

V. 22 No. 2

-THE-ECHO-



October
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The Echo

VOL. XXII

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 2

Literary Department

The Saving Hand

THE stock-room door of Department "D" opened cautiously, and the cheerful face of an errand boy appeared.

"Tzs — s — s," he warned, "Boss 's coming!" Then the door closed softly.

Within the workroom there was a swift flurry of skirts, a sudden silence, and, as the door reopened to admit the foreman and an inspector, seventeen girls were working so industriously that they scarcely took time to glance up.

When at last the door closed after the foreman, the girls relaxed into their customary air of careless industry, and the hum of conversation rose once more.

"Gee, that was a close call!" sighed one of the girls, in relief. "We had ought to be mighty good to Tommy for that tip. Why, I was 'way acrosst the room, talking to Nance Grady. Did you see me come? Thought I'd never git here. And now," she put back the damp hair from her face, "now I'm hotter'n a boiled pepper!"

"Hot!" sighed her neighbor, lifting weary eyes

to the speaker's face. "You're not the only one. We're all of us most dyin' with the heat. I'm glad it's Saturday. Seems as if I couldn't stand it if I had to stay here this afternoon, too."

"That's right," assented the girl across the table. "Five days and a half is too much any time, but in this weather it's a crime to make us stay in here. Oh dear! I wish I didn't have to work," the voice wavered plaintively. "I wish, I — I wish —."

"Cut it out, my dear," another voice broke in curtly — the voice of a pink-cheeked Irish girl who worked two chairs further down the long table. Norah Casey was possessed of a warm, sympathetic heart, but she also had a large portion of practical common sense. She knew that the kindest thing she could do for the other girls was to keep them from harboring thoughts of dissatisfaction. So she went on, presently, with well assumed cheerfulness.

"What's the sense in our wishing we didn't have to work? We do have to, and that's all there is about it. Of course we all wish we was millionair-esses this weather, but we ain't, so what's the use? Most of you girls ain't got no cause to holler, anyway. You ain't sick and you ain't never known no different from this. If it was Laurinda, now, who was complaining,——" Norah's eyes softened as they rested on the girl opposite her, "she's known different. But does she complain? No-sir-ree! And she's got it harder'n us, too — boardin' away from home, and her half sick!" And Norah smiled across the table at the girl whom she was championing so staunchly.

But Laurinda did not smile back. She simply lifted her tired head in dumb remonstrance, while her dark eyes sought Norah's almost piteously. For a moment each girl stared steadily into the other's eyes. And slowly the smile faded from Norah's lips. A little shiver caught at her throat, and crept slowly to her limbs. Then she dropped her eyes to hide the questions which suddenly flashed through her brain.

In that one moment Norah had read the very soul of Laurinda Benson. What she had seen there terrified her. Hopelessness had been revealed in that one moment—naked hopelessness, which darkens swiftly to despair, unless some gentle, saving hand is stretched out to redeem.

Norah thought swiftly then. She remembered the first day Laurinda had come to work in Department "D." She recalled the proud tilt of the sensitive chin, the proud courage that had looked out of the dark eyes. Pride, indomitable pride, had seemed to be her chief characteristic in those days. Yet it was not a selfish, aggressive pride, Norah had soon discovered. It was rather such a pride as a sensitive nature uses to shield itself from the hurts of the world; such a pride as a person adopts who, having "mightily resolved," fears to have his resolution shaken. But the other girls of Department "D" had misunderstood the aloofness and proud composure of the "country girl," as they sneeringly called her. So Laurinda had found herself doubly alone in the big city she had faced so bravely.

Then had come the illness which had robbed Lau-

rinda of those things which she most needed, health, money and the courage which had sustained her. But her pride remained. When, at last, she came back, pale and wan, to her old place at the long table, the girls' half-careless words of greeting hurt her. She sensed in them a sort of scornful pity, and against this her nature rebelled.

That day had marked the beginning of Norah's championing of the girl. She had let no opportunity escape by which she might possibly make a friend for Laurinda, in whose eyes she read a great loneliness. But there was one thing which Norah could not know: that, no matter how great the loneliness became, Laurinda could not become friends with the girls in Department "D."

There was a certain quality active in Laurinda Benson, over which she had no actual control. It was a constant reaching out after the pure, the ideal, the mystical in everything with which she came into contact. In Norah, Laurinda found a certain sincerity and beauty, learned by the Irish girl from the rugged hills and free winds of Ireland. But in the other girls of Department "D," Laurinda found little to satisfy the longing which possessed her.

All these things Norah dimly comprehended as she sat at her work, thinking of the thing which had looked out at her for one moment from the weary eyes of the girl opposite. Suddenly the memory of another girl came to her, another girl not unlike Laurinda. The same black hopelessness had lived for a time in that other girl's eyes. And then one morning that other girl had not come to work. A rumor

had passed from lip to lip, a rumor which had quickened to horrible certainty. The other girl had died *by her own hand!*

For a moment Norah's kind face was convulsed. Then a grim determination took possession of her. If there was anything which could be done to give back to this girl the hope she had lost, Norah was resolved to find that thing. For Norah *loved* Laurinda.

* * * * *

Two hours later Norah stood in the little room which Laurinda called home. She was silent, thinking. Word by word, sentence by sentence, she had forced the story from the girl who now lay, white and frightened, upon the bed. And if Norah had done no more, she had at least aroused Laurinda to a realization of where she was drifting. But that was not enough. If she left the girl now — Norah closed her eyes suddenly, crying out silently to a Power greater than she, a Power of which she knew but little, but in which she trusted infinitely.

And then, through her prayer, came the voice of Laurinda herself, crying out to her in piteous appeal:

“ Oh, Norah, get me something, anything to stop this pain in my head. Oh, if I could only sleep — sleep, Norah! Why, I told you I haven't slept in three days, and my eyes seem to be bursting. Oh, Norah, won't you get me something to make me forget, to put me to sleep? I don't care for how long — I just want to forget and go to sleep! ”

Norah bent over the girl, in sudden desperate re-

solve. "Laurinda, honey," she whispered, "I'll go and get something to help you. But first, you must promise me not to move from this bed until I get back, no matter how long it takes me. And try to forget all about this," her hand swept out toward the city, "just try to remember the little village, and the boys and girls, and the roses that grew by your window at home." Norah's face suddenly grew radiant. "Think of the roses every minute, sweetheart. There, promise me? That's a love! I'm going now. Remember your other promise and *think of the roses, every minute!*"

* * * * *

That night, when a big, yellow moon looked down upon a heat-oppressed city, one of the many busy little moonbeams slipped into the room where Laurinda lived, and touched, with gentle caresses, the dark hair of the girl as she slept. For Laurinda was sleeping naturally, dreamlessly, her arms filled with pink roses. And over by the window Norah watched, her eyes filled with such a look of contentment and trust, that the moonbeams, resting upon her face, transformed it into something holy.

EDITH A. CARR, '15.

A Revery

“ For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay.
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmured, “ Gently, Brother, gently, pray! ”

What a shrewd old poet-philosopher was Omar Khayyám! When we read his quotations, filled with their quaint, fatalistic philosophy, it seems almost as if we were really at table with him, after wine had gone round.

“ Gently, Brother, gently, pray! ” Those words, with their insistent, unceasing repetition, have been singing in my heart to-day. As I sit musing, shadow faces appear in the dim half-light of the room, shadow faces of those in that great procession of friends, once loved and honored, who have now passed on, their usefulness over.

Did they hear us cry, “ Gently, Brother, gently, pray! ” as with rough or gentle hands they touched the moist and plastic clay? And now that the vessel is old and all awry from the Potter’s touch, shall we sneer and say, “ We had no hand in this, it is the fault of the clay? ”

But, nevertheless, how dear are those dream friends of a time past. “ How you come about one in the haunted sunset! I call you by your names, and you are by my side — dear shadow names that no one knows but I! * * * The day is nearly ended. Do I seem lonely in the dusk? No, I have my shadows. * * * All these dream faces are

mine!" One is pausing; it is the face of her that I loved many years ago. Perhaps I shall find her again, perhaps in the Valley of Shadows; can you tell me?

A drowsiness comes over me. I cannot seem to remember — remember —.

I must have been asleep — but there was such a strange, weird melody, that pulsated through my veins, that I never felt such sweet anguish. The words haunt me, yet I cannot reveal them as they came to me then.

Last night a whimpering wind of the west
Crept in at my open door,
Sighing incessantly, "Cease your quest,
You will never find her more!"

She has gone, she has gone, and the bubble of life
Floats airily on into space,
But the rapturous colors that once were rife
Have suddenly left its face.

And the wind sweeps past, and a moaning sigh
Shivers among the trees;
The dying echo of the time-old cry
Fading upon the breeze!

It is night! "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"
O let your touch be light, and let it not reflect your
moods, when you mould the clay that falls into your
hands.

EDITH F. CASEY, '14.

Melrose as I Saw It

Melrose is the halting place of all tourists visiting Scotland. About it center all the wild legends and glorious traditions of the Scottish race. In fact, Sir Walter Scott, in his desire to live close to history, built his beautiful home, Abbotsford, just beyond Melrose, and Abbotsford, itself, has been called a "romance in stone."

After a rather wearisome journey from Edinburgh to Melrose, we gladly climbed into a high, uncovered stage coach and were driven over the smooth three-mile-road to Abbotsford. It was a pretty, home-like country through which we passed, resembling an English rather than a Scotch landscape. Fields of newly mown hay, spotted with funny little round cocks, something like beehives, gave forth a certain well-known fragrance, which came to us as a breath from home. All along the roadside, and even in the ripening barley fields, bright scarlet poppies gleamed.

Upon returning to Melrose, we entered the town from the oldest quarter and were driven through a series of narrow, winding lanes, dodging sharply about the corners of quaint old cottages — the driver frequently blowing his horn or cracking his whip in warning of our approach. The queer little town impressed us, as I suppose it does all other travelers, with its cheerful simplicity and peace.

The afternoon sun, just setting, brought into glowing relief the warm grays and browns of the picturesque houses. Each dooryard was a mass of summer flowers, now all in a blaze of color. There were tall, stately, pink and white hollyhocks, poppies of every

shade, ranging from pale rose to flaming scarlet, lemon-colored marigolds, deep blue bachelor buttons, and numerous varieties of daisies, with many of which I was unfamiliar. On a small picket fence enclosing a garden, where the flowers were particularly bright and gaudy, slept a large black cat, looking like a big ink spot on a bright new dress, so great was the contrast between his dark coat and the crimson poppies.

We were almost loath to leave the rambling stage and our talkative, red-coated driver, and suffer ourselves to be hid among the crumbling columns and pillars of Melrose Abbey, known as the "noblest ruin in Scotland." Our guide was a kindly, white-haired Scotchman, bent with age, but still fired by the spirit of patriotism. (They are all fiercely proud — these old guides.) He quoted several passages from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" so feelingly and intelligently that we were immediately ashamed of the reluctance with which we had entered the ruin.

Melrose Abbey was founded and built in 1136 by David I, and since then has undergone repeated assaults and pillagings, especially during the time of the English Reformation. It is a massive structure and so well built and beautifully formed that the hand of man has been unable to either entirely destroy or to equal it in art. The lofty columns, windows and arches are all exquisitely and delicately carved. The flowers and foliage of the decoration are so wonderfully chiseled that a fine straw or wire may be laced between the petals. There is one little chapel entirely surrounded by a carved border, no

two designs of which are alike. The tracery of the west door and window, and the little window in the north transept, known as the "Crown of Thorns," are marvelously beautiful. When we first saw this thorn window the sun was just setting, and the crimson sky brought into weirdly splendid relief the perfect lines of the carving, and filled the most frivolous of our party with a profound reverence and awe. Above the windows of the east chancel and the south transept are the remains of a narrow balcony and tiny, spiral staircase, over which the nuns used to pass, chanting their hymns, and so mount to the roof. The outside of the Abbey is equally as wonderful as the inside — all the cornices and arches being adorned with figures of the saints or grotesque gargoyles.

It was a much subdued and rather sober party which finally reached the little, old Prince George Hotel, (for we diligently shunned all vulgar, modern inns). But the sight of our cordial Scotch hostess, her quaint mahogany furniture, her rare old silver tea service, and the surprisingly healthy complexions of her maid servants, soon awoke our usually gay spirits. Some of the girls managed to play "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay" upon the dignified musical instrument in the drawing room — I'm sure I don't know what might have been its name — and after supper we all fiercely bombarded the few postal card and jewelry shops of the town, returning with thistle hat pins and stick pins and collar pins, etc.

At half-past nine, when the sky was just beginning to darken, my brother and I returned to the Abbey,

and, since the moon had not yet arisen, we walked on down a narrow lane and over a moss-covered bridge, crossing a little brook. The path led on and on through one green meadow after another — ever following the course of the rapid brook. After days of endless sight-seeing and travel, that long walk through those pretty, silent fields brought to us a much-needed rest and a sense of refreshing peace. We did not even complain of the many turn-stiles or fly precipitately from the herds of cows, with their long, dangerously crooked horns — so thankful were we for the change.

As we wended our homeward way, the moon shone through the trees in great patches of light, and the meadows were wrapped in silvery whiteness. The ruined Abbey was eloquent in its melancholy grandeur. You have often read Scott's words:

“If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.”

There is an indescribable charm about the old ruin in the evening. The moon plays about the lofty columns and arches with alternate lights and shadows and shrouds the whole in mystic, ghostly splendor, casting a strange fascination over the spectator. One is impressed by a sense of vast loneliness and insignificance. All thought of the present, all hope for the future, vanishes. The past is all powerful, all thrilling, all compelling. We are carried back in fancy to the days of long ago, and imagination at once peoples those imposing ruins with sober, devout monks, or demure, sweet-faced nuns. Truly, there “was never scene so sad and fair.”

EDNA B. MOAT, '14.

Lilies

“Say, Missus, gimme a flower? Please, Missus.” Before me was a ragged little youngster of three or four years, whose eager voice and upstretched hands seemed scarcely belonging to the life about them. Quickly I thought of the incongruity between the request of this dirty urchin of the tenements and the pure, white lillies in my hand, and, with that thought, came another: The incongruity of this baby soul in the ugly surroundings of that awful place. Could flowers mean anything to this child? And yet why not, as well as to the children of the rich? I tossed a lily to him. Eager hands gently grasped it; an impatient little nose buried its puggy tip deep in the chalice of the flower, and reappeared, dusted with a yellow coat of pollen; big, brown, dusky eyes beamed shyly up, and I knew his happiness was complete. It made me far more contented than his, “Aw, thanks, Missus,” as he hurried away, his treasure clasped close to his little, happy heart.

And my heart was happy, too. On and on I walked. A little girl was sobbing, on the curb, for a penny that was lost, yet a lily brought her smiles; a mother's heavy load and sorrowing heart were comforted with a lily's fragrant beauty.

On a corner I stopped. Near me, a man was standing, a man in face, but not in form, for he still held his youthful build. But the struggle in his face was a man's struggle, and the weakness in his face was the weakness of a boy, with only a boy's will in control. I stood there, hesitating what to do. I feared to say too much, or not enough. * * * A

lily dropped, and, though I had been unconscious of his knowledge of my presence, he was instantly stooping at my side. Rising, hat in hand, he held the lily out.

“Keep it,” I said.

“O, thank you, Miss. They were my mother’s favorite flower,” he added, and with that he passed on by the place of danger. But his walk was brisker, his head was higher, a new look was in his face.

Only one more lily left! Where should it go? Ahead, a single wagon told a tale of desolation and of poverty. One of the city’s poor was being taken to its rest. No carriages bespoke the ready sympathy of friends; no flowers softened the rough boards; only one in all the world wept for the dead. This was a girl, a young girl, too. As I neared the scene she turned, and, catching sight of my lily, burst into fresh tears. Gently, I laid my last flower on the box, and with the pity of the girl’s tearful pleasure still warm within, I passed on, my flowers gone. Yet somehow to me there came the feeling that my lilies had fulfilled their mission.

MARY M. DABNEY, '15.

The Song of the World is Love

Out in the meadow over the way
 A little child roams in her happy play.
 Her bright curls gleam in the early sun,
 As she counts the daisies, one by one;
 And her eyes are blue as the sky, and clear,
 And her laugh is fresh as the morning air.
 A blue-bird sings in the elm tree near,
 And the note of his song is Love.

Under the old oak's cooling shade,
 When the locusts call from the forest glade,
 A tall youth stretches in perfect ease,
 Lulled by the wind in the swaying trees.
 And his head is full of day-dreams bright,
 (A sweet girl's face before his sight),
 Of words to be said when the time is right —
 And the theme of his words is Love.

There in the lamplight's softening glow,
 Singing a song that is hushed and low,
 A mother sits in her easy chair —
 Holding her child with tender care —
 Watching the little one's eyelids close,
 And the small face flushed like a baby rose.
 The rockers creak to the song that flows,
 And the song that she sings is Love.

* * * * *

The world goes on from day to day,
 With many a song along the way —
 But there's one sweet song that is here alway —
 For the Song of the World is Love.

JESSIE E. LUCK.

Letters HomeSUNDAY, *Sept.* 29, 1912.*Dear Mother:*

I know it isn't very nice to keep you for over a week with nothing but postals from your loving daughter, but I haven't had time to write a real letter, nor have I been in the mood. You know the temperature of my spirits has to be way down or way up before I want to write letters, and for the past week, and even now, the mercury has been *in mediam*. There! I forgot you don't know Latin. (Neither do I, for that matter. I've found that out.) Well, to speak English, I've been feeling just so-so, middle between. But I'm glad I came, even if I am homesick nights — and busy days. The nights have been better, though, since I've had Editha rooming with me. She's lovely. I wish you knew her. I couldn't bring her home Thanksgiving, could I?

Just a minute ago I said I was busy. Well, busy is no name for it! You know, last time I wrote I told you I didn't have very much to do — that is, school work. I've changed my mind, now. Those subjects aren't as easy as I thought they were going to be. All of a sudden the teachers began to assign work, and then —! Well, it's just like when you step off our dock into the water — the first six or seven feet it's only to your waist, and then right away quick it gets so deep it's way over your head. And if you can't swim, you're drowned. I'm trying to swim, and if I take long, easy strokes, maybe I'll manage. But it looks a long way to the other side. Some people float across. I wonder how they do it.

Is there any way you could send me my mandolin? There's been a notice on the bulletin board about joining the Musical Club. I'd like to join. I want to be in things — that is, everything I have time and money for. You know you told me to have just as good a time as I could without neglecting what I ought to do. That's just what I want to do. I heard one of the girls say the other day, "I think college is stacks of fun!" And another girl told me, in the most serious tone, that she'd come to college "to work, not to play." They're both wrong, aren't they?

I'm going to join the Y. W. C. A., too. I promised. It's only a dollar. I guess I can afford that much, if I save on little things, and don't go to see Sothern and Marlowe any more. (I'll tell you about that later.) You see the Y. W. girls formed two teams to get new members, just the way they did home one year. One of the girls asked me, and I promised to join for her team. She was nice. I don't know her name, but she wears her hair in coronet braids, and she had on a pink and white dress at the Y. W. reception. I wish I knew her.

I told you about the faculty reception. Well, last week Friday night was the Y. W. reception. Of course, we didn't have to be introduced to the faculty this time, but we talked and had a good time. And there was a program, and we sang songs. If ever I get to earning money, I'm going to take violin lessons. I'd give all my old shoes to be able to play the way that girl did at the reception. I wonder if

there are going to be any more receptions. I like them.

They organized our class the other day, but I couldn't go. I was sorry, for I always like elections and things. I'll be a Suffragist yet, you see if I don't! But I guess it's natural to get kind of "politic" when you get to college.

I was going to tell you about Sothern and Marlowe. I went Friday night to see *Twelfth Night* and Saturday to see *Hamlet*. Awfully frivolous and extravagant of me, wasn't it? But, you know, I'd never seen Shakespeare played, and it seemed a crime to miss it. A lot of the girls were going — Editha and the other girls in the house — and I went, too. Fifty cent seats, of course, but it was fine. I enjoyed *Twelfth Night* immensely, but *Hamlet* — well, it's a wonderful play, but, somehow, I'm thankful I didn't write it.

I guess I'll have to stop writing now. Editha has just come in and wants to talk. I can see she is homesick again. That child has the most expressive face!

I'll try and do better about writing this week. Anyway, I can get an awful lot on a post card. Hug dear old Dad and Baby for me. Let Baby have my tea-set to play with. It's up in the attic in the brown box. I've saved it a long time, but — I guess Little Peggy will like it. Give Bess that little package I left for her when she goes away, and tell her to be sure and write to Dick. And don't *you* forget that I am here loving you just the same, even though

I'm not around to be picked up after. I wish I could see you!

Your loving
THERESA.

P. S. — When you send my new pink dress, please enclose a hair ribbon to match — long enough to tie 'round the head. All the girls wear bows here, so I might as well. You might put an extra tuck in the dress, too. And tell Dad it's absolutely necessary that I subscribe for THE ECHO. As he's an editor he'll understand and send the extra dollar. T.

Heralds

Autumn's heralds fling their colors,
Warning all the forest-dwellers
That the day approaches fast,
When they'll see the very last
Bright leaf flutter to the ground
And the land will be snow-bound.
The woodbine's red means danger! watching!
The maple's torches are outstretching,
Lighting up the dreary gray
Of a dull autumnal day
With a flash of vivid color.
Warning to thee, forest-dweller!

While the forms were still on the press, there came to "The Echo" the sad news of the death of Dr. Albert N. Husted, our honored and beloved professor of mathematics.

The Echo

VOL. XXII

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 2

Board of Editors

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Editorial Department

Well, how do you like us? We feel "all dolled up."

No one has ever been successful who did not possess the trait of loyalty. No man has ever accomplished anything of great value, either to others or to himself, without having been loyal to something. Some successful men have been loyal to country, some to favorite purposes, and still others have been loyal to other things. As students of this State Normal College, however little or much we may realize it, we are the possessors of "a goodly heritage." This birthright of a good name has not come to us without a reason. It is ours, largely because of the

fact that for years past a few men and women have been loyal to this institution. Service is ever the proof of loyalty, and their labors have made our college to stand for what it does. One by one these persons to whom we are so indebted are passing out from amongst us. In this world our greatest debts are never paid, and now, as one of them is leaving us, we realize how painfully insignificant words are to express appreciation of a life-time of service. Yet, whatsoever virtue there may be in words may these contain, as THE ECHO expresses its appreciation of the services of Dr. William V. Jones to our alma mater, the New York State Normal College.

Good deeds that we do are oft-times overlooked, or at least mention of them is not made in print. Such was the case in regard to a certain gift that was made to the college last spring. Desiring to increase the facilities for the study of history, and especially of American biography, last year's class in history 5a presented to the college a number of valuable books on historical subjects. These are placed in the library and are now at the disposal of all our students. In mentioning this, THE ECHO merely wishes to call attention to the fact, and by this medium of expression to indicate the appreciation of the students to the members of that class.

Do you realize that one of the greatest factors in the business world of to-day is advertising? Do you know that advertising is, or perhaps is just being, placed upon a scientific basis and that business men

of all degrees consider it as an essential consideration in their business? Now, advertising costs money, and the type of men we have mentioned do not, as a rule, expend "cash" in the way of business unless they receive a profitable return. Therefore, advertising must benefit their affairs because people read their ads. and are thus led to buy their wares. So one thing is quite certain, many people do read, or at least notice, advertisements, and, in justice to the multitude, we must believe that some, at least, think themselves benefited thereby. Now, while we recognize some kinds of originality as a virtue, it does not pay to be radically different from the great majority of our fellows, unless we have some good reason for so being. And, also, it behooves us to be very sure that we have a sure reason. There is a question we have been wanting to ask all along, but, due to our extreme modesty, it has been somewhat delayed. However — do you read, or even notice, the ads. in THE ECHO? "And, if not, why not?" Have you a good reason for not noticing them?

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important one. It will not inconvenience you greatly to look over our ads. and then, when you intend buying something, to patronize our advertisers. Will it? In fact, we think you will profit by doing this. Neither will it trouble you greatly to just mention your paper when making a purchase. Will it? Yet, just these things are what the advertisers expect, and by satisfying them you will aid THE ECHO materially. It seems that very often the easiest things in life are the hardest to do, yet we feel sure of your goodwill, and that you will try to help your paper and, through it, your college, whenever an opportunity is given you. And this is all that THE ECHO asks or should expect. We thank you.

News Department

Faculty Notes

Dr. William V. Jones, who has been connected with this institution for many years, has resigned his position as professor of commercial branches. Dr. Jones was born in West Fulton, Schoharie county, in the year 1842. He was graduated from the Albany Normal School in 1868, and, after serving as principal of a public school in Kingston for one year, he was called to the Normal School to teach mathematics. He became professor of mathematics and bookkeeping in 1891. Later he was made principal of the Normal High School and professor of German. For the past several years, since 1909, he has

held the position of professor of commercial branches in the Normal College.

Dr. Jones served as a soldier in the Civil War. He was married in 1871 to Annie C. Haynes, a member of the Normal School Class of '71. They have six children.

Professor Risley did not meet his classes during a part of the last week in September. He was called to Normal, Illinois, by the death of his wife's mother, Mrs. Marsh.

Last month THE ECHO promised to give its readers "further information" concerning the new members of our faculty. A brief account of the achievements of each follows:

Dr. Leonard A. Blue, Dean of the College, and Assistant to the President, comes to us with the highest recommendations of ability. He is a graduate of Cornell College, Iowa, and received the degree of B. A. from that institution in 1892. A few years later the degree of Ph. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania. He has been a student at the University of Chicago. He is an Honorary Fellow of Clark University and of Johns Hopkins University. He has taught in Morning-side College, in Iowa Wesleyan University and in Goucher College, formerly called the Woman's College, of Baltimore. We are indeed fortunate in securing Dr. Blue as a member of our faculty.

Dr. George S. Painter, who has taken Professor Rejall's place as teacher of psychology and philoso-

phy, is a graduate of Harvard University. He received the degree of M. A. from Boston University in 1894. He spent three years studying in German universities — Berlin, Liepzig and Jena. He took the degree of Ph. D. with honor from the last named university, where he studied under Professor Rein, the noted German scholar. Dr. Painter has been especially interested in philosophy and pedagogy. He has taught in Tufts College and in Mt. Union College. He was also Honorary Fellow of Clark University.

Miss Ellen Huntington, who takes the place of Miss Peters in the Domestic Science Department, is a graduate of Pratt Institute. She received the degree of B. A. from the University of Illinois, and of M. A. from Columbia University. She has taught in the University of Wisconsin. For three years she has been in charge of the Department of Domestic Science and Art in the University of Utah.

Miss Willet has been succeeded in the Domestic Science Department by Miss Eva Wilson. Miss Wilson is a graduate of Teacher's College, in New York city. She has been employed during the past summer as an instructor in the Summer School of that institution.

Professor John A. Mahar, of the French Department, received the degree of B. A. from Union College, and the degree of Pd. B. from the New York State Normal College. For two years he has been a student of Johns Hopkins University. He has always been devoted to the study of the modern languages.

Professor H. M. Douglas, teacher of mechanical drawing and mathematics, is a graduate of Cornell University, with the degree of M. E. He has been employed in Cornell University for the past three years.

Miss L. Antoinette Johnson, an assistant in the High School Department, is a graduate of our own college. She has been employed as a teacher in the schools of New York State for about ten years.

While, as yet, the State Normal College has never been represented upon the gridiron, it is pleasing to note that we are in one way connected with the sport of football. Professor Risley has acted as referee in the following games: Cornell vs. Washington and Jefferson, Amherst vs. Tufts, Union vs. Hobart, Cornell vs. New York University.

Senior Notes

The senior class held its first meeting of this its senior year on Friday afternoon, September 27th. At this meeting designs for pins and rings were submitted for consideration.

The following committees were appointed:

Reception Committee — Jessie Cole, chairman; Wordsworth Williams, Edna Hall, Mable Wood and Rose McGovern.

Pin Committee — Amy Wood, chairman; Marie Donovan, Bessie Clark, Sara Nares.

The following collegiates have come to swell our ranks: Gertrude Crissey Valentine, A. B., Vassar,

'12; Vida Inez Maplesden, A. B., Vassar, '08; Susan Stuart DeGarmo, A. B., Western University, Oxford, Ohio; Helen MacGeough, B. S., and Ruth Jacobs, B. A., S. N. C., '12.

Miss Mary Pitken has returned to S. N. C. after a three years' absence. Miss Pitkin was formerly a member of the class of '13, but returns as a member of the class of '16.

Added dignity has come to our members with the assumption of their pedagogical duties. Practice teaching is by no means an unmixed blessing, but we feel amply repaid for our pains by the progress of our pupils.

Sophomore Notes

The first class meeting of the sophomores was held on Monday, September 30th.

They have decided to have a written constitution in addition to the rules adopted last year, and have appointed a committee to prepare one.

Plans are being made for a social event, to occur a little later in the year.

Freshman Notes

The freshman class was organized September 23d by Miss Lois Atwood, president of the junior class, and Mr. Horowitz was elected temporary chairman.

At a meeting held on September 30th the following officers were elected:

President, Orville Hayford.

Vice-President, Mary Johnson.

Secretary, Mary Whish.

Treasurer, Ernest Smith.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

The opening meeting of the year was held on September 18th, at which time we were glad to hear from our president, Miss Amy Wood.

On September 25th the regular meeting was led by Miss Alice Batchelder, a former Y. W. C. A. secretary of Lowell, Mass. It was one of the occasional opportunities which we have of listening to a leader in our great work.

The meeting on October 2d was led by Miss Naomi Howells.

The membership of our Y. W. C. A. has been greatly increased lately. This fact is due mainly to the efforts of the two teams, the "Purple" and the "Gold," who's energies are directed along this special line. The winning team will be the one that has secured the largest number of new members. But mere numbers are not all that count. They only increase our capacity for spreading the message that the Y. W. C. A. has for you all, if you will but listen. So we urge you again to share the benefits which are derived chiefly from the regular weekly meetings held in the High School chapel on Wednesdays at 3:45.

Newman Notes

Miss Anna Austin Brown, a former president of the Newman Club, has accepted a position as teacher of English in the Albany High School.

Miss Blanche Russell, a former member of Newman, is also teaching in the Albany High School. She has classes in French and in English.

The first regular meeting of the club was held on Saturday, September 28th, at Van Wie's Point, at the summer home of Miss Eleanor White. The new officers of Newman are:

President, Loretta Austin.
Vice-President, May Sheehan.
Treasurer, Genevieve Lonergan.
Secretary, Eleanor White.
Reporter, Katharine McManus.
Marshal, Lily Phillips.

Borussia Notes

At a meeting of the society held May 28th, 1912, the following officers were elected for the year 1912-13:

President, Frances W. Coghlan.
Vice-President, Edna Hall.
Secretary and Treasurer, A. Loretta Austin.

A business meeting was called October 1st. The members decided to devote the following meeting to the interest of the freshmen, and planned to have the program of that day consist of a short German play.

It is hoped that the year 1912-13 will bring even more success to Borussia than have preceding years. This requires the co-operation of each member, and we hope that each one will show his usual enthusiasm.

Freshmen, the purpose of Borussia is to increase interest in the German language, manners and customs. If you wish to become a member, make yourself known to some one connected with the society.

The members of Borussia are pleased to have Professor Decker with them again.

Girls' Athletic Association

The preliminary meeting of the year was held on September 17th, and was devoted chiefly to the admission of new members from the freshman class.

In accordance with a new rule made at the first meeting, it is now necessary for every member to obtain a membership ticket. These are given upon the payment of the annual dues of twenty-five cents, and will admit you to all the activities of the association. Obtain a ticket at one of the times posted, or ask Miss Florence Jackson, Miss Marguerite Alberts, or the president.

Watch the bulletin board in the lower hall!

Delta Omega Notes

The girls living at the sorority apartment, at No. 2 Delaware avenue, this year are Adele Kaemmerlen,

Helen Odell, Florence Gardner, Helen Marshall, Hazel Bennett, Marion Wheeler and Katherine Odell.

The Delta Omega tea to the faculty and student body was held in the college halls on Saturday afternoon, October 5th, 1912, from 4 to 6 o'clock. The decorations were autumn flowers and leaves. Miss Perine, Miss Cushing, Miss Loeb, Miss Shaver and Mrs. Blue poured.

The Delta girls entertained a party of freshmen with a picnic to Van Wie's Point on September 21st. A jolly time was enjoyed by all.

We were pleased to welcome so many new students at our September "at home." The next tea will be held the fourth Tuesday of the month, the 22d of October, at the sorority flat.

Delta entertained a few freshmen at the apartment on September 29th. The afternoon was spent playing "500."

We are glad to welcome two of our old girls back again. Miss Crissey and Miss F. Burlingame are at college again, continuing their studies here.

The marriage of Miss Minnie Schultz to Mr. Wm. A. Spicer, Jr., took place on September 4th, 1912.

The Deltas regret to lose Mrs. Aspinwall from their number, but wish her all happiness in her new home.

Psi Gamma Notes

The Psi Gamma camp on Lake George was open from June 19th to 29th. Eighteen sorority members were in camp and all enjoyed a splendid vacation. The girls were chaperoned by Mrs. W. H. McHarg, of Albany.

We are glad to have with us again Prof. and Mrs. Decker, of our faculty members.

Psi Gamma extends a welcome to her new faculty member, Miss Morton. We also wish to welcome Cecil Kinseley and Ethel Reynolds into the sorority.

Saturday, September 14th, a corn roast was enjoyed by the sorority and her friends.

Frances Wood and Clara Wallace, who were graduated from the Household Economic Department last June, are back to complete a four year course.

Kappa Delta Notes

Kappa Delta held its first regular meeting Wednesday evening, September 18th.

On Friday evening, September 20th, a chafing dish party was given at the sorority house, 82 North Allen street.

Miss Edna Bunce, formerly of the class of '14, is now attending Elmira College.

Saturday, the 28th, was spent very enjoyably by the sorority and a number of friends in picnicing near Watervliet.

Eta Phi Notes

A regular meeting of Eta Phi was held at the home of Miss Esther Mitchell, Thursday evening, September 19th. A social time followed the discussion of business matters.

On Saturday, September 21st, the Eta Phi girls and their friends enjoyed a picnic at Castleton.

A "500" party was held at Geraldine Murray's home Friday, September 27th.

Miss Sarah Trembly was the guest of Jeannette Campbell this fall, and was present at the faculty reception.

Miss Adeline Raynsford and Mr. Arthur Streibert, both of Albany, were married on the 14th of September. They will live in Yokahama, Japan, where Mr. Streibert is stationed.

Alumni Department

A letter has been received from Mrs. S. Elizabeth Verrinder-Winslow, S. N. C., 1856, of Clarkston, Washington, asking that her subscription to THE ECHO be renewed. The following extract from her letter shows the loyalty and appreciation of one of our former members:

"Although I was seventy-seven years old August 18th, 1912, I take as much interest in my beloved alma mater as I did in my younger days, and look as eagerly as then for THE ECHO, which I read with keen enjoyment."

Miss Edith Gilmore, '12, is teaching science in the Mount Kisco High School.

Mr. Leon H. Beach, '12, has a position as director of industrial education in the Waverly schools.

Miss Margaret Jones, '12, is teaching English in the high school at Carthage, N. Y.

Miss Grace Wilcox, '12, is a training class teacher at Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y.

Miss Marguerite Dee, '12, is teaching in Hastings, N. Y.

Miss M. Burna Hunt, '10, is teaching in Cobleskill, N. Y.

Miss Isabella Begelman, '11, has a position in the George Junior Republic, at Flemington, N. J.

Miss Ethel Everingham is teaching at Schroom Lake, N. Y.

Miss Blanche Russell, '10, is teaching in the Albany High School.

Miss Theresa Kirley, '12, has a position in the high school at Chester, N. Y.

Miss Edith Scott, '11, is teaching English in Ansonia, Conn.

Miss Florence Miller, H. E., '12, is teaching in Monticello, N. Y.

Miss Alta Everson, H. E., '12, is teaching domestic science in Millbrook, N. Y.

Miss Lillian Houbertz, H. E., '12, is supervisor of cooking in the high school at Bristol, Conn.

Miss Emily Hendrie, H. E., '12, is teaching cooking and sewing in the Young Woman's Association in Troy, N. Y.

Miss Helen Smith, H. E., '12, is teaching cooking in Easton, Penn.

Miss Madge Robie, H. E., '12, has charge of the sewing in the trade school in Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss Fannie Goldsmith is teaching domestic science in Middletown, N. Y.

Miss Myra Young spent the week-end of September 28th at her home.

Miss Jessie Cleveland, S. N. C., '11, was a visitor at the College on September 25th.

MARRIED.

Miss May Foyle, '10, to Mr. Roy Van Denburg, '10, August 21st, 1912, in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Adaline Wayne Raynsford, '10, to Mr. I. Arthur Streibert, September 14th, 1912, in Albany, N. Y.

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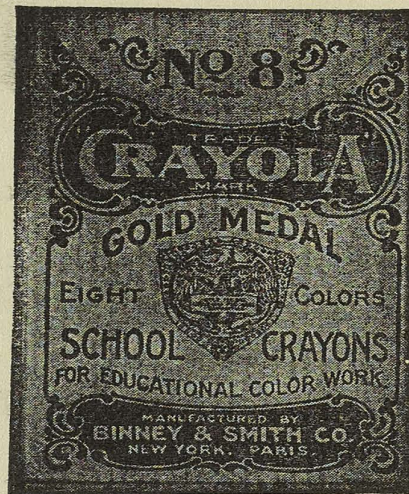
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