronger, and would soon be able to forget the terrible misfortune which had come to him. A little over four years ago Martin had been graduated with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. The ambitious young doctor had at once entered a hospital in New York city. There



it was that his health had begun to fail, and he had stayed too long. No one realized more clearly than he that his malady had gone so far that it was too late to mend. So the widow's only son had come back to the old home, he understood what for, though he never told his mother that he knew. And Martin had been afraid to die. Science had ruthlessly torn from him his mother's God, and had left him — a very little satisfaction. The self-complacent pride which had come to him did not prove to be a great comfort in his distress. It was just a silly, forlorn ray, and was growing always dimmer as his need grew stronger. Yet to-day the flattery of the disease had raised his fickle spirits. Hope's most deceitful angel was visiting him.

Martin had reached the further side of the field, and although he had thought himself stronger, he found that the exercise had wearied him. He paused on a knoll and leaned against the fence. Suddenly a stream of something warm spurted into his mouth, and then out upon the clean white snow. The wild terror of a stricken animal shone in his eyes, as the awful truth frightened him, gripped him. In his body something seemed to sink down, down. Hope dissolved in his mind, and in its place came a sharp, biting despair. The hemorrhage slackened, and, scraping some of the damp, cold snow from off the fence into his hand, Martin hurriedly swallowed it. Then he drew himself up erect and stood tense, not a muscle in his figure quivered; agony paralyzed his brain. For a moment he stood thus, and then a tempest broke loose in his soul. So it must be this way! Life, which had been so dear, so sweet, must be banished by the horrible blackness of death! The bright sunshine, and the blue sky, with its great fleecy clouds, the green grass and the flowers, the bird-songs, even the tender mother-love that had always been his, all must pass away! And Edith! Oh, God! Edith. Must he leave her too, forever!

The agony reached its climax, and quieter thoughts came to



the wretched man. Next June they were to have been married. How impossible and dreamlike it all seemed to him now! An awful anguish was in the glance that swept the familiar landscape. His eyes lingered on the meadow-land, stretching out below him. There beside the frolicking brook, in the warm, beautiful springtime, they had plucked violets, Edith and he. Over the green soft sward they had wandered toward the little gray school-house together. How very fitting it was that life should be called a tragedy. It might seem like a comedy at times, but it always ended with a catastrophe. Yes, with a catastrophe. That was death! How he feared, hated, dreaded it.

By a familiar trick of fall, the clear sky had suddenly become overcast, and as Martin gazed over the valley the dull gray scene was exaggerated to his abnormal state. In the distance, across the solemn whiteness of the snow, stood the monuments of a little family burying-ground. Through the meadow the little stream glided quietly between banks lined with ice. Nature was sleeping, and how like the death he feared it all seemed. So nature died, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

A quietness stole over him as he gazed absently. What a different picture would spring make of the scene! Once again he could see the meadow, as he had beheld it in childhood — all full of life and beauty. How queer and inconsistent that such a wonderful world should be ruled by just a series of unfeeling, unchangeable laws. Could it be that he had misunderstood science? Never before had nature revealed to him such a strange Power, at once so real, and yet so mysterious. Science had not accounted for this Power, which as a Great Cause now seemed so necessary, so near to him; it had only explained results. Yet something in his soul told him that what he felt was true, that this Power was Truth itself, that it was the God of his



childhood, new-robed with greater majesty. And Martin's face was transfigured with the glory of the revelation. The Deity, that before he had worshipped as apart from the world, that science had led him to doubt altogether, he now found in the heart of nature, and his soul commanded reverence. As he gazed again at the landscape, the death he saw there seemed to him now merely a preparation for a future life. All was clear at last. His vision of God had filled him with a great trust, and he thought patiently of the time when he would pass through the valley. And then, as for a brief moment, through a rift in the clouds the sun threw a burst of glory over all, the heavens were opened for him, and he saw far into the life beyond.

J. HARRY WARD, 1914.

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### A FISHING VILLAGE AFTER A FOG.

When one attempts to paint some old shingled house, that a hundred and fifty years ago was painted red, and again, a hundred years ago, yellow, all of which has since then mellowed and toned through a century of fog and rain, one must use the same colors that the faultless Del Sarto used when he painted one of the glorious salmon-colored robes of his favorite saint. And so it is in describing the silver tones of this quaint old fishing village, with its marvelous atmosphere and moist, gray days. How the soft grays change to gold, as the fog disappears under the glorious summer sun! One feels, as he looks at this little village, with its blue harbor in front, and its mauve and gold moors behind, that the color-tones are matchless in their superbly masterful blending. As the fog blanket rolls majestically away across the moorland, one sees, first, the old bug lights, which have long since been neglected and disused. Next the sweet scrub pines are uncovered as the dense, smoky blanket rears



southward, and to the left, and straight away, over hill and dale of bay and huckleberry, can be seen the meadows, their velvet tufts a golden green in the afternoon sun. Soon the fog blanket that has held the sun and clouds captive through the morning and late noon, ceases to roll, and melts, on the right, into the ochre cliffs, looming shapeless in the distance; straight beyond lies the whole broad ocean, violet and blue, in the waning day, over which sail the crimson clouds, vague and fantastic in their shapes. As we turn, to find the sun sunk low, that matchless moor, under the light of the dying day, is a living carpet of a thousand hues, Such a feast of color! Mauve and gold, pearl and opal, under a topaz sky! More and more, even as we look, the topaz yields to an amethyst veil, and longer and longer grow the mystic shadows, creeping across our homeward way. Twilight has fallen! And we feel a sense of great peace and thankfulness; peace, because we have heard the sweet songs that are hummed by the soft sea breeze to the answering, whispering pines; and thankfulness toward Him who has painted for us so magnificent a picture.

MARGUERITE C. ALBERTS, 1915.

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### AN INDIAN NARRATIVE.

It was springtime in the Hudson Valley, and the shores of the beautiful river shone resplendent in the new garments that Mother Nature had given them. The robins were singing their loveliest songs, and the wind was whispering gentle answers to the soft lap of the water. The air, too, was scented with that sweet fragrance which always comes with the advent of spring.

Is it any wonder, then, that the young hunter (for such his appearance indicated him to be) paused to drink in the beauty of the scene? Is it any wonder that he stood for many moments motionless as a statue watching the glory of it all? He himself



was almost a picture, as he stood there straight and tall, like a young pine of the woodland. The black hair was straight and wiry, the strong, straight mouth indicated power and force of will, but the copper-colored skin and high cheek-bones bespoke another race than that of the white man.

At last he resumed his journey, following a narrow path, which led up the hillside from the bank of the river. Suddenly he stopped and stared at a huge stone before him. He knelt down and examined it closely, and a low, joyful cry broke from his lips. Yes, truly, he had found it, he thought, the "Stone of the Waiting Lover," the story of which his fathers had handed down from generation to generation. His father had told him the tale when he was but a child, had told him, too, how the cruel white man had come and driven their people far into the west, so that no vestige of their race remained on the shores of their beautiful river, save the old stone with its mysterious foot-prints.

And this he had come to see. Many weary miles he had traveled over the country, through which his fathers had roamed when they, and they only, inhabited the land. He had heard of the numerous tales, which the white man had woven about this relic of his race and he had laughed in scorn when the pale-faced intruder tried to steal away his red brothers' tradition and replace it with his own. "Ah, no," he thought, "they may steal our lands, and slay our people, but they never can have our legends, for they belong to our race, and when our race is dead, so, too, are our legends dead with us."

Musingly he thought on the story as told by his father, and, as he thought, no doubt of its truth once crossed his mind.

It had been in the springtime, just as it was now, many years before the coming of the white men, that the people had seen a strange light in the heavens. Many nights it appeared, each time brighter than before, until everyone was frightened and



implored the soothsayers to interpret the strange omen. After much meditation they announced that the red light represented the anger of the Great Spirit, who could be appeased only by the sacrifice of the most beautiful maiden of their tribe.

Forthwith the little Swankee, sweetheart of the bold Red Bird, was chosen. They loved her too well to kill her, and so she was placed in a canoe and sent drifting down the river. With a brave heart she bade her lover farewell, telling him to be of good cheer, and watch for her return at the setting of the sun.

Sadly they watched the little canoe, as it drifted down the stream until it disappeared from view, for all believed they would never see the maiden again — all save Red Bird, who was sure she would return. That evening when the sun was lowering behind the mountains, Red Bird went out and, standing upon the rock, watched for his little sweetheart. But she did not come that evening, nor the next, nor the one after. And though Red Bird watched at every sunset, Swankee never returned.

But one day Red Bird was wounded. An arrow had struck him and he knew he could not live. Grasping a rude implement, he bade them carry him to the stone. When they had placed him beside it, he began chiseling into its hard surface the foot-prints of a man. Slowly and painfully he worked until his task was finished. Then gasping, he whispered to his brothers: "Here will my soul stand each sunset, until the little Swankee returns." Then, folding his mighty arms on his great breast, he turned his eyes toward the setting sun and died.

So ended the story which the red man's father had told him. Silently and happily he turned his steps to the westward, for he knew that the white man could never solve the riddle of the mysterious foot-prints in the stone, nor take from him the traditions of his dying race.

EDNA HALL, 1913.



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**INSPIRATION VERSUS ELBOW GREASE.**

There are, and for sometime have been, two schools of thinkers in our little Normal College world. The philosophic and argumentative minds of the place have been taking different sides on a question which has been considered in a good many phases. The discussion has taken on several aspects, but the crux of the matter is emotional inspiration versus acquired technique in the world of thought and artistic expression. The discussion has been carried through the fields of reason, poetry, music and all the modes of artistic expression. It has cropped out in the study of psychology, philosophy and logic. It has caused talk in many places and at many times. It has existed before our generation, and will probably persist after it.

One of the many nuclei about which the arguments have crystallized is the old query, "Are poets born, or made?" Another aspect of the same general problem is the consideration of the relative values of intuition and logical thinking. Viewed from another angle, the question concerns the superiority of the studied or the natural in art. To sum it all up, we have on our hands a quarrel between the poets and the geniuses on the one side, and the technicians and the scientists on the other.

I have often heard it said that truth is not absolute, but merely relative. Lowell, you may remember, said "Time makes ancient good uncouth." There are some, however, who look at this differently. I know that as we see it, the true, the good, and the great are merely a little nearer truth, goodness and greatness than we have ever attained before. We have probably never arrived at absolute and complete truth in anything. But I love to believe that the truth is still a thing absolute. I believe that some day when the questions are all answered all our petty beliefs and viewpoints will be found to be merely special cases of the great proposition. I think that some day, when the Master Mathematician demonstrates the Theorem



of Life to us, all our little half truths, all our seeming paradoxes, will be explained and understood to be but special applications of the ultimate proposition.

I think, then, that these views will be reconciled in a more inclusive statement of truth which shall contain both as but special provisos of a great law. And this is the general line along which I believe they will be related.

I believe that to be an originator, one must be born to that end. The creative faculty is from and of the Great Creator. We cannot possess the ability to originate except through His gift. I believe that the creators of all that is new are born with the ability within them. So far I support the theory that "Poets are born, not made," and all its sister theories.

But I also support the belief that through study and religious observance of the rules of technique we can all become artists. I can account for this in two ways. One is by the uncovering of latent possibilities. As for the other, I believe that if we "care, and dare, and believe," if we try with all our might, there is sometime given to us that divine spark which gives so much of intuitive insight into the whys, and whats, and wherefores.

As for the first, I believe that there is in every man something of the poet, artist, or musician. I believe that in many of us this lies latent, hidden, until by long and painful study it is brought forth. In some it comes easy, in others it is brought out by stress and strain, suffering, perhaps. In still others, the ability to bring forth the art within them must be carefully fostered by attention to technical detail.

If it is true that some of us are not born artists, I believe we can often attain to a good appreciation of art by following the rules laid down by others "born to the purple." At least we can acquire the ability to judge and perhaps to imitate the work of others. It is certainly well worth while to try.



In conclusion, I wish to offer a final plea for the technician. Perhaps some of those "vague, undefined yearnings of the artist to express something within him" would be satisfied if he had only a greater knowledge of the technique of his art. Technique may be a poor substitute for inspiration, but it would often be a great support to the lame and halting muse that seems to lead many a second-rate artist. Remember Martha won the Master's approbation, as well as Mary. It is best to be a Mary, but if one cannot attain to this it would be well to practice being a Martha. It would be still better if each one of us could be "a Mary with our middle name Martha." Let us at least be what we can, and some day, perhaps, we shall attain to something better than is at present within our power. In the meantime we can feel that it is better to have wished, tried, and failed, than never to have cared at all.

BALLARD L. BOWEN, 1914.

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### IN RABI.

It is years since I have been in Rabi, and I presume if I were to revisit the place to-day, I should find it a remarkably dull and prosaic little village, differing not a whit from dozens of other hamlets—with a church or two, a store or two, and a little box of a railroad station. But the Rabi of our childhood vacations—ah, that was a land of enchantment!

For weeks before school closed, my brother Arthur and I were wont to count the days, more and more impatiently, that must elapse before we could set out for grandpa's farm. At last the day would come, the trunks would be packed and sent, and we would be aboard the train. No special fun riding in the cars, however, for we were used to that mode of travel. "Waverly—Kendall Green—Stony Brook," the brakeman would call. Would we never get there? Finally, the call would



come, "Next stop is Townsend!" Sure enough, at the next station we would see the familiar face of Mr. Hall, the driver of the Rabi stage-coach. Out of the train we would tumble and race for the coach. Securely ensconced therein, we would turn our admiring gaze upon Mr. Hall. As I remember him, he was not a man of prepossessing appearance,—he had a rather insignificant look, in fact; but to our young eyes he presented an imposing and heroic figure as he stood on the station platform watching the departing train. Eagerly would we glance at his hip,—yes, it was there, the revolver that he had worn so ostentatiously ever since his first trip on the stage. This decoration, coupled with the goatee which he affected (a style of beard which we had never seen outside of a Wild West show), enveloped Mr. Hall in an aura of romance and mystery. Had he ever shot a man? *Would* he shoot one if one were to attempt to hold up the stage in the dark woods on Townsend Hill? The question remains unanswered, for the coach invariably made its way uneventfully over the provokingly peaceful road.

As we drew nearer Rabi, we would abandon all thought of hold-ups in our close watch for old land-marks. At length we would catch sight of Stickney's mill, would rumble over the bridge, pass "the plains" school house, rattle down Cox's hill at full speed and pull up, at last, in front of Sam Swett's store. Here we would leave a boarder or two for "Lucilla's," the village boys would mount the steps of the coach (the stage-driver, like the prophet, it seems, commands little respect in his own town), and away we would clatter to Tucker's store at the other end of the main street. Here the mail bags and the boys would be put off, the horses would start once more, and at the next stop we would pile out and rush into grandma's waiting arms.

\* \* \* \* \*



Next morning we would cut our breakfast short in our eagerness to get out and see the "farm," as Arthur persisted in calling grandpa's hills, in spite of the fact that my grandfather farmed only to the extent of raising vegetables and fruit for his own family. The "farm" was directly across the road from the house and consisted of a wide strip of land extending up over the sides of four hills (or, more properly speaking, one hill composed of four steps, like a vast, terraced lawn), and down on the other side of the hill to the old stone house—about half a mile from home. Along one side of the strip a lane extended, and this we followed. On the first slope were the vegetable garden and the apple orchard. We would examine the trees with much interest—for the apple crop was dear to our hearts—then would continue our way across the tiny brook, by the grapevines on the second slope, and the peach trees on the third; pause a moment at the base of the fourth to admire the pride of my grandfather's heart, his "Beauty Hebron" potato patch; then up the final slope to the great chestnut standing some rods in advance of the other trees, a solitary sentinel guarding the woods behind.

At the foot of the chestnut we would turn and look back across the valley. No wonder that it was customary for all the visitors in town to seek this spot at least once, in spite of the exertion of climbing the steep hills. Away in the distance, the Temple mountains rose, forming a dark blue background for the green of the nearer wooded hills. Off to the right we could dimly discern the big summer hotel at Mt. Vernon, miles and miles away. Lowering our gaze to the nearer objects, we would look long at the beautiful little sheet of water nestling at the foot of Little Potanipo hill, within a couple of miles of us. To the left Big Potanipo loomed rugged and verdant, shutting off any extended view in that direction. In the intervening valley lay the pretty little village, with its neat, homey-looking



cottages and big, gray barns. The picture was completed by a pale green meadow, through which a brook meandered leisurely. Each year we would say, "Here we will have our summer house some day."

After a final glance at the pond, we would turn and follow the path leading through the woods to grandpa's pigeon snare and to the old stone house, once occupied by real, live Indians. But our eyes would be caught by bright red checkerberries, and again our journey would be interrupted. As we stooped to pluck the berries, the indescribable odor of the woods earth would refresh our city-bred nostrils. Soon Arthur or I would be lying flat on the ground, the other would follow suit, and there was nothing left for our native cousins but to do likewise. There we would lie on our backs, gazing up at the sky and listening for the woods noises—now and then a rustle of leaves, the occasional chatter of a squirrel or the rusty pump of the blue-jay, possibly the drumming of a partridge.

Suddenly some one would recall that we had left home without finishing breakfast; the stone house exploration would be postponed; we would all join hands and run down the hills, across the road, and into the kitchen. And we *never* caught grandma unprepared for these invasions.

\* \* \* \* \*

But all that is past. Rabi has been subjected to civilizing influences. My brother was back for Old Home Week last summer. He did not leave the train at Townsend; the railroad now passes through Rabi and there is no need for the stage-coach. The conductor on the train was our old friend, Mr. Hall—Mr. Hall in a natty blue uniform with gilt buttons, a ticket punch in place of the revolver, a close-clipped moustache in place of the goatee. As he left the station, Arthur told the agent to send his grip over to "Lucilla's," and received the reply that "The Elmwood" was the best place in town to put up at; yes, Lu-



cilla Peabody's old boardinghouse had contracted civilization too.

After lunch my brother wandered up the road to my grandfather's place. A big clergyman from Boston spends his summers there now. The old lane up the hill was still there, and he turned in. A tennis court had supplanted the vegetable garden, the hills were converted into golf links. Still my brother continued on his way, solacing himself with the reflection that they couldn't take away the view, anyway. The old chestnut was still standing, and he turned at its base, as he had done so many times before. No, they couldn't take away *the view*. There were the Temple mountains—no, they couldn't *take away* the view, but they could mar it, and this they had done most effectually. There, completely hiding our loved lake, were huge, glaring, white ice houses. To the left, Big Potanipo loomed rugged and utterly barren. Not a tree had been spared by the devouring teeth of the saw. Sadly, my brother turned. This was the spot where he and I were to have our summer house. He followed the path leading through the woods—at least, he could lie down on the ground, gaze up at the sky and listen for the noises of the woods. An elaborate sign confronted him. On it was a quotation from Emerson about the woods—a beautiful quotation, no doubt, and selected with much care by the clergyman from Boston—but to place it there, as if the grandeur of the woods must needs be placarded like a new breakfast food!

My brother turned towards the village; he did not run down the hills. At length he reached Lucilla's—pardon me, "The Elmwood,"—obtained his grip and wended his way to the station.

FROM THE ECHO BOX.



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**THE WICKED FLEE WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH.**

The parlor clock was striking twelve,  
The world was dark and still,  
The croaking frogs had gone to sleep,  
An owl called from the hill.  
Then Little Johnny ope'd his eyes,  
An appetite had he;  
And oh, there was an aching void  
In his anatomy.  
Upon his little cot he lay,  
So innocent and sweet,  
And thought of all the goodly things  
That he would like to eat.  
He pondered on the pantry's wealth  
Of cookies, pies and ham,  
And then,—oh joy! the top-most shelf,  
Where mother kept the jam.  
No sooner thought upon than done!  
In less time than 'tis said,  
With noiseless foot and bated breath,  
The boy was out of bed.  
A loose board creaked upon the stair—  
John's heart beat loud and fast,  
The kitchen's gloomy length traversed,  
And he was there at last.  
He reached up to the top-most shelf,—  
The jam was mother's best,—  
And then the journey back began,  
The jar hugged to his breast.  
The hall was black as Carter's ink,  
And Johnny, in a fright,  
Recalled the goblins and the spooks



That prowled around at night.  
And then,—oh horrors! what was that?  
His heart stood still with fear!  
A rustle and a ghostly step  
Caught Johnny's listening ear!  
Oh, surely, 'twas a spirit hand  
That brushed him lightly by.  
Poor, frightened Johnny dropped the jam  
And loud began to cry.  
John's father, roused from pleasant dreams,  
Jumped up and struck a light,  
To see why wild and frantic yells  
Disturbed the quiet night.  
He brought the candle to the hall,  
And there, upon the mat,  
Sat Johnny's ghostly nemesis,—  
An ordinary cat.

HELEN H. SHEPARD, 1915.

### Editorial Department.

Consider now for a few moments the weather. But let it be a purely dispassionate and impersonal consideration, for verily the weather of late has been such as to preclude any intimate discussion of it in these reputable pages. But why consider the weather at all, then? Merely because of its influence on our daily acts. If you were one of a thousand people ship-rekt on a desert isle, what you would do first would depend largely upon the weather conditions. If your island were up near the top of the globe, your first move would be in search of some means of producing heat; if you found yourself in the tropics, you would probably look about and size up the crops—the food possibilities of your new abode. But if your island



were in the temperate zone, and if it were a balmy spring day, there's about an even chance that you would settle yourself on a stranded soap box and grind out a sonnet to Spring. If not thus engaged you would take a deep breath, become infected with the spring fever germ and go mooning around, fully conscious that there was much work to be done, but perfectly content to let George do it.

Though we are not stranded on a desert isle, nevertheless we are very susceptible to weather conditions; we feel the enervating effects of the spring breezes and, too often, we succumb to them. In college life, particularly, it is fatal to let things slide during early spring, for there is no time to recover from the slump before examinations. Ergo:

When the robins 'gin to sing,  
If you think, "That rhymes with spring,"  
When you breathe the gentle air,  
If you feel, "Well, I don't care,"

cross your fingers and reach for your Heine.

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### **News Department.**

#### **THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW.**

About three hundred students failed to improve their opportunity to see the entertainment given by the Men's Athletic Association, and about the same number regret missing this unique production. Not to increase their suffering, no program will be printed here. Suffice it to say that these well known comedians and stage artists were in the cast: Williams, L. Ward, Hayford, Goewey, Mackler, Rosenblum, Elmore, C. Snyder, and Richards. The show started with a dream and ended with a lecture. The next performance — but that's another matter.



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**PROMETHEAN SOCIETY.**

The regular meeting of the Promethean Literary Society was held on Friday evening, March 29. The following program was enjoyed:

1. Singing ..... By the Society
2. Impromptu Speech ..... Amy Wood
3. Piano Duet ..... Misses Anderson and Lobdell
4. Debate—

Affirmative: Joyce Sharer, Samuel Hayford.

Negative: Mary Mead, Louis Ward.

5. Piano Duet ..... Misses Anderson and Lobdell
6. Recitation ..... Emilie Hendrie
7. Singing ..... By the Society

The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That Roosevelt is justified in declaring himself a candidate for renomination." The judges, Dr. Ward and Professors Walker and Kennedy, rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative.

A short social session, conducted by Miss Mildred Lawson, followed the program.

The meeting was largely attended and much enthusiasm was evident. Interest seems to be reviving, and those in charge of the programs promise some more interesting meetings in the future.

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**SOPHOMORE NOTES.**

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!" The spelling match is no more; it has departed from this sphere of turmoil! "And the place thereof shall know it no more!" Never mind, Freshmen, you have not the ignominy of defeat.

Regular bi-monthly Sophomore meeting on Thursdays at 10.30.



The Sophomores and Freshmen are planning a joint reception.

The following is for the Sophomores only:

“ Miss Atwood holds the money bag,  
Of late it's mighty flat;  
Of course you know we hate to nag,  
But *dues* would come quite pat.”

We hope that no one of the upper or lower classmen, so violated the honor system, as to read the above!

### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

A regular meeting of the society was held Wednesday, March 13th, with Miss Gertrude Wells as leader.

The meeting of March 20th was led by Miss Nola Rieffenaugh. Her topic was “ The Rogues' Gallery in the New Testament.”

The annual election for Y. W. C. A. officers took place March 20th and 21st, and resulted in the following persons being elected:

President. . . . .	Amy Wood
Vice-president. . . . .	Hazel Vibbard
Secretary. . . . .	Mabel Thomson
Treasurer. . . . .	Christie Wait

At the meeting of March 27th, Dr. Aspinwall gave a very interesting and inspiring talk on “ Missionary Education in Turkey.”

On April 2-3 a candy sale was held by the girls for the purpose of adding to the Silver Bay fund. About fifteen dollars was realized.

At the regular meeting of April 3d, the installation of the newly-elected officers took place.



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**BORUSSIA.**

Regular meetings of Borussia have been held during the past month. They were not characterized so much by the numbers present as by the quality of the work done. All of the members are urged to be present, for the best planned program is made more effective by an enthusiastic audience. Both the variety of subject matter and correlation of material have made the work instructive and interesting—Borussia is the place to get the true German spirit—if there is true co-operation among the members. Make it what it should be—a vital force in the German department of our institution. The following program was enjoyed at the last meeting:

## I. Geige Solo—

Das Matrosen Lied aus dem Fliegenden Hollander.

Fraulein Wheeler, Klavier Begleitung, Fraulein Gardner.

## II. Wagner's Leben . . . . . Fraulein Fordham

## III. Kurze Geschichte von Tannhauser . . . . . Frau Ward

## IV. Klavier Solo—

Das Pilger chor aus Tannhauser . . . . . Fraulein Blair

## V. Lohengrin . . . . . Fraulein Brasch

## VI. Klavier Solo—

Elsa's Gebet aus Lohengrin . . . . . Fraulein Lawson

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**GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.**

“Still waters run deep.” The special little pool in the Echo devoted to the Girls' Athletic Association has been very still lately, but take the word of an insider, and realize that the association is alive, growing, and branching into many fields of activity, and will soon be one of the strongest factors of our college life. Regular meetings are now held the first Wednes-



day of every month and the insignia of its members is a small round silver pin with "A. A." on it.

Anyone who failed to attend the "Gym" frolic on Friday, March 8 missed a good time. Relay races, hurl ball, and other enlivening games formed the main part of the afternoon's frolics. It pays to be a member, girls, for such things as this, and many other good things to come, can be enjoyed by members only. The association welcomes new members at any time, and if you are wise, you will not let such good opportunities slip by.

The basket ball season is about at an end, and a review of its victories and defeats, and the general wholesome spirit of fair play predominating throughout, show its results to be most gratifying. We missed a Senior team this year, so the series of inter-class match games was not entirely complete. But with all due respect and admiration of true skill, we are glad to proclaim the Juniors the champion team for 1911-1912. To them will be awarded the college letters, and to the rest who played in two or more match games will be given their class numerals. This season has been marked by a great increase in class spirit, and it is hoped that the same will be true to a greater degree next year, when we have four teams. A new and highly successful feature of each match game was a cozy little tea held in the gymnasium office and enjoyed by the players, directly after each game. Following is the schedule of match games played:

Dec. 14: Junior, 10; Sophomore, 5.

Feb. 20: Sophomore, 12; Freshman, 9.

Feb. 29: Junior, 29; Freshman, 16.

March 7: Junior, 23; Sophomore, 14.

March 14: Freshman, 14; Sophomore, 7.

March 19: Freshman, 13; Junior, 8.

On April 20 will be held a basket-ball luncheon, but we'll tell you more of that next time.

A climax of the work in the gymnasium this year was



reached on the evening of March 22, when a public demonstration of the physical training in our college was given by our girls. It was a success in every respect, not only reflecting glory on the girls participating, but the great variety of work displayed, and the smoothness of execution showed the excellent training of an excellent instructor. We are truly grateful to Miss Dunsford for all the sources of benefit made possible by her.

The spring activities of the association will soon be in full swing. Among these is to be included a walking club. Come and join us, girls. We're having lots of fun.

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### HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

Two meetings have been held this past month. "Roosevelt, Root and the Recall" was the subject for March 1. About one hundred years ago certain changes, certain readjustments, took place. There was a judicial readjustment under John Marshall, a political readjustment through the influences of Jefferson and Jackson, and an industrial readjustment. Is this a period of readjustment similar to that of a hundred years ago? Roosevelt's latest theory, the recall of judicial decisions, the theory of recall of judges, and Senator Root's opinion of the subject, filled the forty-five minutes and left no time even to mention many other important occurrences.

Another meeting was held March 7, to consider these omissions, as follows: The relations of the United States, Denmark and St. Thomas; the recall of Ospina, the Columbian minister to Washington; President Taft's proclamation, warning Americans to keep out of Mexico. The many recent utterances on the Monroe Doctrine were brought to our notice — the Monroe Doctrine and St. Thomas; objections to the Arbitration Treaties



because of it; and Secretary Knox's recent characterization of the doctrine as "a common heritage" and "a bond between South America and us." The death of Count von Aehrenthal, the coal strike in England and other disturbances there were also discussed. No meetings were held until after our return from our Easter vacation.

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### DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

We enjoyed having so many of our friends with us at our "At Home."

The last regular meeting of the Sorority was held at the Flat, March 19th.

We are glad to welcome Miss Ethel Rose and Miss Clara Sims as Delta sisters.

Mrs. Bissell, who has been with her daughter, Ruth, at the Flat for some time, has returned to her home in Waterville, N. Y.

Miss Beulah Woolworth visited College with her sister April 4th.

Miss Le Compte spent the Easter vacation with Miss Florence Gardner at her home on Long Island.

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### KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

On Sunday, March 24, the house girls were entertained at dinner by Miss Pierce.

Miss Rieffenaugh had as her guest the week before Easter Miss Stella Tyrell of Watertown.

Miss Mary Isabelle Lewis, a former College student, was married on Monday, March 4, to Mr. William Stephens of Kingman, Arizona.



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The K. D. house was closed during the spring vacation, as all of the girls spent that time at their respective homes.

A theatre party was given in honor of Miss Helen Schermerhorn on Thursday night, April 4.

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### PSI GAMMA NOTES.

A meeting of the Sorority was held on the evening of March 29, at the home of Miss Florence Chase. We were glad to have our sister member, Mary Hotaling, with us.

Miss Cornelia Webster entertained her sister during the week of April 1.

Miss Hope Duncan visited friends in Troy during the weekend of March 29.

The Sorority girls will hold their annual dance in the college gymnasium April 19. We are glad that a number of our alumnae are planning to be with us. The patronesses are: Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Frear and Miss Dunsford.

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### Alumni Department.

A new book on education has recently been published, entitled "Outlines of Education." The book is a summary of the most important educational systems of the world, and its author is Dr. William B. Aspinwall, 1900, Pd. M., Ph. D., Professor of the History and Principles of Education in the State Normal College. The dedication of the book is to Dr. Milne and we can do no better than give it in the felicitous words of the author, "To William J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D., President of the New York State Normal College, whose personal influence and wise counsel have for many years been a source of encouragement and inspiration to thousands of students and teachers, this book



is affectionately dedicated." The introduction of the book is by Dr. A. S. Draper and here again the best plan for "un-literary" editors is to repeat things in the admirable way in which someone more literary than they has said them. "This book attempts to place in small compass the long and involved story of the evolution of those different philosophies of education which have been substantial enough to endure. . . . The work has clearly been prodigious. . . . There has been manifestly an attempt to clear out the underbrush so that wanderers or travelers with a purpose may explore the woods and hope to get out again in the course of a human life. This book grows out of the spirit of our generation. Dr. Aspinwall is to be commended for having seen the opportunity to render a service to the guild of teachers, and for having performed that service with so much labor and discrimination."

The Editors know that it is not their function to criticise the Faculty, yet we, as members of the college, cannot help being proud when a member of it writes a book of so much value to the world of students.

Many of the schools of the State are closed this week and several of our alumnae have taken the opportunity thus afforded to come back for a brief visit. Among the visitors have been the Misses McKenna and Philip and Mr. Van Denberg of the class of 1910; the Misses Alcott, Fitch, Morse, Quackenbush and Trembley of the class of 1911; also Anna Brett, 1893, and Edith Brett, 1898. Miss Anna Brett is principal of a large public school in New York. The Misses Brett are nieces of Miss McClelland.

Emily Hoag, 1910, is teaching English and History at Ovid, N. Y.

Miss Florence McKinlay, who is now teaching in the Schenectady High School, will spend the summer studying in Germany.



## FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

“Frailty, thy name is Woman!”

So spake Hamlet, and he has been echoed much in his sentiments. It seems *apropos* to speak of this here and now, for the people in Shakespeare have been studying that tragedy. Yea! Verily, “frailty, thy name is woman!!!” And she would vote! Why, even within these walls there are those who would have this right, which is a wrong, in their hands. In my day (meaning by that those centuries when true wisdom and learning were cultivated), women were content to stay at the hearth, and wield their influence by following the old adage, “the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.” And to think that some of the girls here are wearing *Votes for Women* buttons. Now it would be better for them to see that they keep the buttons sewed on their dresses. Why if Cressida, or Helen of Troy or Thisbe had appeared with such signs they would have had one way tickets to Hades presented to them, or they would have taken the shortest route to Pavilion F.

Then judge my surprise when I see a young man—yes—a Sophomore at that—wearing one of these buttons. But he could not face it, so he turned his back. When an explanation was demanded from his classmates he denied his guilt, and tried to accuse a girl! Well, I am not surprised, but I am seriously inclined to bring about a change in those campaign buttons, changing the slogan to *Volts for Women!*

One would think, to see the straw hats that are being carried around by ambitious Household Economics people, that summer had come. But snow is still falling, and here it is April! Peary and Cook must have made it so hot for each other that the North Pole moved to these parts.

I wonder what has happened to the Freshmen-Sophomore



spelling match. Somebody must have lost courage the last minute, or else they couldn't decide whether phonetic or sane spelling was to prevail. I should infer that from association and environment (especially Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings) the Sophs. would prefer the former method.

April Fool's day passed comparatively uneventfully here. Many jokes were in the air, but few materialized. The psychology professor surely got his vengeance on those seniors. It was quite glorious, that April day which made fools of the whole Senior class. They must have felt quite "squelched." I distinctly heard one of the girls say that her paper for that day was better prepared than that of any other day. Probably because it better expressed the condition of her mind—a state of perfect blank.

"Xplickey-le! Xplickey-le!" is a familiar quotation of these days. At first I decided that it was a peculiar war cry, or maybe a pass word to some mysterious order; it seems, however, to be the danger signal of a French class. For a while they were looking for jokes, and from the frantic expression on their faces, one would never believe the joke amounted to much. Then proverbs were sought with as much enthusiasm. They would be repeated, and then someone would say in the blindest surprise: "Xplickey-le!" Poor things!

Another wild babbling is going around the halls. You can hear it every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. It goes something like this:

"*Mae-ce-nas-a-ta vis ed-i-te regi bus!* No, that isn't right, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Now you do it, Barbara."

"It goes like this—"

"*Mae-ce-nas a—ta———*there, now I can't do it either!"



“ O, here comes Vera, she had it last year—she’ll do it!”  
And Vera begins—

“ *Mae-ce-nas a-ta-vis ed-i-te regi-bus O et prae-sidi et ——!*”

She, too, is dismissed as incompetent as a tall Junior who has had *Ars Poetica*, and who can scan Juvenal, appears. She sets all things to rights.

Yes, the poor Freshmen think this is terrible, but O! wait till that glorious time they shall come to a state of perfection in scanning. The lines about the “ purple patch ” will fall like pearls from their lips!

Belated valentines are being issued from the office again. All but two in a quondam brilliant German class have received these billets-doux from the shrine.

Colonel is back! I heard that Dr. Carter’s Little Liver Pills were the immediate cause of his recovery. I imagine that he has taken Hood’s Sarsaparilla, too, for he has a fine color. However, we are all delighted to see him, and we hope that his improvement continues.

Speaking of dogs, I am reminded of the antonym, cats. I myself inspired the mind of somebody to write a notice to the following effect: “ Lost—A kitten, will somebody please find it and stop that noise?” Now somebody, in kindness of heart thought that he *would* stop the noise, so he substituted another kitten, a little orphan, for the poor mother’s lost darling. Like Hugo’s Gudule, Tabby refused this substitute for her stolen child. So now there are three sad hearts. Mother Cat, who roams through the building, wailing pitifully, Baby Kitten, who was ruthlessly snatched from the fond mother, and cast out upon the world, and last of all, orphan pussy, who has been repudiated by the lady cat. C’est triste, n’est ce pas?

With spring, autos are beginning to grow numerous again. When the door opens to admit people, I can catch fleeting glances of fleeting machines which whiz by the pedestrians.



“ Here’s to the people we meet in the street,  
The auto man said  
To those who stay on, and keep off of their feet—  
The quick, and the dead! ”

Some signs appeared on the bulletin boards lately, which amused me much. They puzzled many too. They would read something like this:

“ Its coming—Terese—save your pennies! ”

“ Certainly, Terese, certainly! ”

“ Dr., examine my voice, I can’t sing a note! ”

It came, finally, and proved quite a success. The spectators learned that “ Kirk-landed Birchenough to Decker,” and many other things equally valuable. Some of the jokes were so stale that, to quote from the text, “ They had to take them out and shave them, for they had whiskers.” Others were new and sprouting, such as the Romeo and Juliet scene.

Wonderful! the minds of those boys!!!





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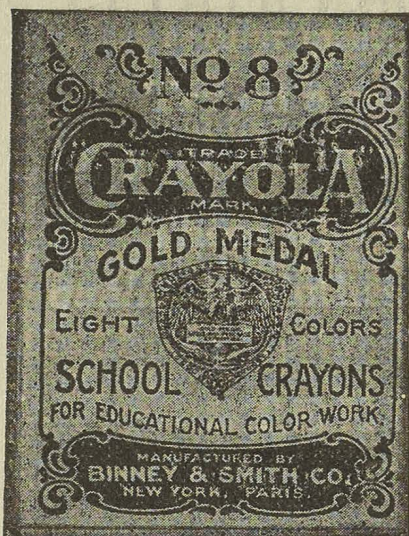
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