

244

-THE-ECHO-

New York State College
for Teachers

LIBRARY
STATE COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS
ALBANY, N. Y.

ADVERTISERS
NUMBER

NOVEMBER
1915

SCHNEIBLE'S PHARMACY

Special Prices for Class Parties,
Reception, etc.

Brick Cream, Fancy Cakes, Candies, etc.
Also Paper Decorations, Floor Wax, etc.

LET US QUOTE PRICES

SCHNEIBLE'S PHARMACY

Corner Western and Lake Avenues

A WATERMAN PEN

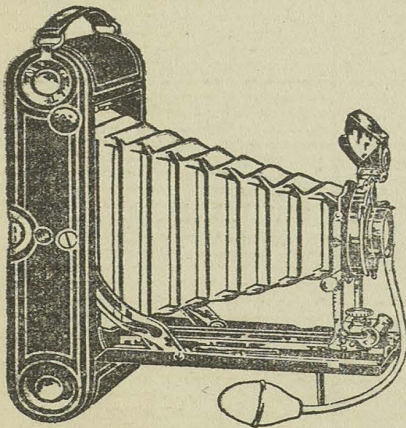
For Christmas

Select a gift pen from \$2.50 to \$10.00 and exchange after the holidays for the point which suits the best. There are 250 in stock at

SKINNER'S BOOK STORE

44 North Pearl Street

Opposite Whitney's



The Complete Kodak Store

Autographic Kodaks, and Brownie Cameras

**KODAK and ELECTRIC
SUPPLIES**

Let us demonstrate the Autographic Feature

Bring us your Kodak and Brownie films. We do prompt developing and printing with painstaking care.

All size roll films developed . . . 10c.

All size pack films developed . . . 20c.

F. E. COLWELL & CO.

459 Broadway

ALBANY, N. Y.

Mention The Echo.

Five Suits Sponged and Pressed \$1.00

TOOTILL

The Tailor to Ladies and Gents

Repairing and Pressing a Specialty

122 Central Ave.,

Albany, N. Y.

Printing and Developing

Camera Films

JOHN J. CONKEY

NEWS DEALER

CIGARS, CANDY AND STATIONERY

Electrical Supplies

215 Central Avenue

Telephone West 2721

NOW

is the time to insure with a good reliable
Company

FREDERICK F. FUTTERER

represents

The **METROPOLITAN LIFE INS. CO.**
of New York

Room 18-22 DeGraaf Bldg.

ASK HIM

“I saw your Ad in the Echo”

(See page 132)

Shop Early and Say You

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

Manufacturers of

Class Emblems Rings Fobs

Athletic Medals

Wedding and Commencement
Invitations

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



*Samples and estimates furnished
upon request*



642 BASTIAN BLDG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Saw It in The Echo.

Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT	PAGE
Why? - - - - - Laura Freidell '17	115
The Witches' Triumph - - - - - Cornelia Buch, '19	117
Over the Hill - - - - - Dorothy Martin, '16	122
An Averted Thanksgiving Dinner Pearl Lukens, '17	123
Thanksgiving - - - - - Kolin Hager, '17	129
 FRAGMENTS	
Home-Coming - - - - - Margaret Miller, '19	130
Moonbeams - - - - - Florence Holgerson, '19	130
The Scarlet Flower - - - - - M. C. Linehan, '18	130
Eventide - - - - - Anon.	131
 EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	
"I saw your ad in THE ECHO" - - - - -	132
Thanksgiving - - - - -	133
NEWS DEPARTMENT - - - - -	135
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT - - - - -	145
EXCHANGES - - - - -	156
ATHLETICS - - - - -	148
JOKES - - - - -	157
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT - - - - -	160



The Echo

VOL. XXV

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 3

Literary Department

Why?

Spring, stay a moment,— a favor from you ;
Oh, tiny pink buds in your fullness of joy,
Save just a whiff, just a whiff of your sweetness
To welcome him back, my own soldier boy.

Summer. 'Tis better it be now that he come,
That he come to me now where the flowers are
in bloom,
And the sound of the scythe and the bees' gentle
hum
May drive from his ear the cannon's dead boom.

Autumn, go slowly. There's time yet to come.
'Tis you that he loved best,— he'll surely be
home.
For your fruits and your harvests, your long waited
store,
He'll come then, oh, surely,— but why not before?

Oh, God, is it winter? Did they tell me last June?
I say no, — 'twas some other. I cannot be wrong!
Oh, God, is it over?
Oh, Father, — my son!

LAURA FREIDELL, '17.



The Witches' Triumph

It was the evening of Hallowe'en. The Wells family was still occupying the cottage by the sea-shore as the ocean air had been recommended for their little daughter's delicate health.

Mary Lou Wells sat disconsolately before the fire, nursing her knees — and her wrongs. She had been sent away from the dinner table that night because she had caused a stormy scene. Her father had voiced his disbelief in witches, ghosts, goblins, and all the other creatures from the world of mystery in whom Mary Lou had the firmest faith. During the meal, she had become very, very angry at her father, and had so disgraced herself before a certain distinguished guest that her mother had sent her from the table.

Mary Lou was alone to-night. Her parents and their guest had gone to a party. Old mammy was soundly sleeping in the adjoining room. The house seemed very quiet. All that Mary Lou could hear was the faint ticking of a clock, the cheery crackling of the fire and the quiet lashing of the waters on the shore in the distance. Mary Lou's little brain was working hard. She tried and tried to find a reason for her father's disbelief in the creatures about whom he had so often told her stories, and whom, moreover, she herself had seen, oh, so often.

"Perhaps," she thought, "he never saw any. Maybe he waited and waited to see a witch, all these years, and now he doesn't believe there are any because he never saw one. Oh, I wish one would come walking in! If he'd seen them as often as I have, he'd know there were witches!"

Mary Lou sat motionless. What was that sound?

Again she heard it—nearer now, and more distinct. Was it a cry for help? Once more weird noises filled the air. There was a wild shriek of laughter, followed by a low moan. It must be very, very near now, almost in front of the house. Mary Lou ran to the window, but could see nothing. Again that awful sound reached her ears. It seemed almost as if it came from the veranda. She ran to the door, opened it, and stepped outside. Driven on by curiosity, she ran down the walk that led to the gate.

Suddenly one of the bushes at her side parted, and out stepped—a witch. By the faint light streaming from the windows the little girl could see that she wore a hideous red dress and a tall, pointed hat. Her gray, disorderly hair hung in strands about her neck, and her nose was long and hooked. At first, Mary Lou was frightened. Then suddenly she realized that her wish had come true.

Clapping her hands she cried joyously, “Oh, witch, you’re here at last. Come in the house with me. If you will stay with me till my father gets home, he will surely believe there are witches.”

But the witch did not move. She only said, “Go get your coat and hat and follow me.”

Mary Lou uttered a little cry of delight. “Oh, are we going to ride on a broom? Where’s your black cat?” she asked.

But the witch said, “Hush, go now, and hurry! Wait—take this, and put it where your father will see it when he comes home.”

In her eagerness to be off on this singular excursion, Mary Lou did not notice what the small, white object was that the witch had given her. She

laid it mechanically on her father's desk, very quietly put on her hat and coat, and tiptoed out, softly closing the door behind her.

Somewhere, faintly, a clock struck one. Old mammy awakened from her nap with a start.

"Oh, I done clean forgot to put dat chile to bed," she cried, running upstairs to see if she had not perhaps done so after all and forgotten about it. But Mary Lou's bed was untouched. The child was nowhere to be found. Now fully frightened, mammy called up Mr. Wells to tell him that his little girl was missing. Horrified, the Wellses searched everywhere, but nowhere could they find Mary Lou. Finally, toward morning, they notified the police, who immediately began their search. At first there was no clue. No tracks could be found anywhere; no unusual noises had been heard by the neighbors, who all lived some distance from the Wells' cottage.

Old mammy, dusting, found a little, typewritten slip of paper on Mr. Wells' desk. Not being able to read, she brought it to Mrs. Wells, asking her if it should be saved. At first, Mary Lou's mother could not believe her eyes. She read the contents of the slip over and over and finally sent for her husband. He, too, at first could not realize its meaning. When he did, it was with unspeakable horror, for this is what the little paper said:

"At 12, midnight, on November 2d, place a thousand dollars in the hollow stump at the foot of Rainbow Bridge. If you do this we will return your daughter the next night. If not you will never see her again. Anon! Paddock calls!

FIRST WITCH."

All that day the detectives worked. Traps were set about the hollow stump. Armed policemen were stationed near the bridge. Fearing for his little girl, Mr. Wells prepared to pay the ransom. Midnight drew near. It was very quiet about Rainbow Bridge. Mr. Wells placed the required sum into the hollow log and waited. The detectives waited; the police waited—and nothing happened. Mr. Wells and his detectives went back to headquarters, leaving only a burly Irish policeman to wait for “First Witch.”

At midnight the next night, behind the bushes near Rainbow Bridge stood a police car. Members of the armed force walked about in the darkness. A detective lay in ambush near the hollow stump, which now was empty. Some mysterious force had evidently taken the ransom.

Everything was very quiet. In the distance the waves softly brushed the sand. Suddenly there was a whirring in the air; something above the men’s heads whizzed through the darkness. The sound came fainter and fainter, and at last died away.

In the Wells’ hall the telephone rang wildly. Mary Lou’s mother ran to answer it. A moment later she gave the message to her frightened husband. It had simply been:

“Bring your car to Rainbow Bridge. Your daughter is ill.”

But the police had been quicker than Mr. Wells’ sleepy chauffeur. They had caught up the little white figure that lay limp upon the sand and had quickly taken Mary Lou home in their car. The only marks on the beach were the tracks of the little wheels of an aircraft and a witch’s hat.

For many days Mary Lou was delirious. She talked of First Witch, of Paddock, and of Hecate. In her ravings she was always riding with them through the air, not on a broom, but in a curious "thing with wings and wheels."

No trace of the witches had ever been found. The detectives said that it had been a very clever case of kidnapping. But little Mary Lou was happy. The joyous convalescent, still very pale and shaky, leaned her golden head on her father's shoulder.

"You do now, don't you, father?" she asked.

"Do what, Mary Lou?" tenderly inquired her father.

"Why, believe in witches. You know ——."

"Yes, Mary Lou, I fervently do," was Mr. Wells' reply.

And Mary Lou nestled closer and closed her eyes.

CORNELIA BUCH, '19.



Over the Hill

Over the hill where the dawn is in hiding,
Over the hill by the low-singing sea,
Something is waiting — I know it, I know it!
And waiting, alluring, it beckons to me.
Then let me seek for it, skipping up merrily,
Carolling happily, toward it unwearily,
Merry and happy, unwearied and cheerily,
For it is youth.

Over the hill in the heat of the noonday,
Over the hill through the roses and rue
Something is waiting — is calling from hiding,
Waiting and calling to me — and to you.
Then let us answer it, walking unwarily,
Both of us happy and both all unwearily,
Joyously happy, unwearied and cheerily,
For it is love!

Over the hill where the sunset is fading,
Over the hill by the gray of the sea,
Something is waiting in peace and expectancy,
Quiet and waiting and ready for me.
Then let me on toward it, hoping yet fearfully,
Plodding up stumblingly, toiling up wearily,
Hopefully, fearfully, weary but cheerily,
For it is home.

DOROTHY MARTIN, '16.

An Averted Thanksgiving Dinner

It was early in April that Louie came home with the egg. He had it clasped in both hands, and he pushed the kitchen door open with his toe. "Ma, Ma!" he yelled.

From the front of the house came an answer, "I'm in here, Louie. Don't come through if your shoe are muddy."

"But I got somethin' to show yuh, Ma."

"I guess it'll wait till I get there. Mind what I say and stay where you are."

In a moment she came out, gingham-aproned, dust-capped, breathing the busy air of Saturday morning.

"Look, Ma, what Mr. Dooley give me."

"Open your hands so I can see, Louie."

"O-o-o-oo. I'm afraid uv droppin' it. It's a turkey egg."

"Land of goodness! Whatever put it in his head to give you that?"

"He said I could hev the turkey fer a pet. He said as how ef we was goin' to set a hen, we could set the turkey egg under her a week afore the other eggs, and they'd all come out to once."

"Well, you can ask your Pa whether he wants to bother with it. Lay the egg in the white dish on the second shelf. Yes, you can have one of the cup-cakes. Just one. Mind what I say. If I find more than one gone, I'll tell your Pa not to set the egg, anyway."

Louie went in search of his father, who was discovered smoothing the splintered handle of an axe. Louie leaned against the siding of the tool-house until the final disappearance of the cup-cake should

simplify the processes of speech. Even then, he did not plunge into the matter.

"Say, Pa, I've been thinkin' thet I'd like to feed the chickens this summer; an' I been thinkin', too, thet jus' as soon as it gets dryer on the groun', I'd pick some more uv them stones out uv the front lot."

"Have you, now?" said Mr. Cummins, squinting at the axe. "And in between times I wish you'd weed the east pasture lot and level off the driveway."

Louie wriggled and grinned. "Honest now, Pa, couldn't I feed the chickens?"

"Sure thing. I'll show you about the feed to-night. Help me a lot."

Conversation languished for a few minutes, till Louie suddenly revived it.

"Hev you got any settin' hens, Pa?"

"Yeh, why?"

"Wull, I was over to Mr. Dooley's, a-helpin' him look fer eggs, an' we found a turkey egg, an' Mr. Dooley, he give it tuh me."

"Do tell; and I suppose your ma is going to cook it for you for supper."

"Naw, I reckon not! That is, Mr. Dooley said as how youh might set it an' get me a pet turkey."

"I don't know as I have any objections," conceded Mr. Cummins. "There's just one thing about it, young man. Turkeys need more coddling than any other little thing, lambs and babies not excepted, and you're the one to do it, providing the turkey comes out at all."

"Aw, Pa, dont' you think it ought to?"

"Sure, it ought to. The question is, will it?"

Louie was silent, but he refused to be pessimistic until the anxiety of four weeks' waiting began to tell on his nerves.

"Pa, do you think that turkey egg looks all right?"

"Ma, 'spose that old hen should step on that egg."

Until Ma declared, "Land of goodness! If she did, it would be a mercy."

But she didn't; and at last Louie beheld with rapture the long-legged, scrawny, brown bird, surpassingly homely by comparison with the downy yellow chicks. Louie built a coop for the brood in a sheltered nook, guaranteed to be the driest on the place, so that dampness might not prove fatal to the only member of the family for whose welfare he cared. When the chicks could run abroad, Louie spent many an excited moment getting Gobble-Gob in before a shower. He had learned to feed all the fowls, but luxuries were reserved for the favorite. Gobble-Gob soon knew enough to rush up at his appearance and to answer his call with gratifying haste.

The summer had passed, and it was one day in October that Mr. Cummins regarded Gobble-Gob with an appraising eye.

"A fair bird for his age," he remarked. "I guess, Louie, you better fix him a place and keep him by himself so you can feed him special, and so he can't run all the skin off his big bones. Thanksgiving will soon be here, you know."

Louie was astounded; yea, even appalled. But the matter-of-factness in his father's tone seemed to preclude argument.

He "fixed a place" in the corner of the hen-house and lured Gobble-Gob into it with a handful of corn. Thereafter, he fed the turk all he could eat. There was a marked gain in weight and general sleekness. Mr. Cummins recollected that he must see how that Thanksgiving dinner was getting along.

"Fine," he said. "Keep it up, Louie. He's coming on all right."

"Say, Pa, will yuh really cut off his head?"

"Sure, you can see me do it if you want to," conceded Mr. Cummins, remembering his son's previous interest in beheaded chickens, and utterly failing to catch the tone of the present query.

Louie went off to school in an agony of despondency. It was during the history lesson that *the* idea was injected into his brain.

The teacher was saying, "Yes, the men had so little food during the winter at Valley Forge that by spring they were pitifully ill and thin."

Louie's expression changed so suddenly from lassitude to interest that the teacher, chancing to note his eager expression, was gratified by the success of her narration.

That noon, Louie mixed a large dish of cornmeal and water in view of his parents and departed toward the chicken-house. Gobble-Gob stretched his neck in welcome, but Louie addressed him somewhat angrily, "Ain't yuh got any sense at all? Yuh eat like a pig."

He thereupon laid a very small portion of what should have been Gobble-Gob's dinner before that greedy gentleman and threw the rest to the hens, who quickly obliterated all criminal evidences.

Day after day this was repeated. Gobble-Gob, barely able to subsist on famine rations, watched his master's coming so eagerly, his departure so sadly, that Louie was moved to apology.

"I'm sorry, Gobble-Gob," he said, "but I'm doin' it fer your own good."

Perhaps Louie had heard those words a great many times. At last he could appreciate their full significance; but his purpose did not waver. He was Spartan mother and father combined.

Of course, the possibility of discovery hung over his head. But Louie's petition to care for the chickens was coming back like bread cast upon the waters. No one thought it necessary to enter the hen-house while he took such good care of the chickens.

November went on its way, and Thanksgiving week came. On Wednesday morning, Mr. Cummins said, "Don't feed the turkey this morning, Louie, I'll try the axe on him as soon as I get time."

When he found time, Louie had disappeared. Though true to his higher convictions, he probably saw no reason to run into the inquisition.

Mr. Cummins entered the hen-house. In a moment his voice came out, "Laura!"

His wife opened the kitchen door.

"Come here and look at this turkey. He ain't as big as he was a month ago."

It was true, and worse. Such a bony bird! And a sympathetic person might have imagined something discouraged and wistful in his eyes or the droop of his tail-feathers.

"Haven't you been looking after him?" asked Mrs. Cummins rather tactlessly.

"Naw, what would make me think I'd have to watch him? The kid ought to have had enough sense to see the feed wasn't filling him up and fed him more. I ain't to blame if my son ain't got common sense."

"There's no use of talking now," said his wife, kindly overlooking the opportunities which the last remark offered; "you'd better kill a couple of chickens. Well, I must get back into the house. I got too much to do to stand looking at that turkey."

In the doorway, however, she turned back for another look.

"I hope Gobble-Gob isn't sick," she said. "Louie thinks so much of him. I don't know but it's just as well to keep him for another year, anyway. The *Mothers' Magazine* says it makes children more kind-hearted and trustworthy and resourceful to have pets."

"Yeh," said Mr. Cummins to his wife. To Gobble-Gob he said, "Don't you wink at me, you smart young bird. I'll get you next Thanksgiving."

PEARL LUKENS, '17.

Thanksgiving

In ancient times when mammoths were
And cavemen skulked beneath the rocks
In mighty strength, with bodies bare,
And glared beneath their tangled locks;
Well loaded down with bleeding food
They clambered up the steep home-way,
And clawed the banquet, raw and rude,
And held a wild Thanksgiving Day.

Where battle roars, and bullets thrust
Their way through shrieking, tortured men,
And lying in the blood-soaked dust,
They scream and plead and scream again;
The victors spread the stolen feast
Above the hapless murdered clay;
And howling like the exultant beast,
They hold a red Thanksgiving Day.

When wars have ceased and Nature's law
Shall breed a higher, holier race
Of men who have the good in awe
And know no high, no lowly place;
Then each shall gather with his own
Where none may want and none need pay;
And greet the light when dark has flown,
And hold a high Thanksgiving Day.

KOLIN HAGER, '17.

Fragments

Home-Coming

Twilight, the nesting note of birds,
The sound of footsteps on the village street,
A creaking gate, a swinging door, soft words;
And all the joy of night and morning meet.

MARGARET C. MILLER, '19.

Moonbeams

The moon's bright hair lies on the sea
Spread like a maid's, unbound and free,
While singing low a tender song
The ripples comb it all night long.

FLORENCE HOLGERSON, '19.

The Scarlet Flower

Grey was the cliff and dark and chill,
Shrilly the wind went whistling by,
Far down below the trees looked old,
'Twas long since time for summer to die.

Down at the crag I glanced and, Lo!
Into the rush of the strong wind's power
Flinging its perfume wond'rous rare,
Swaying, there clung a scarlet flower.

M. C. LINEHAN, '18.

Eventide

A dish of apples, a snapping fire, a deep rocker, and an interesting book — a treasure-trove with door unlocked and ajar, needing only a gentle touch, and then —

You read for a while, but as — little by little — day fades into dusk, you drop your book and gaze dreamily into the fire. You see yourself in many places, doing many things. The dreams you have dreamed most often — your castles in Spain — are at last true.

A step — someone brings in more wood — and your dreams fly up and away in a shower of sparks as you turn back to your dish of apples, your snapping fire, and your book.

ANON.





The Echo

VOL. XXV

NOVEMBER 1915

No. 3

Board of Editors

AGNES FUTTERER	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
JESSIE DUNSEITH	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
FAITH WALLACE	<i>Literary Editor</i>
MARY ALLEN	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
MILDRED LAWRENCE	<i>News Editor</i>
MAUD ROSE	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
HILDRED GRIFFIN	<i>Joke Editor</i>
MARGARET HAYS }	<i>Athletic Editors</i>
ALFRED DEDICKE }	
MARGARET CHRIST	<i>Business Manager</i>
WM. NUSSBAUM }	<i>Advertising Managers</i>
FRANCIS H. CONNERS }	
MARY I. EDWARDS }	<i>Subscription Managers</i>
JOSEPH WALKER }	
RAY TOWNSEND	<i>Circulating Manager</i>

Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 if not paid before November 1; single copies, 15 cents.

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

"THE ECHO" is published monthly (except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State College for Teachers.

Editorial Department

"I Saw Your 'Ad' in The Echo!"

A business man's faith in an institution — whether it be a bank, a church, or a college paper — is measured by the amount of money he puts into that institution. The reading on the "Echo barometer" says 200 — which stands for dollars, and is an indication of very good faith on the part of the business men of Albany.

Let us have faith in the men who have faith in us — real faith backed up by real money. Let us deal with the men who advertise in our college paper — and tell them about it. “I saw your ‘ad’ in THE ECHO” is the only fair return we can make for the faith that has been placed in our College paper.

Thanksgiving

There’s a ruddy, dirty youngster a-whistling up the street, whistling and grinning. He is laughing inside for what he hopes will be inside to-morrow. He is holding a dream Thanksgiving — of turkey, pie and cranberries.

There’s a high school class of restless boys and girls, and a scarcely calmer teacher. A bell rings and already there is an answering thunder-burst of long confined giggles and high-pitched voices, a mingling of light and heavy steps as out they pour into the sunlight, a radiating mass of youth. They, too, are planning to-morrow, a dream Thanksgiving of vacation, dance, and laughter.

There’s a red brick house with a home inside and a woman with the mother in her heart. She is cooking this and baking that, and bristling here and there, while her eyes are soft and her lips curve up in her dream — Thanksgiving of the boy back home.

There’s a rather ancient angler sorting rods and lines and hooks, and lures and nets and reels for to-morrow. Yesterday he was a learned doctor, to-day he is an excited gray-haired boy hoping for a Thanksgiving of hungry fish and piscatorial honors.

There's a large wicker basket heaped with turkey, pie, and fruit. It represents the happiness of somebody to somebody — a Thanksgiving of joy in joy.

And then some ask — is there any true Thanksgiving nowadays? — As real and as true as ever. It will be to-morrow as always the big expression of the big man, the little Thanksgiving of the little soul. There may be the Thanksgiving of — just happiness, a beautiful gift to the world and God.

And to-morrow is your day and mine. May it be a dream Thanksgiving holding in it the gleam of a "joy-basket" to somebody else.

* * * * *

Other real colleges have a college paper, so have we; others have a calendar, so have we; other colleges have a year book, and we have our PEDAGOGUE; other real colleges have a songbook, and so *will* we.

O, you Freshmen — you can't conceive how we are growing. You must be with us four years to really pass through the stages of accepting, knowing, loving and owning your college. Why, she is a phenomenally flourishing infant. And now she must boast a book of songs to lend a spirited note to our athletic events, our class day, moving-up day and our gym frolics — a good-looking book with cuts and a range of songs from the lively catch tune to the Alma Mater type, our S. C. T. Song Book.

And you do want it, don't you? But if you say you do, remember that it means work — not your passive approval, but your active fellowship.

News Department

College Club

During October there were two meetings of College Club. The first was held Friday, October 15th. Dr. Brubacher gave an instructive talk on "Immigration," touching on the country's problems in regard to it, and on the relation of education to the solution of these problems. The Club was delighted to have so many of the students and Faculty present.

At the second meeting, October 29th, Dr. Dugan, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of this city, spoke interestingly of certain phases of citizenship, especially of that of office-holding. He argued that respect should be given all rulers, if for no other reason than that they were rulers. Then he spoke of the obligation on the part of the office-holder to regard his office as a sacred trust. It is to be regretted that there were not more present to take part in the discussion which Dr. Dugan invited.

All the meetings are open to the entire student body, and we urge you to make the most of this, our course in "Current Events."

Promethean

Regular Promethean meetings were held in the Auditorium on Thursday, October 21, and November 4. On October 21, the subject of discussion was the "Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe." After the programme a business meeting was held, at which a new constitution and by-laws were adopted. Many good and needed reforms were embodied in them.

Promethean under this new régime looks forward to a prosperous year.

On November 4, the topic of discussion was "O. Henry." Miss Newkirk, Miss Edwards and Miss Magilton read selections from his works. Miss Shevlin gave a splendid vocal solo, accompanied by Miss Newkirk.

Y. W. C. A.

The weekly devotional meetings of Y. W. C. A. during October have been well worth the while of the girls who have been so fortunate as to be able to attend them.

On October 12th, the regular Missionary meeting was held. It was interesting and instructive. Miss Mabel Taylor, who attended College last year, led.

The next meeting, on the afternoon of October 19th, was led by the Rev. J. K. Philips.

The meeting of the 26th of October was to have been a meeting on the subject of the "Eight Weeks Club." But on account of the inability of the leader, Miss Jessie Dunseith, to be present, that meeting had to be postponed. Miss Smith, the president, took charge and made of it a regular devotional meeting with no particular subject.

The meeting, held on the 2d of November, was led by Miss Mary Ella Blue and had for speaker, the Rev. Mr. Lounsbury, of Trinity M. E. Church. He talked on the "Winds of God Blowing Over Our Souls" and pointed out the places where they were to be found on earth.

Every meeting next month is going to be just as worth while as these have been. If you don't want to take any one else's word for it, come, Y. W. C. A. girls, and see for yourselves.

Commercial Club

The first important meeting of the Commercial Club was held Friday, October 15, 1915.

The following officers were elected for the year:

President.....	Bernard Marron
Vice-President	Willard Pearsall
Secretary	Blanche Avery
Treasurer	George Cooper
Echo Reporter	Anne Brownlow
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Walter Le Gry

On October 29th, the Club welcomed twenty new members and there are still great prospects of increasing the membership.

Many plans are under way for social activities and for some rather promising trips.

Great interest is being shown in the Club this year and with Mr. Marron as our President, it bids fair to be one of the liveliest years the Club has had.

Spanish Club

The Spanish Club held an enthusiastic meeting Monday, November 1st. At this meeting the following officers were elected:

President	Jesse Smith
Vice-President.....	Bertha I. Reedy
Secretary.....	Mildred K. Fleming
Treasurer	Jack Harwich
Critic	Prof. Stinard

At the next meeting of the club the constitution will be considered.

Chemistry Club

There was a good attendance at the first meeting of the Chemistry Club held on Friday, October 29, 1915. Plans were discussed for improving the club. In the future our aim will be, "Quality and Not Quantity." We hope that everyone interested in this work will help us to accomplish results worth while. At this first meeting Miss Breen, who worked during the summer at the Hygienic Laboratory in this city, gave us a very interesting account of the methods of testing cultures for different diseases, and the processes of obtaining vaccines and antitoxins.

All members are urged to be present at every meeting since there is something worth while every time.

The College Orchestra

"Well, here we are again! Thought we were 'dead-an'-buried, didn't cha?' But being here is no sign that we are enjoying perfect health. We still lack a good 'bass' upon which to stand. Won't some kind person who can play a trombone, 'cello or bass viol kindly donate his services and receive due reward? We try to rehearse on Tuesday evenings at 7.30 somewhere about the College. Take a look at the instruments, decide what is needed, then bring it with you next Tuesday evening."

First violins: Messrs. Long, Lasker; second violins: Messrs. Jas. MacCracken, Sutherland; flute: Mr. Jno. MacCracken; clarinet: Mr. Barringer; first cornet, Mr. Nolde; second cornet. Messrs. Black, Sauerbrei; drums: Mr. Schneible; piano: Mr. Gillet; conductor: Mr. Nussbaum.

Omicron Nu

A meeting of the Beta Chapter of Omicron Nu was held at the home of Amy Rextrew. At this meeting plans for the year's work were discussed, and four new members, Elizabeth McMartin, Dorothy H. Hailes, Jane Winters and Gladys E. Sherwood were welcomed into the society. These new members were initiated at a meeting held on Nov. 12 at the home of Mrs. Frear. Many alumnae members were present, including Laura Sexton of Saratoga Springs, Ruth Thompson of Slingerlands, Abby Franklin of Waterford, Mary Dabney of Watervliet, Marion Flemming of Rhinebeck, and Jessie Cole and Naomi Howells of Albany.

At a grand conclave of Omicron Nu which met last May in East Lansing, at the Michigan Agricultural College, the constitution was changed regarding eligibility for membership. The constitution now reads that no girl can be eligible who has ever received a condition or a failure in any subject.

Delta Omega

The sorority announces the marriage of one of its former presidents, Miss Adele Kaemmerlen, '13, to Mr. Cyrus Elmore, a graduate in the class of '14 from Union. The wedding took place at the home of the bride in Haverstraw. They will reside in Saratoga.

Kappa Delta

On the memorable evening of the 27th of October, Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Power were initiated with all due ceremony into honorary membership of Kappa

Delta. We are decidedly proud and glad to number them among our faculty members.

Marion McDowell, '18, who entered Vassar College as a sophomore in September, will spend Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Albany.

Anna Kennedy, '13, visited at the sorority house a few weeks ago.

Eta Phi

Announcement of the engagement of Edith Carr to Ralph Coulson has been received at the Sorority House. Mr. Coulson is taking a post-graduate course at Oberlin College, Ohio. No date has been set for the wedding.

The sorority girls had a delightful party Hallowe'en. At the invitation of Ruth Kimmey we held it at Kimmey's bakery. Pearl Shafer, Jessie Cole and Edith Carr were with us.

Psi Gamma

Grace Meade, our last year's president, spent the week end of Oct. 16 at the Sorority House.

On Oct. 31, Psi Gamma celebrated Hallowe'en with an informal house dance.

At our regular meeting, Nov. 8, we had the first of a series of literary programs which will be given in connection with all our meetings this year. The subject of the evening was:

"The Mexican Problem," by Doris Sweet and Lucille Hale.

Kappa Nu

The house girls entertained Marie Carmody, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., during the week end of Nov. 7.

Sigma Nu Kappa

Initiations took place on Oct. 13. The fraternity welcomes heartily all its new members.

Wednesday, Nov. 17, was "Honorary Night." The committee had a most agreeable surprise in store for us.

The fraternity is pleased to note that the College Quartet is about to appear in its first annual concert. May this be the beginning of "bigger" things.

Kappa Delta Rho

The Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity will give a house warming in their new home in the latter part of this month.

The initiation of new members took place on the 28th of October. The following men were received into membership: Messrs. Doyle, Vander Walker, Heason, Whitney, Logan, Sisson, Russell, Coyle, Sutherland, Pudenzaugh, Case, Kilby and Nolde.

The annual banquet will be held some time in December, and at it Professors Hastings and Hutchinson, and Chief Horner, of the Examination Bureau, will be admitted as honorary members of the fraternity.

Senior Class

During the past month the Senior Class has been very active. The ring committee is busy taking the orders for the rings, which are to be here this month. The Pedagogue Board is working hard to make the 1916 Year Book superior to the Year Books of previous classes. It is hoped that every member of the College will lend the board his hearty coöperation both in the way of material and subscription. Several prizes are offered for the best stories and poems contributed — so get busy, all ye scribblers!

Junior Class

Friday evening, Oct. 29, the Junior Class entertained the Freshmen at a frolic in the gymnasium. A half dozen ghosts ushered the guests into a cornfield, dimly lighted by many jack-o-lanterns. Strangely familiar figures played at basket ball and gave 1919 a reputation to live up to. The bolder spirits invaded the den of Bluebeard and came out with teeth chattering. Miss Christ presented to Mr. McNaughton, president of 1919, the green and white, giving with the colors a bit of sage advice. At Miss Rose's suggestion a long and eager "pie-line" was quickly formed. There was dancing until a half-minute after eleven.

At a recent meeting announcement was made of a contest for a class song. The time limit has been fixed for Nov. 11, and the judges named are Miss Rosebrook, Miss Snow and Mr. Nussbaum. We are hoping for a song which will do justice to the subject. Who could desire more?

Freshman Class

If the Sophomores had not beaten us in basket ball on Nov. 4, we might have forgotten the existence of such a class. But even here Fitzgerald, one of our men, did some work to be proud of.

As for the purple and gold caps — we've grown very fond of them. They're one of the special privileges given us to make up for the exclusive upper classman honors.

The Freshman Class extends its sympathy to Harriet Allen in the loss of her mother.

College Notes

We are grateful even for short blessings. Our Thanksgiving vacation extends from Nov. 24 to Nov. 29.

A number of our teachers have extension classes in the nearby cities. At St. Joseph's Academy in Troy, Dr. Blue is giving a course in Educational Administration; Dr. Richardson a course in the method of teaching Latin, and Prof. Kirtland one in English. In Schenectady Prof. Walker has classes in Sociology, and Prof. Hastings in English. There are from twenty to fifty members enrolled in each of these classes.

Another phase of the extension work being done by the College is the new course, given with the purpose of training teachers of adult immigrants. Among the lectures to be given is one by Prof. Robert Tudor Hill, of Union College. His subject will be the "Sociological Aspects of Immigration." Mr. H. H. Goldberger, principal of Public School No. 89, New York City, will give a course in

"Methods of Teaching English to Adult Foreigners." Already teachers from Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Mechanicville and Cohoes have announced their intention of enrolling.

On Nov. 9, Prof. J. F. Stinard gave an illustrated lecture in the College auditorium. The subject was "The Philippines," and the lecture was based upon Prof. Stinard's personal experiences in those islands. He spoke of the trip and the different routes to the islands, their extent, population, and the native industries. Two special points were made in the lecture — first, that the Philippines are unable to govern themselves, and second, that they could not protect themselves from foreign encroachment. The lecture was very interesting and instructive.

Here is a treat in store for the College. On Dec. 2, the College Quartet will have its first concert. The selections which the quartet will give have been carefully chosen from songs that have been "big" successes in glee club concerts all over the country. The quartet is to be assisted by Mr. Harwich, who will give some readings, and by Miss Jeffry, violinist. The admission for this excellent concert is only twenty-five cents. Everyone come! Not only should you take advantage of this opportunity, but you should give your most hearty support to the College Quartet.

The engagement has been announced of Dr. Harold W. Thompson and Miss Alma Saunders, daughter of Prof. Samuel J. Saunders, of Hamilton College.

Alumni Department**1915**

Maud Sherwood, '15, has a position in Port Leyden, N. Y.

Loretta Coons, '15, is teaching in the Tompkins Cove High School in Tompkins Cove, N. Y.

Loretta Blanchfield, '15, is teaching at Callicoon, N. Y.

Marion McCarthy, '15, is teaching in the High School at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Maude Hinckel, '15, has a position in Mechanicville, N. Y.

Robert McCarthy, '15, is at his home in Waverly, N. Y., this year.

Among Our Albany Graduates**1914**

Laura Summer, '14, is at her home, 891 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Violet B. Grant, '14, of Cemetery Avenue, is teaching in Albany this winter.

1913

Marie G. Donovan, '13, of 42 Ten Eyck Avenue, Albany, N. Y., has a position in the Albany High School.

Marie A. Dolan, '13, of 80 Jefferson St., Albany, N. Y., is teaching in the Albany High School.

Hortense S. Barnet, '13, of 91 N. Pine Avenue, Albany, N. Y., is teaching in the Albany High School.

Rose Robinson, '13, of 15 Robin Street, Albany, N. Y., is doing library work in the New York State Library, in Albany, N. Y.

Grace M. Young, '13, of 117 Dove Street, Albany, N. Y., has a position as clerk in the Education Department of the State Capitol.

H. Marguerite James, '13, of 567 Myrtle Avenue, Albany, N. Y., is teaching in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Gertrude Valentine, '13, of 80 Chestnut Street, Albany, N. Y., has a position as instructor in N. Y. S. C. T.

1912

Julia W. Dolan, '12, of 80 Jefferson Street, Albany, N. Y., has a position as clerk in the Education Department.

Mildred H. Lawson, '12, of Albany, is employed as cataloger in the New York Public Library in New York City.

Emilie M. Hendrie, '12, of 107 Delaware Avenue, Albany, N. Y., is teaching cooking in the Albany Public Schools.

Anna Austin Brown, '12, of Albany, is teaching English in the Albany High School.

Florence E. Chase, '12, of 434 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y., has a position in the Albany High School.

Mrs. DeWitt C. Ogsburg née Elizabeth Schlieper, '12, is living at 57 Lancaster Street, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Harry Kimball née Anna Morey, '12, is living at 139 Lark Street, Albany, N. Y.

Helen Mageaugh, '12, of 580 Myrtle Avenue, Albany, N. Y., has a position as teacher in the Albany High School.

Edna R. Levens, '12, of 219 Spruce Street, Albany, is engaged as a music instructor in this city.

Anna E. Boochever, '12, of Dana Avenue, Albany, N. Y., is in charge of the Woman's Department of the State Employment Bureau at 44 Chapel Street. This department has proved helpful to the college in its willingness to assist students who wish to earn money to defray the necessary college expenses.

Visitors at College

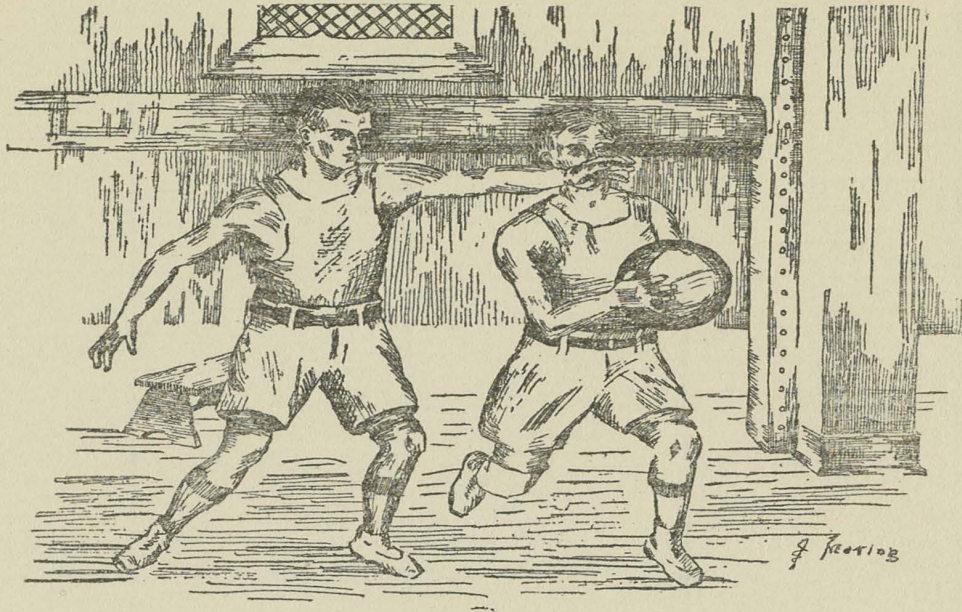
Mrs. Milton Cruikshank née Edna C. Frear, '04, of Utica, N. Y., visited college on November 1 and 2.

Christina H. Lawson, '86, in charge of a Girls' School at Poonah, India, which is under the auspices of the Methodist Church, visited college October 4. She will remain at her home in Green Island for the winter.

Mr. Breese, '00, principal of the Lowville High School, visited college on October 21 and 22 and attended the Convocation.

Mrs. Van Auken, '95, visited college on October 12.

The executive committee of the Alumni Association met in the college on October 29, and discussed the need of a "real" College Song Book. The committee decided to offer prizes of \$40, \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the best songs written which met the necessary conditions — reserving for itself the privilege of buying any other song for \$5. Those present at this meeting were Miss McClellan, Mrs. Ida Cameron, Mr. Arthur Z. Boothby, Mr. W. J. Adams, Miss Kate Stoneman, Mr. Clarence Hidley, Mr. C. S. Deevey, Mr. John A. Mahar and Miss Anna E. Pierce.



Athletic Department

Our college is growing. Anyone at all interested in athletics must realize this now more than ever. From the lowest gym classes up to varsity basket ball every branch of athletics fostered in this institution is flourishing better than ever before in the history of the college.

Tennis Tournament

The tennis tournament has not yet been decided. The contest has narrowed down to Goewey, '18, and Rowe, '19, who are to meet in the final game at an early date. Both these young men are clever players and the outcome of the match is awaited with great interest.

Cross-Country Run

The annual cross-country run, held Wednesday, Nov. 10, was another example of the new spirit that seems to have entered into S. C. T. athletics. This very difficult race brought a large field of runners to the start, which was made in front of the college on Western Avenue. From there the course led over to State Street, into Washington Park, down to the bridge, around the lake, back to Western Avenue, and to the start. It proved to be a hotly contested affair and was won, after a game struggle and fine finish by Sutherland, '19, Cassavant coming in second, 100 feet behind, with McNeil third. The winner was awarded a silver loving cup by Coach Swaim.

It is a sad fact that this race is about the only opportunity the men have to show their ability on the track out-of-doors. It ought to be possible to organize a good track team here. There certainly is material enough from which to choose.

This brings to mind the wealth of material for a football team in this college. If all you who are interested and care to see the purple and gold represented on the gridiron, will work towards that end, it will become an accomplished fact. Bear this in mind next fall. Deeds count; talking alone can accomplish nothing.

Basket Ball

By the time this ECHO is published the basket ball season will be well under way. The annual tag-day, held for the benefit of the varsity five, was a success. Thanks to the work of the A. A. officials and the assistance rendered by many of the young

ladies of the College, about \$60 was realized, which will go a great way towards meeting the expenses of the team. But do not for a minute think that they will wholly meet them. This year, with a larger student body and a live-wire manager, S. C. T., as far as basket ball is concerned at least, has gotten out of the rut. One needs only to glance at the schedule of games published in last month's ECHO to better realize this. In the basket ball world we are beginning to be recognized as the equal of many an institution which a short time ago, seemed entirely out of our reach. What does this mean? Is it desirable? Certainly. Among many other advantages, if we can permanently gain a standing among the colleges of New York State, such as Manager Maguire's schedule indicates, it will mean a very large amount of advertising all over the State, with a consequent growth in student body and College. It is almost needless to say that nothing can be accomplished without the united support of the students. We don't want you to give anything for nothing. We have one of the best basket ball fives in the history of the College. Each and every man on the team is an expert player and the team itself is a well-organized, smooth-working machine. If you attend a game you cannot help but get your money's worth. If you could realize the hard work Captain Fitzgerald, Coach Swaim and all the men trying for positions on the team have been doing and how their success depends almost entirely upon your support, you surely would come out.

It is desirable that a large crowd accompany the team to both Troy and Schenectady when they

play R. P. I. and Union. Therefore, keep the date open and plan to make the trip. Show the other fellows that we are living.

Inter-Class Series

The struggle for the Inter-Class Championship promises to become especially interesting this season. Up to date two games have been played.

On Thursday, Nov. 4, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen by a score of 28-24. In spite of their defeat the Freshmen showed a good team to be reckoned with. Fitzgerald's foul shooting kept the Freshmen in the running. Greenblatt's great back guarding, and Captain Goewey's good playing at center for the Sophs must also be mentioned. Following is the score:

Sophomores	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
Cohen, l. f.....	4	0	8
Dedicke, r. f.....	3	0	6
Goewey, c.	4	6	14
Burns, r. g.....	0	0	0
Greenblatt, l. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	11	6	28
Freshmen	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
Coyle, l. f.....	2	0	4
Thuon, r. f.....	0	1	1
Fitzgerald, c.	2	14	18
Sweeney, l. g.....	0	1	1
De Voe, r. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	4	16	24

Score at half-time, 8-16. Referee, Swaim.
Timer, Morse. Halves, 20 minutes.

The Senior-Junior game was played on Monday, resulting in a victory for the Juniors, the score being 12-10. While the game was at all times very close, as the score indicates, yet it was not as interesting as the Sophomore-Freshmen game, as it was marred by roughness. Only four field baskets were made by both teams during the entire game. O'Connell's game for the Seniors must be mentioned above the rest. The score:

Seniors	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
O'Connell, r. f.....	2	3	7
Harwich, l. f.....	0	0	0
Maguire, c.	0	0	0
Curtis, l. g.....	0	3	3
Doyle, r. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	2	6	10

Juniors	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Jones, l. f.....	1	0	2
Fitzgerald, r. f.....	1	8	10
Hager, c.	0	0	0
Walker, l. g.....	0	0	0
Hohaus, r. g.....	0	0	0
Winkler, l. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	2	8	12

Score at half-time, 7-8. Referee, Swaim. Timer, Morse. Halves, 20 minutes.

These games are well worth seeing. There is no charge and more people ought to turn out and show a little class spirit. College spirit first; class spirit next.

Girls' Athletic Association

On the evening of Friday, October 22nd, the Girls' Athletic Association gave its welcome to the girls of the Freshman class at the first "gym frolic" of the year. All sorts of games and stunts provided entertainment for the guests, but for those who had not yet outgrown their childish love for "sliding-down-hill"—and these were found to be confined not alone to the lower classes—a toboggan slide was erected and conveyances suitable for this purpose were provided. Another attraction which aroused much enthusiasm was the basket ball game played between the B. A. and B. S. Departments; the members of the opposing teams being easily distinguished by the dark blue A and the crimson S on their middies. Although the girls representing the Science Department showed good ability on the basket ball court, the team work of the B. A. girls aided them in winning the contest with the score of 25-14. The contesting teams were:

B. A.	B. S.
Feder	D. Austin, Hays
Moseley	Furgeson
Forwards	
Wager	Gray, Shanks
Center	
Nolan	L. Austin
Side Center	
Loveless	Cole
Tedford	Rosebrook, Braem
Guards	

A large number of girls enjoyed the "hike" to Rensselaer Saturday afternoon, October 23rd. Taking

the trolley to the end of the car line, the girls then walked to the farm where they cooked frankfurters and made coffee. After receiving renewed ambition from this source, most of the party utilized this energy in climbing a nearby hill, but rumor has hinted that there were a few for whom these refreshments were not sufficient, and so a small, select dinner followed.

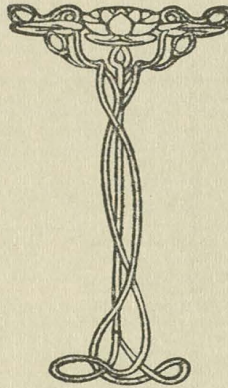
The first Saturday afternoon trip proved so successful that a second one was held on November 6th, when a party of seventeen "hiked" to Cohoes. Ideal weather and wonderful scenery helped to make the trip enjoyable, but the supper with which we were served at the home of Leah Bice more than rewarded us for our efforts. Every part of the menu received proper attention by all, but the failing of several members of the party was particularly emphasized by the repeated statement, "Please pass me the pickles."

For several weeks a spirited interclass membership contest created an interest among the Association girls. The good work done by the members of the committees representing the Juniors and Sophomores can be realized more clearly by the fact that the contest was won by the Juniors with the Sophomores a close second, these two classes being separated for first honor by a small fraction of a per cent.

Although this method has been very successful, yet there are many girls in college who are not members of the Association. In order to gain these girls, an individual membership contest is being conducted in which the girl who secures the most additional members will be rewarded for her efforts. This contest will close December 1st, and before that date we hope to have many more in the Girls' Athletic Association.

It will not be long before our varsity team will

commence its season, and for its encouragement we need new songs and cheers. A committee consisting of Miss Gray, May Snow and Margaret Hays has been appointed to receive all contributions and to select those to be used. A prize has been offered for the best song and cheer, the Association at the same time claiming the right to use any of those which are submitted. Here is a chance for every member to show her loyalty to the Association!





Since the last issue of *THE ECHO*, we have received the following exchanges: *The Concordiensis*, Union; *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross; *The Sagebrush*, University of Nevada; *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar, and *The Westminster Holcad*, Westminster.

This month we welcome a new exchange — *The Concordiensis*, from Union University, Schenectady, N. Y. This paper is a credit to its college. It is a decided relief from the ordinary four-page college weekly. We are proud of our new exchange.

We quote from an editorial in *The Holy Cross Purple*: "When first we received the helm that was so well handled by our able predecessor, we set our heart on replacing two traditional features of *The Purple* that were somewhat lost sight of in the past year — the one was the old-time cover, the other was the department 'Under the Rose'." In our opinion you have done well, especially in replacing "Under the Rose." For the benefit of those who are not familiar with *The Purple*, we quote the stanza that introduces that department:

" Oh, who will tell me all the tales
That live where'er the wild wind blows?
Oh, who will sing me all the songs
That rose leaves sing beneath the rose? "

This gives promise of a quaint and charming sketch, and the promise is fulfilled. Why not add an exchange department to your paper?



Jokes

Willie was struggling through the story of his reading lesson. "No, it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By its rig I judged it to be a ——." The word was new to him. "Barque," supplied the teacher. Still Willie hesitated and looked bewildered. "Barque! Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply. Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then with an apprehensive look around the class, he shouted, "Bow-wow."

Fanciful German Gender

A German gentleman writes a masculine letter of feminine love to a neuter young lady with a feminine pen and feminine ink on masculine sheets of neuter paper and encloses it in a masculine envelope with a feminine address to his darling, though neuter Gretchen. He has a masculine head, a feminine hand and a neuter heart.

Only a "Ring Off"

J. D.— "Bess, did you ever have a proposal?"

B. B.— "Once, Jess, a gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."

Frivolous Frosh — “I heard Prof. B. say that he had *hatched* out a scheme. How could he do that?”

Sophisticated Soph — “Probably he had his mind *set* on it.”

Shortest Short Stories

Chap. I. Beau.

Chap. II. Dough.

Chap. III. Show.

Chap. I. D. T's.

Chap. II. M. D.'s.

Chap. III. D. D.'s.

—*Literary Digest.*

Do you think the time will ever come when:

—The Class of 1917 will be forgotten?

—Professor R——y will be a dry, solemn lecturer?

—The butcher will deliver the Sunday roast in his aeroplane?

—People will not talk about the weather?

—Women will have the vote in New York State?

—Freshmen will cease trying to look as if they had been at college all their lives after the first month?

—J. K. '17 and F. O. '16 will miss their Sunday afternoon stroll?

—The Joke Editor will be swamped in the witty things said about college?

Alias St. Patrick

Early in September a friend of mine and I came down to College to arrange our studies with the Dean. Unfortunately there were several persons before us,

and we had to bide our turn. We waited for hours — at least it seemed hours to us. Patience ceased to be a virtue. At last amusement presented itself in the form of two workmen.

They came in the back door and walked across the main corridor, passing the statue of Minerva. On reaching the door the elder of the two turned around and gazed at the statue.

“Faith! Pat,” said he, “look at this foine stature of St. Patrick!”

The other one turned and viewed his patron saint with respect.

“’Un they’re even got a snake crawlin’ ’round his feet!” exclaimed the speaker in astonishment.

MARION GARDNER, '19.



Advertising Department

An Outline of the History of Advertising

“Ripe-a-beenanos, peetchez, veg-ta-buuls.”

No, gentle reader, this is not the name of a new Mexican general. It is a remnant of the primitive advertiser crying his wares. It is Toni, the vegetable vender.

Did you ever stop to think that these vocal announcements are the nth-great grandfathers of the thousands of modern newspaper, magazine, signboard and poster ads which you see daily? Do you realize that advertising originated way back in the days when the population had become great enough so that everyone didn't know what everyone else was doing?

Advertising then has its history, which is as old as that of society itself, but it is not the purpose of this article to give the complete history, as that would entail a treatment of industrial development.

The history of advertising resolves itself into three phases: the crier, the signboard and the newspaper, appearing in that order and each passing through an evolution of its own.

The Hebrews were the first race to employ the crier. It was the duty of the crier to proclaim religious festivities from the streets and marketplaces. Later the Greeks announced their festivals, games and contests vocally, and still later the crier also announced public sales. The verbal advertiser persisted through Greece, Rome and the Middle Ages until long after reading and writing became common. In England and the American colonies,

the crier announced weddings, christenings, and funerals. The mediæval tradesman advertised by an itinerant crier who sometimes carried samples with him. In England men stood in booths and doorways and bawled to the passerby. Inn keepers shouted their bills-of-fare from the entrances of their inns. To-day this same sort of advertising may be seen on Rivington, Delancy, Hester or almost any street in the lower East Side of New York.

The second phase of advertising, that of the sign-board or poster, came into existence almost as early as writing did. Moses wrote the Ten Commandments upon stone tablets and put them in a conspicuous place. The early Greeks advertised upon lead tablets, the descriptions of escaped criminals. Announcements of gladiatorial shows were also made in this way. In Rome, "warm sea and fresh water baths" were advertised on flaring posters. During the middle ages, posters fell more or less into disuse, at least, they were not popular. The reason for this being the inability of the masses to read and write. In 1480, Caxton printed the first poster in England. It announced a set of rules governing Easter. However, for two hundred years after this, handwriting continued to be used for posters and signs. From that time their growth both as to number and kinds has increased rapidly until now — well, the masterpieces in electricity on Broadway, New York, speak for themselves.

Newspaper or magazine advertising is the third phase. The first newspaper to print an ad was the *Journal Petites Effiches*, published in France. The titles of new books and matters of state were advertised. In 1626, a Dutch newspaper gave notice of the auction of sugar, pepper, ivory, etc. In 1658, the sale

of a new shipment of tea from China was published in England. The *London Gazette*, in 1666, was the first paper to use the word "advertisement" as a heading. It was hostile to commercial ads, deeming them degrading to a literary paper. In America, the first newspaper to adopt a system of commercial advertising was the *Independent Gazette* in New York in 1787. It had thirty-four ads at the end of its first year. The first advertisement in *Harper's Magazine* appeared in 1864, and in 1872 *Scribner's* published a "Guide to Buyers," but these ads did not materially increase until within the last twenty-five years, during which time their growth has been very rapid.

W. H. N.

Several years ago before the first issue of THE ECHO appeared, one of the college students "wished" an ad on me for their new paper. It was out of the "Spirit of Charity for a Good Cause," that I took the first ad. This brought increased trade which I never dreamed of, and as a result I have been advertising in THE ECHO ever since — not out of the "Spirit of Charity," but on downright business principles. It pays.— *Otto R. Mende.*

Advertising is more than mere publicity. Publicity ends with the making of an announcement. True advertising begins here.

Teach your people to mention THE ECHO when they shop. We want to know which advertising medium is bringing results.— *Skinner's Book Store.*

Advertising gets its true impulse from the economical conditions which have given us greater power to produce than to consume.

Attention, interest, desire,—these are the three psychological factors that a good ad should possess. First, it should be written in such a manner as to arrest attention. Secondly, it should arouse interest enough to cause the eye to read it through. Thirdly, it should create a want for the thing advertised.

Am well satisfied with the results my ad is bringing.— *E. Sisson.*

About \$600,000 is spent annually by the large advertisers.

Nearly three-fourths of this is wasted.

Advertise locally. It pays.

NOTICE TO STUDENTS

HAVE you any college spirit? If so, please expend a little of it in buying a Christmas present for **THE ECHO**. How can you do this? Simply when making your Xmas purchases remember to voice this slogan, "We saw your ad in **THE ECHO**." Do your shopping early. Then **THE ECHO** will secure a fine present in an increase of advertising material. **THE ECHO** is *your* paper, and you will be giving yourself a present in the shape of a bigger and better college magazine if you advertise it.—*Adv. Managers.*

Index to Advertisers

BANKS:

The Union Trust Co. of Albany, 47 State Street.

BOARD:

Mrs. C. D. Johnson, 192 Western Avenue.

BOOKS:

Skinner's Book Store, 44 North Pearl Street.

CLOTHING:

Steeffel Bros., 78-82 State Street.

CONFECTIONERY:

The Sign of the Golden Robin, 31 Steuben Street.

DRUGS:

Schneible's Pharmacy, Western and Lake Avenues.
J. B. Harvith, 251 Central Avenue, 70 and 845 Madison Avenue.

FLOWERS:

Hazeltine, 32 Central Avenue.

FURNISHINGS—MEN'S:

Dawson's, 259 Central Avenue.

GIFTS:

The Sign of the Blue Bird, 29 Steuben Street.

INSURANCE:

Fred'k F. Futterer, 18-22 Degraaf Bldg.

JEWELRY:

H. W. Antemann, 23 James Street.
Otto R. Mende, Central Avenue near Robin Street.
Bastian Bros., Rochester, New York.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS:

William C. Gomph, 222 Washington Avenue.

NEWSDEALER:

Eugene Sisson, 207 Central Avenue.
John J. Conkey, 215 Central Avenue.

PHOTOGRAPHERS:

The Albany Art Union, 48 N. Pearl Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES:

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

PRINTING:

Hamilton Printing Co., 240 Hamilton Street.
Marshman-Beebe Company, 414 Broadway.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES:

De Blaeys, 422-424 Broadway.

TAILOR:

Tootill, 122 Central Avenue.



Ladies and Gentlemen —
Do your Xmas shopping
early.

Steefel Bros.

ALBANY, N. Y.

“THE HOME OF
THE
OVERCOAT.”

Maintaining the reputation
as earnestly as we acquired it.

\$10 to \$60

Manhattan Shirts, Stetson
Hats, Johnson & Murphy
Shoes.

Price, Service
and Quality Printers



Printers of the Echo

Hamilton Printing Co.

240 Hamilton Street, ALBANY, N. Y.

Out of Town Shipments for Christmas a Specialty

Hazeltine's Flower Shop

Tel. West 988 or West 1462

32 Central Avenue,

Albany, N. Y.

H. W. ANTEMANN

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Fine School and Class Pins

Original Designs Only

Fine Repairing a Specialty

23 James Street

::

ALBANY, N. Y.

EUGENE SISSON

Newsdealer

School Supplies

Developing and Printing Done

Full line of Xmas Cards and Books

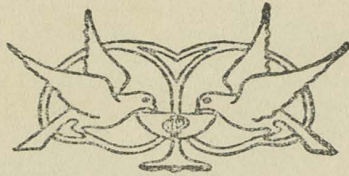
207 Central Ave.,

Albany, N. Y.

Who Owns The Echo?

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROBIN

TEA



ROOM

Fine line of Xmas Favors.
Order your Plum Puddings, Pies, etc., Early.

All Home Made

31 STEUBEN STREET,

ALBANY, N. Y.



An exclusive selection of Xmas cards from 3 to 25 cents each. Hand Made Leather Novelties, Card Cases, Writing Pads, Purses. Blue Bird Candles, Flower Holders, Vases, Candle Sticks. Choice Calendars, Pictures and Picture Framing, Nixie Plants, Hand Made Pressed Velvet Tea Coseys, etc.

at the

Sign of the Blue Bird

29 Steuben St.,

ALBANY, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE JEWELER

AROUND THE CORNER

Come and see our Pretty Xmas Novelties at Most Reasonable Prices

If you can't come, telephone. Our phone No. West 1055W

Fine repairing done

OTTO R. MENDE

3 DOORS ABOVE ROBIN STREET ON CENTRAL AVENUE

De BLAEY'S

All Necessary School Supplies

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

422 & 424 BROADWAY,

ALBANY, N. Y.

Second door below State Street

Who Publishes The Echo?

Christmas Novelties

In

Men's Furnishings

At

..DAWSON'S..

259 Central Ave.,

ALBANY, N. Y.

Our stock of Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Etc. is a leading feature with us. We would like to be your Family Druggist. If you are too busy to come to our stores, phone us your wants.

J. B. HARVITH

Pharmacist

Three Reliable Drug Stores

**251 Central Ave., 845 Madison Ave., Cor. Ontario St.,
70 Madison Ave., Cor. Green St.,**

ALBANY, N. Y.

Try Our "Sani-Pure" Home-made Candy

We also carry a full line of Park and Tilford's, Apollo and Whitman's Candies.

Who Should Support The Echo?

N. Y. PHONE MAIN 3485-J

INCORPORATED 1908

Marshall-Beebe Company
PRINTERS

414 Broadway, cor. Beaver Street,

ALBANY, N. Y.

THE UNION TRUST COMPANY
of Albany, New York

Main Office, 47 State St.

Park Branch, 200 Washington Ave.

We invite your account

The College Dining Room

Mrs. C. D. JOHNSON, 192 Western Ave.

EXCELLENT TABLE BOARD \$3.50 PER WEEK
TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

TRANSIENTS WELCOME

PHONE WEST 2454

WM. C. GOMPH
EXPERT VIOLIN REPAIRER

ALSO

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND STRINGS

222 Washington Ave.,

Albany, N. Y.

ALBANY ART UNION

Photographs—Artistic

48 NORTH PEARL STREET

Phone Main 991

Albany, N. Y.

Who Should Mention The Echo?

