

THE ECHO

AN : EDUCATIONAL : COLLEGE : JOURNAL

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THE ECHO.

VOL. 13.]

ALBANY, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

[NO. 1.]

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Lines Written While Returning to College.

The last good-byes are sadly said,
The train moves on,
Some parting tears in secret shed,
I realize with creeping dread,
Vacation's gone.

Completely gone, as the peaceful scene
Just left behind.

How pleasantly those hills so green,
Receding now 'neath skies serene,
Impress the mind!

Alike have gone vacation and view,
No thing can last;
But watch! the old gives place to new,
Mayhap 'tis e'en as pleasant, too,
As that we've passed.

The cattle crop, in herds well bred,
These pasture lands,
A restless brook moves o'er its bed,
The willow branches meet o'er head,
And clasp their hands.

Sloping meadows smoothly mown
Now greet my view,
And waving fields of corn full grown,
With ripened pumpkins thickly sown,
All gleaming thro'.

Out yonder is a colt at play
With th' older steed.
The startled young thing runs away
On hearing our iron horse's neigh,
As on we speed.

And now far out where summer skies
To earth stoop down,
The Catskills misty mountains rise,
While here a lonely swampland lies,
All dressed in brown.

One rugged peak still seems to bend
And beckon me,
Like the goal to which my life works tend—
The swamps a thought of failure send
Distressingly.

As scene upon scene is left behind,
And all are fair,
I think of home and friends so kind,
But shall I not still others find
Apart from there?

Lavinia S. Cole.

A Day at the World's Fair.

The sun shining in your window awakens you early in the morning. You dress hurriedly and go out to breakfast. The meal must be a hearty one because you cannot tell when you will have another. It may be not until three o'clock. So, feeling as if you could stand almost anything, you start for the grounds.

As soon as you leave the car at the entrance you must have your money changed into fifty cent pieces, for you must hand the gatekeeper none other than a silver half dollar. Once inside, you are confronted by dozens of men and boys crying all manner of wares — "Get your official guide, the only official guide published, twenty-five cents;" "Daily program, five cents;" "Souvenir postals;" "Do not ruin your eyes, buy a pair of smoked glasses;" "Daily papers," etc. One man selling Japanese umbrellas made me smile—"Get in out of that sun, Ladies, he cried, your faces may be your fortunes some day, so get in out of the sun." Immediately you take a ride

on the Intramural Railway and get some idea of the vastness of the Exposition. It makes a complete circuit of the grounds, just within the wall.

Getting off near where you started, you walk toward what seems to be the center of the fair grounds — the Louisiana Purchase Monument, a very high shaft with Liberty standing on top, and the figures of Jefferson and others arranged around the bottom. Here you are surrounded by large and handsome buildings, all creamy white. On one side are the Manufactures, Educational and Social Economy buildings; opposite them you see the palaces of Electricity and Varied Industries. Each of these buildings covers an immense area, but no one is very high. Winding in and out among the buildings is the lagoon, spanned by many bridges and dotted with gondolas and electric launches. The widest part of the lagoon is before you, leading up to the Grand Basin and the Cascades, at the top of which is a round, dome-topped building — Festival Hall, where daily concerts by noted musicians are held. The Cascades are flanked by the Colonnade of States, which is a series of arches on which the names of all the States and the date of their entering the Union are engraved. The buildings at either end of the colonnade are occupied by Mrs. Rorer's restaurant.

To your right and left are numerous other buildings of various sizes and degrees of interest. From your map — you must have a map of the grounds to consult — you see that the buildings are arranged almost in the form of a semi-circle.

After gaining this general idea of the exposition you wander into some of the larger buildings. Here are exhibits of all kinds from every part of the world.

There is so much of interest in every one of them that you fairly loose yourself and are grieved when you suddenly realize that you must hurry on. To-day you can get merely a general idea of the whole. Another time you must visit the buildings individually and see things more in detail. It is already late and you decide to mount the steps to Mrs. Rorer's restaurant, where, while sitting on the porch, you enjoy a delicious dinner. Then after taking a peep into the Palaces of Art back of Festival Hall you decide to visit the Philippines. On the way you stop to go round on the Ferris wheel and get a bird's-eye view of the Fair. You pass near Horticultural and Agricultural Halls, but stop only to note the great size of the latter edifice. It is the largest building on the grounds, covering acres of space. Passing around the end of the building, you see the floral clock, an immense flower bed representing the face of a clock, with large wooden hands. It is run by electricity and always shows the correct time. The way is long and intricate, and even with your map you often wonder which way to turn. At such times you look for a uniformed man on whose cap is printed, *Jefferson Guard*. There are many of these men throughout the grounds, and they are always glad to answer any questions.

Having been so directed, you cross a bridge called the Bridge of Spain, and pass through the walled city of Manila. You then seem to be in a foreign country. The guards are short and dark-skinned, and the buildings are of strange appearance, while in the distance on all sides you can see low, grass-thatched huts. You are in the Philippines.

Here you visit many buildings where you see the numerous products of the

islands. Then you go into the villages, where you can see the Filipino in various stages of civilization, from the barbarous Igorot to the half-civilized Visayans, who live in and about Manila.

One of the tribes, the Moros, almost live in the water. Their houses are built over the lake, with bamboo steps or bridges for approaches. The children play in the water. Perhaps you will see a crowd gathered around one child on the shore of the lake. Some one throws him a coin. He tries to catch it but misses. It drops into the water and you are sure it has not reached the bottom before the little urchin dives for it. Coming up with a handful of sand, he searches it through, and with a cry of delight lifts the coin between his fingers. If he does not find it at first he will dive again. For a penny he will often dive only once, but for a nickel or dime he will dive several times. As he finds the coins he puts them in his mouth until it will hold no more, when he places them on the seat of an old boat near by.

There are a great many Moro chiefs here. I saw one make a trade with a visitor for a gold bracelet (which he wanted for his favorite wife). He gave the visitor a similar bracelet of a little inferior quality and five silver dollars for it.

These people are very interesting. Each tribe lives and acts just as at home. You see the savage Igorot dance and sing in most characteristic style, accompanied by a weird kind of music made by pounding on hollow metal vessels turned upside down.

You may see them cook a meal. Especially enjoyable is the drill of the Constabulary and Scouts on the Parade Grounds.

It is now dusk, and as you pass toward

the entrance the native band begins to play. You tarry a moment, then leave reluctantly.

After dining at the Japanese restaurant you spend the evening on the Pike. On your way from the restaurant you stop to see the illuminations. Every building is ablaze, and the water running over the Cascades changes from bright green to yellow beneath the lights.

The Pike is a wide promenade a mile in length, lined on both sides with shows of every description — a livelier, noisier place cannot be imagined. As all the buildings close at six, everyone seeks the Pike for amusement, and finds it. There you may travel with Peary from New York to the North Pole; you may see battles in miniature, visit the animal shows, Cairo, Fair Japan, the Cliff Dwellers, China, and Asia; you may discover the secrets of Creation and the Hereafter, see the Tyrolean Alps, and the Baby Incubators, have your fortune told, ride the Scenic Railroad, chute the chutes — in fact do anything you like in the craziest order imaginable.

Not a small part of the fun is in watching the crowd. Everyone is there for a good time and succeeds in getting it.

By eleven o'clock, tired and dusty, you are ready to leave these gay scenes and start for your temporary home. Once there, you appreciate the quiet and are as glad to retire as you have been ever before in your life. It does not take long to leave the thoughts of the day and lose yourself in sleep.

F.

“What was the first thing the children of Israel did after they came through the Red Sea?” asked a Sunday-school teacher. “I ’spect they dried themselves,” answered a small boy.— Philadelphia Record.

Evolution.

Past is the day when the pupil is hampered,
Laden with books all too heavy to carry,
Bidden to read them from cover to cover,
Bidden to learn them from preface to ending,
Even to master the life of the author,
Learn where he first saw the dawn of the
morning,
Who were his parents and who his descendants.
Learn how he studied and played in his child-
hood.

Gone are the books all too barren of pictures,
Books full of puns and of huge chunks of
wisdom.

Ponderous words with their meaning deep
hidden

Far from the mind of the master and pupil.
How did the teacher develop the lesson?
"Take this and learn it," said master to pupil.
Brightest was he who could say it most glibly.
Some pupils studied to win the approval,
Win the approval of parent or teacher.
Often the ruler incited the pupil,
Gave inspiration and motive for study.
Great the ambition 'twas roused by the
birchen.

Thus did the stripling get real education.
This is the age of invention and progress.
Good moral suasion now governs the pupil.
Nature's vast store-house provides the material,
Nature combined with the art of the teacher
Trains and develops the mind of the pupil.
Youth of to-day are the men of to-morrow.
Early impressions and habits are lasting.
Happy the child when his lessons are learned,
Not from the battered, torn page of the text-
book.

Eager are children to tell to the master
What they discover and learn for themselves.
Let us awaken the minds of the children,
Rouse the attention and will to accomplish,
Strive to develop the talent now sleeping,
Cause it to grow and to bear fruits of wisdom.
Up! up! ye teachers, ye trainers of children,
Be not behind in the race of the nations.
Use the new methods or stay in the back
ground,

People demand the best things for their
children.

Let us endeavor to make a strong nation,
Able to use well the glorious freedom
Which our brave fathers have given their
children.

**The Influence of the Teacher in the
Village of H—.**

The influence of the teacher has
been recognized by everyone who has
dipped into the literature of the teach-
ing profession, since the beginning of
history; and it is especially realized by
one visiting the village of H., beauti-
fully situated on the banks of the
Hudson. Nature has endowed it
bountifully from her rich store, but
man has, we might say, desecrated it
by bringing there an industry which
not alone has spoiled the beauty af-
forded to the eye, but has caused a
people to enjoy the rights of citizen-
ship there whose presence does not
tend to ennoble the place.

It is the children of these people
whom the teacher has to meet in the
public school. There being at the
present time no private school in the
place, all classes meet in the public
school.

Although it seems hard to see the
innocent children of cultured families
mingling with what we might call the
scum of humanity, yet, after all, the
children of the best families are not
harmd as much as they do good by
association with the poor and miser-
able, and by it they will come to look
on life with a more sympathetic eye
and appreciate their own surroundings
the more.

It is because of these existing con-
ditions that have come into my experi-
ence that I have limited this subject
to the village of H. It is in just this
environment that the teacher's greatest
field of labor lies, for here it is that she
must supplement the home training,
doing a mother's duty by many, for the
only home life which they know is
simply a series of blows and rebuffs

B.

with perhaps nothing in the way of home comforts.

Their homes do not, indeed, deserve the name homes. They are crude little "shanties," as they call them, in one of which often we find three families living. It is not an uncommon thing to find a family having four or more children living in one room.

The fathers are, for the most part, employed in the brickyards, so are obliged to leave home at half after four in the morning, which necessitates having both their breakfast and dinner brought to them; therefore, some of the children are excused ten minutes early each day, at noon time. Since the fathers begin their work so early, they are usually through by three o'clock in the afternoon. This leaves them a long evening to themselves, which they usually spend in dissipation and in playing games which excite them to such a state that it is not an infrequent occurrence to have one of their number killed.

The mothers are not usually employed outside the home, although in some instances they do laundry work or keep a boarding house for the brick-makers. Before the compulsory educational law was so thoroughly enforced, they went out to work, keeping the older children out of school to care for the younger ones. The amusement which they find, although, perhaps, just as degrading, is not so violent as that of the men.

The majority of these people are Hungarians, Italians, Poles and negroes. Many have no knowledge of English, making it impossible to expect an excuse from them, and those excuses written by some, knowing a little English, are of this type:

"John Hatala hab no shus, hes shus am in de stun crusher."

After having this little insight into the home life we cannot but wonder that the children are one-half as good as they are, for the very air which they breathe is contaminated with evil. Since birth they have been the witnesses of dissipation and wrongdoing, having no consciousness of their duty to man or God, with no realization of the higher law and innocently and unconsciously following in the footsteps of their parents.

A teacher, to fill such a place, to be all in all to the different classes with whom she has to deal, must, we might say, be heaven born, entirely forgetful of self, putting every energy forth, in order to shed about her that glow of life and love that will lead the children into the realization of the higher and better life, thus perfecting God's plan for even their little lives, worthless as they may seem. She must be filled with the true spirit "that seeks no self emolument, but desires to be in the highest degree useful to those who are to be taught; a spirit that elevates above everything else the nature and capabilities of the human soul and trembles under the responsibility of attempting to be its educator; a spirit that scorns all the rewards of earth and seeks that highest of all rewards, an approving conscience and an approving God, recognizing and reverencing the handiwork of God in every child, and which burns with the desire to be instrumental in training it to the highest attainment of which it is capable."

If every teacher only possessed this spirit! But it is to be regretted that even yet we find some rooms wherein there is a spirit of antagonism existing between the teacher and the pupils, the teacher usually conquering because of

the power back of her. But when we think of the attitude of the children we cannot feel that they have been conquered in such a way as to place them in a spiritual environment which is favorable to the best results in instruction; neither has that spark of divine life, which is in every human soul, been kindled.

Plato has taught us that if the state is to be remolded we must begin with the child, for the foundation of any system is in the child, and this is not a difficult problem, for anyone watching the growth of a child from babyhood cannot help agreeing with Mrs. Alexander:

“Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.”

This little heart is just as innocent if found in a bed of rags as when clothed in the finest material, and is just as ready to respond to a healthy influence, and, oftentimes, more ready, from the very fact of lack of training at home; and these children, whether trained or not, are going to live and grow and become citizens of the State. It is with these people that one oftentimes finds the greatest appreciation of love and sympathy. One of my pupils fell the other day at noontime, hurting herself quite badly. I cared for her until time for school to begin, then I told her she might go home, as she would not be well enough to work, and applications were still needed on her head, but the child asked to remain, saying she had rather stay there than at home, as it would not hurt so badly if she stayed; and so the child remained, enduring the pain without a murmur, with the care I could give her while the others were working. The little offerings also which they have brought to me show that their

little hearts are far from dead, although they have been so crushed.

Children, of whatever class, by nature idolize their teacher, or if they do not, the fault lies in the teacher; hence, whatever she does or directs them to do they do willingly. The child's mind is so constituted that, as Drummond says in his “Introduction to Natural Law in the Spiritual World,” it loves pure, firm authority and will obey it unquestioningly until he is old enough to know and understand law.

A mother of one of the best families not long since, in talking of her little daughter, who is my pupil, said that at one time anything she told Helen was thought just right, but now what she said did not count for much if Helen thought it did not agree implicitly with what Miss H. said. If this confidence and love can be gained from a child who has always known the love of a refined mother and has been cradled in the lap of luxury, how much easier may that confidence be gained on the part of a child whose first experiences of pure love and sympathy are found in his teacher, and how unlimited her influence will be in consequence. Children appreciate real interest. Pestalozzi tells us: “Real interest — kind words and kinder feelings — the very expression of the features and the glance of the eye, are never lost upon children.”

It has been said by some that if we bring these different classes of pupils to the standard intellectual height we are doing our duty; the rest can conscientiously be left to the church, as nearly all attend some form of worship. What a narrow view to take of a teacher's work! Even some of the parents, because of very ignorance, worship in form, not heart; and how few children

would be reached, for it is, as Dr. McFarlane, of Brockport Normal, said in a talk on the Twentieth Century Boy, "the church is often lax, and even if it were not, it cannot reach all the children." Of course, the teacher is not to bring religion into the school, but it is her duty to establish their morals that this may serve as a basis for their religion, then let the church establish the creed."

But no child should be under the training of a teacher who is not a true Christian, having her moral nature highly developed. Children seem to have a certain awe of the clergy, and hence cannot show their true selves when in the presence of a minister, so there cannot spring up that bond of sympathy between them.

It scarcely seems possible the effect a few incidental remarks may have on a class. The only rule I have made in my classroom is that we are, each one of us, to try to do the right thing at the right time; but if we should fail at any time, as we are all liable to do, we then must make it right either by an apology or in some satisfactory way. Naturally, at first, it was very difficult to train the children to do this, but the saddest of all was to see some of the large boys from the brickyards dodging as I walked near their seats, so used they were to blows. It was very much harder for them to right a wrong with words than it would have been to have subjected themselves to corporal punishment.

The influence that different teachers have over their classes may be judged on going into a class room, wherein these different classes of children are assembled, and on noticing the way in which the room is kept. Although these children may not have received

training in neatness, the very dirtiest have an appreciation of beauty that can either be brought out or deadened. It is not necessary to develop this characteristic by precept, the greatest teaching is by example; the very spirit of the room should be such as to make the children abhor anything not helping to make the room beautiful. If the school room is made more like a cultured home and the children are brought to appreciate beauty and to despise all that is vulgar, it cannot but follow that the broadened life of the child will affect the homes and the parents and cause them to be lifted, at least to a slight extent, from their degradation. For are we not told, "A little child shall lead them?"

Throughout the year, I have placed pictures on the board, relative to the season or to our work, and it has been deeply interesting to watch the play of expression on their faces as the children came into the room and first noticed them. It was through this medium that I was enabled to reach the heart of one of my most interesting pupils, Pasquale Treglia by name. He was born in Italy and was unable to understand English until thirteen years of age. In consequence of committing a misdemeanor on the streets of New York, he was sentenced to the House of Refuge, where he remained until this winter. At the age of sixteen, he entered my room in the second grade intermediate. Even though in my room, I have many boys from the brickyards, this boy eclipsed them all, especially in his manner of conducting himself; his first day at recess proved that he was an athlete by his fighting. This brought him particularly to my notice, and, although he often tried my

patience and the results were discouraging, I tried to live into his life and open a new avenue to him. The first conscious influence which I felt that I had exerted over him was when he came, one morning, with his hair neatly combed and his face and hands carefully washed, bringing me at the same time an orange.

After we had been together nearly two months, he began to ask to remain at night and help me, as the other children do. During these times, we had many confidential chats, some of which brought tears to his eyes, and in the last of our work together, for the first of April he had to leave to go to work, he might have been termed one of my "helpers."

One cannot be too careful of her unconscious influence, for, after all, the government of a school is but a part of a wider function, the training of pupils for duties, responsibilities and obligations of life. The school is only a means to this great end.

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

These various children very soon take the places of their parents; so, in all, a teacher, to establish the right ideals in their lives, must, in truth, first of all have that true spirit; she must be patient, willing to await results, forgetful of self, and must establish a kind, cordial, sympathetic feeling between her pupils and herself, knowing personally each individual child. Such a person, I am sure, would be such a teacher as someone so vividly described, in speaking of one who was working in the slums of New York, when he said he could verily see a halo about her head. Is not such a work

God-given? The saving, lifting and caring for human souls.

Blanche Haddon, '04.

Radium.

When the shades of a stormy evening
Hung fierce, and black, and long,
A youth blundered through the darkness,
Whistling a French love song.

But what cared he for the darkness!
Why fear such a childish whim?
For his way was lighted by radium,
A subject well learned by him.

He thought of a brown-eyed maiden,
And his eyes shown clear and bright,
For her in the worst of dangers
He would stand like a man and fight.

A sudden clap of thunder!
The radium lights grew dim;
In their place a flash of lightning
Revealed a sight to him:

Neath the shelter of a shady pine,
Well protected from the weather,
Sat two lovers sweetly chattering,
Huddled close together.

Our hero gazed in silence:
His heart grew sad and drear
As he beheld that faithless maiden,
Who to him was divinely dear.

Another flash of lightning,
A rage of anger within!
A terrible explosion of radium
And that was the last of him!

— Ex.

'Be slow in choosing a friend, slower
in changing.— Benjamin Franklin.

The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow.

— Cotton.

God is a being who gives everything
but punishment in over measure.—
Henry Ward Beecher.

THE ECHO.

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

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before January first; single copies, 15 cents.

In accordance with the United States postal law THE ECHO will be sent until all arrears are paid and notice of discontinuance is received. Please notify us *at once* of any change in address.

Address matter designed for publication to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager, Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

EDITORIALS.

JOY and happiness were present in every face as greetings were exchanged on the opening of College. It was an indication that pleasure was felt at meeting, that the anticipation of vacation had been realized, that readiness for school duties was felt. The enjoyment which comes from the associations in College life is most delightful. This was shown by our greetings to classmates

and friends after so long a period of separation.

WE miss the many familiar faces of last year's graduates. Before this number of The Echo reaches them they will be filling their various positions in every part of the State and country. The excellent record made by that class is in itself a guaranty of the success which they will meet in their work during the coming year. We feel assured that they will bring honor and credit to the institution. The Echo wishes them a hearty and cordial God-speed.

THERE are about 135 students in the entering class. Among these are graduates from several of our best colleges. The Echo extends greetings to the class individually and collectively, and hopes that their connection with the College may, in every respect, be pleasant and profitable. We desire them to become interested in our paper and invite them to send in literary articles or any items of interest for publication.

AS the success of our paper from a financial standpoint depends largely on the advertisements, we ask you all to patronize those who advertise with us. It is only in this way that our advertising columns can be kept filled. When you purchase anything of our advertisers say that you saw the ad. in The Echo. In this way you assist us, not only in retaining our old, but also in getting new advertisers.

THROUGH our Alumni columns former graduates of the College may keep in touch with each other. Therefore, you are requested to hand or

send to the Alumni Editor anything of interest to graduates. In this way our Alumni subscriptions will be increased and a benefit rendered the paper and the College.

FALL is here again, and so are we all of us, new and old: to the old ones, Greeting; to the new ones, Welcome.

The various branches of our activities are again in full operation. In the mornings many of us work; in the afternoons the busy bug-hunter fares her forth to catch the belated lightning-bug and entrap the unwary beetle; in the evenings the weary social butterfly flits from reception to reception and consumes pink frappe until the captain of industry who handles the ice-cream freezer strikes for an eight-hour day. Everybody is busy. Even the janitor is busy — sometimes. We have been watching and we know. But nobody is writing for The Echo.

The Echo is the official organ of the student body of this College. We editors endeavor to produce a good Echo, but, like all other echos, its size depends on the original disturbance. It's "up to you," fellow-students, to fill the columns of this paper. If you have a thought write it and send it to The Echo. We are here to print what you write, if it is good enough, and we want to do our duty.

OUR vacation is over, and we have come back refreshed and strengthened by the rest, and ready for the winter's work. Many of the students who were here last year have left the Normal College and have begun their work in other schools. But we have many new students with us, and we should do all we can to make them feel at home. Remember how you felt when you came

here last year, a stranger in a strange land, and try to make things pleasant for those just entering so that they will look forward to the time they are to spend in the Normal College with pleasure.

THIS is the first issue of 'The Echo under the management of the new board of editors. We shall try to keep the paper up to the standard set by our predecessors, and, if possible, to raise that standard still higher. But to do that we must have the co-operation of every student in the College. The Echo is published by the students, and every one in the College should feel himself responsible for the success of the paper. Try to make it a publication worthy of the Normal College. Help it by sending in articles and any information of interest to the students and Alumni. The editors cannot solicit contributions from each student, but they will be very glad to publish them if you will send them in.

Every one in the College, as well as each of the members of the Alumni, should be a subscriber to the paper. There are many of the new students and some who were here last year who have not subscribed to the paper. Send in your subscription at once.

A Maryland school ma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar. "Now, Johnny," said she, "In what tense am I speaking when I say I am beautiful?"

The little fellow answered as quick as a wink, "The past."— Ex.

We are all the architects of our own fortune, but too many of us spend our time in planning castles in the air.— Ex.

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Name.....

Address.....

Date of graduation.....

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Faculty News.

We are glad to welcome Miss H. Louise McCutcheon as a member of our college faculty. Miss McCutcheon, who formerly taught at Geneseo Normal School, has taken up her duties as critic in the High School Department.

Prof. Wetmore took part in an institute at Mechanicville September twentieth.

Dr. Gager has charge of Bronx's Museum, Bedford Park, New York. Mr. John H. Cook is taking Dr. Gager's place as instructor in the college department.

It is with regret that we learn of Miss Horne's inability, because of ill health, to be one of our faculty this year.

Personals.

Miss Ethel J. Miller, a graduate of the Normal College, is teaching first primary grade in the Port Chester schools.

Miss Edith Theall has accepted a position in the New Rochelle schools.

Miss Bessie Bell is teaching eighth grade work in the Port Chester schools.

Miss Laura V. Curtis is teaching in the sixth grade, Port Chester.

Miss Alice Pilling, class of '04, is teaching in Schenectady.

Miss Inez C. Wicks, '04, has high school work in Richford, Vermont.

Miss Ruth Parmele has returned to college after a long absence last year.

Miss L. Mae Reed is teaching in Schenectady.

Miss Mabel Brown and Miss Mabel Meeker are also teaching in Schenectady.

Miss Alice Potter has primary work in Scotia.

We all judge that the class of 1905 is hearty, hale, and happy, although they have not yet organized.

About one hundred and seventy-five new students have registered at college this fall.

Delta Omega.

The faculty and students of the college were entertained on Saturday afternoon, September the twenty-fourth, at the annual tea given by the Delta Omega Society. Gioscia played several selections while "social chat" was going on. Light refreshments were served.

Two special meetings have been held, in addition to the first regular meeting, in Dr. Richardson's room.

Miss Lillian E. Brown is teaching among the mountaineers of Belva, N. C.

Miss Rachel Williams, '04, has accepted a position in the Misses Mackie's school, Newburgh.

Miss Clara E. Ball, '04, is teaching at Herkimer.

Miss Mabel E. Rose, editor-in-chief of "The Echo" last year, is in Brooklyn.

One of our charter members, Miss Leicester, visited the college recently.

The Misses Frances Burlingame and Florence Haviland are teaching on Long Island.

Miss Charlotte Loeb and Miss Elizabeth Stevens are in Albany.

Miss Stella A. Brainard is detained at her home in Oriskany Falls, caring for her mother, who is ill.

Miss Maud Douglass, '03, who, for the past year, has been teaching in Bar-

ber Seminary, Anniston, Alabama, has charge of English work in the High School Department, Little Falls.

Eta Phi.

The following officers were installed at the last meeting of the Eta Phi Society:

President, Berta S. Bendell; vice-president, Alice Blodgett; secretary, Arabella Wilman; treasurer, Mabel A. Bryce; chaplain, Agnes W. Calhoun; marshal, Nellie Barton.

The Eta Phi Society held its regular meeting Friday afternoon, September twenty-third, and decided to give its annual autumn tea Saturday afternoon, October first.

A few of the girls were entertained in the College Saturday evening, September twenty-fourth, at a chafing-dish party.

Kappa Delta.

The regular meeting of Kappa Delta was held Friday, September twenty-third. Previous to that two special meetings were held for special business.

On Saturday, September twenty-fourth, the members and a few of their friends enjoyed a trip to New Baltimore. Lunch was served on the boat and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Psi Gamma.

Psi Gamma Sorority held its first meeting this fall Tuesday. The new officers acted for the first.

The Psi Gamma's are planning for their annual reception, which is to be given soon.

The Faculty Reception.

The annual reception to the students of the State Normal College, given by the members of the faculty was held on Friday evening, September sixteenth, in the College Hall.

The rooms were prettily decorated for the occasion, giving an inviting and festive look to the surroundings.

The students, new and old, were received by President Milne and the other members of the faculty. Teachers and pupils became better acquainted, and the strangers of a moment ago became friends and coworkers. Students became better acquainted with one another, those familiar with the College life, helping those strangers to it to feel at home.

After the receiving and welcoming of the students by the society the musical program was opened with a vocal solo by Miss Boyce, followed by a solo by Miss Guernsey; a piano solo by Prof. Wetmore, of the College faculty; vocal solo by Miss Rose Markham, and a piano solo by Miss Stevens, all of which were much enjoyed by the guests.

After the program a social time followed, frappe and lemonade being served.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

A new feature was added this year to the opening days of the College term by the reception given the new students by the Young Women's Christian Association. On Monday morning, September twelfth, students began to come in, and, during that day, Tuesday and Wednesday, they were met at the College entrance by members of the Association and taken to the kindergarten department. Here they were asked to enter

their names and addresses in a book that the Association might keep in touch with them and become better acquainted. After this they were introduced to the members of the Association, and tea was served.

The room was prettily decorated with college banners, flowers and flags; and couches, chairs and stools stood invitingly in corners or grouped about the room. A center table held the current magazines, and a desk with writing materials stood ready for the use of all.

The tea table occupied one corner, and the students drew their chairs around it while tea and wafers were served. The members of the Association endeavored to make the new students feel at home by entering into conversation with them. Each new arrival was welcomed to the circle.

On a table in the entrance hall were placed small hand books containing all information about the Association and its work, the College societies, The Echo, and general notes. One of these was offered to each new student. Members of the Association were always in readiness to assist Mrs. Mooney in finding boarding places for students, going with them and directing them to the various addresses. Others acted as guides about the building, by directing to cloak rooms, office, chapel and recitation rooms.

On Wednesday afternoon, September fourteenth, a devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the kindergarten department, and the new students were cordially invited. After this meeting, a short business meeting was called. Nominations were made for a vice-president, to take the place of Miss Brown, who is not in College this year. A bal-

lot was taken and Miss Mabel Bryce elected to the office.

On Wednesday afternoon, September twenty-first, a devotional meeting of the Association was held in the grammar chapel. Miss Codner, the president, led the meeting. The subject was "Seek First the Kingdom of God." A vocal solo, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," was given by Miss Bryce.

A letter written to the Association by Miss Lillian Brown, who is teaching in North Carolina, was read by the leader.

The regular weekly devotional meeting is held in the grammar chapel every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, and every woman student in the College is cordially invited to be present at these meetings.

Married.

August 25th, Jennie H. Moss, '97, to Barrett A. Black, at home at 137 Lander street, Newburgh.

June 15th, Catherine C. Burns, '02, to John W. McDonald, at home at 280 Clinton avenue, Albany.

August 31st, Emily A. Hilliard, '99, to Raymond B. Brownlee, at home at Far Rockaway, New York.

August 17th, Mary E. Elliott, '99, to William I. Smith, at home New Lisbon, N. Y.

August 16th, Ruth L. Everts, '92, to Louis M. Dugan, '97, at home at St. Louis, Mo.

July 26th, Katharine L. Gomph, '96, to Ernest P. Strowger.

July 6th, Edna M. Heath, '00, to Myron O. Tripp, at home Lincoln Park, Yonkers, N. Y.

Janet King, '92, is now Mrs. Everett Fowler, of Kingston, N. Y.

June 29th, Elizabeth Bergen, '97, to Macey Van Wagenen, at home at Wallkill, N. Y.

July 12th, Marie E. George to Charles C. Ormsby, at home 47 Second street, Waterford, N. Y.

June 22d, Marilla A. Conklin, '99, to Theodore H. Whitbeck, at home at 44 Eagle street, Albany, N. Y.

Maude E. Silliman, '00, is now Mrs. F. Whitney, of Collinwood, O.

September 21st, Ruth-Hayden Schneider, '03, to Mr. Frank Wright Rogers, at home at Elmira Heights.

August 30th, Lena Northrop to Charles J. Campbell.

Deaths.

Catskill, April twenty-eighth, Mrs. Anna Cora Nickerson Mace, '85.

Pasadena, Sept. 8.—Pasadena lost one of her brightest and best-beloved women in the death this afternoon of Mrs. Josephine Briggs, the wife of Dr. Solon Briggs, of 139 South Euclid avenue. Death was not unexpected, as she had been ill for months, despite the efforts of her husband, coupled with her own medical skill, for she was one of the foremost women physicians of to-day. She was fifty-seven years old.

Because of the climatic advantages of Southern California, Dr. and Mrs. Briggs came to Pasadena ten years ago from New York city, where Mrs. Briggs was one of the first women of the country to take up medicine as a life work. Besides being skilled in medicine, she was a profound student, and when at an early age she was offered the presidency of the Kansas State Normal School it was the first time that honor had ever been bestowed upon a woman. Mrs. Briggs was a graduate of the

Albany State Normal, and was a member of the second class of women physicians ever graduated from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. She has written several books, notably one on the English language; and among the educators of the east her friends and admirers were legion.

Since coming to Pasadena Mrs. Briggs had taken an active part in the work of the First Methodist Church, although for the past eight years she has been totally blind. She has been prominent in charitable and philanthropic work in the Crown City, and has always held for the higher education of girls and young women.

Besides her husband, a foster daughter survives her. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made.—Los Angeles (Cal.), Examiner, September 9, 1904.

New York city, May fifth, James Buckhout, '53.

Delmar, N. Y., September eighteenth, Hon. Zeb A. Dyer, '82.

Communications.

Plathe, Kansas, Thursday,
August 18, 1904.

Mr. William D. Van Auken, Subscription Manager of The Echo, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.:

I have received and read the Sexagesimal Reunion number of The Echo, with which I am delighted.

I was glad to read the verses composed by the gifted Mrs. Keyes-Becker for this reunion, as this lady and I, though not classmates, were roommates at Mother Hopkins, State street, for a portion of the time of our normal course, and glorious good times we had.

To-day is my sixty-ninth birthday anniversary, which I am celebrating by writing to my beloved Alma Mater, and I wish every graduate who has, and who will go out as a teacher from this institution God-speed in their pleasant, but arduous, work.

I send some seeds of very pretty hollyhocks — double and single varieties — which I hope you will plant in the College grounds or park, gathered from a clump in my garden.

I was particularly interested in the class oration, "A Great Teacher," as Professor Agassiz was at one time a revered teacher of mine. I also enjoyed reading "In Cap and Gown."

Respectfully,

Mrs. S. Elizabeth Verrinder Winslow.
Graduated winter of 1856.

The hollyhock seeds should be planted out of doors in August or September if you wish flowers in 1905.

The seeds have been planted in the College garden.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 10, 1904.

*Editors of The Echo, Normal College,
Albany, N. Y.:*

Fellow "Normalites."—It is a far cry from this part of the country to ancient Orange on the Hudson, and I often have a longing to be back again amid the familiar scenes of the city where I have spent several years as a student at the Normal and as an employe of the State. It is now more than eleven years since I received my diploma at the hand of our good Dr. Milne (long may he live and prosper).

While it is not always well for one to put himself before the public through the medium of printer's ink, I will permit

you to put an item among the personals in the next Echo to the effect that I am now located out here on the Pacific coast, whither I came last March to get away from the rigors of a Central New York climate. I am holding a position as private secretary to the president of the Folsom Bros. Company, one of the largest realty companies on the coast.

I would not bother you with this item, except that I have two newspaper clippings which will be of interest to Echo readers. These I inclose, with an expression of good-will for old S. N. C. and all its interests.

Very truly,

Allen H. Wright, '93.

Formerly of Rome, N. Y.

The following is a list of the members of the Class of 1904 who have taken positions as teachers for the ensuing year. The class was unusually large, and the members have secured some excellent positions:

Winifred Clare Benedict, A. B., Albany.

Edmund Cocks, A. B., Cornwall.

Floyd Edgar Gilbert, A. B., Waterford.

Gene Ethel Markham, A. B., Cazenovia.

George Grattan McEwan, A. M., Cincinnati, O.

Cora Elizabeth Talbot, Ph. B., St. Albans, Vt.

Reverdy E. Baldwin, Centre Moriches.

Faith Crosby Brigham, Oneonta, N. Y.

Ruth Randall Brodhead, Perth Amboy, N. J., home.

Frances W. Brower, Brooklyn.

Frances Burlingame, Lawrence.

- Emma E. Chismore, Caledonia.
 Blanche E. M. Cooke, Hillburn.
 Julia K. Dolan, Westmoreland.
 Edna Clare Fear, Glens Falls.
 Blanche I. Haddow, Poughkeepsie.
 Helena Aurelia Hallinan, Herkimer.
 Maud C. Kelley, Remsen.
 Mary L. T. Kidd, New York city.
 Ruby Mary Lyon, Frankfort.
 Margaret Marie Malloy, Newburgh.
 Norman Sayre Martin, Swarthmore,
 Pa.
 Grace Powell, Amsterdam.
 Elfrieda Henrietta Roth, Schoharie.
 Clarence Davis Shank, Jr., Middle
 Granville.
 Elizabeth Frances Shaver, Frankfort.
 Elizabeth E. Soule, Essex, Vt.
 Mildred Walsh Thompson, Centre
 Moriches.
 Helen S. Van Valkenburgh, Staats-
 burg.
 Nellie Catherine Walrad, Ballston
 Spa.
 May H. Whitcomb, Alfred, N. Y.
 Inez C. Wicks, Richford, Vt.
 Bessie Louise Allan, Fishkill.
 Mary E. Ayres, Watertown.
 Florence M. Battle, Valatie.
 Iola M. Blackburn, Centre Moriches.
 Mattie B. Brenzel, Schaghticoke.
 Mary B. C. Byrne, Bushkirk.
 Helen I. Campbell, New York.
 Elizabeth Mary Clarke, Watertown.
 Joanna V. Colbert, Schenectady.
 Elizabeth A. Delaney, Newburgh.
 Edith H. DuMond, Tarrytown.
 Mary Madeleine Dwyer, Pough-
 keepsie.
 Edith May Hall, Massena.
 Ethel Louise Harris, Newburgh.
 Mary Frances Higgins, New York.
 Margaret M. Hobbins, Amsterdam.
 C. Elizabeth Hunting, Rensselaer.
 Irene Ida Ibert, Boonton, N. J.
 Ethel J. Jameson, Gloversville.
 Belle Jessup, Crown Point.
 Evangeline M. Johnson, Nyack, N. Y.
 George William Klump, Cobleskill.
 Sara Marie Lahey, Newburgh.
 May Manning, Caledonia.
 Lillian Agnes May, Rensselaer.
 Edith Alida McCammon, Slinger-
 lands.
 Anna Frances McMullen, Pough-
 keepsie.
 Mabel Meeker, Schenectady.
 Myra W. Morse, Brocton, N. Y.
 Lina M. Pierce, Carthage.
 Vina J. Pierson, Schaghticoke.
 Mary Alice Pilling, home.
 Emma A. Rieth, Shelter Island.
 Anna Lina Riley, Poughkeepsie.
 Clara Belle Robinson, Glens Falls.
 Sara Rouse, Coxsackie.
 Harriet L. V. Vanderpool, Shelter
 Island.
 Jennie Van Hamer, Corinth.
 Dora Thayer Wallace, Saranac Lake.
 Mabel Edith Walton, Dundee.
 May Estelle Wellman, Peekskill.
 Blanche L. Winterstein, Hicksville.
 Helen Marion Wood, Luzerne.
 Clara Emily Ball, Herkimer.
 Bessie Evangeline Bishop, Lawrence.
 Jennie D. Bryant, Hancock.
 Anna Irene Dale, Bay Shore.
 Kathleen M. FitzGerald, New York.
 Lillie Jane Ford, Rensselaer.
 Florence Bertha Haviland, Hicksville.
 Emma Hisgen, Johnstown.
 Margaret Marion Loudon, Troy.
 Etta Viola Martin, Lawrence.
 Lillian I. Phillips, New York.
 Caroline Oakley Pingrey, Millbrook.
 Alice Louise Potter, Scotia.
 Florence Etta Redington, Bay Shore.
 Lillian May Reed, Schenectady.
 Mary A. F. Rook, Poughkeepsie.
 Edith Juliet Williamson, Glens Falls.

REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

Wireless Telegraphy, by Charles Henry Sewall. This is published by D. Van Nostrand Co., 23 Murray and 27 Warren streets, New York. This is a book containing 229 pages of very interesting reading matter. It has a neat binding of green cloth. It gives an interesting account of the origin, development and practical uses of the twentieth century wonder, wireless telegraphy. Every person should know something about a subject which is arousing universal interest and attention.

Where Town and Country Meet, by James Buckham, is published by Jenning and Pye, New York. This is a book for the student and lover of nature. In a bright and pleasing way, it narrates the story of the seasons and of the occupations in America. It would be especially valuable as a supplementary reader for a class in Nature Study.

With the Birds in Maine, by Olive Thorne Miller, is published by the Riverside Press, Cambridge. This has an attractive cover and good print. Bird life is described in detail. How the birds work together, and how they govern and teach their children, form interesting chapters.

The September issue of the *Cosmopolitan* is devoted to the St. Louis Exposition. This magazine gives us new and interesting points that are not to be found in the ordinary accounts. To one who has attended the Exposition this brief account is an aid in classifying and refreshing the knowledge there gained. One who has not attended the Exposition may get from the account a very good and comprehensive idea of its extent and beauty.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

At the beginning of another college year we again greet our exchanges. We are late in acknowledging some of the June numbers, but they reached us too late.

The following papers have been received: The Blue and White, the Hendrix College Mirror, the Purple and Gold, the Oneontan.

The exchange column of the *Blue and White* is very good.

Instructor (in geology): "What is *Apatite* a compound of?"

Cockran: "A compound of hunger and thirst."— Ex.

Keep Busy.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said,
And she nodded sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

Ex.

The "Autobiography of a Cat" in the *Blue and White* is cleverly written.

A man is like a boat; he goes out, gets full, and then has to be bailed out.— Ex.

The editorials of the Hendrix College Mirror are worth reading.

Grocer: "See how that candy tastes."

L. U.: "I can't, the doctor pulled my eye tooth yesterday."— Ex.

"What is the chemical formula for peach?"

"G—I—R—L."— Ex.

Beauty draws more than oxen.

For Boys Only.

Now, I'll bet a dollar to a cent
 This jingle she's already read,
 I know she got at it somehow
 If she had to stand on her head.

But bet she'll find out anyhow
 It's something she ought not to know,
 If there's anything worries a girl,
 Ex.

The commencement number of the
 Oneontan is interesting.

I noticed she was pretty,
 I thought she smiled at me;
 And after I had passed her
 I turned my head to see
 A piece of banana peel,
 My careless heel beguiled;
 I cracked the curbstone with my head,
 And then I knew she smiled.

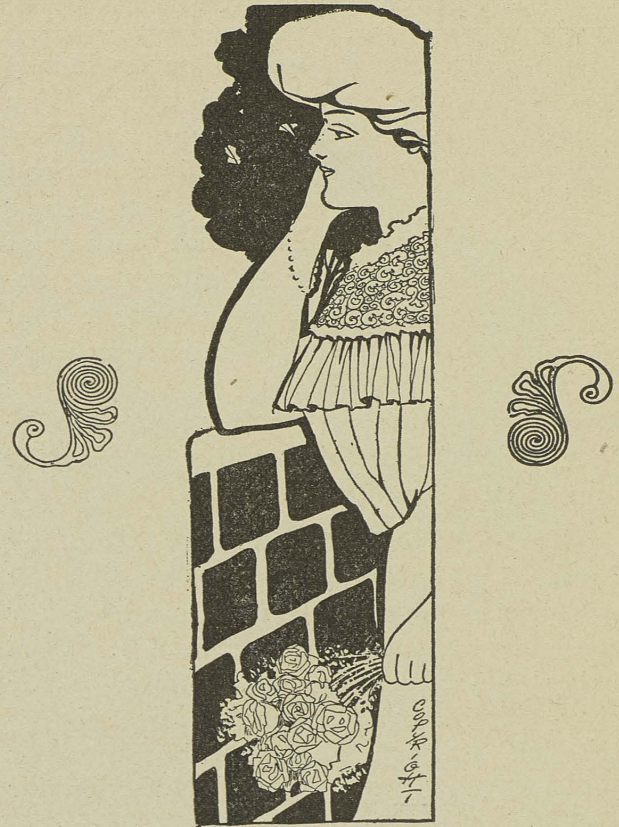
Baseball in the Bible: Eve stole 1st;
 Adam stole 2d; both were put out.— Ex.

Teacher — For mercy's sake, don't
 you ever think? What is your head for?
 Dull Boy — Oh! just to keep my col-
 lar from dropping off.— Ex.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch
 mine,"
 So warbled a maiden with zest quite demure.
 "Then," retorted the man, with wickedest
 glee,
 "The girls that kiss poodles shall never kiss
 me."

"What's in here?" asked the tourist.
 "Remains to be seen," responded the
 guide, as he led the way into the
 morgue.— Ex.

Time is a file that wears and makes no
 noise.



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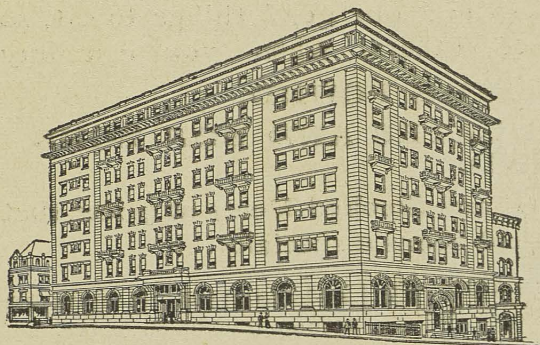
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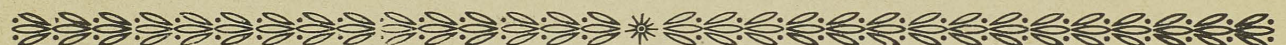
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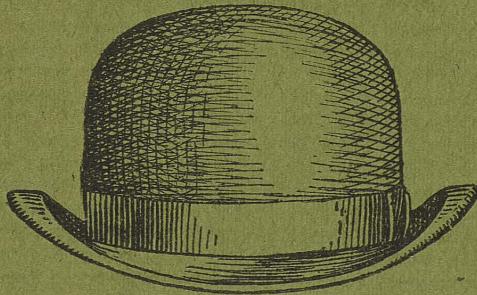
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