

Clement

Vol. 15

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No. 6

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FEBRUARY, 1907



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THE ECHO.

VOL. 15.]

ALBANY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1907.

[No. 6.]

Homeless.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
That whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and sleet?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity wherever they go —
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro.)

Look out in the gusty darkness, —
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window pane.
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain!

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are pitied, and taught and fed;
That is only a sister-woman
Who has got neither food nor bed.
And the Night cries, "Sin to be living,"
And the River cries, "Sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner
Where the wall stands blank and bare.
Can that be a pack which a peddler
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods, lying out unsheltered,
Will be spoilt by the damp night air.

Nay, goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk or woolen or cotton.—
But in counting the riches of England
I think our Poor are forgotten.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

The writer of this poem, the daughter
of the poet Bryan W. Proctor, wrote

under an assumed name and sent her poems to the Cornhill Magazine, then edited by Charles Dickens. The latter was a friend of her family and often met her in her own home. One day, at dinner with the Proctors, Dickens mentioned the fact that an unknown poet had sent him poems of great merit. He discussed them at length and praised them highly. Miss Proctor listened to his criticism with great pleasure but she did not betray her identity as the writer of the poems that had won his praise. She was determined to have her work tested impartially. Later, when Dickens discovered that she was the author of the anonymous poems, he was so much pleased that he not only published everything she sent him, but when her poems were published in book form he wrote an introduction in which he expressed his appreciation of the author and the literary excellence of her poems.

Miss Proctor was deeply interested in the homeless poor of London. She devoted the entire income from her writings to works of charity. Many of her poems, like the above, are expressions of pity and sympathy for suffering humanity. "Homeless" not only pictures three phases of human misery but it contains a stinging rebuke to those who, in the midst of wealth and luxury, forget their duty to the poor and helpless. This rebuke is needed to-day quite as much as when it was written; and it is not more needed in England than in our own proud and prosperous country.

—Margaret S. Mooney.

The Sword of Arthur.

Outside the cathedral the throng waited impatiently. Sometimes it pushed up even to the closed doors, but then the green-clad yeomen on guard there leveled their bows and let the shafts fly into the air. The beggars were the most anxious; they were waiting for a largess from the great noble whom the miracle should declare king. The peddlars, too, were impatient, for they wanted to sell their wares to the knights who could at last break their fast.

Inside the doors the throng was even greater. All the men-at-arms of the kingdom had been praying there since daybreak. Over the bent heads of the mailed knights stretched the hands of the old archbishop. "Lord," he besought, "from thy gracious mercy grant us a miracle whereby our king shall be shown unto us—a noble king and a lordly ruler."

His voice quavered and died away slowly, and all was quiet save when a knight stirred and his armor rattled. Slowly the minutes passed. A young squire called Arthur grew restless, and raised his head timidly. Immediately then joy flashed over his face. Joyfully he shouted "a miracle." Every knight sprang to his feet, joy and gratified faith shining on his countenance. In front of the high altar stood a massive marble block, rough and unhewn, and imbedded in the block was a thick steel anvil with a sword thrust therein—a sword which shone with a strange and uncanny light.

The knights crowded about the stone, and read the gold letters which encircled the base—

"Whoso pulleth oute this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightful king of all England."

Every knight pushed and jostled his

neighbor that he might be the first to try the chance of being king. The young squire Arthur stood in the background and only looked. Then spake the gray archbishop: "Men-at-arms and noble knights, this is not the season to make trial of the sword. When the mass be done then may ye try it." The knights slunk back shame-faced into their seats, and when the mass was done many noble knights made trial of the sword, but none could stir it.

Then again spake the gray archbishop: "Let ten knights of good repute guard the sword till the day come that it be drawn forth by our rightful king. And let the barons make ready for a great tourney where all may try their skill and, perchance, the strongest will be shown forth, he who may later pull the sword from the stone. The knights honored the archbishop and knew that his counsel was wise. So they chose ten noble knights to care for the sword and pitched the lists for a mighty tourney on that day-week, to which all the men-at-arms in the land were bade.

Not least among the knights who rode to the tourney was the noble Sir Hector and his son, the young Sir Kay—possessed but a week of his blazoned sword and golden spurs, and confident of victory. Behind them rode the squire Arthur. The horse of Sir Kay was fiery and untamed, and the young knight had much ado to manage him. Sir Kay's scabbard hung loose by his side and his sword was heavy. Once when he had to guard with extra care lest the horse should throw him off, the sword slipped to the ground unnoticed. The men rode on, their pennants waving proudly behind them, till they saw the turrets of the castle which overlooked the lists, far ahead in the distance. Then Sir Kay's

heart beat fast as he thought of the coming glory, and he felt for the sword by his side, but the weapon was gone.

"Arthur, my sword," he cried, thinking that he might have bidden the young squire carry it. But Arthur had seen naught of the sword.

"It must be at home," said Sir Kay. "Ride back and get it for me, Arthur."

Arthur was loathe to miss any of the tourney, but as he loved his foster-brother Sir Kay he turned his horse aside and spurred him back swiftly. When he reached home he found that all had gone to see the jousting, and there was no weapon in the house.

"My brother shall not be without a sword this day," cried the young squire. "I will pull the sword from the stone for him."

The way was long to the church and the road was rough, but Arthur's fiery horse galloped swiftly along. When Arthur reached the church he found the ten knights gone and the sword unguarded. Hastily and unthinkingly he snatched it from the stone and mounting the stud, rode off. From north and south, east and west, he met knights journeying to the tourney — knights young and old and squires like himself clad in scarlet liveries and silver spurs. All talked of the sword that would win a kingdom with one blow. Hope was bright in the heart of each, but Arthur was silent, thinking only of his loved Sir Kay.

Journeying thus, with jest and ballad, the young squires came to the lists. Seated under a canopy of gold and red, with his armor by his side, Arthur spied Sir Kay and handed him the sword. Sir Kay took the weapon and rubbed his cheek gently over its keen edge. Then, without a word, he threw a coin to the

young squire and began to put on his armor. Arthur's love for Sir Kay was turned to rage in that instant but he spake no word and turned away as the heralds blew the first trumpet call for the contest.

When Sir Hector saw his son arming himself and belting on his sword he rode across the lists to see that Sir Kay's sword was trusty. As he drew near he beheld how the sword gleamed and sparkled like only one sword in the world — the enchanted one in the stone. He marveled and rejoiced greatly that his son should have the sword.

"How came you by that weapon, my son?" cried Sir Hector as Sir Kay rode forth to meet him.

"I drew it from the stone by the altar," said the young knight, and would have ridden out straight into the lists had not Arthur rushed in between, his eyes blazing and his face aflame.

"Drew it from the stone, Sir Kay?" he cried with scorn. "Nay, rather drew it from a brother's heart."

Wherewith he snatched the weapon from Sir Kay's side and tossing back his yellow hair stod his ground fiercely. Sir Hector forced his horse between the two angry youths and Arthur thrust the sword in its sheath and dropped on his knees.

"Sir Hector," he cried, "it beseems a young squire to hearken to the voice of his foster-father and I yield to you the sword. Thrust it again into the stone and let Sir Kay draw it forth!"

The heralds sounded the second call to the contest and the knights rode forth from all sides of the field while the spectators cheered at their skill and their rich armor. A sudden trumpet call made each one check his horse with speed as a single herald rode swiftly into the lists.

"Lords and ladies," he cried, "the tourney is postponed, for the ten keepers of the sword are summoned to see a trial made."

The crowd hissed but the ten knights rode speedily forth from the field to guard the magic sword. When they reached the cathedral they found a circle about the stone and bowed their heads reverently as the old archbishop prayed for the welfare of the kingdom. When he had finished he took the mighty sword from Sir Hector and thrust it with a firm though trembling hand into the stone. It sank as easily as it would in the soft turf and the steel closed fast around it.

"Draw the sword forth again, Sir Kay," bade his father, and the ten knights made a bristling circle of their sword points around the youth as he reluctantly grasped the sword. When he had once touched it he tugged and strained with every muscle, laying aside his armor for greater freedom. But the tough steel yielded not a jot.

"Enough," cried the archbishop and Sir Hector, and each of the ten knights in turn assayed the task. One by one the noble knights drew back, foiled by the inflexible steel.

When every knight had spent his strength in the futile task a red-clad figure burst between the gleaming sword blades and the young squire Arthur knelt before the archbishop, craving permission to try the task.

The knights scoffed. "See how slim he is and how young that he should try his strength against the greatest in all the kingdom."

Said Sir Hector, "Nay, he is a good youth and a true. Let him, too, try the sword, though he taste the bitter cup of failure."

Arthur threw back his yellow hair,

grasped the sword by the point and drew it lightly forth. The knights raised a shout as the youth stood there, his muscles set, his eyes blazing as bright as the sword which he held on high. But the gray archbishop laid his hand on the head of the king and blessed him.

The Transformation.

You great, big, ugly, green, old thing
Alying there in the grass,
I think I'll take you home with me
And see into what you'll pass.

This is what I said to myself
As I saw that big, green worm;
So I took a stick and picked it up.
My! how the thing did squirm.

Very carefully I carried it home,
Holding the stick way out
To keep the old thing far from me,
For it persisted in wiggling about.

Without any accident I got it home
And placed it in a box;
Put in some grasses and some leaves
And punched some holes in the top.

There I left it for a while;
But every time as I went near
I took a peek in order to see
If my worm was contented here.

I watched and waited a little while
For the worm his cocoon to make,
Because I knew as it was getting cold
His winter abode he'd soon have to
take.

At last his home he began to spin,
And my! what silky threads
He spun back, forth, round and round
On a green and leafy bed.

At last the worm you could see no more,
For his home was finished at last;
And quietly and all secure
He rested from his task.

I took it now, and with greatest care
 I placed it on a shelf,
 In order that I might keep it safe,
 And watch and guard it myself.

So there it slept this winter long,
 Until the other night
 I went into the other room
 And behold! a butterfly bright.

Out of its cocoon the pretty thing flew,
 And on a curtain near did light,
 So that all its colors grand
 Showed up beautifully on the white.

I stood there still and in awe did gaze,
 For what a change had taken place;
 From the big, green, ugly-looking worm
 To a butterfly all jewels and lace.

So now you big, green, squirmy thing,
 I'll never again hate you,
 For in a few, short, wintry months
 You're a butterfly of brilliant hue.

Let us not take things as they look,
 But think of what they make;
 The very homeliest thing may pass
 Into some most beautiful shape.

— B. W., '10.

A Sick Child in Bed.

The frogs are singing far away,
 The earth is still at the close of day,
 Sometimes I hear the wheels and feet,
 As they go past along the street.
 The dark is getting thick and near,
 And that is all that's happening here.

— Nellie Sargent.

As in a game of cards, so in the game
 of life, we must play what is dealt to us,
 and the glory consists, not so much in
 winning as in playing a poor hand well.—
 Josh Billings.

The Benefit of Travel Upon Three Classes of People.

In the summer of 1901, during the
 month of August, I spent several days
 in Buffalo, for the purpose of visiting
 the "Pan-American." That exposition
 greatly interested me, not only because
 of the many wonderful exhibits, but also
 because of the many wonderful types of
 human nature which I came in contact
 with while I was there.

One warm afternoon, thoroughly tired
 out with several hours of sight-seeing,
 I went to the Art Building and selecting
 an easy chair in a secluded corner, I sat
 down to rest. The pictures in the room
 which I had chosen were some of the
 very best, while others were less
 attractive. From my corner I idly
 watched the people passing through. All
 sorts and conditions were there; tired
 women and still more tired children, in-
 terested and disinterested men, and I
 wondered whence and for what purpose
 had they come.

Suddenly my reverie was interrupted
 and the whole atmosphere of the room
 seemed to have received a jar by the hur-
 ried arrival of two middle-aged women,
 dressed in business-like black, each armed
 with a shopping bag, a catalog and a note
 book. Their bags fairly bristled with
 those horrible advertisements called
 souvenirs and I shuddered as I thought
 of the manner in which, later, they would
 be gloatingly counted, scalps as it were,
 of the day's triumph in sight-seeing.

As they entered they were coolly dis-
 cussing, in decidedly audible tones, how
 much of the gallery they could "do" be-
 fore tea time; in order to lose none of the
 precious moments they began operations
 at once. Clutching the catalog firmly in
 one hand and the note book in the other,
 each proceeded busily to transfer valuable

information. Names of pictures, which they never looked at, were copied industriously. Stopping before a beautiful painting of "The Soul's Awakening" I heard one of them remark, "This must be St. Cecilia."

Lack of time, in proportion to the amount of territory to be covered, compelled them to shorten their remarks, and rather to their satisfaction they were forced to go on with the "doing" or undoing of the next room. I breathed a sigh of relief at their departure and closed my eyes to rest for a few moments, after the strenuous ten minutes I had just been through.

I was interrupted immediately by a girlish voice asking fretfully, "Oh, mamma, must we go through all this?" and I opened my eyes to view the latest arrivals. They were mother and daughter, evidently, and "quick rich" stamped them upon my mind at once. Ruffles they had, and plumes and jewelry, but no love for art. One indifferent glance around sufficed and once more I breathed a silent thanksgiving as they, too, passed on.

Pondering over these specimens of two distinctly American types of people I absently consulted my watch, and realizing that the time had come for me to be starting, I gathered my few belongings together and moved toward the door. A slight exclamation drew my attention to the other entrance. Two ladies were entering. Both were neatly dressed and the thought instantly flashed across my mind, "school teachers." I lingered a moment, deliberately, to watch them and smiled to myself in satisfaction when I heard one of them say, "Oh, don't let's hurry. This alone pays for it all." Necessity compelled me to move on, but I left them before one of the most beautiful pictures

in the room. The wonder of it was reflected in their faces and I went away, satisfied that they had not yet thought of their catalog.

On my way home I wondered what traveling or sight-seeing abroad would mean to these three classes of people. What benefit would they derive from it or would it be no benefit at all. I thought of the first two women who had entered. I could imagine the appearance of the inside of their trunks as they started homeward, and I thought I could imagine the appearance of the inside of their minds. No wonder they needed souvenirs to remind them of what they had seen or what they had not seen, but in two weeks would they know what those souvenirs stood for? If they traveled through our great West would they know on their return whether they had seen "Old Faithful" in the Yosemite Valley or the Yellowstone Park? If they traveled in Europe would they know whether they had visited Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford or Westminster Abbey? To be sure they might return home tired and cross and contented, with no prickings of conscience that one moment had been wasted. This, then, would be the benefit of travel to them.

Next came the thought of the mother and daughter. What would a year of travel mean to them? Probably the privilege of saying they had been abroad or, like the mayor's wife of Schenectady, a social evening upon their return, to show their "antics" to their admiring friends.

Then I thought of those last two visitors. I could imagine them viewing a sunrise from Pike's Peak, or a sunset on the Rhine. There would be no hurrying with them, no note books nor guide books, only the knowledge acquired at home of the lives and characters of the

men and women who had lived where they were visiting. I could imagine them feeling the spirit of "The Virginian" in the mountains of Montana or across the waters at Weiman, haunted by the presence of Goethe or Schiller. I could imagine them with Elizabeth at Kenilworth, or with *Thackeray* at *Brussels*.

What would all this mean upon their return home? Instead of trunks filled with souvenirs they would bring a whole storehouse of beautiful scenes and pleasant memories. What would these mean in their future reading, in their leading others to see what they had seen, in the broadening and strengthening of their minds and in their comprehension of the breadth and beauty of this glorious world? These, then, may be the benefits of travel.

On the Train.

I love to ride on the speeding train,
Whether in sunshine or whether in rain.
Buzzing softly away we fly,
Past beautiful earth and beautiful sky.
The seats are big and soft as beds,
And nice thoughts come into children's
heads.

— Nellie Sargent.

The possibilities of man's ingenuity, by painstaking and patience has recently been illustrated in the completion of a clock that keeps accurate time, every bit of which, except the springs, is made of glass, even the screws, hands and wedges. The work was accomplished after six years of continuous labor by Joseph Bayer, a Bohemian glass polisher, who lives at Theresienthal, and is certainly a remarkable feat, although of no practical use. Some of the parts had to be made over as many as forty times. Success is the reward of the patient laborer.

Cheer Up!

When you feel blue and gloomy,
And everything's gone wrong,
'Twill help you bear up bravely
To sing this little song:
Cheer up, my heart,
The clouds have silver linings;
All will be well
If you will wait and trust.

When friends have gone against you,
Those whom you loved the best,
Try to be bright and cheery
And leave to God the rest.
Cheer up, my heart,
Nor let thy grief dismay thee.
In days to come
Sorrow will turn to joy.

And so through all life's days
Look ever on the brightest side;
And say with cheerful accent,
Whatever may betide —
Cheer up, my heart,
Endure they trials bravely.
Whate'er befalls
" 'Tis better farther on."
— Elizabeth F. Shaver, '08.

Lawley (expert shorthand reporter)—
"I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?"

James (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is."

Lawley—"Oh, just put in 'great applause' and let it go."

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)"

EDITORIAL.

WITH this issue of The Echo the former board of editors is succeeded by the new. With gratitude to the old board for their labor and accomplishment, and for the high standard they have set, the new board takes up their work. That The Echo may represent the entire college, not merely the editors, is their earnest desire. This can be achieved not by mere subscriptions, but by contributions which represent the best literary work of each student.

THE old adage "a stitch in time saves nine" may be opportune just now. With term examinations several weeks distant many of us are less faithful than we should be in our work. A week before examination we shall begin to cram, and nervous exhaustion is apt to result. But if we begin now to keep note books written up and to learn each lesson conscientiously we shall approach examinations without fear, or the necessity for cramming.

WE are pleased to note the lectures on Faust that are being given on Saturday mornings by Mrs. Mooney. They have been greatly appreciated by those who have attended them, and to those who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying them we strongly recommend that they do so. Charmingly presented, instructive and vivid, the story of this famous play, with its allegorical setting and wonderful portrayal of human passions, offers a delightful subject for study and contemplation. Through all the changes of feeling and purpose incident to life's

journey, the listener is led in a delightful way, as he is made by the lecturer to see the fortunes and fancies of the hero. It is a real pleasure to follow the development of the play and to enter into the discussion of its philosophy. One is carried out of the humdrum ways of daily work and study, and conducted into the fields of the imagination as seen by the poet. It brightens the tone of college life and gives a touch of inspiration to the weekly tasks. Let all who can take advantage of these privileges and make the most of them.

Furthermore, it is greatly to be hoped that other members of the Faculty will offer similar courses of lectures after the close of these of Mrs. Mooney. It has long been customary to have several of them offered during the college year, and we have missed them since the fire. The teachers may rest assured that the students have a deep appreciation of them and always feel a keen delight in getting these charming glimpses of literature, science, philosophy, history and life. By their scholarly presentation of their themes they command our admiration and inspire us with ambition and desire for greater breadth of cultivation.

THE Emma Willard School in Troy contests with the Albany Academy for Girls the honor of being the first school for young women in this part of the country. It is gratifying to all who appreciate the need that there was for such a school at the time of its founding, and the noble work that it has done since, to hear of its late good fortune. Mrs. Russell Sage, who was graduated from

the school, has recently given it a million dollars. The school is to be moved to a site on Pawling avenue where its efficiency will doubtless be greatly increased.

IT is profitable to pause occasionally and try to measure our intellectual gain during the past month or year. This is a hard thing to put into tangible form, for so much that we have learned and experienced has become such a part of us that it cannot be separated and placarded with a neat little sign, "What I have learned from January to March, 1907." Yet there are ways of approximating at such a result. An experience common to students in nearly all lines of work is that of increasing familiarity with the lives and personalities of great men, as well as with their deeds and writings.

In every age there are men who rise above the rest through genius, and exert an influence on their own time. In some ages appear gigantic figures who determine the trend of all succeeding years. The wisdom of studying the achievements of such men is generally admitted, but is it not of even greater importance to analyze their characters and come to realize how they were like the rest of mankind as well as how they were superior.

This is particularly true of educators. The selfish Rousseau, who formulated such a thoughtful scheme for the education of "Emile," and neglected his own children, the kindly Pestalozzi, Rabelais, the physician and monk, Locke the philosopher, Spencer the scientist, form a list of acquaintances of whom we may be justly proud. To know what each of these contributed to education, and how it was characteristic of the man himself; to know their lives and personalities and thoughts, is an education.

News

Miss McClelland's Lecture at Troy.

Tuesday evening, January 29, 1907, the Friday Study Club of Troy, together with their guests, The Fortnightly Literary Society, the Shakespeare Reading Club and the faculty of the Watervliet High School, had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting and instructive lecture by Miss Mary A. McClelland.

At the close Miss McClelland was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and was given a hearty vote of thanks for her lecture which was enjoyed by all who were privileged to be present.

Miss McClelland spoke on "The Golden Age of Greece." She treated her subject in an interesting and comprehensive manner, telling of the events that led up to the Persian wars, the age of Pericles and his wonderful work in colonization and the work of adorning the Acropolis with beautiful buildings. Miss McClelland referred to the division of the people, telling of the great men of the time and their lives and works. The speaker also accounted for the rise and fall of Greece, and closed with an interesting account of a scene at the market place, the centre of Grecian life.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The regular weekly meeting of the Association on January 9th was led by Miss Olive Smith. The topic was "Christ and the Doctrine of Individuality." Miss Smith touched upon the subject of our personal influence, its extent, and how we might use this influence to win others to Christ. She then spoke of the Individual — that Christ's purpose was not to have us merge our identity into His so completely that we lost all trace of our

own, but rather, through prayer, we should come into such close touch with Him that we would be strengthened and enriched, so instead of losing our individuality we would increase it, and reach our highest, fullest, and freest development.

The meeting on January 16th was led by Miss Emma Krennrich. Topic, "A Heart-stirring Topic." The topic as presented by Miss Krennrich was indeed a "heart-stirring" one; it was more, it was a vital topic. It is just such topics and just such earnest leaders that we need to keep us in close touch with our Heavenly Father.

January 23d, coming at the time when our mid-winter examinations were taking place, no meeting was held on that date.

January 30th, topic, "What it Costs to be a Strong Christian." Leader, Miss E. A. Knapp. Miss Knapp painted a strong picture of what it costs to be the strong Christian, living close to God, but she also gave us the other side, the joy, the happiness, the beauty of such a life. It was a talk calculated to strengthen and renew our devotion to the Master, an encouragement and an inspiration to the girls who attended the meeting.

We are indebted to Miss Frances Burlingame for an exceedingly interesting little talk on February 6th upon the origin of some of the Old Testament stories. Miss Burlingame traced the likenesses as well as the differences of these stories to the old Persian myths, and showed very clearly the indebtedness of the Jew to the ancient Persian literature in particular, as well as to the surrounding nations of antiquity.

Our Association has had the great pleasure of a visit from Miss Eleanor V. T. Harris, State Student Secretary

of the Young Women's Christian Association.

On February 8th Miss Florence McKinlay invited the members of the college and faculty to meet Miss Harris at her home, No. 350 Hudson avenue. A most enjoyable evening was the result of this reception, which enabled Miss Harris to meet the greater part of the girls and the members of the faculty in a delightfully informal manner.

Saturday was spent by Miss Harris in meeting with the four sororities. At these meetings Miss Harris pointed out the way in which the girls might help the other girls in college, as well as each other. She spoke of our great opportunities and our great responsibilities, and urged us to prove by our lives that we were striving toward the "ideal womanhood."

At 3.30 o'clock Miss Harris met with the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, to see what had been done by the Association during the past school year, and to offer suggestions as to ways in which the work of the Association might be strengthened.

Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, at the primary chapel, a special meeting for all the students was held. As Sunday was the Universal Day of Prayer for Students, Miss Harris chose this as her topic, and told us something of the work of Christian associations in other lands as well as in our own. She then made a personal appeal to each one that we might do our share towards furthering Christ's cause on earth.

"Service" was the topic for the meeting on February 13th, as chosen by Miss Anna E. Pierce. Miss Pierce spoke of the various ways in which we, as girls and as teachers, might serve the Blessed Master. Those who attended this meeting went

away feeling that they understood better than ever before how they might serve the Christ, and how blessed such a service is.

At the business meeting which was held immediately after the regular devotional meeting, officers for the coming year were elected. Miss Angeline Finney, president; Miss Florence Brown, vice-president; Miss Alice Hill, secretary; and Miss Frances Woodruff, treasurer. Installation of these officers will take place Wednesday, February 20.

Let us *all* give our earnest support to these new officers who are about to enter upon their new duties. We can do it by praying for them and for the work which they are endeavoring to accomplish, by attending the weekly meetings, by acting as the leader of these meetings occasionally, by joining the Bible and Mission Study classes. These are a few of the ways in which we can help make the coming year of our Y. W. C. A. the strongest and most helpful of its existence. We may rely upon *your* support, may we not?

Delta Omega.

Miss Emma Montrose was recently called to Germantown on account of the death of an uncle.

Miss Myrta Kelsey, of New Rochelle, was for several days the guest of her sister, Miss Grace Kelsey.

Miss Winnia Miller spent the Christmas vacation with friends in New York.

Miss Minnie Schultz was absent from town several days owing to the death of an aunt.

Miss Helen Hitchcock has, for two weeks, been confined to the house by illness.

Miss Grace Kelsey recently spent a few days at her home in New Rochelle.

On January 19th Miss Eleanor March left for an indefinitely extended tour through the Holy Land and Europe.

Shortly before her departure a surprise party was given Miss Marsh by the members of Delta Omega, the evening being greatly enjoyed by all.

Among those present were Misses Jennie Anthony, Fanny Drevenstedt, Barbara Sammons and Edith Everett, former members of the society.

The friends of Miss Helen Kerr will regret to learn of the death of her brother Ludlow, who died January 21st after a brief illness.

At a meeting of the Delta Omega Society, held January 30th, the following officers were installed for the coming term: President, Emma Montrose; Vice-President, Minnie Schultz; Recording Secretary, Alice Merrill; Corresponding Secretary, Helen Hitchcock; Treasurer, Lillian Brown; Critic, Grace Kelsey; Chaplain, Miriam Tyler; Editor, Dellma White; Marshals, Ethel Breitenstein, Winnia Miller.

Miss Kate Algie, '06, is now teaching in the city.

Miss Marcia Vrooman, of Schenectady, visited friends in town recently.

Miss Lizzie Bunyon, '06, has been the guest of Miss Edith Everett.

Miss Alice Palmer, '07, is now holding a position in Stanford, Conn.

Miss Esther Tomkins has completed her course and returned to her home in Stony Point.

Miss Gertrude Bushnell spent Sunday in Kinderhook.

Miss Bertha Jordan visited friends in Voorheesville on Sunday last.

Miss Hyde attended the Alumni banquet in New York on Saturday, February 2d.

Those who attended the Alumni banquet given Saturday, February 1st, at St. Denis Hotel, New York city, report a very enjoyable time. There were present twenty-one representatives of Delta Omega, who, together with a few friends, occupied a special Delta table. The Delta songs sung during intermissions were greatly enjoyed.

On Saturday, February 2d, Misses Ethel Pitt and Olive Briggs were initiated into Delta Omega Sorority.

Psi Gamma.

On January 10th Psi Gamma held its regular meeting and elected the following officers: President, Laura Meigs; Vice-President, Mabel Roosa; Recording Secretary, Olive Perry; Corresponding Secretary, Viola Carnrite; Treasurer, Mabel A. Tallmadge; Critic, Olive Smith; Chaplain, Harriet Vidal; Marshals, the Misses Hill and Brown.

January 23d a regular meeting was held at the home of Miss Tallmadge.

A special meeting was held January 30th with Miss Carnrite for the installation of officers.

Installation of officers was held February 7th at the home of Miss Meigs. The following officers were installed: President, Miss Laura Meigs; Vice-president, Miss Mabel Roosa; Secretary, Miss Amy McGraw; Treasurer, Miss Mabel Tallmadge; Chaplain, Miss Harriett Vidal; Marshals, the Misses Alice Hill and Florence Brown.

Psi Gamma was very loath to lose four of her sisters, the Misses Olive Perry, Eva Locke, Alma Glann and Martha

Tobey, who left Saturday, February 2d, for the Oneonta Normal School. We all miss them greatly, but by frequent letters we are enabled to keep in close touch with them. However, they like their work at Oneonta and report having made many pleasant acquaintances there, so we need have no fear for their success.

Psi Gamma gave a farewell entertainment to her sisters who left for Oneonta a few evenings preceding their departure. Several of our Alumni were present, including the Misses Juliet Mosier, Elizabeth Sherman, Eda Sherman, from Coeymans, and Miss Edith Hegnembourg, from Schenectady.

The Society entertained several of its friends at a valentine party at the Primary Chapel on February 12th. Many interesting games were played, after which refreshments were served.

At a recent meeting of the Society the Misses Emma Krenrich, Fannie Parvel and Lillian Waldron were elected to membership.

The Misses Florence Brown and Alice Hill were recently elected to the offices of Vice-President and Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

Psi Gamma has recently rented rooms on Madison avenue and before many days she hopes to be as comfortably situated as her sister sororities.

Three of our girls, the Misses Mabel Roosa, Marion Mackey and Kathryn Ostrander, went to Coeymans February 15th to spend Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Sherman.

We miss Miss May Marsden, who has completed her course at S. N. C. She was a very active member of Psi Gamma.

A regular meeting was held Thursday evening at the home of Miss Meigs. Miss

Amy McGraw was elected Recording Secretary in Miss Perry's place.

Psi Gamma entertained Mrs. Mooney and the State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Harris, at the home of Miss Meigs on Saturday morning, after which all went to the Primary Chapel to hear Mrs. Mooney's lecture on Faust.

Psi Gamma extends a most cordial invitation to her college sisters to call on her in her new Sorority rooms at 339-A Madison avenue.

Kappa Delta.

A regular meeting of Kappa Delta was held at the Sorority house Monday, January 28th, when the election of officers took place. The following officers were elected: President, Cornelia G. Lansing; Vice-President, Sonia Ladoff; Secretary, Mary Denbow; Treasurer, Juliet Murdock; Director, Florence McKinlay; Editor, Ada V. Edwards.

Mrs. Dr. Maxson, of Utica, called on Miss Alice Gunsell recently at the house.

Miss Nellie Seargent has been called to her home in Cooperstown owing to the illness of her mother.

We were very pleasantly entertained the evening of January 15th at the home of Miss Gertrude Gifford on Madison avenue.

Monday evening, February 4th, a farewell party was held at the Sorority house in honor of Miss Antoinette Wilson, who is about to leave college on the completion of her course. All of the girls were present, and a general good time was enjoyed. Miss Wilson returned to her home in Spring Valley.

A number of Kappa Delta girls, with a few city friends, visited the Hospital for Incurables Saturday afternoon, February 2d. A very informal musical and literary entertainment was given, which afforded a great deal of pleasure to the inmates. We were invited to visit the hospital again and are planning to do so.

Miss Eleanor V. T. Harris, State Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., was a guest at dinner at the house Sunday, February 10th.

The Alumni

The New York Alumni Banquet.

The great metropolis of our State is ever recruiting its teaching force from the graduates of the New York State Normal College, and the men and women whom it chooses are of the best that go out from the institution. Not all those, however, who are absorbed by the city and its environs remain in teaching service; some of them gravitate to other professions. No matter in what line of the world's work they are, these men and women seem to know one another and to have vivid recollections of the Normal College.

For many years have the New York Alumni met in council at stated times to brighten the chain of friendship, admit new members to the ever-widening circle, and to talk over the old college days.

The second of this month was the time of the last social reunion. On the evening of that day there was given at St. Denis Hotel the third annual banquet of the New York Alumni of the State Normal College.

In the hotel drawing-rooms the guests assembled at an early hour for informal and hearty greetings. About seven o'clock they repaired to the great dining-room that had been garnished and set in order for the occasion. Presently there were seated at table 167 friends — teachers, principals, district superintendents, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, business men and women, together with several ladies who are chiefly engaged in home-making.

The College faculty was represented by ten members, all the faculty having been specially invited as guests of the association. Mr. B. A. Smith, president

of the association, fulfilled the duties of toastmaster with all his usual geniality. On his right sat President Milne as guest of honor.

Dr. Milne, in his response to "The Normal College," showed the College to be in a transition state, finishing up the work of the old and beginning the work of the new institution; and being in a sense houseless and homeless, dependent in great measure upon the hospitality of the churches. "But the College," said he, "has a past; and, thank God, it has a future — a future that will afford to young teachers opportunities undreamt of in former days." He closed his remarks by saying that although high salaries, fine positions and modern buildings are all valuable and desirable, yet is there something even better than these.

Other speakers of the evening were Superintendent James M. Edsall, vice-president of the association; Superintendent John C. Dwyer, Mrs. Mooney, Miss Bishop, Principal Becker, Rev. Charles A. Tyndall, Miss McClelland and the newly elected president, Dr. C. Stuart Gager.

Dr. Dwyer spoke chiefly on the necessity of thorough work in the fundamentals. (On Monday following the banquet he proudly conducted some of the guests through two of the uptown schools under his supervision, where was witnessed fine work in the fundamentals and in the "modern innovations" as well.)

It was a grand gathering of notable men and women, bound in friendship to one another, and loyal in heart to the old institution that had given direction to their lives in the earlier days. It was an inspiration to meet them, and an honor to be numbered with them. It is pleasant to record that during the evening sub-

stantial additions were made to the Husted Fellowship Fund.

Another of the pleasant features of the evening was the receipt of a telegram conveying kindly greetings from Mrs. Emeline McMaster Curtis, '67; Helen S. Daley, '94; Georgia Reeve, '02; M. Louise Russell, '01; Annie L. Cushing, '99, and Elizabeth Burlingame, '05, all members of the faculty of the Geneseo Normal School.

Very much of the success of this gathering was due to the efficient and energetic work of the secretary, Mr. Fred A. Duncan.

The newly elected officers for the year are as follows: President, Charles Stuart Gager, '97; Vice-President, John Dwyer, '79; Secretary, Fred A. Duncan, '90. Members of the Executive Committee, L. Louise Arthur, '96; Mary E. Lynch, '92; Mary E. Kennar, '00; Fred DeL. King, '82; Letta B. Burns, '98; James M. Edsall, '84; William M. Strong, '98; Beverly A. Smith, '79.

There follow the names of those present at the dinner:

1845-1860.— Sarah F. Buckelew, '54; Emeline C. Davies, '54; Benjamin Edson, M. D., '57; David P. Austin, M. D., '57; Sylvanus B. Husted, '57.

1860-1870.— Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney, '61; Mary E. Swezey, '68; Jennie M. Schoonmaker, '68; Mary A. McClelland, '68; Emma P. Traynier, '69.

1870-1880.— Elwin S. Piper, '74; Erwin H. Schuyler, '76; Irving W. Story, '79; John Dwyer, '79; William H. Story, '79; Beverly A. Smith, '79.

1880-1890.— Moses Becker, Jr., '80; Jessie Van Auken Tyndall, '80; Charles H. Tyndall, '80; D. A. Bulson, '81; Richard E. Coon, '81; Fred DeL. King, '82; Minnie T. Griffin, '83; James M. Edsall, '84; E. Helen Hannahs, '84; Mrs. J. D.

Dillingham, '84; Cora A. Paterson King, '84; Theophilus Johnson, '84; Anna E. Pierce, '84; Clara E. Stevens, '85; Mrs. Richard E. Coon, '85; Susie F. Lockhart, '85; Charles M. Babcock, '86; Mrs. Moses Becker, Jr., '86; John J. Dillon, '86; Helen L. Sewell, '86; Andrew J. Forman, '87; Harriet De Veau Hallett, '89.

1890-1900.—Fred A. Duncan, '90; Mrs. Ida Holmes Near, '90; Minnie A. Clark, '90; Maude Page Jenkins, '90; Mrs. Theophilus Johnson, '91; Frances B. Merrifield, '91; Emily C. Brown Hitchcock, '91; Bertha Horton Van Tassell, '91; James H. Brooks, '91; Jennie E. Hewitt, '91; Archibald A. Dodds, '91; May E. Brown, '91; Talitha B. Koester, '91; Henrietta Hickok, '91; Forrest T. Shutts, '91; Lucy E. Smith de Bonilla, '92; Henrietta L. Havens, '92; Julia A. Babcock, '92; Edith Bailey Taft, '92; Milton P. Kaler, '92; Mabel Westcott Reynolds, '92; Alice Burroughs Martin, '92; Evie Corney, '93; Anna Brett, '93; Mabel Lewis De Baun, '93; Adelaide Carson Allison, '93; Harriette Slater Bird, '93; Paul E. Riemann, '93; Eliza A. Tut- hill, '93; Grace M. Seaton, '93; Robert G. Patrie, '93; Elizabeth L. Young, '93; Wilson R. Failing, '93; Anna B. Has- brouck, '94; S. Frances Hamlin, '94; Aurelia Hyde, '95; Mary K. Pease, '95; Roberta M. Cochrane, '95; Anna Husted Strong, '95; Mabel L. Overton, '96; Arrietta Snyder, '96; Mary E. Chace, '96; L. Louise Arthur, '96; Mary B. Heard, '96; Elizabeth Sutcliffe, '96; Har- low McMillan, '97; Elmira Oakley, '97; Otilia M. Beha, '97; Charles Stuart Gager, '97; Irene L. Gregory, '97; Cor- nelia E. Gayler, '97; M. Evelyn Pratt, '97; Alice J. Lynch, '97; Royal L. Cot- trell, '97; Georgia M. Griesbeck, '98; Nora M. Lahey, '98; Edith M. Brett, '98;

Letta B. Burns, '98; H. G. Dibble, '98; C. W. Armstrong, '98; Helena M. Buck- ley, '87 and '98; Bertha W. Bagg Gager, '98; William M. Strong, '98; Mary B. Loughran, '99; Edgar S. Pitkin, '99; Jennie S. Eckhardt, '99.

1900-1907.—Abby Porter Leland, '00; Edna M. Fisher, '00; Henry A. Strong- man, '00; Myra I. Johnson, '00; Kather- ine V. Ostrander, '92 and '00; Mary E. Kennar, '00; William B. Aspinwall, '00; Carrie A. Kimball, '00; Elizabeth A. Bishop, '01; Elizabeth M. Baker, '01; Mary H. Knight, '01; Frances M. Craw- ford, '02; Delia L. Mason, '02; Ruth Sandford, '02; Mabel Frances Smith, '02; Grace Skinner, '02; Justus C. Hyde, '02; Alice B. Newman, '02; Blanche C. Hynds, '03; Louise Hitchcock Backus, '03; Edith M. Theall, '03; Alta E. Thompson, '03; Anna Hillidge, '03; Eleanor U. N. Van Alstyne, '03; May E. Wickens, '03; Florence Haviland Sea- man, '04; Iola M. Blackburn, '04; Ruth Brodhead, '04; Mildred W. Thompson, '04; Edmund Cocks, '04; Louise G. Metzler, '05; Marie A. Hewson, '05; S. M. Boyce, '05; Amanda Rose Markham, '05; Violet A. Parrish, '05; Agnes Kil- patrick, '06; H. H. Constantine, '06; Mary Sharpe, '06; Alma Louise Johnson, '06; Blanche E. Johnson, '06; Lillian B. Goppert, '06; Elma McKee, '06.

GUESTS.

William J. Milne, M. Harriette Bishop, Leonard W. Richardson, Isaac T. Swezey, Mrs. Justus C. Hyde, Mrs. Wilson R. Failing, Mrs. Forrest T. Shutts (Potsdam Normal), Mrs. James M. Edsall, Cecelia Davies, George A. Taft, Mrs. D. N. Bulson, Mary C. Dillon, Mrs. Andrew J. Forman, Mrs. Charles M. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wendell, Mrs. H. H. Constantine, Mrs. Henry A. Strongman,

James H. Seaman, Mrs. Milton P. Kaler, Carrie Richardson.

Miss McClelland while in attendance at the Normal College banquet at St. Denis Hotel, New York city, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Forman. Mr. Forman is a graduate of the class of 1887.

Miss Sewell was entertained during her recent visit to New York by Mrs. Florence Haviland Seaman, '04, while Miss Pierce was the guest of Mrs. Maud Page Jenkins, '90.

We are indebted to Miss McClelland for the interesting report of the third annual banquet of the Metropolitan Association of the Graduates of the State Normal College.

Attorney John J. O'Shaughnessy, of Johnstown, New York, S. N. C., '97, made a short visit to the College on the 25th of February, while on his way to Burlington, Vermont, to attend the United States District Court of that State, on the 26th of February.

Marriages.

November 29, 1906, Miss Jennie Van Hammer, '04, of Ellenville, N. Y., to Mr. Herman Mueller.

Wednesday, December 26, 1906, Miss Mabelle Hepburn, '99, of Davenport, Iowa, to Mr. Archibald Joseph Mathews.

Tuesday, January 1, 1907, Miss Laura Stafford, '98, of Bennington, Vt., to Mr. Walter J. Niles.

Saturday, January 26, 1907, Miss Florence Vander Veer Williams, '97, of Albany, N. Y., to Mr. Eugene Snyder.

Deaths.

On Monday, January 21, 1907, occurred the death of Miss Minna Lowenstein Froelich at her home in Schenectady, N. Y.

Exchanges

A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a Boy who was a Freshman in High School. One dark night he became lost in the Algebra woods. It was very dark and he was much afraid. Finally, he thought he saw a little path and started to follow it. He had not gone far when he saw a fearful looking creature approaching.

He was so frightened that he could scarcely stand, but he asked in trembling tones, "Who are you?" "My name is Factor Theorem," the creature replied in a gruff voice. "I have long wanted to become acquainted with the Factor Theorem," said the Boy, with rising courage. "I am very glad I met you. Won't you please help me to get acquainted with some more of the Algebra people?"

"With pleasure. Here comes Theory of Exponents," said his new friend. "He is a very ugly looking person," said the Boy. "He is a very clever fellow and I am sure you will like him when you know him better." They went on through the woods and the Boy began to feel that it was growing lighter.

They met a number of Algebra folk as the time passed and all appeared to be going in the same direction. The Boy became much interested in his new friends and at last plucked up courage to ask where they were going.

"We are going to a Mathematical Feast," cried Ratio, Proportion and Variation in one breath. "Won't you come?" "Sure," said the Boy. "I should like to see what you eat."

Soon they came to the place where the feast was to be held. The cloth was laid on the Multiplication Table and was decorated with a series of progressions. All

of the Algebra people sat at this table except the Logarithms, who had a table to themselves, and the Harmonical Progressions who furnished the music for the occasion.

On the large table the centerpiece was of Quadratic Equations, neatly arranged. The Boy was given the seat of honor and as a favor he found in front of his plate a curious mechanical toy. He asked Theory of Limits, whom he had seen put it there, what it was, and was told that it was a "Variable-approaching-a-limit."

"Well, if that isn't the limit!" exclaimed the freshman.

He then asked Factoring, who sat on his right hand, why the Logarithms had a table to themselves. "They can do so many things that they are quite stuck up and don't care to associate with the common herd. As far as I am concerned I can get along without their help," was the reply.

Like all freshmen the Boy was fond of asking questions, so he asked Factor Theorem what they had to eat. "There are four courses of which all of us are so fond that we have them at every meal. They are Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division, and for a relish we serve with them a few Fractions or Square and Cube Roots," was the reply.

Just then a small army of waiters appeared. There was a good deal of sameness in their appearance and the Boy asked one of them his name. "I am called Things-equal-to-the-same-thing etc.," said the waiter. "You see we are the Axioms. We are Self-evident, and it is our duty to help these poor theories. Some of them would have a hard time to prove their demonstrations without us," he added, swelling out his chest.

Then the feast began. The Boy found

the courses of Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division tasted very like his mother's sugar cookies, only they were cut in different shapes.

The square and cube roots he also found to be very palatable as well as equations served in many different styles.

At one side of the table under some trees was a platform and Hindoo Method told the Boy that it was customary for the people to give Demonstrations on this for the entertainment of their guests.

Factor Theorem and Factoring gave a sleight-of-hand performance, and the way they juggled Binomials, Trinomials and Polynomials almost took away the Boy's breath. Binomial Theorem gave a very complicated exhibition of his powers and praised Sir Isaac Newton so much that the Boy began to wonder who he was.

Two curious looking little creatures mounted the platform and announced themselves as the Incommensurable Ratios, but what they said and what they did the Boy could not understand. The next was a character sketch by Square and Cube Root. The Boy was much interested and leaned forward with eyes and mouth wide open. Cube Root let a decimal point fly out of his hand. The Boy thought it was a paper wad and jumped.

Then he heard his mother say: "Have you your lessons? You have been asleep an hour."

"Gee!" said the Boy, "I wish I could 'put in an hour a day' on algebra that way every day."

Z. F., in The Forum.

The mintage of wisdom is to know that wealth is rust and that real life lies in love, laughter and work.—Elbert Hubbard.

REMAINS OF THE SENIOR SOCIAL.

Why is Governor Hughes like an axe?
Because he hews.

Why is Emperor William like a sword?
Because he is keen and cutting.

Why is Thomas Edison like an arm-
chair? Because he helps people enjoy
themselves.

Why is J. D. Rockefeller like a barrel?
Because he has no hair on his head.

Why is Miss Hamm like a notebook?
Both are necessary to happiness in the
S. N. C.

Why is Miss Ada Reed like a note-
book? Because she is full of knowledge.

Why is Miss Meiggs not like a couch?
Her presence is not restful.

Why is Miss Finney like a blotter?
Because she soaks up Pedogogy.

Why is Miss Schaupp like a box of
candy? Because she is sweet.

Why is the Freshman President like a
shamrock?

It is plain to be seen,
Because he is Green.

Why is the President of Kappa Delta
like a sewing-machine? Because she is
a hummer.

Why is Miss Hardenburg like a piano?
Because she occasionally gets out of tune.

Why is Mr. Brunson like a torch?
He gives light in darkness.

Why is Miss Tyler like a lamp? Be-
cause she throws light on things.

Why is Miss Lillian Brown like salt?
Because she isn't fresh.

“Diving, and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean—the fault is in
thee.”

IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION A GOOD
BUSINESS INVESTMENT?

(From Field Notes, published by King-
Richardson Co.)

The president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Mr. James M. Dodge, has, in his careful way, after “the scientific method,” furnished a scientifically accurate answer to the question that gives title to this little circular. With the young people themselves as the “capital,” their wages as the “interest,” what influence has a college education or a technical education on the earning power or increase of capital? He gathered a large number of actual average cases from practical life, and from these data drew certain deductions that should have the earnest consideration of young people, their parents, teachers and friends. The following was his method and we invite a careful study of the diagram in connection with this explanation:

Let us start with the average boy of sixteen, and assume that he is worth to himself in earning power, \$3,000; this is his potential capital—himself viewed only as an economic proposition. At this point we will also assume that he is as yet neither skilled in any craft, nor shop-trained, nor has he had the benefit of any trade-school, or even been in any school of technology, or a college. Hence, four possibilities lie before him. I. To remain an unskilled laborer. II. To get a shop training. III. To go to a trade-school. IV. To acquire a liberal education. Start four boys, then, on the four lines and let us see what influence training of an equal sort actually has as measured by money returns.

I. The unskilled laborer.—On the average he is earning four dollars a week at the end of his sixteenth year, five dol-

lars a week a year later, and his advance continues with regularity to his twenty-second year, when he is worth as "capital" to himself, \$10,000, and he has a wage-earning capacity of \$10.20 a week. But here he reaches the highest economic value of unskilled labor, which will not significantly increase in value however many years he adds.

II. The shop-trained worker.— Even his narrower, rule-of-thumb training pays good interest from the start. In six years he has passed the unskilled laborer; by the time he is twenty-four, however, he has reached his maximum; his potential capital is \$15,000 and his wage \$15.20 a week. This is the highest point reached by the shop-worker.

III. The trade-school young man.— The early broadening of his work immediately brings better wages. Before he is eighteen he has forever distanced the unskilled worker. Before he is twenty-one he has also left the shop worker behind him. When he is twenty-four he has an earning power of twenty-two dollars a week. He reaches his highest valuation at thirty-one years, and here he finds the highest point in the trade-school economic horizon.

IV. The technically and liberally educated boy.— For several years this young man lags behind all three of the other classes. When he is nineteen the unskilled laborer is ahead of him. Not till he is twenty-five does he catch up with the shop-trained boy, or rise above the economic horizon of the trade-school man. But what then? All three of his competitors have already reached their earning limit. Their horizons are fixed; but from that twenty-fifth year and its potential capitalization of \$22,000 the college-trained man shoots up in seven

years more to an earning power of forty-three dollars a week, and has not as yet reached his full economic horizon! A liberal education has added a potential capitalization of \$21,000 over all competitors (from \$22,000 to \$43,000). Education took him at the age of sixteen at \$3,000, it leaves him at thirty-two at \$43,000.

These facts speak for themselves; they are not the guesses of an educational enthusiast, but are the logical results of a careful scientific investigation by one thoroughly competent to make it. What better investment of himself can one make than to secure a college education?

A RECIPE FOR SANITY.

Are you worsted in a fight?

Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles —

Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after,

There's no recipe like laughter —

Laugh it off.

—Century.

MR. HUGHES AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

"Entering Brown University as a student, he acquired such absolute mastery of all studies put before him that at twenty, abandoning his father's plan to put him in the ministry, he was invited to, and accepted, the chair of Greek and higher mathematics in Delaware Academy, Delhi, N. Y. Meanwhile he had

been devoting about half his time to the study of law, and a year later he was found in the law school of Columbus University. He was graduated thence in 1884, began practice, and seven years later found himself so worn with work that he determined upon a rest, *and got it by accepting a chair in Cornell University for two years.*"—Philadelphia Press.

(The italics are ours.)

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift!
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle — face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil — who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce; O, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong;
How hard the battle goes; the day how long;
Faint not! Fight on!
To-morrow comes the song.
—Dr. Babcock.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON BREATHING.

Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, and our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they got out doors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that black hole and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill their breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. A girl can't run and holler like boys because her diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I rather be a boy so I can holler and run and have a great big diaphragm.

Now.

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the tones of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in spring.
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

—Chas. R. Skinner, in The Cornell Sun.

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