

Scotland

-THE-ECHO-



Jan 1912

-THE-ECHO-



JANUARY, 1912.

ALBANY,

NEW YORK

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THE ECHO.

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

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

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

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

THE ECHO.

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XXII.

JANUARY, 1912.

No. 5

Literary Department.

A SOLILOQUY OF A MODERN MATERIALISTIC SCIENTIST.

Hopeless! and the sure loss of hope is death!
I can see nothing in the darkness; nay,
I cannot even feel some darker form
That shadows out the light. Dead! Dead!

The blinding ray that burnt awake my soul
In passionate pain; that was no piteous dream.
I did see light, if ever I have seen.
Dim meanings flashed and dazzled from its beams,

Like rainbow hues from out the wind-blown spray.
In rapturous wonder-worship, I beheld
Harmonious figures slowly fashioned from
Within its beams, as by an unseen hand.

Clear and more clear appeared the shadowy shapes,
While step by step, I paced the search of life;
And slowly seized the craving of my soul,
As once the blinding beam had done alone.
In years of search and study with my glass,
I grew unconscious of the flooding light;
'Til on one dismal day, I raised my head
To look upon the ray, throughout its length,
Alive with flying particles of dust.

In startled shock at the mysterious change,
Again I seized the glass; and with straining eyes,
Followed the myriad torn and broken bits
Swirling in senseless, maddening carnival.
When lo! O burning agony, the light
Began to pale; shadows crept stealing round,
And in the slowly settling darkness drear,
The dust did fade from out my straining sight.
Gone! Lost! O, not the forms, but Light.

HOWARD B. DABNEY, 1912.

THE MAN I SAW.

Last night I met what I should like to call, if you please, the wreck of a man. I met him on a dirty, ill-paved street in the lower part of the city, slouching along in the shadows like some great, ill-kept beast of darkness.

He was ragged, filthy, and wretched from head to foot. No garment was whole, or clean, or shapely. His figure seemed to

be sunk down, melted, I might say, by the fires of ambition and energy that had long since burnt out. And on going closer, no detail could I observe which was better than the general effect.

His face! Ah, it was only a sodden, pursy, caricature of the visage God gave him! You know the type. The sunken, blood-shot eyes, the loose lips, the flushed, swollen cheeks, and nose of the drunkard, are all too familiar to us. Hands! Had he any? I know not. His arms were stuck into his pockets in the slouchy manner of him who has no work to do. But he had feet, I can swear. I saw them, protruding from the sloppy remnants of what had once been shoes.

He slouched past, and was gone. Shall I ever see him again? Yes, and you will, too. He will die, but his type will live on. After he is gone hundreds of others will follow in his steps. Will the day ever come when men will learn that right living and thinking and doing will make them both happy and fair to look upon? Shall we ever learn that noble thoughts and deeds will make our faces beautiful and our hearts light? Or shall we always, like this man, allow sin and passion to disfigure soul and body? Only God, in His infinite wisdom, knows.

BALLARD L. BOWEN, 1914.

TO CASSANDRA.

[The following is an original translation of a poem entitled "A Cassandre," by the French poet, Rousard (1524-1585). Rousard has been called the Homer, the Virgil, of the sixteenth century, and during his life-time, he enjoyed a popularity that was phenomenal. He headed a school of poets who exerted a great influence on French literature. "A Cassandre" certainly shows a daintiness that is almost equal to Shakspeare.]

This morning I saw a rose, new-blown,
Unfolding her purple robe to the light.

Oh, come, let us see if her beauties have flown,
 Her gown of purple, her face as bright
 As your own sweet flower-face, dear one.
 Ah! See! In the light of the dying sun
 Her brilliant beauties have fallen away.
 Thou'rt a cruel step-mother, Nature;
 Since such a flower may endure
 But for the span of one short day.
 Ah! Heed my words, fair little one,
 Gather the flowers of thy youth
 In their first fresh bloom of joy and truth.
 This rose has bowed to time's decree;
 Ah! The touch of age must fall on thee!

ELIZABETH G. SCOTT, 1913.

GRANDMA'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"Say, Marthy, go git me that stool in tother room. I've got to have sumthin' fur me feet, fur this pan keeps a slippin' and a slippin', and afore y' know it, 'twill be a layin' on the ground. And, Marthy, afore y' set down agin, just see if that there sur-rup's a bilin'."

Under the shade of the grape arbor close by the kitchen door, sat the two women, peeling peaches. On a charcoal furnace a few feet away was a shining brass kettle about half full of syrup. It was a warm, balmy September morning, and the bright sunshine sifting through the trembling leaves, added to the quaint homeliness of the scene. The speaker was a plump, rosy-cheeked old lady, with the kindest of blue eyes. Her silvery hair was drawn severely back from her open brow, and was twisted in a small knot at the back of the head. She wore a bright purple calico, over which was tied a faded green, gingham apron. Her companion was a young woman, who appeared to be still in her

twenties. She was small and slender. Her pale, sad, face was framed in a mass of glossy black hair. But the most striking part of her features was her large, earnest eyes, which in spite of her raven locks, were of the deepest blue.

Martha brought the stool, removed the bubbling syrup from the fire, and then sat down to her work.

"There," said the old lady, with a smile of satisfaction, as she finally adjusted the stool to her liking, "that's a heap better, I must say."

After a pause she resumed: "How long is it, Marthy, that Phil's bin gone?"

"Most five years, grandmother," replied Martha, softly.

"Most five years ago," repeated Grandma Hillis, musingly. "Most five years ago. It don't 'peer as though he's a comin' now. But somehow, child," she continued, "I can't help thinkin' you'll see him yet fur all. And so when you was over at Johnson's yisteddy evenin,' and I sot here alone, thinks I to myself, 'Sumpthin' oughter be done, fur here's Marthy just a worrin' herself most to death, 'cause Phil's never come back nor sent no word! An' while I was a thinkin', the thought struck me: Why not advertise? So I lit the lamp and got out the pen and ink and writin' paper and sot down at the table and drew up a sort o' form. Y' know I allus was kind o' spry with my pen, and if I do say it maself that advertisement I wrote last night just took the cake."

"Where is your ad. grandmother?" said Martha, smiling through her tears. "Let me see it."

"Why, child," said Grandma Hillis, "I sent it this mornin' to the *Hatfield Enterprise*. But just you wait till Friday when the paper comes and y'll see how nice yer grandma's writin' looks in print."

"Oh, grandmother, what made you do such a thing without telling me?" cried Martha in dismay.

"Don't be silly, child," replied the old lady, in an injured tone. "Do you think I don't know how to advertise? I only wrote what was right and proper. I offered ten dollars reward. He's worth that much, ain't he, Marthy? And," she continued without waiting for a reply, "I told how he looked and what he had on, and said he was gone more'n four years. You see I didn't know it was four or five, so I said more'n four. Well, anyway, you'll see fur yerself in a day or two."

A wagon was heard coming down the road. "There's young Abe Perry with his new buggy," said Grandma Hillis. "That reminds me, child, I'll finish the cannin' myself if you'll run up to Miss Perry's and tell her to call fur me to-night on her way to prayer meetin'."

* * * * *

Six years previous to the time our story opens, Martha Miller, then a girl of nineteen, living with her grandmother in a small Virginia town, had become the wife of Philip King, a young lawyer, of Richmond. One morning about a year after their marriage, Philip set out on a fishing trip. That was the last ever seen of him. Since that day he had vanished as though he had been blotted out of life. It was during the Spanish-American war, and whether he had been drowned in the waters of the bay, or had enlisted in the army, Martha could not say. The latter seemed quite improbable. For why should he go and enlist without letting her know? About a month after Philip's disappearance Martha was taken down with a fever which left her in very delicate health. As soon as she was able to travel her grandmother took her on a visit to an old school friend, a Mrs. Perry, living on a farm in Western New York.

Next to the Perry farm there was a small cottage together with eight acres of land which was up for sale. Martha dreaded to return to Yorktown, where everyone knew of her misfortune, and so she persuaded Mrs. Hillis to buy the cottage, and move

there. So Grandma Hillis left Martha at Mrs. Perry's while she returned to Yorktown, where she sold her house and shipped her furniture to New York. Thinking to put an end to the gossip concerning Martha, she gave it out among the village people that her granddaughter was dead.

* * * * *

When Philip reached the bay on the morning of his disappearance, he met an old friend of his, from Richmond, who persuaded him to enlist in a company which was to leave Richmond that very afternoon for Cuba. As he had not time to return home Philip sent word to Martha through a neighbor, who, strangely enough, enlisted himself, and did not return again to his home town. At the close of the war Philip came home, where he learned of his wife's death and of the mystery which his disappearance had occasioned. After wandering about from place to place for more than a year, he finally, through the mysterious workings of fate, drifted into the town of Hatfield, New York, where he became one of the stockholders and assistant manager of a weekly rural newspaper, which was then being established under the name of *The Hatfield Enterprise*.

* * * * *

"If this don't beat the Dutch," said the editor of the *Hatfield Enterprise*, with a laugh. "Hey, King, come here," he called. "Here's a woman who wants to advertise for her lost husband and nary a cent does she enclose to pay for the cost of advertising. She signs her name as Miss Marthy King. Maybe she's some of your kin. I wonder if our rural patrons think we do that sort of thing for nothing. No doubt they think we are glad to get ads just to fill in. Here," he concluded, handing over the letter, "see if you don't think that wording ain't rich."

"That certainly is all right," said Philip King, with a laugh, as he crumpled up the letter and threw it in the basket.

That night, after the editor had gone, Philip King went to the

waste basket and sought out the crumpled letter. He smoothed it out carefully and put it in his coat pocket, then taking his hat from the peg near his desk, he went out.

On the steps of the little front porch sat Martha. All was still, save for the monotonous song of the crickets, and the shrill cries of the treetoads, which seemed to come from the old apple tree near the gate. Now and then an apple would fall with a heavy thud. Martha sat motionless, gazing dreamily at the garden flowers nodding in the moonlight. Suddenly the gate clicked and a tall figure came slowly up the garden walk.

"Does Mrs. Martha King live here?" asked a cheery voice. At the sound of that well-known voice Martha sprang up and ran into the outstretched arms of her husband. Never was there a happier reunion. Philip told the story of his wanderings; of his enlistment; of the undelivered message; of his return to Yorktown at the end of the war; of his coming to Hatfield, and finally of Grandma Hillis' advertisement. Philip then drew forth the crumpled letter.

"Come into the kitchen, Philip, until I read it," said Martha gently, and by the flickering tallow candle she read:

"Ten dollars reward. Whereas, my husband, Philip King, went off more'n four years ago, and never sent word to me nor nobody all this time, I forbid any man trustin' him for board and close, and any woman from marryin' him, on account of me, Marthy, interferin'. He's ornary-lookin', and had brown hair, but he's all the husband I've got, and I'll interfere if I hear of anybody marryin' him. He had gray close and blue eyes on when he left home, sayin' he was goin' down to the bay near our house at Yorktown, Virginia to catch some fish wearin' glasses. Any information may be sent to

MISS MARTHY KING

Briarhill cottage

Hatfield, New York."

They were still laughing over grandma's letter when that loving old soul returned from "prayer meetin'." Her dear old face beamed with delight, as she warmly clasped Philip's hand. "There's nothin' like advertisin', Marthy," she said softly, as she removed her shawl and bonnet. "And," she added, with a happy little laugh, "as I've heard my mammy say time and time again, 'two heads are better'n one, if one is a sheep's head.'"

ELIZABETH WINSTON, 1913.

IN CLASS.

I know a boy—you know him too—
A slouching boy, a slumping boy,
An awkward and ill-fitted boy—
A boy who hates to rise in school.
He slowly thumbs his dog-eared book,
And with a bored and tired look,
With one hand clears his dazed eyes;
With many groans and many sighs,
He clears his throat and shuffles through
Just like a surly, burly mule.

I know a boy—and so do you—
A primping boy, a prinking boy,
A dapper and affected boy—
A boy who always tries to pose.
He briskly rises from his chair
And with a "See me do it" air,
He smoothes his hair and pats his tie,
Assurance gleaming in his eye—
And with a gentle "Hem" or two,
He minces through the part he knows.

I know a boy—I know you do—
 A strutting boy—a swagg'ring boy,
 A noisy, overbearing boy—
 A boy who seeks to patronize.
 He rises with a jaunty grace,
 Pretentious air, defiant face,
 A way which says, "I know it all—
 My mind is great, but yours is small."
 A boisterous wind as ever blew,
 He blusters through the exercise.

POSTLOGUE.

I know these boys—and so do you—
 Our brothers, cousins, sweethearts, sons.
 It's marvelous, the things they do!
 But boys are not the only ones.

JESSIE E. LUCK, 1914.

THE LEGEND.

One drowsy August afternoon I sat on one of the boulders at the edge of the pool below the cataract. My book rested easily against another huge rock. Occasionally fine wisps of spray caressed my face softly. How quiet everything seemed! The roar of the falling waters was more subdued and hushed than ever. Present and future passed away, as the spell of the place caused thoughts of the past to steal over me. No wonder poor Karl Van Kover, wandering from the Dutch settlements, selected this spot for his lonely retreat. Here was quiet, peace and beauty. I understood now why Roving Wolf had lingered behind the others of his race to roam the wilds about Bash Bish. He too saw here, more clearly than elsewhere, the works of the Great Manitou.

The sound of the falls came to me indistinctly. Hush! was

that the murmur of voices there on the side of the mountain? I watched two figures approach through the trees. Yes, one of them is a woman, that voice is certainly a girl's; and now I see her—a beautiful maiden of ye olden times. She is telling Karl Van Kover her story. He, poor chap, is more surprised than I. She had been visiting friends in New York, but longing for her home and lover, she had left her acquaintances by stealth (for what reasons she did not say), and was trying to reach her Massachusetts home, just on the other side of the mountains. Karl Van Kover looked perplexed, and then offered to help her. They were standing on the ledge just above the cataract. Karl threw a short log from the ledge to Sentinel Rock. High above them the mother Eagle arose from her nest with a long scream, and circled straight upward. He took the girl in his arms and started across the log. Who was that terrible figure that arose, bow and arrow in hand, on the shelf by the eagle's nest? I tried to scream. Karl and the maiden had reached Sentinel Rock and he was placing the log from there to the opposite ledge. An arrow glanced swift and true. Roving Wolf did not understand. Karl fell heavily behind Sentinel Rock, and the log, released by his lifeless hands, struck the girl, and with one pitiful wail she was carried over the falls. My head bumped sharply against the rock, and I narrowly escaped falling into the pool. I had dreamed the legend of Bash Bish.

And still, when the pale light of the Harvest Moon floods the gorge, a maiden's form is outlined in the spray of Bash Bish, and a tender ditty floats through the mists to the spirit of her lover. The sweet notes are caught up by the soft night wind sighing through the hemlocks near Eagle's Nest, and are borne perhaps to some quiet New England churchyard, as the symbol of the love which endures.

J. HARRY WARD, 1914.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Once a jolly Freshman
Attended S. N. C.
Made a hit with college
And one sorority.

Once the "K. D's" rushed her,
At parties and at teas;
Once the "House Girls" fussed her
With all their eager pleas.

Then the "K. D's" dropped her;
O, such a sudden fall!
Now bitterness has locked her
Within its great high wall.

So now this saddened Freshman
Is wiser than before;
She says with accents humble
What she never said of yore,—

"Experience is bitter;
Bitter was my fall.
Still, better to be rushed and dropped
Than never rushed at all!"

"1915."

Editorial Department.

The approach of examinations revives the question: Do we need an honor system? In years past the powers that be have chosen to take the view, first, that there is very little cheating done by the students of S. N. C.; and, second, that the cheating that is done hurts only those who participate in it. With all

due respect to these powers, let it be said that there are two errors in this attitude. From careful, personal observation, we feel perfectly safe in saying that more than fifty per cent. of the members of this college do cheat in examinations. This may be a small percentage compared with other educational institutions, but we doubt it. At any rate it is too large a proportion to be ignored. The other notion, that only the cheater is hurt by his dishonesty, is as erroneous as the idea that there isn't much cheating done here. We believe, emphatically, that the *greatest* harm from cheating is felt by the dishonest student himself, but that he is the *only* sufferer is absurd. Doesn't it hurt the honest student to have his less-competent and less-scrupulous neighbor outstrip him? Far more important, however, is the harm to the college and to the State. Can anyone deny that the college is hurt, both in reputation and in standard of scholarship, by the fact that more than half of its students employ dishonest methods? Will anyone claim that the State is not harmed by the fact that, of the people specially trained in this institution to become teachers of its young — to guide them *morally*, as well as mentally and physically — more than half are cheaters? Is the dishonest student going to be an honest teacher? Human nature doesn't usually work that way.

We shall not attempt to answer the question: Do we need an honor system? To be perfectly frank, we don't know much about honor systems. But we do know that we need *something*, and we have attempted to point out this need. So long as the office chooses to ignore the existence of cheating in general, and to treat leniently specific known cases, so long will it be putting a premium on dishonesty.

It is to be hoped that cheating will receive official recognition this year, but for fear that it won't, remember that "The failing or passing of an examination amounts to so little in life, being honest or dishonest amounts to so much. Before examinations,

read the following words of Abraham Lincoln *and be your own honor system*: 'I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.' "

It is said that the things that are of most value to us are those things that are hard to get. This, like most generalities, is only partly true. There are many things of inestimable worth that we may have for no effort or labor on our part; many things everywhere, and especially right here in S. N. C.

We all know that college students are noted for their ignorance of contemporary happenings in the world. They live a most strenuous life, to be sure, within their college walls; but that life is within their college walls and they do not try over hard to look beyond the walls. There are interesting things happening every day in the great world. Isn't it a shame that we, who are going to mix with that world, who are going to teach some of the citizens of that world, do not know of matters which bear a real, vital relation to human progress?

"Oh," we say, "I don't see where these things are very interesting." Or, perhaps, we protest that we haven't time for such things. There may be other reasons offered, but none of them are so strong that they cannot be overthrown.

One of our professors has taken the trouble to select, condense, and present to us in most enlivening manner, the current events of every week, and how do we accept his effort to bring us into touch with our own times? How do we show our appreciation of his generosity and interest? Indeed, how! A mere handful of the students of this college have responded to a movement that should have been taken up with enthusiasm by every member of the student body, to say nothing of the faculty.

Current events class is one of the best things ever started here

in college. As has been said, it is not intended as a substitute for newspaper reading. No one who has attended the class will say that.

Current events are presented with such vigor and interest, with such keen insight and such frank expression of well-grounded opinions, that there is aroused a desire to read further and form personal opinions.

News Department.

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN FROLIC.

Following the basket ball game on Friday evening, December 16, the Junior class entertained the Freshmen with one of their originally jolly frolics. The Gym. was transformed into a county fair grounds. Scattered about were numerous interesting and entertaining features including a shooting gallery, a gypsy fortune teller, exhibition of the only two-headed calf in captivity, and the candy and pop-corn stall. The special attractions for the evening were: Willis J. Pells, juggler; Mackler and Allison, gymnasts and hypnotists, and Cantor's Negro Band. The three gate prizes were awarded after several attempts at falsification had been exposed. Dancing was enjoyed in the new pavilion recently erected, especial interest being manifested in the revival of the Virginia reel. As appropriate to the occasion, the evening closed with a a reel of especial vigor.

SENIOR NOTES.

At the meeting held Nov. 22 Mr. Gibb, representative of the Warren Co., of New York, showed us samples of pins and rings. We decided to order the rings and pins (as each member chooses) and to have them soon after mid-years.

On December 11, another meeting was held when the class books and caps and gowns were discussed.

The engagement of Miss Marian Lawrence, of our class, to Mr. Mott Palmer, Colgate, '09, is announced. May Miss Lawrence ever be as happy as she is now!

Miss Neva Tillapaugh's sister visited us Friday, December 15.

The Seniors hope every one had a pleasant vacation and secured the rest needed by all.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Junior class has held several class meetings within the past month. It has been decided to observe Junior week as usual. During the week there will be a banquet, a reception to the faculty and students, and a Prom., to which the Seniors have been invited. The following committees have been appointed: Banquet committee, Edna Hall, chairman; Margaret McNally, Anna Kennedy, Helen Odell, Marjory James. Reception committee, David Allison, chairman; Bessie Scrafford, Samuel Hayford, Katrina Van Dyck. Prom. committee, Ethel Zeigler, chairman; Ethel Gilleran, Florence Gardner, Bessie Clark, Willis Pells.

On Dec. 5, Miss Dorothy Higgins, of Troy, entertained the Junior basket ball team. During the evening games and music were enjoyed. Miss Hope Duncan was successful in winning the prize in a novel Christmas game.

The Misses Jackson, Ploss, and Sharer entertained a few of the Juniors on the evening of Dec. 8.

Miss Tymeson spent her Thanksgiving vacation in Philadelphia.

Miss Joyce Sharer spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Hunter, as the guest of the Misses Ploss and Jackson.

Miss Marie Donovan spent the week-end, Dec. 16-18, as the guest of Miss Bessie Scrafford in Schenectady.

Miss Rebecca Roberts was the guest of Miss Helen Ablett, of Cohoes, during the past month.

Miss Laura Bristol entertained her sister during the week of Dec. 18.

Miss Hope Duncan spent her Thanksgiving vacation in Poughkeepsie.

Mr. Roberts has been visiting his daughter, Miss Rebecca Roberts, during the past month.

Miss Grace Young was the guest of Miss Mary Dabney during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Juniors, where are you? Do not make yourselves so conspicuous by your absence from the future basket ball games as you have in the past. Do not leave all the rooting for the Freshmen. Come yourselves and root for your own team.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Marion Wheeler in the death of her father, and to Mr. Ballard Bowen in the death of his mother.

To Mr. Louis B. Ward was awarded the prize for the best criticism of the "Doll's House."

"Nora" has solved the problem at last. She has undertaken to bring up the irrepressible Ward.

The Sophomores are indeed a model class. Of their own free "chance," they have chosen to be "tip-top" men and women, and have given up all their pernicious evil habits and formed delicious new ones. "Off with the old, on with the new!"

New Year's Resolutions: 1. That all Sophomores pay class dues promptly. Treasurer, Miss Lois Atwood.

SENIOR HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

Senior H. E. notes were omitted last month on account of illness of several of the officers. The Misses Schlieper, Hendrie, Danaher, Ely, and Worms have been confined to their homes with grippe and severe colds.

Miss Peters read a paper on "Methods in Home Economics" at the Teachers' Institute. It was very much enjoyed.

Miss Garrison and Mrs. Frear spent the Thanksgiving vacation in New York city.

Several of the gowns made by the Senior girls were on exhibition during the Institute. They were very beautiful and called forth much admiration.

Practice teaching is being done outside the college, besides in the regular Normal High School classes. There are classes in sewing at School No. 11, and in cooking at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

BASKET BALL.

In the first basket ball game of the season, on December 16, S. N. C. defeated R. P. I. 15 by a score of 9 to 8. In the first half our boys were a little slow and scattered in their play, but after the intermission, they started in with a rush and carried everything their own way throughout the remainder of the game.

The college line up was Pratt, captain, center; Elner, right forward; Pepis, left forward; Bowen, right guard; Richards, left guard.

We congratulate the team on their opening victory and hope that it may presage for them a most successful season.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Dec. 14 the recognition of new members took place. Miss Ruth Bissell conducted the meeting, and after having received about thirty new members into our fellowship, the meeting was given over to reports of the delegates from the Auburn convention. These reports were very interesting and gave the members a glimpse of the convention, though they could not attend. Miss Harriet Worms sang a very pretty solo, after which congratulations to the new members of Y. W. C. A. were many and hearty.

Dec. 21, the Christmas service, led by Majory Bennett, was well attended and well enjoyed. This was the last meeting of 1911. Miss Bennett read a selection from Van Dyke, and Miss Everingham read a poem.

The Christmas sale was quite a success. Altogether \$53.50 was taken in from the sale of pennants, candy, fancy articles etc. This is a fine start toward a Silver Bay Fund, to send delegates in June, and by several such schemes we hope to send at least 10 delegates.

Though Y. W. C. A. has been on a fine basis this year, we may hope it will be even better in 1912. We hope its influence will spread among all our college students, and that all may feel its power, and help add theirs. Let us trust that the new year will bring us all that we hope.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the meeting on December 1, papers were read as follows: Short story, "The Way Out," Jessie Luck; short story, Rachael Griswold; a story for children, "Donald's Bargain," Grace Young.

Grace Young and Anna Boochever entertained the club at Miss Young's home on Tuesday evening, December 19. At the

formal meeting of the club, Ballard Bowen was admitted to membership, and papers were read as follows: Short story, "The Picture," David Allison; humorous poem, "The Fate of the Unruly Tongues, Harley Cook; poem, "Modern Barter," Howard Dabney. The special features of the evening were the presentation of a characteristic Christmas gift to each member by a miniature Santa Claus and the preparation by the entire club in collaboration, of a review of the recent Echo play, "A Doll's House." The chinks of the evening were filled in by toasted marshmallows and other refreshments.

DELTA OMEGA NOTES.

Delta Omega is very happy to welcome to its number two new members, Miss Hannah Bray and Miss Helen Marshall.

The deep sympathy of the society is felt for our Delta sister, Marion Wheeler, in her recent bereavement.

Miss Adele Le Compte spent her Christmas vacation at the home of Florence Gardner.

Mrs. Bissell is visiting her daughter Ruth at the Delta apartment.

Mrs. Walter J. Bennett spent the week-end recently with her daughter Marjory.

The Misses Le Compte, Everingham, Atwood, and Kaemmerlen attended the French play, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," given by the Schenectady High School.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Miss Amy Wood attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Auburn Theological Seminary December 8-11.

We are glad to welcome the following girls as our new sisters in Kappa Delta: The Misses Pratt, Thompson, Schmitt, Rogers, Waring, Barremore, Franklin, Denning, Holloran.

Miss Buelah Brandow, of Catskill, visited the Sorority house on Sunday, Dec. 17.

Miss Reiffenaugh entertained the Misses Schermerhorn and Kinne over the week-end, Dec. 10-12, and gave a most enjoyable party in their honor.

We are all very happy to see Miss Pierce resuming her customary duties after her long absence.

Santa Claus visited the "house" on Wednesday night, Dec. 20, leaving a remembrance for each of the faculty members as well as for each of the girls.

We all sincerely regret Professor Kirtland's painful mishap at the party and extend him our sympathy.

PSI GAMMA NOTES.

We welcome most heartily as new members, Miss Marie Simmons and Miss Harriet Maynard.

Regular society meetings were held Dec. 5th and 11th.

Florence C. Travis is teaching in New York city.

Psi Gamma girls teaching in various places are: Jessie Cleveland, '11, Broadalbin; Mary Hotaling, '11, Wappinger's Falls; Florence Wittemier, '11, Millbrook; Florence Brown, '10, Rotterdam.

Psi Gamma girls enjoyed a most delightful evening at the home of Miss Mary MacHarg Dec. 16th.

Christmas vacation was spent most enjoyably by the different girls at their respective homes.

ETA PHI NOTES.

We are pleased to welcome as new members the Misses Edith Gilmore, Gracia Madden, Edith Carr, Ruth De Friest, Myrtle Vine, Edith Potter, Pearl Shafer, Elizabeth Otte, Geraldine Murray.

Miss Edna Burdick has been spending several weeks in New York.

The Misses Grace Willcox and Lela Farnham spent the week-end with Miss Edith Carr, at her home in Schenectady. While there they attended the Allison-Foote debate at Union College.

Miss Edith Larmon, of Salem, N. Y., spent the week-end with Miss Gracia Madden.

On Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1911, the sorority met at the home of the president. After the business meeting there was a Christmas tree, each one receiving a small gift presented by Santa Claus.

Miss Myra Young spent Christmas vacation with her parents in Albany.

Miss Esther Mitchell spent Christmas vacation with relatives in Syracuse.

Miss Lillian Farnham, of Cazenovia, has been the recent guest of her sister, Miss Lela Farnham.

NEWMAN CLUB NOTES.

On Friday evening, December 18, at the home of Miss Florence Kelly, Newman initiated the following members: The Misses Mary Tobin, Lourdes Lynch, Lillian Phillips, Eleanor White, Helen Nugent, May Sheehan, Genevieve Lonergran, Alice Broley, Katherine Glynn, Bessie Reynolds, Kathleen Hanley and Frances Phillips. This marked the closing social meeting until after the Christmas holidays.

Dr. F. Crummey has returned to San Francisco after a short visit with his niece, Miss Mary Crummey.

Miss Mary Wallace was visited by Miss Hortense Danaher, of New York city.

Miss Lourdes Lynch made a delightful automobile tour through the Lake George region.

Miss Genevieve Lonergran spent the Thanksgiving vacation in New York city.

Newman extends to all a Happy New Year.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

"All these wars are bad enough, but the worst is yet to come. The historians are getting ready to tell us about them." We feel differently about it. Our experience has been that a historian's report may be pleasant. In the discussions of 'History in the Making,' held occasionally in Room 200, the subject of war has not been unpleasant. We have not taken up the horrors of warfare but have considered the importance of preserving peace, and keeping the Hague Agreements.

At the last meeting, held Dec. 8, the threatened invasion of Persia by Russia was discussed, and the works of the young American Treasurer-General W. Morgan Shuster, "Persia's Booster." His hold on the people can be seen in Persia's refusal of Russia's ultimatum, "Shuster or War." England's standing back and refusal to interfere was termed "an international outrage."

The McNamara case was discussed and the labor unions criticized for the stand they have taken. It was suggested that it might be time now for labor unions to purge themselves of other McNamaras in their midst.

Other matters treated were the death of Charles S. Francis, of Troy, ex-ambassador to Austria-Hungary, and the Russian Passport Question. We think everyone ought to be interested in discussions of this nature and we hope to see better attendance at our next gathering.

REPORTS FROM THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.**THE NECESSARY BASIS OF A TEACHER'S TENURE.**

ANDREW S. DRAPER, LL. D., Commissioner of Education.

Any teacher, man or woman, has the State's guarantee of a position so long as desired, if not removed for any cause recognized by the law of New York state. The teacher can remain in office as long as he is capable of teaching or until he voluntarily resigns. The just rights of the teacher are to be recognized by the school boards and no element of self interest or influence on this board should interfere with the teacher. The right to be a teacher is conferred by the State and this right is to be recognized by the boards and commissioners, which aid the State in keeping up a vast system of supervision of State education. The State cannot allow the schools to grow weaker and has thus given the selection and employment of teachers into the hands of city and local boards. These boards are to use great discrimination and are to pay no heed to personal feeling nor to the political or social standing of the teacher. The following are some of the just causes by which a teacher can be compelled to resign the position. These dismissals are formulated by the trustees and then referred to the State:

The character of the teacher may have changed since receiving the diploma or it may not be suitable to the locality in which the position is held.

The discipline of the teacher may not be suitable and so this factor can cause removal.

The obligations and services rendered may not meet the requirements of the school board. There are also many disadvantages taken of the weaker teachers and this often forces the teacher to resign voluntarily; or maybe the moral character is of an objectionable nature. This factor is a great one and

must be kept in mind. The teacher who does not meet this requirement is in reality no teacher at all. Many trite sayings of inhabitants, or slight derogatory remarks made, commonly called slander, may result in dismissal.

There ought to be no rebellion against authority or against the management of the schools. This may sometimes be unjust or influence is brought upon the trustees. In this case a new plan of movement should be adopted, and one should try to meet the requirements. In some cases of this sort it is advisable to consult with the parents or families.

To sum up the just causes for removal we have to consider:

1. The conduct in life.
2. The pedagogical value of the teacher.
3. The ability to keep agreements, whether written or implied.
4. The good of the State.
5. All proceedings should be done in the open, before the teacher.
6. The preparation and adaptation of the teacher.

The teacher who follows his work earnestly and who avoids all the causes for removal may rest assured in holding his position as long as he pleases or until he is retired on the pension list.

WHAT CONSTITUTES EFFICIENT TEACHING OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

MR. M. M. GREDITZER, Morris High School, New York.

Mr. Greditzer stated that modern languages were taught only to accomplish the "Realization of the Purpose of Schools." This purpose was to give students culture and a good mental discipline. He further said that mere speaking knowledge of

the language was only an accomplishment and of no value whatever. It should therefore not constitute good teachings. A foreign language should give the student an insight into the lives and customs, history and arts of the foreign people. G. Stanley Hall said: "That few students have any use for the foreign language and are therefore reticent in taking it up." But, the language, if properly taught, that is to say, if interest is awakened and maintained, can be made to give great value to the purposes of the schools.

Mr. Greditzer combated the present method of teaching modern languages, that is, by the natural method or by the foreign language itself. He said anybody who tries to teach this way has "hitched his wagon to a star," and that it is only an "*Ubung des gehors zum spateren gebrauch.*"

The physical and mental exertion on the part of the teacher as well as that on the students is very great. "The mortality among the teachers using this method is raised about 10 per cent." The natural method tends to create set phrases and makes no use of the former knowledge of the student. The student is placed in the position of an infant and has to go through the same processes as he did learning the mother-tongue. This is of no value and is a waste of time and energy. Mr. Hall states that the foreign language should not be taught as a separate phase, but should be brought in co-ordination with the mother-tongue. Only a few scraps of knowledge could be gained in this way and it would be far better to get the student through honest toil to read with understanding and bring him into contact with the people whose language he is trying to learn.

There is no iron-bound rule for teaching a language; but here are some of the important parts which constitute efficient teaching:

1. There must be correct pronunciation. This lies mainly with the teacher. If he doesn't pronounce correctly he cannot expect his pupils to do so. This is a matter of mere imitation on the part of the pupil, but it is essentially necessary. To help the teacher to acquire this he may take a course in phonetics; but it is not to be desired that the pupil be taught the phonetic transcript and then the ordinary script. This would be useless because the student would have to learn two scripts before he became half way acquainted with the language.

2. Acquisition of grammar. The grammar forms part of the language and is therefore necessary. In order to acquire this it must be systematically taught. This does not mean the acquisition of one or two rules to-day and the same to-morrow and so on, but it means that everything should be taken up in sequence and made *interesting*, not clear cut and dry. Furthermore, the grammar should be taught merely as a stepping stone and a necessity for a higher purpose.

3. Dictation. Dictation is absolutely necessary in a small degree. It helps the student to obtain the orthography of the language. Dictations should be selected from reputable writers, and Mr. Greditzer suggests passages from Goethe.

4. Translation. Translation should be made from and into the foreign language. In the natural method only such translations are made as are necessary to the understanding of the passages; but it is generally hard to find out if the student has comprehended the matter. Translation, in Mr. Greditzer's opinion, shows if the student has the grammar and vocabulary well at hand. This phase helps the student in the use of his own language and helps him to read. The student is taught to translate freely and to use the vernacular.

5. Reading. The reading is to connect the student and help him to understand the life and habits of the foreign people.

He should also get acquainted with history and geography of the people studied and their land. The student should not only be taught to read intelligently, but should also enjoy reading.

A teacher who can embody these phases in teaching is considered by Mr. Greditzer to be a capable and efficient teacher.

In the discussion which followed this paper much was said in favor of the natural method and also against Mr. Greditzer's opinion. No conclusion was definitely reached and those present were to pursue the method they thought best.

Monday Evening.

The addresses of welcome were followed by a splendid paper on the co-operation of school and library, given by Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf, president of the American Library Association.

The next speaker was the Rev. William Byron Forbush, D. D., of Detroit. His topic was "Boys and Books." Dr. Forbush presented views, not widely accepted, but clearly worth consideration. His advice was, in brief: Books are the most precious gateway to knowledge. Pupils should be led to an appreciation of good literature by having it taught in a live and interesting way. Most selections taught in High School are really "dead," and pupil is not to be blamed for lack of interest in them. He should become acquainted with the best that is being done in his own time, should be given the current books and magazines and along with them the ability to discriminate between the good and the bad.

Tuesday Afternoon — Meeting of Latin Teachers.

The first speaker of the afternoon was C. E. Bennett of Cornell University. His paper was of course well written and interesting, but contained little of real practical value to High School teachers.

J. D. Kellogg of Union college spoke on "Some Problems

in Teaching Latin," and really offered very substantial aid and advice. He spoke of the difficulties under which teachers work. The long summer vacation makes havoc with Latin, amusements and other social conditions cause the pupils to give to studying the "dregs of their exhaustion." Most pupils have very poor vocabularies, have no knowledge of the virile language of the Bible, and have not in their homes libraries of well-selected books.

The first thing of importance in Latin is to learn to read and read as in English. If the pupil does not read prose he will shrink from the reading of poetry which must come later. Teachers, as a rule, are too careless about their own reading.

Pupils should be taught to write correct Latin prose and translate fairly well at sight. For the first, it is often good practice to take a paragraph of Latin, translate it into English and then, without the aid of the text, try to put the paragraph back into Latin again.

For the second four devices may be used:

1. Write on the board an English paraphrase of the paragraph to be translated.
2. Read aloud with the class in Latin, having taps of teacher's pencil where the phrase endings are.
3. Have pupils understand that they must come to a sight translation with entirely unprejudiced minds.
4. Never an English derivative for a Latin word.

Mr. Kellogg advised the memorizing of noteworthy passages, the elimination as far as possible of guess work. He very aptly defined an "idiomatic" translation as English fit to print.

Wednesday Morning.

The subject of the Elocution Teachers' meeting was "Oral English." The speeches were beautifully delivered and interspersed with bits of poetry and interpretation. Their enthusiasm

led one to feel the need of vigorous English and desire to use better English oneself and to help one's pupils to a higher appreciation of their mother tongue.

On Wednesday evening in the High school chapel was given a recital of "Martin Chuzzlewit" by George C. Williams of Ithaca. The book was an appropriate one, because 1912 is the Dickens centenary year. Mr. Williams impersonated the different characters of the story with great vigor and originality, and inspired his hearers with greater interest and respect for Dickens.

Alumni Department.

Tillie Wagner '05, of West Waterford, N. Y., is teaching in New York city.

On Tuesday, November 7th, at Burlington, Vermont, occurred the marriage of Ruth Norton '99, to Dr. Samuel Warren Hamilton.

Etta Barnet '05, announces her engagement to Mr. Lee Stern, of Uniontown, Pa.

Very many of our alumnae attended the convention of the State Teachers' Association. Among those in Albany were Beulah Brandow '10, Blanche Russell '10, Edna Holbrook '06, Bertha Coon '08, Margaret McGovern '08, Lillian Chicoine '07, Edna Hummer '10, Florence McKinley '09, Florence Jennings '06, Ada Edwards '07.

Married: Florence E. Kelly '07, to Mr. Hayford Kirby.

Married: M. Ruth Davis '08, to Mr. Paul N. Van Der Kar, Wednesday, October 11th, 1911, at Kelsey, N. Y.

Married: Margaret A. McGee '06, to Roland Smith, Union '07. Both are of Schenectady.

FROM MINERVA'S POINT OF VIEW.

Another year has rolled away! I might begin to philosophize on Time,—the changes I have seen in these centuries, and then I would have to discontinue, because of the recurrence of that old question — What is Time? With all my wisdom, I can't just say what time is, for when you come to think of it, is there really such a thing, as such? Isn't it only a relative term? But then, I'll stop that now, for if I don't, I'll be like the spasmodic alarm clock — that seems never to run down.

What a change I have noticed among young hopefuls here! Two or three weeks ago, it was no rare thing to see groups of girls rushing in at nine-three in the morning,—downstairs, pulling off wraps as they went,—then up again,—“up above, where all is —” woe. (Quite the reverse of the old song.) Now, however, I am more often greeted with the sight of some of the same girls, coming in one minute *before* nine! *Que mutatio rerum!*

Indeed, the air is surcharged with New Year's resolutions; but I must say, for the benefit of our kindly old friend, Mr. Nineteen-Hundred-Eleven, that they are more in the theory stage than in the practice. Of course, amongst the more stately, dignified male element, there is little change, because there is so little need of it.

I had thought before Christmas that all the gods and goddesses were coming to partake of their Christmas dinner with me, so great was the array of tables and chairs in the halls. The only clue I got of anything to the contrary came from one of our dignified department members. Two diligent but innocent, sophomores were seated on one of the interesting looking prize benches, and were resting their guilty elbows on one of the equally interesting tables. The afore-mentioned department member said with much gravity,—“Young Ladies,—do you realize that you may be liable to imprisonment for using those articles?”

They did not realize it.

“Why, we people are not allowed to touch them; they are under injunction”

Exeunt all.

Ever since that I have tried to look unusually knowing at those whom I see trespassing on this “injunction”—ed property. I have even winked occasionally. I went to the shade of my old friend Noah (Webster, of course) and I found that by saying these things were “under injunction” the man must have wished to convey one or all of the following meanings,—under the act of enjoining,—or under command, order or precept, or under the prohibition to restrain certain proceedings,—which proceedings must have been studying thereupon.

“The beasts have lairs, the birds have nests, but they have not where to study on!”

Somebody in the senior psychology class must be working for a Ph.D. He wants to discover a new way to talk without moving the lower jaw! The secret of his aim was disclosed in a peculiar way. The usually grave psychology professor happened to tell the following story: “A young and enthusiastic teacher was explaining a rather dry lesson to her class. She was much encouraged in her efforts by seeing Johnnie, the worst mischief there, in the attitude of strict attention to her every word. The usually noisy boy seemed fascinated, and gazed with rapt attention at his delighted teacher. When the lesson was over, up went Johnnie’s hand. ‘The dear little fellow has some bright question to ask,’ thought the teacher. But Johnnie said gravely: ‘Teacher, when you talk, only your lower jaw moves!’”

Now, as I said before, the psychology professor was probably doing this to illustrate the point that one should not take the expressions on pupils’ faces at their full “face value.” However, after some discussion, our very young candidate for the degree asked a young lady who was then teacher, pro tem., if she could suggest a remedy for the habit of moving the lower jaw

when talking. Had I been the young lady I would have suggested the use of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, or a phonograph.

It is a wonder to me that there isn't a new course prescribed for Freshmen, in the knowledge and practice of typewriting,— or at any rate, the *knowledge* of it. One of the boys, a young Freshman, received a telegram from his father the other day. Evidently he had had very little experience with Western Union ways, for he opened the document, looked at it incredulously and said: "O, you can't fool me, that ain't the old man's handwriting."

There are two classes in the college that I have pitied deeply of late. One is a large English class, whose members have haunted the halls with a green book, reading and studying, trying to grasp the obscure meaning of the author. At first, I thought from the facial expressions of the victims, that this must be a philosophy class, or one studying the Darwinian theory. But the book has proved to be a novel of some note. I shall be glad to see the last of that book, and I believe that the fiction class shares my sentiments.

The other class of unfortunates is no more, although those that made it up still exist. They must live on, to bear the weight of their sorrow and humiliation. Painfully did they struggle to teach imaginary pupils real lessons,— the principle of sequence of tenses,— the rules for indirect discourse, and subordinate clauses therein. They were supposed to proceed from the known to the unknown, and seem to feel very gratified with the results, especially in the unknown regions. But alas! — "Why should the soul of mortal be proud?" They went into their examinations with heads erect and spirits high. And when asked to teach to this imaginary class, now much abused, some rules or other, they straightway proceeded from the *unknown* to the *unknown*,— and now — well — they still live on! Their only consolation is to realize that they are loved for their suffering. The loving parent

must chastise his darling child — though it pains him the more of the two. So, let us hope that crowns of glory await them somewhere.

A young girl of the verdant class has been masticating jewels lately. At least, she affirms as much. She works her theory out thus: Her professor told her that she had been very consistent in chewing gum ever since she has been in his class. She said: “‘O, consistency, thou art a jewel!’ therefore I am chewing jewels!”— I felt like adding, with a slight suggestion on her piggish appearance as she chewed the same: “Feed not your pearls to swine.”

The report has gained credence that they have been discussing in this building the old question — “How many angels can sit on the point of a needle?” I am inclined to think sometimes that as many as I have ever seen could rest there with ease.

The people out in the western part of this State have just gained a fine record. It seems that they frightened one of the professors to such an extent that he says he never wants to run up against them again. He prefers to run the other way. The event transpired on Thanksgiving Day, I believe, just before a fine turkey dinner. The only thing I have to say is *beware of the Tonawandas*, when they're hungry. They will scare you as they did your professor, and then — “Johnnie'd come marching home again!”

But enough of this — more another time.

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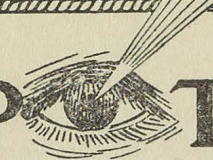
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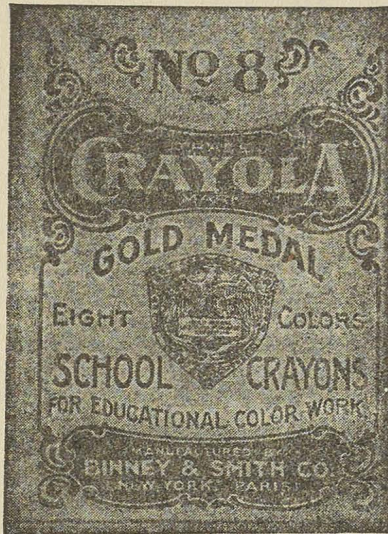
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