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# THE ECHO



January 1909

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STATE NORMAL COLLEGE  
ALBANY, N.Y.



# The Echo

Published Monthly by the Students of the New York State Normal College

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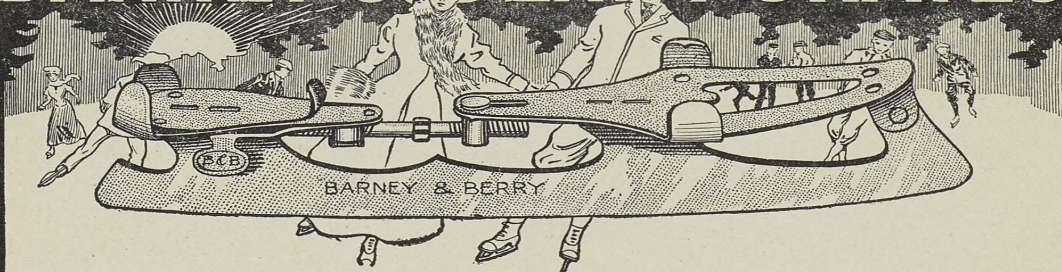


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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Literary Department	
Childhood Holidays .....	91
The New Year (a Poem).....	93
The Problem of Child Labor .....	93
Modern Hair-Dressing.....	95
Political Loyalty.....	96
Traumereien (a Poem).....	98
The Modern Youth.....	98
The New Year's Spider.....	98
Editorial	
The Ben Greet Players.....	99
The Election of a New Board of Editors	99
The Mid-Year Examinations.....	100
Some Sayings of Poor Richard and Their Application to Examinations..	100
News.....	101-108
Alumni.....	108-110
Exchange.....	110-111
Review,.....	111-112

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# THE ECHO

VOL. 17]

ALBANY, N. Y., JANUARY, 1909

[No. 4



## Childhood Holidays.

As I sit here by the window looking out at the troops of merry children coasting on the hill just across the street, memories of my own childhood come and keep me company while the sun sinks and the winter twilight approaches.

My Christmas Days were always spent at home. Even now when I turn my head toward a certain corner of this room and close my eyes I can see a Christmas tree standing there. A big, bright angel is on the topmost branch and a rosy-cheeked Santa Claus just beneath her. Of course there are candles, bright balls, candy, dolls and lots of other things but the angel and Santa Claus are most vivid.

I was the only child in our household. I had a little three year old sister once, they say, but she died before I was born, so you see, in one sense I was a lonely little thing. But other child friends of mine, who were more fortunate than I in having brothers and sisters, always came in early in the morning to help me enjoy my Christmas tree and all my pretty things. Then we made the house ring with fun and laugh-

ter. My fruit disappeared with astonishing rapidity and the candy boxes were emptied in a twinkling. When noon came my guests always started homeward after my mother, as was her custom, had kissed their little chocolate smeared lips.

In the afternoon, mother and father were always my playmates, and I really think I enjoyed myself better with them than with anyone else. Mother played house with me and then father rode me on his shoulders all over the house. After supper we used to sit around the Christmas tree. I never failed to perch myself on mother's lap and listen to her fairy stories. Then when she saw that I was becoming drowsy she used to sing me to sleep with old-fashioned songs. The song I loved best was "Barbara Fritchie" put to a rythmical quaint, old air.

The following week was spent in playing with my Christmas toys and in helping mother pack, for our family of three always spent New Year's and the week following at grandmother's on the farm. I shall always feel sorry for those little girls whose grandmother does not live on a farm. We had to travel quite a distance on the cars. My

uncle always met us at the station with the big two-seated sleigh, and then—Oh! I can remember so well those rides from the little country town, those rides through the crisp air, while the sleigh bells rang out musically and the bright sun changed the snow on the ground, on the fences, on the branches of the trees, everywhere into myriads of diamonds.

A warm welcome awaited us at the big, old-fashioned farmhouse sheltered between the hills. Dear faces that I loved with all my childish heart were there waiting to receive us at the doors and at the gates. By merely mentioning the fact that at the farm were my grandmother, two maiden aunts and two bachelor uncles, you will know how petted and spoiled I was from the time of our arrival till our departure.

New Year's eve, two other guests were accustomed to arrive. They were two of my mother's girlhood friends. With them our little circle was complete, and after supper we all gathered around the great stove in the living-room and told stories, while in the room there was no light save the ruddy glow of the fire. Once in a while the dogs hearing an imaginary noise would start barking furiously. It always frightened me and involuntarily I would nestle a little closer to mother's side. It was mother's custom to put me to bed early. I always begged to be allowed to stay up to see the cows kneel as is their wont on New Year's eve at midnight, but my coaxing was of no avail. However, my little bedroom opened off of the living-room, and though I was sent to bed I used to lie awake watching the flickering firelight and listening to the soft hum of voices when everyone thought I was fast asleep dreaming of

Santa Claus, who, by the way, was accustomed to visit me on New Year's as well as on Christmas.

When I awoke in the morning the first thing I always did was to run to the chimney and search the stocking I had hung there the night before. I usually found candy and toys, but of one thing I was always certain—I never failed to find, stored away in the very toe of my stocking, a five dollar gold piece, placed there by my grandmother. She was always the first to kiss me on New Year's morning and to wish me a "Happy New Year." Six New Year's mornings have passed since I last heard that kind greeting and though we still continue to spend New Year's on the farm, something of its old time cheer is lacking, which I know can never be replaced.

I usually passed the morning playing with my toys and looking at my picture books. Then came dinner, and such a dinner! I will not enumerate the goodies which were piled upon the huge table, but think of an abundance of all the most delicious things you ever ate and you will then have some idea of what a New Year's dinner on the farm is. After dinner my uncles always took me out to ride down the steep hill back of the house. The hill was so steep that I used to say we were riding down from Heaven. Later in the afternoon my uncles and I went sleigh riding to town behind old Nig. There was one hill between the farm and the village which I always looked forward to eagerly, for old Nig used to go flying down that hill as though he were still a colt.

When we returned I was always very sleepy and drowsy from so much riding in the crisp air. Shortly after supper I usually went into the living-room and

climbed up into the big armchair with the red cushions. My kitten always kept me company. That kitten was always thin and scrawny, no matter how well we fed it, but I loved it more than any other cat on the farm. So, tired out with the day's frolic, and with Matilda cosily purring in my arms, I fell asleep by the fire.

*E. M. F., '10.*

---

### The New Year.

The sun in his golden glory  
Hastens through the vaulted sky,  
But pauses in the shadowy West  
To watch the Old Year die.

But too long 'twould be to tarry;  
And he breathes a sigh so deep,  
While he disappears behind a cloud:  
And the Old Year falls asleep.

Then silently and mournfully  
By Father Time he's borne  
Away, under the wings of darkness,  
Ere the dawn of another morn.

Softly and sweetly peal the chimes  
Above the snow-clad earth;  
Telling the mid-night watchers,  
Of a happy New Year's birth.

Thus one by one the old years pass  
And with joy we greet the new;  
For whispered by each merry tone  
Are fondest hopes and true.

*A. I. B.*

---

### The Problem of Child Labor.

Many people are ignorant of the fact that small children are to-day working far beyond their strength. By the cen-

sus of 1900 we are told that about two million children under sixteen years are working in factories. They are employed in knitting mills, glass factories, carpet mills; coal mines, on farms and as news boys. There are many men without work; therefore it is not because working men are lacking that children must work. We hear two opinions expressed on this subject. The capitalist says that the greed of the parents forces children into the mills; the people say that unless they allow their children to work, they must starve. Frequently the father is a drunkard and does nothing to support the family, and so the children, early in their youth must help earn their daily bread. However it may be, it is unjust that children should be sent to work so early in life. Their place is in school where they can be prepared for their life work.

In the cotton mills of Alabama and South Carolina, children work in rooms in which cotton is continually flying about; young boys work in the breakers of the Pennsylvania coal mines inhaling the deadly coal dust. This is perhaps the most unhealthy work of all. In fact, all over the United States and most of Europe, children of tender years are forced to work as hard as adults. As the labor of children is much the same in all the states, I shall devote myself entirely to the conditions existing in New York State. Then I shall pass on to the results of this evil and advise a way in which to check it.

As I live in a mill district I can speak from my own observation. When most of the children reach the age of fourteen they are taken from school and sent to work; the girls usually to the mills; the boys to the broom shops.

Even the children of comparatively rich people are put to work at this age. Oftentimes children of twelve years work during the summer vacations to earn spending money for the remainder of the year. Although the children are supposed to work only eight hours a day (from eight in the morning until five at night), most of them begin work at seven in the morning and work until six at night, making a day of ten hours' steady work. They work in a poorly ventilated, dusty room amid the deafening roar of machinery. Their only topics of conversation are dress and beaux and even after mill hours, they can think of nothing else to talk of. When these girls return home, they either go to some dance or help their mothers. In the morning they are obliged to rise at six, or even before, and begin another day of toil.

As I said before, most of the boys are sent to work early in the broom shops. This is considered unhealthy work even for an adult. The dust in these shops is very poisonous for it is filled with particles of brimstone with which the broom corn is bleached. Is it any wonder then that these children are appallingly short-lived? In our small village three young men died of consumption when they reached the age of about twenty-two. This speaks well for child labor, does it not?

Another type of these child wage-earners is the city newsboy. It is a very common thing to meet small, poorly clad boys with bundles of papers under their arms, on the streets of our large cities. The Saturday night selling problem has become especially acute. The boys leave home at eight or nine o'clock to sell the late evening papers, and then they sell the early editions of

the Sunday morning papers which do not come out until nearly midnight. These small boys of eleven or twelve, stand in the streets all night selling their papers, and do not return home until nine or ten o'clock the next morning after twelve hours of work.

Still another class of child laborers in our state is composed of those who work on farms. These do not receive so much of our attention for they have at least good board and lodging. Their work, however, is hard. They must rise early in the morning and work until late at night. I have in mind one farmer who took all of his boys out of school as soon as the law permitted, and put them to work on his land. He is a rich man, but his sons have grown up stunted, ignorant and sullen, and as they cannot talk good English, they are made the butt of ridicule. They are dissatisfied with farm work, and as soon as they attain their majority seek other work.

Such are the principal classes of child laborers in our state. Now let us briefly examine the results. The manufacturer alone profits by it. He grows rich, for children can be hired for less money than adults. The attitude of the capitalist is shown in the following words which I recently heard a Troy collar manufacturer say: "Children can work just as well as not. Their parents like to get the money, and they can work cheaper than older people. These laws about child labor are foolish." That man was looking out for his own interests. He was trying to obtain skilled labor cheap.

The employment of children keeps the wages of adults down. Children can do the work just as well, and cheaper than adults, so there is no necessity to



pay adults high wages for the same work. But it is upon the children themselves that the worst results are seen. Their faces have a look of premature care, and even on Sundays that look is still there. They become ignorant, for their own environment does nothing to help their intellectual progress. Jane Addams says that in the southern states there are the largest number of unprotected working children as well as the largest number of illiterate children. I think that fact speaks for itself. The child becomes tired of work and in later years breaks down under it, thus furnishing another pauper for the state to maintain.

As a result of work, the children are deprived of their play. Mr. Groos, in his "Play of Man" says: "In proportion as the child in later life is to be subjected to a mechanical and one-sided activity, and as a highly subdivided labor is to be demanded from him, it is therefore most important that he should have his full period of childhood and youth for this play expression, in order that he may cultivate within himself the root of a culture which alone can give his later activity a meaning." According to the above statement children who are sent to work early are unfit for important duties in later life. This is perfectly natural, for the minds of children are plastic, and in their depressing surroundings they develop into far from ideal citizens. The state maintains schools to prevent crime. The parents take their children from school and send them to work by the side of disreputable characters, and thus tend to increase crime.

I have elsewhere stated that the parents are often too poor to send their children to school. In this case some

provision should be made by the state to keep these children in school. It would be much cheaper to do this while they are young than to pay the expenses of a criminal trial later on. Child labor has now become a national question. Magazines are writing about it, and some have started crusades against it. But the only way to eradicate this evil is through legislation. We should have adequate child labor laws and enforce them. It would certainly be an excellent thing for the whole nation, if the bill laid before Congress by Senator Beveridge of Indiana, against child labor, would become a law. Every one should assent to this and by his influence make the fight against child labor have beneficial results.

*Florence E. Wittmeier.*

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### Modern Hair-Dressing.

BY ELIZABETH VEGHTE.

There is not so variable a thing in the world as the fashion of hair-dressing. Within my own memory I have known it to change—well, I wouldn't attempt to say how many times. In the olden times it assumed a very low plane, so very low in fact that one feared it would disappear. In order to appreciate this fact we should look at some old paintings where it would seem to us that the hair never would rise, however thrilling the experience might be. But gradually the hair began to rise, not in itself alone, perhaps, but at least it began to rise and to-day we have the most wonderful creations which are supposed to add grace and dignity of bearing to the fair maid. I know several young ladies who were once only

about four feet tall and who at present measure five feet. How this wonderful rise was brought about seems to be the eighth wonder of the world.

But let us consider the different stages of hair-dressing. First, appears the very lofty structure, the kind that makes a man avow his intention of asking the lady in front of him the means of erecting lofty structures, and that makes the small child in the crowded street-car ask his mother if all that lady's hair belongs to her.

The moderate structure appears next. This is the structure you can see over but not around. It has the broadening effect and continues to grow broader and still broader until we wonder if there is a limit. To many it is a mystery, and especially to the opposite sex, how these extended effects are produced. Small props seem to be one means of extension and on a very windy day one is able to ascertain the nature of these props. But this wide platform, so to speak, has one very desired effect, the fact that it serves as a kind of framework for the sun and rain awnings which seem to be in vogue at present.

Following this style comes the backward style. Perhaps this term is not as correct as it should be, but it is the only one which comes to my mind. It is quite possible to see over and around this fashion but alas, it is impossible to be close behind the person. Woe to the nose of the person behind in a crowd. To some this style is very becoming and takes us back to the days of Grecian simplicity, but in the case of others we shudder at the thought of such desecration of Grecian style. But the style will soon pass to the land of its forefathers and another will take its place. Per-

sonally, I am not for adding to the beautiful structures of nature, not for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans, therefore I must say that I am much displeased with the coiffure now in fashion. One may observe, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and I often wonder that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of hair and wire, have not been recorded for their inventions.

I would wish the members of the Fair Sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any beauty to what is the chef-d'œuvre of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest place, in a human figure. Nature has used all her arts in beautifying the face. She has touched it with rose-red; she has placed in it a double row of ivory; she has made it blossom with a beautiful flower; she has made it like a star with the sparkling of the eyes; she has given it airs and graces beyond description, and she has given it a flowing back-ground which sets off all its beauties in a wonderful manner. In short, nature has made the head the crowning work of her genius, and when we load it with artificiality we destroy the symmetry of the human figure and hide its great and real beauties.

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### Political Loyalty.

In studying political loyalty in the play of King Richard the Second, the characters may be divided into three classes. To the first belong those who are truly loyal to England and also to the King whom they consider most

worthy and best fitted to rule, whether it be Richard or Henry. Among these are John of Gaunt, the Duke of York and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Gaunt shows his loyalty first in his conversation with the Duchess of Gloucester. He knows that Richard is guilty of being responsible for his brother's death but as a subject he feels that it is not fitting at this time to criticize the King. So although he feels even deeper grief than the Duchess he does not express it directly. Again after the decree of banishment has been pronounced against Bolingbroke, he is heart-broken at the prospect of the separation from his son, because he feels sure that he will not live until Bolingbroke's return. But in his words of farewell, instead of trying to arouse in the exile feelings of hatred and bitterness toward the King and his country, he does all that he can to encourage the banished man and to fill his mind with patriotic thoughts.

The real greatness of Gaunt's loyalty is revealed by what he says just before his death. He calls himself a prophet and then goes on to show the foolishness of Richard's course, and his own sorrow for the shame which has been brought upon the land so dear to him that he would gladly die if the scandal would vanish with his life.

Both Gaunt and the Duke of York understand the weakness and faults of the King and both try to plead with him to change his course. York is more patient at first but when Richard declares his intention to seize the property of Gaunt, York uncompromisingly upbraids him without fear of making the King his own enemy.

At Bolingbroke's return, York, still serving Richard faithfully, is angry because of the disloyalty of Bolingbroke

in coming back before the time of his banishment has expired. At the same time, York is moved by the justice of his claims as Duke of Lancaster and for a time he hesitates, not knowing where his loyalty is due. He wishes to obey the laws of his country but also to save the country from the rule of such a man as Richard. In the end he gives his support to Henry.

On the other hand the Bishop of Carlisle remains true to Richard even after the crown has been surrendered. His loyalty leads to his honest, fearless endeavor to lead the nobles to see the wrong done by them as subjects in daring "to give sentence on the King."

The second class consists of those who are loyal for a time for purely selfish reasons. Here may be found Bushy, Bagot and Green, and the Percys. King Richard aptly characterizes the first three when he calls them, "Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!" The Percys devote themselves to Henry's cause in the hope that after they have raised him to the throne, they may secure for themselves the privilege of ruling the King and, in that way, the nation.

In the third class are those who are willing to commit any deed, "to be endeared to a king." Exton in this play and Hubert in the play of King John are examples of this class. Exton, moved by a blind sense of loyalty to Henry, is eager to carry out his slightest wish only to prove himself the King's friend. In the words of John, "It is the curse of Kings to be attended by slaves that take their humors for a warrant to break within the bloody walls of life."

We all admire the loyalty that is inspired by honor or true patriotic devo-

tion, but we have no admiration for that which is aroused by a feeling of slavish allegiance or by a desire for personal safety and advancement. *M. H. S.*

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### Traumereien.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten  
 Dass ich so schläfrig bin;  
 Mein Auge bleibt nicht auf den Seiten  
 Und gar nichts kommt mir in Sinn.  
 Ich träume; die Stunde wird kleiner;  
 Ich bin in "Deutsch Sieben"  
 zurück.  
 "Erbarmt sich niemand meiner?"  
 Eine arme Sünderin spricht.

Und dann "Also, meine Herrschaften!  
 Pidgin English geht ganz und gar  
 nicht!!  
 Man muss hier viel besser auf passen  
 Wenn man die deutsch' Sprache je  
 spricht.  
 Und runden die Lippen, ich bitte;  
 Sie haben ein' Fehler gemacht!!!"  
 Ich hör das Wort; Fehler und zittre,  
 Und von Traumereien 'erwach.'  
*Ein deutscher Walfisch, '10.*

---

### The Modern Youth.

Little Billy, age six, with a radiant smile covering his little brown face, and both of his short, fat arms embracing a big football, started off for the "gridiron." The "gridiron" proved to be Tommy White's back yard, and when Billy arrived, the rest of his "heavy squad" were already there, and shouting, "Here comes the captain!" After numerous fist to fist fights, it was decided which position each should play. Johnny Smith blew vig-

orously on a big horn, and the game began.

A crowd of eager young spectators had assembled, but none were more excited than Baby Ned, who sat in his high-chair at the window. He waved his hands about so frantically that he lost his playthings on a "fumble," but still seemed to have no "kick" coming.

Soon the excitement ceased, for a mournful sound issuing from Johnny Smith's big horn told that the game was over.

That night Billy went to the supper table with one eye bandaged, and a number of fingers looking rather crushed, but with one aim—to become a champion football player.

---

### The New Year's Spider.

Pat O'Hoolihan gave a New Year's dinner to some of his friends. His wife had prepared one turkey which Pat proceeded to carve to serve his guests. Turning to the lady seated nearest him, he asked very politely, "What part will yez hev, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Oi'll take a leg, if it plaze ye, soir," she said.

Pat next turned to a little Murphy. "And phwhat part of the bird will yez hev, young man?"

"Oi'll take a leg, if it plaze ye, soir," replied the little Murphy.

Then Pat addressed Mr. Murphy: "Phwhat's yer choice of the bird? Will ye have the white mate?"

"Oi'll take another leg, soir, an' much obleged fer the question," said Mr. Murphy, who always followed his wife's example.

"Begorra," exclaimed Pat, "phwat do yez think I'm carvin'—a spider?"



## EDITORIAL



### The Ben Greet Players.

No doubt all of our readers have heard of the Ben Greet Players who have gained such a high and wide reputation for their production of Shakespeare's plays which they present in the same manner as the plays were given in Shakespeare's time. These players have been giving performances at many of the large colleges and universities throughout the United States and have been received very enthusiastically.

The Echo Board, supported by the various college organizations, has secured this company for one performance on the evening of January 20, 1909. Odd Fellows Hall has been hired and play to be presented is *The Merchant of Venice*. This will be advertised throughout the city and there will be a seat sale at some well-known place down town, besides the sale of tickets that will be put into the hands of some of our students.

We realize that this is quite an undertaking, but for two reasons we are anxious to have this play given. First, we want to do something that will interest every student in the college and thus, by this common interest, develop a stronger college spirit. Second, there is a chance of obtaining some money for THE ECHO which is a matter of considerable importance.

Now students we want to make this a big success. It is not a class or a society affair but one that belongs to you as a student body. THE ECHO is your paper; the members of The Echo

Board are your servants and are doing their best to improve the paper. Are *you* willing to help them get the "where-with-all" with which to do it? This is a test case of what we can do. We want to fill every one of those 950 seats in Odd Fellows' Hall. We have obtained a first-class performance and we want it presented to a full house. Tell all your friends about this. Be sure to go yourself and do all you can to get others to do likewise.

---

### The Election of a New Board of Editors.

Before the next issue of THE ECHO is published, it will be time to elect a new Board of Editors for our college paper. Some of our students do not seem to realize what an influence our paper exerts, and for this reason they have only a passive interest in it. THE ECHO is the only direct means of keeping in touch with our graduates, and of telling the outside world, what we, the students of State Normal College, are doing. Our paper should stand for our College and be a means of inspiration and interest among the students. This means that there must be an efficient Board of Editors. These Editors are elected by the student body. It means then, that every student should be present at the election; it means that every student should have an active interest in the election; it means that every student should himself be ready and willing to work for his college paper, for THE

ECHO must not represent merely the Board of Editors but the entire college. This can be accomplished not alone by subscriptions from the students but by *contributions*, which represent the best literary work of the students. However, we believe that the interest which has been shown in THE ECHO during the past semester, ensures a large attendance at the meeting and foreshadows the election of a Board of Editors which will do its best to keep THE ECHO up to its highest standard.

#### Mid-year Examinations.

January to most college students means hard work, for it is this month that brings the mid-year examinations. The very word "mid-year" calls up the thought of weeks of hard study, and we sigh as we think of the midnight oil that has been and probably will be burned.

But why burn this midnight oil and why not eliminate that sleepy individual, the result of too little sleep, too little exercise, and too much study. Cramming at the last minute really does very little good. It is the weeks and months of preparation that count. It is true, review does aid, but let it be a deliberate intensive, clear-minded retrospect of what has already been learned rather than a hasty, superficial cramming of facts that have never been learned.

This may sound like good advice, which is all very well to talk of but not very practical to follow. Try it just this once and see if the result is not the one you most desire—a long row of punches on your card, and a mind and body, not completely exhausted by the strenuous weeks through which you have just passed.

#### Some Sayings of Poor Richard and Their Application to Examinations.

"Many words won't fill a bushel," nor will they secure a passing mark even if they do fill the paper.

"God helps them who help themselves," except when they use a "trot."

"Sloth makes all thing difficult but industry all things easy." This is especially true of examinations.

"Lost time is never found again," but the non-punches indicate pretty accurately when and where it was lost.

"Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and  
*wise.*"

But cramming and burning the mid-  
night oil

Nine times out of ten is useless toil.

"Industry need not wish," for a punch therefore wish that your name was Industry.

"Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge," therefore on an examination be sure you understand the question before you answer it.

"Fools make feasts and wise men eat them," but wise men make out examinations and fools flunk them.

"Wise men learn by others' harms."  
Get some pointers from the seniors.

"Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other," not even in the S. N. C.

"They that won't be counselled can't be helped," so we now leave you to your fate.



## NEWS



The Young Woman's Christian Association of the College is glad to greet every student with a "Happy New Year," and hopes to see some new recruits among its ranks. May the first item heading your New Year resolutions be, "To become an active member of the Y. W. C. A."

The first meeting after the Thanksgiving vacation was held December 2d, led by one of the most active of our faculty members, Miss Angie Finney. The subject under discussion, "Missions in India," was treated in a most interesting manner by the leader, who gave abstracts from sermons on missions by the Rev. Mr. Sewell and others. Miss Florence Brown gave a report of the work of Miss Hill, whom we help to support as Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association at Madras, India.

On December 9th, a meeting was held, led by Alice Hill. As a topic for her discourse, she chose the quality of endurance that lasts to the end, and showed how we might gain the quality and use it in our college work and in the Y. W. C. A. A general discussion of the subject followed and all resolved to say with Paul, "I have fought a

good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

On Friday afternoon and evening, December 11th, the Christmas Sale was held in the Primary Chapel, which was all in festive attire with its holiday trimmings. College and class pennants, and college stationery were for sale at one table, while all sorts of dainty, fancy articles were exhibited at another. Tea was served in another part of the room. By evening almost everything was sold, and great amusement was caused by the auction of the remaining articles. The witty remarks of the auctioneer were worthy of a professional. The Association wishes to thank every one who contributed anything for the Sale, also those who did their Christmas shopping with us.

At the Cabinet meeting, December 14th, it was reported that the proceeds of the Sale were over fifty dollars. We are more than delighted with such a substantial start for the Silver Bay fund.

The last meeting before the Christmas holidays was held December 16th, led by Frances Schrack. The subject, "Running from Duty," was developed from instances taken from the scriptures, and then applied to our college life. Leila Pierce gave a delightful solo. In her voice we have discovered a valuable acquisition to the talented members of the Association.



On Saturday, December the twelfth, Delta Omega initiated the following girls: Edith Perry, Edna Smith, Florence Woolworth, Adèle La Compte, Hortense Barnet, Jessie Auringer, Elizabeth Williamson, Ethel Everingham, Elizabeth Veghte and Berna Hunt.

Miss Marcia Vrooman of Schenectady, spent Saturday, December twelfth, with Miss Barbara Sammons.

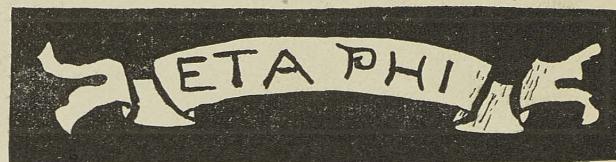
Miss Ethel Wheeler, '08, was married to Mr. Cornelius Newbury of East Greenbush, on September thirtieth. Mr. and Mrs. Newbury have taken up their residence at East Greenbush.

Miss Mabel Northrup was obliged to go to her home in Johnstown on account of a severe attack of tonsillitis.

Miss Minnie Schultz, '08, of Newburgh, spent Christmas week as a guest at the Annapolis Naval Academy.

Miss Elinor Marsh of New York, entertained at a Delta tea on Saturday, December nineteenth. Her guests were Delta alumnae in and around New York.

The girls enjoyed their Christmas holidays at their respective homes.



Thanksgiving week, Albany proved most magnetic, and all the Eta Phi girls, with the exception of Miss Florence Hunter, spent their vacation here. Boxes from home were most popular, and as a result, numerous spreads were indulged in.

Miss Florence Burchard entertained her sister, Miss Margaret, of Norwich, N. Y., during Thanksgiving week.

Miss Mabel Hughes of Utica, N. Y., was the guest of Miss Sarah Trembley for a few days.

Misses Louise Koon and Daisie Andrus spent an afternoon in Troy, Friday, Nov. 27.

A theatre party was given Saturday, Nov. 28, in honor of Miss Mabel Hughes of Utica, N. Y., and Miss Margaret Burchard of Norwich, N. Y.

Misses Eaton and Burchard entertained at supper, Saturday, Nov. 28.

At a missionary meeting held in Schenectady, Wednesday, Nov. 25th, Miss Agnes Stephens made the address of the evening.

A regular meeting of Eta Phi was held Wednesday, December 2d, at the home of the president, Miss Harriet Osborn, 302 Madison Ave. After the meeting a social time was enjoyed.



Mr. and Mrs. Harris of Truro, England, have been guests at the home of Miss Agnes Stephens, 518 Madison Ave., for a few days.

Initiation was held Saturday afternoon and evening, December 5th. There were seven candidates,—Lela Farnham, Louise G. Koon, Grace Willcox, Florence Keller, Agnes Stephens, Florence Hunter and Clara Springstead.

The regular meeting of Eta Phi was held Saturday evening, December 12th, at 158 Elm St. The following officers were elected:

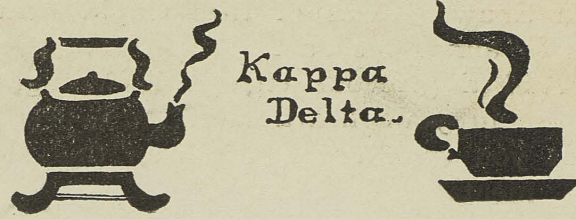
President, Leona Eaton.  
 Vice-President, Sarah A. Trembley.  
 Secretary, Florence Hunter.  
 Treasurer, Daisie Andrus.  
 Chaplain, Agnes Stephens.  
 Marshal, Louise Koon.  
 Critic, Harriet Osborn.  
 Editor, Clara Springstead.

The Eta Phi girls spent their Christmas vacations in the following places: Florence Burchard and Leona Eaton, Norwich, N. Y.; Lela Farnham, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Grace Willcox, Verona, N. Y.; Sarah Trembley, Utica, N. Y., and Florence Hunter, Fulton, N. Y.

Misses Agnes Stuart, Harriet Osborn, Florence Keller, Clara Springstead, Agnes Stephens, Louise Koon and Daisie Andrus spent their vacation in Albany.

Miss Annie De Witt spent her vacation at home, Skaneateles, N. Y.

Miss Adaline Raynsford spent the week following Christmas with Miss Florence Burchard at Norwich, N. Y.



On Saturday evening December 12th, the Misses Knapp, Wenger, Gallup, Lewis, Biegelman and Schermerhorn were initiated into the society.

Santa Claus visited the house Thursday, Dec. 17th and was made very welcome. He left each one a very appropriate gift, one being a lamp which could be blown out, so that the unfortunate girl would have no more explosions.

As we look around our jolly band  
 All old maids but a year ago,  
 We see the signs of the fateful hand  
 Of the matrimonial foe.

The first to feel this dreadful shock  
 Was little dark-eyed Julie Murdock.  
 Bushels of knowledge she threw o'er  
 deck

When it slyly offered her love by  
 the Peck.

And then at Miss Yelverton, Love  
 shook his young head  
 And Lena away to a Temple he led.

For she was too fair for Froebel's straw  
 and paint

And straightway by the Temple was  
 made a saint.

And when at "Corn" Lansing Love  
 'gan to make eyes

We looked about with bewildered  
 surprise,

And in order that she our faith might  
 not shake

She soon turned out to be but a Fake.

Oh Shaw! 'Twas at thee Cupid next  
aimed his dart  
And a grievous change it wrought  
in your heart.  
But you soon recovered from this la-  
mentable wrong,  
And by one young editor was claimed  
to be Strong.

And next the winged Eros whispered  
in our ear  
A tale that was meant to fill us with  
fear.  
A smart, young Cook in buying a wife  
Had got enough Cole to last him  
through life.

And as if for a climax to our already  
great woe,  
Another last effort was put forth by  
our foe,  
Which caused Molly Lansing through  
the long summer days  
To rake the meadows sweet with  
Hays.

So we look around our jolly band  
All old maids but a year ago,  
And each one holds the other's hand  
Wondering who next will go.



Saturday December 12th, were initi-  
ated the Misses Chase, Craig and Heap.  
A spread followed.

Mr. H. H. Heap spent the week-end  
December 12th, with his daughter.

A regular meeting was held Dec. 14th  
at 51 Eagle St. A very enjoyable lit-  
erary program was rendered as follows:  
Reading, "The Other Wise Man,"  
Henry Van Dyke; Christmas quota-  
tions; reading, parody on "The Night  
before Christmas." The members cor-  
related the physical and mental powers,  
and at the close of the evening showed  
great headway on their Christmas gifts.

Mr. E. Pawel visited his daughter,  
Fannie, Dec. 14th.

Miss Florence Wittmeier was the  
guest of Miss Mary Hotaling; and Miss  
Brooke, of Miss Florence Brown.

Mr. W. O. Cleveland visited his  
daughter on Dec. 14th.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 17th, Psi  
Gamma enjoyed a Christmas tree at the  
rooms of the president, Miss Laura  
Stuckman, 124 Jay St. Miss Florence  
Wittmeier favored us with some of the  
best of her impersonations, and the newly  
initiated showed their ability in various  
lines. Gifts and jokes were received.  
The favors were bunches of holly.

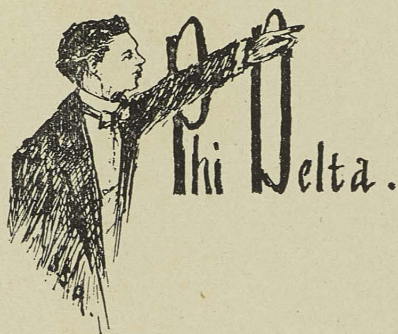
Miss Chase spent New Year's with  
friends at Richmondville, N. Y.

Mrs. W. H. Craig visited her daugh-  
ter Dec. 5th, on her way to New York.

The Psi Gamma girls spent their  
Christmas vacation out the city, with the  
exception of Misses Tallmudge and Ho-  
taling; Miss Stuckman, at Saranac Lake  
in the Adirondacks; Miss Pawel, Sandy  
Hill; Miss Hill, Pattersonville; Miss  
Brown, Fulton; Miss Burke, Schenec-  
tady; Miss Cleveland, Broadalbin;

Miss Wittmeier, Ft. Hunter; Miss Heap, Williamstown, Mass.; Miss Craig, New York.

Christmas presents of maguey fibre were sent to all the girls by Miss Nina Netzschke, '08, from Mexico.



Most of our members left town for their Christmas vacation.

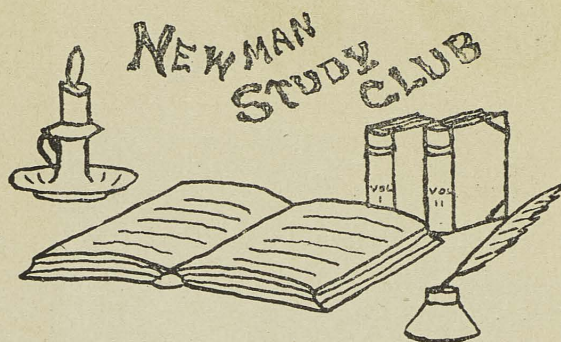
Ping-pong has been experiencing a revival at the fraternity meetings.

The election of officers will occur at the first meeting held in 1909.

Good things come slow; our pins have not yet arrived.

Among those of our honorary members who attended the school teachers' convention at Syracuse were Messrs. Brown, Bassette, Nolan and Atwood.

Little Charlie, who had always lived in town, visiting his aunt in the country, saw, for the first time, a cow milked. "Oh, Aunty!" he cried, "why do you keep your milk in a cow?"—*The Spectator*.



During the past month the regular weekly meetings have been well attended and much enjoyed. The work is progressing nicely and is taken up most enthusiastically by the members of the club. Mrs. Mooney's weekly contributions to our programs are always interesting, and bring in much outside material which the members are not able to secure. Owing to the Christmas vacation, two meetings have been omitted, but the delights of the season have compensated us for their lack. We unite in hoping that you have all enjoyed a most happy Christmas and a delightful respite from college work.

On December 3, as guests of Mrs. Mooney, many of the members of the club attended a vocal concert by Madame Tessia at Union Hall.

On December 9, Miss Bertha Bott entertained the Newman Club at Five Hundred. A most delightful evening was enjoyed.

On December 10, we were again Mrs. Mooney's guests, at an entertainment composed of vocal selections and readings, at Union Hall.

The stories which have won the prizes in THE ECHO Story Contest, will be published in the February number.

## Senior Notes.

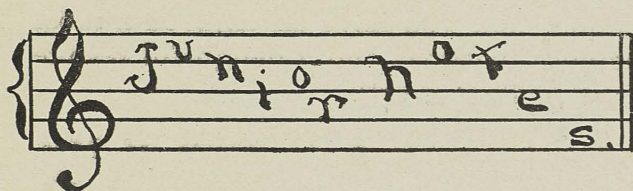
Miss Briggs spent a few days during the Thanksgiving recess at her home in Bainbridge, N. Y.

Miss Hunter returned to her home in Fulton, N. Y., for the Thanksgiving recess.

Mrs. Hall and daughter Miss Mabel Hall, A. N. C. 1901, were the guests of Miss Denison during the few days of recess at Thanksgiving time.

Miss Perry spent the Thanksgiving recess at her home in Utica, N. Y.

The Misses Perry, Eddy, Hunter and Thomas, have joined the Albany branch of the Collegiate Alumnae Association.



The Junior Class extends New Year's greetings to the faculty and students of the College.

Miss Emma Fitzpatrick entertained Miss Marie Philips for several days during the Christmas vacation at her home in Peekskill.

Miss Adaline Raynsford spent her vacation at the home of Miss Florence Burchard in Norwich.

Miss Florence Brown spent the holidays with her parents in Fulton.

Miss Bertha Purdy was a guest of Miss Bessie Ovit in Johnstown during the holiday vacation.

Mr. Floyd Case spent the holidays in Syracuse.

We are pleased to see that 1911 is so very much interested in Junior Week. It is good for the young to observe their elders, that when in their turn they too come to our high station they may not be at a loss for ideas. Just keep looking and asking questions and maybe you will learn.

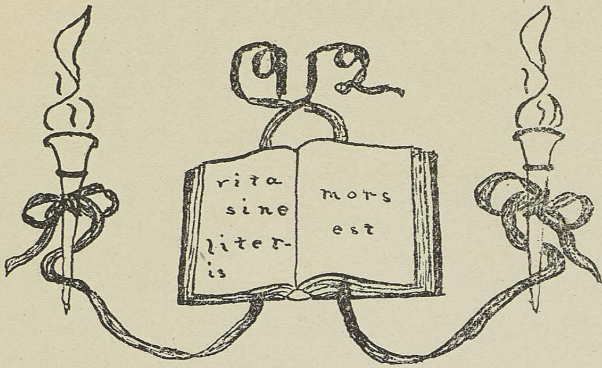


The regular monthly meeting of the Sophomore Class took place on December the seventh, at 4.45. The members of the class enjoyed a delightful and helpful talk given by Mrs. Mooney. We wish to express our appreciation of it.

All the members of the Class of 1911 spent a pleasant Christmas season. We have returned ready to enter upon the New Year's work with vigor.

We are looking forward to a social evening with the dear little Freshmen in the near future. We hear that they have not forgotten how to spell. However, their English teacher did not tell us.

Best wishes for a bountiful New Year to the faculty and students of the State Normal College from the Class of 1911.



### Freshman Class Notes.

On Friday, December the eleventh, a meeting of the Freshman Class was held in Grammar Chapel. A very enjoyable program was rendered, consisting of a violin solo, by Miss Smith; reading by Miss Jacobs, and vocal solo by Miss Wenger. After the business of the class, the meeting was adjourned.

A spell-down between the Freshmen and Sophomores was scheduled for Wednesday evening, December fifteenth, but was postponed until January sixth or seventh. We suppose that the Sophomores wanted more time to study their readers.

Several class songs have been composed by members of our class, which will soon be heard resounding through the halls.

### Doings of the Faculty.

Dr. Milne made an address at the teachers' institute held at Coeymans, N. Y., on December second, and another on the tenth, at the institute held at Glens Falls.

Miss Perine was one of the instructors at the institute held at Richmondville,, December eighth and ninth.

Miss Sewell was absent from college a few days owing to the death of her sister.

Miss Hannahs and Miss Perine attended the convention at Syracuse.

On December twenty-first, Dr. Hutchison gave an address entitled, "European Presbyterianism," at the Clinton Square Presbyterian Church. This address is the second of a series being given in that church; the first one was given by Dr. Hopkins.

### Notes from a Diary.

- Dec. 1. Resume work after Thanksgiving vacation. Joy in the thought, Christmas but three weeks off.
2. In Shakespeare—Advice—"Put yourself into your essay"—saves copying and secures a check.
3. Standard example of cause and effect—Pie and indigestion.
5. Looking for bargains in the big department stores. A nickel certainly carries you a long way in Albany.
7. Rain blessed rain. No rubbers, no college.
8. O! For an excuse.
9. Junior Class meeting. Committee "silently" working.
10. Resolve—To work everybody to make "The Merchant" a great financial success.—The Student Body of the S. N. C.

11. An exhibition sale of college work.—Y. W. C. A. Sale.
12. Initiation. Pledged members get "all that is coming to them."
13. Calling day. A gentle reminder.
14. Think of it! Vacation begins Dec. 19th, and ends Jan. 5th.
15. If any one should ask you "Are ideals worth while," answer in the affirmative.
16. Money was made to spend, so why not let the Albany merchants who advertise in the ECHO know that we are here.
17. Almost packed. Find it much harder to keep on studying than to keep on embroidering.
18. All packed and won't come back until next year.

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Not long ago, a man with red hair said to a man without much hair, "When you went to get your hair they didn't have much left, did they?" "No," said he of the sparse locks, eyeing his friend rather maliciously, "when I got there, all they had was a lot of this red stuff and a small remnant of good hair, and I told them to give me the remnant."

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A Scotchman, visiting England, was horrified at the number of tips he was expected to give. At the hotel he found he was called upon to tip the waiter, and the boots, and the chamber-maid, and the office-boy and the elevator-boy. This was bad enough, but when he went to wash and read the instructions. "Tip the basin" he took the night express for home.—*The Spectator*.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'04—At the annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, held in Syracuse during the holidays, C. Edward Jones of the Class of 1904, spoke on the following subjects: "Science Course for Elementary Schools: (a) Of what shall it consist? (b) How shall its general adoption be secured" and "Suggested Changes in the Syllabus."

'01—Mr. Alexander Morton Mac Cutcheon, '01, was married on December the twenty-third to Miss Caroline Snyder Sheffer, at Germantown, N. Y. Mr. Mac Cutcheon was graduated last June from the Electrical Engineering Course of Columbia.

'00—Mrs. Frank A. Salisbury, of Phelps, N. Y., called on friends at college the first week in December. Mrs. Salisbury was Miss Winifred Wright of the Class of 1900.

'93—Prof. James Robert White, who has been the Superintendent of Schools, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, has resigned his position, and is now in New York city.

'93—Dr. Charles T. McFarlane, of the Brockport Normal School, addressed the Educational Conference at Syracuse on the subject: "The General Problem of Extending the Educational System to Prepare for Industrial Pursuits."

'93—The Echo Board takes pleasure in publishing the following letter and verses written by Mr. Allen Henry Wright, of San Diego, California:

SAN DIEGO, CAL., Dec. 2, 1908.

*Editor-in-Chief, Normal College Echo,  
Albany, N. Y.:*

Dear Sir.—In handing you herewith my check for \$1.00, I am having the pleasure of paying for the seventeenth consecutive time, this sum as subscription to THE ECHO, since I began with its initial number and have continued to date to enjoy its columns, with their notes regarding the college and its work, its students and its graduates. Now and again there comes with it a tinge of sorrow as I read of the passing of some friend of my college days, and then again, I feel like sending a note of congratulation when I read of the happiness that has come to some others when they have found their life mates.

The coming June will mark the passage of sixteen years since I was privileged to receive my diploma, and in that space of time I have relinquished my claim as an instructor in the schools but trust that I have not lost all claim as an instructor in other ways, for, during more than a dozen years, I was engaged in journalistic work and even yet find much pleasure in contributing in my small way to various magazines and papers. At the same time I am holding the position of chief deputy clerk here in San Diego, a city which is blessed with a most delightful climate and most beautiful scenic surroundings.

So far as I know the only other Normalities here are my wife, who was Florence M. Bangs, but did not graduate, and Miss Elizabeth Rogers of the Class of 1890, who is now an instructor at the San Diego State Normal School, one of the progressive institutions of the state.

The enclosed verses are some which I wrote for the second annual picnic of the New York State Society of San Diego County, held on Labor Day, with an attendance of over three hundred former residents of the Empire State. I have been honored, since the organization of the society, with the office of secretary.

With kindly greetings to all Normalites, past and present, and especially to Dr. Milne and the other members of the faculty, I remain,

Very cordially yours,

ALLEN H. WRIGHT,  
S. N. C., 1893.

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### Memories.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.  
S. N. C., '93.

Here, by the vast Pacific's shore,  
We gather, far from scenes of old.  
As exiles we are here. No more  
We feel the winter's bracing cold  
Nor list to falling of the summer rain,  
That makes all Nature bloom again.

But Memory's hand fain turns the leaf  
And shows, clear-lined, the days  
gone by;  
The harvest time, with golden sheaf;  
The apple trees, with fruit piled high.  
And in the Autumn's sunset glow  
All Nature's music seems to flow.

We see, again, the lowing kine  
That wander through the clover tall.  
We see where grows the clinging vine  
Upon some nearby, friendly wall.  
All breathes of quiet and of peace.  
Our hope is, life will never cease.

Down by the winding river's flow—  
 Our memory takes us thither—  
 'Tis pleasant, truly, there to go,  
 Or wander on, we care not whither,  
 Save that we feel 'tis good to live  
 And take what gen'rous Life will give.

Before the fire-place, winter's night,  
 Will gather, when the day is o'er,  
 The family all, a blessed sight.  
 Would we could see it all once more!  
 With father here and mother there,  
 And children sitting 'round each chair.

When Winter flies and Springtime  
 comes,  
 The woods and meadows bloom once  
 more.

Then lads and lassies tire of sums  
 And long to pass through school-  
 house door,  
 To haste away where calls the wild  
 'Tis Nature's way to get her child.

The closing day of school comes 'round,  
 When statesmen, yet to be, proclaim.  
 Within the schoolhouse, red, resound  
 The words of those unknown to fame.  
 But future days held much in store  
 For bashful maid and youth of yore.

Yes, far we are from old-time haunts,  
 Midst which our early years were  
 passed,  
 And yet there's none of us who wants  
 To leave where now our lots are cast.  
 For here we bask in am'rous sun  
 And feel that life has just begun.

---

Turn failure into victory,  
 Don't let your courage fade;  
 And if you get a lemon  
 Just make the lemon aid.

—Ex.



The "Locals" in *The Hendrix College Mirror* for November are especially good.

In the November number of *The Normal Magazine* (Potsdam), there is an interesting article by an alumnus of the school who is now in South Africa. The article describes the rite of "Abakweeta" or "entering into manhood," as practiced by the native tribes of the country.

The December number of *The Cue*, Albany Academy, has a most attractive cover design. The cuts at the head of each department are artistic and appropriate.

The stories in the November *Holy Cross Purple* are all well worth reading. Why does the *Purple* not have an Exchange Department?

The December edition of *The Bulletin*, of State Normal School, North Dakota, is the Educational Association number. This paper is unique among our Exchanges, as it is a little four-page monthly published as a supplement to *The Quarterly Bulletin*.

The account of the Reunion of the Alumni of the Northern Illinois State Normal School, as told in the November number of the *Northern Illinois* is complete in every way and makes very interesting reading.



The Exchange Department of *The Spectator*, Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, is noteworthy. It contains helpful criticisms of the papers received instead of merely acknowledging them. Their commemorative number of the Reformation, with its many illustrations of Luther, will be of interest to many of our Normalites.

The December number of *American Education* contains an article on "The School Desk and Efficient School Service," which should be read by all teachers.

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### Wonderful Presence of Mind Displayed by a Freshman.

Mr. — of the Class of 1912 recently demonstrated the wonderful control which he has of all his faculties under trying conditions.

Mr. — boards at a house, the front door of which is reached by ascending ten or a dozen steps, which were the scene of the demonstration above-mentioned. One cold morning, Mr. — stepped out of the front door thinking deeply on some psychological problem that he was attempting to solve. His psychological trains of association, however, were suddenly sidetracked by the appearance of a young lady, also belonging to 1912, who was rapidly approaching. With a smile, Mr. — raised his cap and stepped forward exclaiming, "Good — ." But, as he uttered the first word, his foot slipped on the snow-covered top-step and he descended to the side-walk with a rapidity not conducive to dignity. Fate, however, showed him a little kindness, for he landed on his knees

before the startled maiden and (here is where the surprising part of the story comes in), still grasping his cap in both hands he looked up from his lowly position and continued, "morning Miss —."

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## Review

### Kincaid's Battery.

"Kincaid's Battery" is the title of George W. Cable's latest novel. The scene of the story is laid in Dixie during the terrible war days from 'Sixty-one to 'Sixty-four. It tells the old yet ever new story of the struggles and privations of the brave boys in gray on the field, and the no less heroic struggles and privations of the girls and women left behind.

Hilary Kincaid, "the ladies' man," so named from his favorite song, and his courtesy to all women, is the idol of his battery and everybody who knows him. Beautiful, wealthy Anna Callender had paid for the equipment of the battery which Kincaid commands, and had presented to it its colors. For this she is loved by the boys of the command as the "little mother saint of their flag, the little godmother of their guns."

Of course Hilary loves her too, and the love of these two brave hearts is the theme of the whole story woven around the historical facts of the war. Of the minor characters the best is Flora Valour the beautiful, heartless Creole, who plays the part of Anna's best friend. In reality she hates Anna so bitterly and loves Kincaid so well that she would kill him to keep him from his bride.

The descriptive and explanatory parts

of the story are as readable as the narrative, and are just enough to keep one in the spirit of the times when nothing was too great to do for the cause. We have no doubt but that this book will have great success, for its historical setting, its character drawing, its descriptions and its story make it appeal to many different classes of readers.

The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. Price \$1.50.

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### A Boston Mother Goose Rhyme.

An aged maternal ancestor, bearing the cognomen Hubbard, traversed the intervening distance to her repository for edible substances, to secure for her emaciated canine a portion of that hard calcified substance of which the skeleton of vertebrate animals is composed. Arrived at her destination she discovered the repository to be devoid of all substances which would sustain the potential force by which the organs of animals are started and maintained in the performance of their functional and co-operative activities. Owing to the deficiency, therefore, the aforesaid emaciated canine subsisted for yet longer without his portion.—*Ex.*

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### How to Kill The Echo.

1. Do not subscribe; borrow a classmate's paper—just be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.
3. Never hand in news items and be sure to criticize everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

4. Tell your neighbor that you can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.

5. If you can't hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.

Get the idea?—*Ex.*

---

"Mama, I've got a stomach-ache," said Willie, six years old.

"That's because you've been without lunch. Your stomach is empty, you'd feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the pastor called, and in the course of the conversation complained of a severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Willie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."—*Ex.*

---

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat. Almost around, for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and when asked the cause replied: "I say, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat next time he went out?"—*Spectator.*

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"May happy memories of the past  
With hopes of future bliss be blent  
And round the present season cast  
The halo of a heart's content."

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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== SEE ==

THE BEN GREET PLAYERS

IN

*“The Merchant of Venice”*

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AT

ODD FELLOWS HALL

ON

*Wednesday Evening, January 20, 1909*



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