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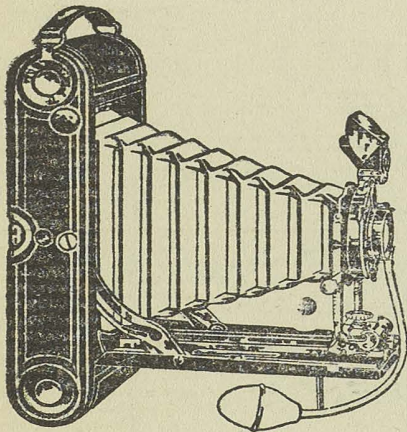
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The Echo

VOL. XXV

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 6

Literary Department

Prayer

My Father, Thou who knowest from above
When falls the chaffinch, when the gentle dove,
Oh, guard and keep me in this earth below,
For things are many that I do not know.

Make strong my faith, it falters now I fear
When men complaining know not Thou art near.
I've need of strength, of courage, and of light
As I go through this dull and pagan night.

Oft when I am weary by the way
Thou show'st me in the East the tints of day.
Toward this my goal, the perfect 'lightenment
I strive, and reaching it shall be content.

ELSIE SHANKS, '18.

Every Valentine Has Her Day

"Every Valentine has her day — but yes?" queried the imported French Valentine, languidly.

"Ah, yes. Love is eternal," sighed the Pink Heart sentimentally. (It was whispered that the Pink Heart had fallen deeply in love with a former neighbor, but that the ruthless hand of the storekeeper had separated them at the budding of the romance. The Cynic said that she had at least been spared the pain of the disillusionment of more familiar acquaintance!)

"Well, I maintain that this age is not so practical but that we Valentines still have our chances," declared the Top-Shelf Valentine, who always took the lead in any discussion.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Cynic, "Prove it!"

"I intend to do so," answered the T. S. V., calmly, quite ignoring the deep sigh of boredom which issued from a pert creation of paper lace.

"Once upon a time there lived a Scientist, not that he went by that name professionally. Indeed he was an Artist, and those who knew him but superficially would have laughed at the very idea of connecting *his* name with Science. But his observations and research in the field of typology * * *."

"What's that?" asked the fan-shaped Valentine.

"It is the science which would class you foremost in the ranks of those characterized by an insatiable curiosity and sieve-like capacities for retaining information," responded the T. S. V. with a sarcastic dignity which caused the offender to shrink far into her corner.

"As I was saying, his experiences as a typologist would have won him the title of Scientist had his

analytic tendencies been generally known. Perhaps it was his love for Art, but whatever the reason, the Scientist did not depend upon Science alone for the capture of his specimens, for he used a magic pipe * * *."

"Did he smoke 'Prince Albert' tobacco?" inquired the Red Cardboard Heart, flippantly.

"* * * by the impelling strains of which he drew into the net of Personality those suggestive, representative types of their species," continued the T. S. V., disdainfully.

"The specimens he drew were indeed curious, and of endless interest and variety. The Scientist once spent a whole week in the study of one of them alone, and then found that after all it was but a common earth worm.

"He was forced to give up the capture of one singularly attractive specimen, of fine fly qualities it would seem, for just as he thought he had located it, he would see it glow momentarily from another direction.

"He had no special laboratory, this Scientist. So engrossed was he in his subject that he could concentrate all his powers of thought upon it as easily in a ball room or a public corridor as in a library. More easily, in fact, for such was the demand for quiet in a library, that he could not allow his victims the leash of Confidence, which always helped him to confirm or disprove his personal theories concerning the object of his temporarily intense interest.

"One of these specimens, indeed, occupied his attention for weeks, yea, months. Quite carefully, quite constantly, he studied her, and found her goodly, not only to study but to look upon. He even decided that

she could think — a question which had not hitherto been satisfactorily answered in his mind. Continually, when he believed he understood her habits of life and thought thoroughly, some fresh turn in her nature would reveal itself to him.

“ Thus it went on for months, until one day, when he was studying a new phase of his specimen, the peculiar formation he had noted on either side developed quite without warning into wings. In a moment, before the astonished Scientist could make a move, she had fluttered from the meshes of his net into the bright day.

“ Even that experience had not discouraged the Scientist and he continued his research. But at length, after some years, he discovered that one of his specimens was developing the most peculiar metamorphosis he had yet noted. After months of close observation and precaution to prevent its escape, the Scientist saw that the change was complete. Before him stood a human being and from the mists of Science his heart arose and told him it was a woman, the Woman. With this overwhelming discovery, he even forgot to ask her income — a question he had always vowed would precede any more serious step.

“ From that day Science was dispelled from his thoughts. He devoted himself to Art, * * *.”

“ And they all lived *hungry* ever after,” interposed the Cynic, who had rather pronounced ideas as to the pecuniary advantages of devotion to Art. “ Besides, if he devoted himself to *Art*, where did his wife come in, as I judge She became? ”

“ Ah, Art and Love are united. Love is the finest Fine Art,” ecstatically murmured the Pink Heart.

“ All of which simply proves that even a Scientist

has his unbalanced moments, which he may afterwards repent, and has nothing whatever to do with the original proposition concerning the respective uses of Valentines," caustically observed the Cynic. "Anyway it's an allegory and people don't like allegories nowadays. They have to think too hard to apply them."

Just then the door opened, and a man entered the shop. After an earnest conversation with the proprietor and an anxious survey of the Valentines, he pointed to the Top-Shelf Valentine. She rapidly exchanged hands, and when the essentials of the transaction had been properly closed, was carefully placed in the man's inside pocket, not, however, before she had flashed a triumphant smile toward the Cynic, who responded with a characteristic grimace.

As the door closed behind her, a sigh of relief issued from the fan-shaped Valentine in the corner, and she leaned over to conclude the neighborly bit of gossip with the Paper Lace Valentine, which the T. S. V. had interrupted.

ELOISE LANSING, '18.

A Soldier of the Legion

It was stifling hot in the trenches. For hours the men had lain in the glare of the sun awaiting the order to charge—an order which would be given only when the regiment's commander was satisfied that the artillery had so completely demolished the enemy's hastily thrown up defenses, that the taking of the position would be certain. For hours the air had been alive with shells, and the men, with ears throbbing from the fearful concussions of heavy guns, had watched the great projectiles exploding in the enemy's

works, tearing great gaps in the earth, hurling clouds of dust into the air, smashing the guns of the opposing batteries, and sending human souls crashing into eternity. It was fearful work, this war, but now that it had come, men were men no longer, but demons, mad with the lust to kill, and the regiment, sweltering in the heat of the late summer sun, waited with growing impatience and fierce eagerness for the command that would send them dashing across to the enemy's lines to complete the work unfinished by the cannon.

And yet, in the midst of that war-enfevered battalion, there crouched at the very bottom of the trench one soldier whose courage had suddenly failed, whose heart, instead of being in the van of the regiment, had gone back to a village on the Rhine. Was he the one coward in a host of heroes? A single glance at his fine clean features, into every line of which were written firmness and strength and will, told you that this was impossible. Fred Wasmer's iron cross ill bespoke the coward, as did also the love and admiration that his comrades accorded him. He had simply come to realize, I know not how, for the human mind possesses powers that are not easily explained, that this was his last battle, and lying there awaiting death, he had weighed the relative merits of living for the girl he loved and dying for his emperor, and love had won. In vain he tried to rally his courage, in vain he tried to join in the cheers of his comrades as each well-directed shell burst in the enemy's lines. His lips refused to give utterance to speech, and to his surprise he found himself so weak that he could scarcely grasp his rifle. The one thought that possessed his being was that in the midst of his youth and strength and manhood, and with the promise of a bright future, he was about to

die and forfeit the joys of which he had dreamed. At last he saw war from a different standpoint than that of a conqueror. Suddenly he had come to see the folly, the wickedness of it all, and his very soul, buried in a rush of memories, cried out in vain protest at his sacrifice. A poem he had loved to recite in his boyhood days of hero-worship came drifting back to him, and, ere he realized it, he found himself repeating the lines:

“ A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman’s nursing, there was dearth
of woman’s tears.”

He remembered that it had been written in England and wondered how one of that hated race could produce a poem so exquisitely German. Each stanza embodied a close comparison with a similar event in his own life, and to his distorted fancy, it seemed that the poem had been written for him — to be his death song.

“ Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort
her old age;
For I was but a truant bird who thought his home a
cage.”

He remembered how, on the day of mobilization, his weeping mother and brave little sister had prayed to the God of battles to send the “ boy ” back. He recalled how he had laughed at their fears and had jestingly promised not only to return, but to bring one of the gates of Paris with him. And now his bones would fill an unnamed grave in the land of his enemies! He remembered the exultation that filled his heart as he strode past his home glorying in the thought that he would be a factor in the humiliation of France and

downfall of England. Instead, he would die with his foes unconquered.

“There’s another, not a sister,” ran the poem, and the vision of the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl that it brought him almost turned his brain to madness. Was there ever a maiden whose countenance carried more of “heaven’s sunshine” in it? Was there ever a voice sweeter, a touch more gentle, a footstep lighter, a heart truer, more loving, trusting, and confiding than hers? He thought of the home they had planned “as soon as he was out of the army,” of the bright-faced happy children that were to be; and realized that because a few crowned heads had decided to plunge Europe into war, she would go down to her grave mourning him.

Once again he lived the happy hours of other days, as the poem ended. Once again he stood with her upon the banks of the Rhine, once again the echoes resounded with the chorus of their evening song, once again he looked into her eyes, as blue as the flowing waters before him. Once again — but he was about to die on a battlefield in France.

In those awful moments of anguish, Fred Wasmer almost turned traitor. What cared he for his emperor now? What cared he for the destruction of England and France? What did it all matter if it cost him his life and her the joys that were her right?

Perhaps it is just as well that at that moment the fire of the great guns slackened and a stir and bustle ran along the lines as the men made themselves ready to leap from the trench.

“Come, comrade,” said a voice at his elbow, “are you asleep? We’re going forward.”

Instantly he was aroused from his dreams. The vision of death no longer unnerved him, but steeled

him to meet the end. Since he could not go back to her, he would die as became a true son of the Empire.

“Are you ready, men?” came the hoarse cry. “Then forward, for God, the Emperor, and the Fatherland!”

And as one man three thousand splendid warriors, grasping their gleaming steel, arose from that trench and hurled themselves into the charge.

Only silence from the enemy! The artillery had completely annihilated the foe! It would be an easy capture then, and would result in turning the enemy's flank, throwing them back all along the two-hundred-mile front, and bringing the invading army almost under the fortifications of the French capital. A wild cheer of triumph went up from the advancing host. Alas, little did they know that, the instant the cannonading had shown signs of ceasing, from bomb-proof shelters, through hidden trenches, company after company of kilt-clad men had been rushed forward to meet the attack, and the ruined earthworks, instead of being tenanted only by dead men, were alive with the immortal Highlanders.

On, on came the charging gray line. Only a few rods lay between them and the coveted position, when suddenly above the heaps of shattered earth, appeared a multitude of blue bonnets; and then, as rifles were thrust forward, a storm of fire and death smote their ranks. Undaunted, they pressed on, closing in as the ranks thinned, groping blindly through the smoke toward the flaming hell of destruction that lay before them, on, on almost to the foot of the intrenchments — but flesh and blood could endure no more, and with broken and bleeding ranks, the regiment reeled back to the cover of the guns.

The next day, when the truce flags were waving, a burial squad found the body of Fred Wasmer lying within a few paces of the earthworks, nearest of all the fallen foe to the fatal line. Save for the red splash upon his breast, death had left no mark upon him, and to the iron-hearted men who bent over him it almost seemed that this great, handsome soldier was simply asleep.

“What a shame!” exclaimed the sergeant. “Just look at that face and those limbs and shoulders!”

Then he added, “Here, men, don’t throw this fellow into the common trench. Give him a separate grave and mark it. He was too good a soldier to be buried like a dog.”

“Yes,” answered a gentle-faced boy, thinking of a golden-haired girl in Scotland, “he was a bonnie brave laddie. And who knows but back on the Rhine, there’s a sweet lassie who’d be glad to know we did it for him?”

JOSEPH A. WALKER, '18.

De Goblin-Man

I hears de goblin creepin',
 So cover up yo' haid,
 An' if he finds yo' sleepin',
 Why jes' make out yo' daid.

De goblin-man is orful sly,
 So I'm a 'tellin' yo',
 Dat if yo' opens jes' one eye
 Yo' can't tell what he'll do.

Dar's times he whips li'l black boys,
If dey ain't done jes' right;
An' when dey makes a lot o' noise,
He paints dem shiny white.

So yo' be good, li'l nigger,
'Cause he's got a big gun, too;
An' if he pulls dat trigger,
There'll be nothin' left o' you.

HARRY A. RUSSELL, '18.

The Eye in the Knothole

The thriving mining town of Mukton was not at all refined in choosing inhabitants. It was a town of shrews and brutes. Brawls were customary and expected. Vixenish tempers destroyed masculine domination. Woman suffrage would have found willing disciples there. Equality prevailed. Thus, it is easy to understand why the arrival of such an unsavory-looking person as Chick Matthews failed to excite comment, surface comment at any rate.

Bristling, spiky locks above a narrow forehead and a sharply-hooked nose curving not far below two beady, blinking eyes had earned for him his appellation "Chick." In profile, his resemblance to a gamecock was striking and sinister. His general appearance was that of utter dilapidation. However, he adopted a patronizing, swaggering attitude toward those citizens with whom he exchanged civilities. He seemed to fall easily into the dissolute like of Mukton, as though walking in familiar places. But under its pretence of good-fellowship, Mukton was keenly alive to the doings of the rascal it harbored.

Thus it occasioned no great surprise when Chick some weeks later, after a night of drunken revelry, confessed to a little plan he had formed for the following night. His two companions listened eagerly, and a look of perfect comprehension passed between them upon the story's conclusion. Chick, as they had hoped, remembered nothing of the night's conversation when he awakened the following morning.

Chick's plan was to ride out under cover of darkness, to the remote hut of an old miser, a local celebrity on that account, and enrich himself from the old man's treasure. As far as the actual theft was concerned, our two worthy citizens were little troubled. It was rather the fact that an utter stranger should take advantage of them and do what they themselves had never dared to do. If all went well, they fully intended to appropriate the money themselves, but if the plan worked out the wrong way, they could at least seize the would-be thief and pose as guardians of Mukton's peace and safety.

Midnight came, cloaking in a heavy darkness the three horsemen moving over the plain. Chick's sharp ears heard nothing but the clink of gold coins that were so soon to caress his itching palms, and his eyes were fixed upon a mass that, as he drew nearer and nearer, took on the outlines of a dilapidated house.

Jumping down lightly from his horse, he left the animal standing close to the wall of the hut. He crept cautiously around the corner, feeling his way until his fingers touched the door-latch.

Hesitating but a moment, he swung open the door and entered. The same blackness surrounded him and he fumbled for his small pocket torch. He switched

on the thin stream of light. There, on a level with his shoulder and far ahead he saw staring, glaring at him—a single eye. It was glassy, and yet there came over it a grey veil that deepened its cold menace. Paralyzed with horror, Chick could do no more than lick his dry, quivering mouth convulsively. Then the eye vanished. So rigidly locked and frozen were his muscles that he could not have switched off the light, even if he had the faculty to will it. It was there again! Cold, implacable, hostile—the eye beckoned to him, taunted him with strange rollings, sucked away blood, reason, will, strength, everything!

A fearful shriek seem to ring out somewhere near him. It set his heart pounding furiously, and a mad terror of the nameless thing that had mocked him, shook him from head to foot. As he wheeled to rush forth he felt rather than saw a shapeless mass beside him fall with a sickening thud to the floor. Then reason forsook the unhappy wretch and he fled babbling and wildly shrieking.

It was a fearful object that greeted the pursuers who had ridden up in time to hear the first horrible yell. It took all their strength to overcome him and bind him securely. Chick was a raving maniac who screamed continually, "That eye! That eye! See, it grins, it calls! Let me close that eye!"

Something stronger than resolution was required before they could nerve themselves to enter the hut. Their lanterns made the room light enough, and there across his pallet of straw, face downwards, was stretched the old miser. They turned the face to the light. On it was stamped an expression of inexpressible horror. Hardened though they were to both fear and pity, nevertheless they could not suppress a

shudder because of the terror indelibly stamped on the dead man's features.

A gentle sniff coming from the direction of the opposite wall startled them, and they turned abruptly. They heard a restless pawing and remembered Chick's horse was somewhere around. They felt reassured. Then an unbelievable thing happened. In a knot-hole opposite appeared an eye. It was uncanny and it was a long second before the two in the hut recognized it as the eye of the madman's horse patiently waiting her master.

C. F. H., '18.

Fragments

A Meditation on the Invasion of Hungary

I heard a sound one night,—
The tread of marching men,
And in the fading light
Came ranks of thousands ten,
That never looked aside;
But ever forward strode
In silence to the tide,
Where yellow Danube flowed.

Again at dead of night,
I heard the tread of men;
'Twas in the pale moonlight,
When peace had come again.
A mighty host I spied,
But greater still were those
That lingered by the tide,
Where yellow Danube flows.

WALTER J. DOYLE.

A Smile

Mr. Grouch has as many pleasant smiles as any of his friendly neighbors. He, however, has them stored away in a dark vault in his soul and delights in keeping his hand on the lock, for if one of these prisoners should escape they might bring pleasure to some one and why should he concern himself in gratifying others?

LILLIAN G. MAGILTON, '18.

“ Art is Long and Time is Fleeting ”

I sat in the State Library vainly seeking for inspiration to write a story for THE ECHO. The minutes flew. The big clock chimed forth a brief warning melody, which seemed to say, “ Your time is flying.” I jumped. Could it be possible that fifteen minutes had passed? More intently than ever I concentrated my thoughts upon the blank paper before me — with no success. Once again I was interrupted by the faithful clock and forced to listen until the last note died away. This time its melodious cadence had in it not only a friendly warning, but also a sterner note of reproof. “ What have you accomplished?” it asked. With stricken conscience I bent over my work once again,— but peace was not to be mine. The big clock’s watchful care did not relax, and soon the third quarter of the hour struck. “ Just try once more,” it pleaded in an endeavor to stir within me a last glimmer of hope. Frantically I racked my weary brain, but ideas fled even farther from my grasp. With a melancholy finality the clock chimed out for the fourth time. The refrain, now complete, possessed a haunting sadness which is

as indelibly registered in my subconscious mind as the refrain of the "punch brotherhood." "Alas, how many wasted hours I measure!" it lamented. The last note lingered reluctantly in the air, and then the strokes of the hour tolled forth slowly and solemnly, but with an inevitable regularity as impersonal as the march of time itself. In despair I picked up my empty paper and departed. Verily, "art is long and time is fleeting."
'18.





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Editorial Department

We have lost a member of our board we could not afford to lose. William Nussbaum, advertising manager, has left college. His work for THE ECHO has been able and enthusiastic, and we thank him. Augusta Ten Eyck, '19, who was last year so successful as advertising manager of the Girls' Academy paper, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Wanted — A College Physician!

The usual sweet peace after the "exam" fever does not seem to prevail this year. There have been too many other fevers to disturb it—complications of grippe, tonsilitis, pneumonia and worry.

We divided into groups during the mid-years. Those of us who could take our exams, and did take them and are now — so far as our own selves are concerned—perhaps satisfied and happy. Those of us who should not have taken our exams, and did take them, and are now temporary invalids as a result of this physical and mental strain; or, at any rate are now crawling through the depths of disappointment for the A's or B's that might have been — had our heads not ached so. Then the third class who should not have taken the exams, and did not take them because — perhaps, we were less conscientious than the second class; or, perhaps, we were more pettish, weaker willed; or, perhaps we, or our keepers, had more *common sense*. And we of the third class have the exam. fever still to pass through. May we pass, at least, in physical health.

Now if we compare the numbers of these respective classes, no dirth will be found in the latter two. The ill-on-their-feet and the ill-in-bed form bulging groups that might have been diminished by half. It is this waste of students that we must consider.

In the first place tonsilitis, grippe, colds, should not be tolerated within the college walls. Every instance is a possible death in itself, and a probable source of infection and contagion to at least twenty others. A single instance — a girl comes down with the grippe. As long as she is able she paddles around to classes spreading germs, gaining no good, and losing strength

it may take her weeks to regain. She finally must go to bed, but she does not until she has to. Why? Because a doctor's certificate is demanded for her absence and she does not want a doctor, she does not really need a doctor, she has not the cash, perhaps, with which to pay one. Two or three days later a friend who sat on her left in English A drops out of view, another day and others follow. This is a typical case. What is going to be done about it? How are those of us who are too ill to attend college to be kept from attending it? It is a question worth considering.

A college physician is a suggestion. One who would keep the place clean, free from unnecessary germs and a safe place to frequent; one who would provide the necessary doctor's certificate and accompanying medical attention; one who would take care that in the boarding houses where one student is ill, he or she shall be separated from the others to avoid infection. This is but a suggestion of the line of work of this college physician. It is needless to say he would not be idle from want of duties.

This possible remedy of an existing evil-state is the best one we have received. The condition during the examination period of this January must not exist again. We all need a severe reminder to awaken us to a need for change. Well, we have had the reminder. Now let us see what can be done to secure the change.

News Department

College Club

At the last meeting in January, the Rev. J. V. Moldenhauer gave a most interesting lecture on "Gilbert K. Chesterton." Most of us are more familiar with Mr. Chesterton's essays than with his poems, so it was especially pleasing to hear the poetic side of his work emphasized. Rev. Moldenhauer's reading of the poems was delightful. Each year we look forward eagerly to his coming, and this year we were as well repaid as usual. College Club has offered many worthwhile things this year. If you've missed them, come to the next meeting. It is sure to be just as good.

Y. W. C. A.

On Tuesday, January 11th, the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, of the Memorial Baptist Church, addressed the Y. W. C. A. girls on the subject of "Womanhood."

The meeting on January 25th was a "recognition of new members" meeting. The president, Doris Smith, was the leader. With a solemn candle ceremony the new members of Y. W. C. A. were welcomed into the Association by its president.

Most of us have been so engrossed in examinations, that we did not realize until it was upon us, that this month of February is the great jubilee month of the Y. W. C. A. A jubilee meeting was held on the afternoon of February 8th. The leader, Edith Case, read a paper, and following her, Theda Mosher, Grace Farrell and Ethel Houck, each read papers. The subjects

covered the development of the Association in all directions, in colleges, foreign countries, and here in the Eight Weeks Club Movement which Y. W. C. A. is spreading through the rural districts. It is a most interesting subject, and we are glad that there were so many there to hear about it.

Also in celebration of this Jubilee Month, a banquet was given on the evening of February 11th, in the college gymnasium. The great majority of the Association girls were present and were glad they were, for the banquet itself was extremely good, and then a very jolly evening was spent. Ruth Evans was toast-mistress, and the toasts were:

Y — ou — Mrs. L. A. Blue.

W — ork and worship — Louise Burleson

C — abinet — Leah Bice.

A — spirations — Bessie E. Race.

Jubilee — Doris Smith.

On Sunday afternoon, February 13th, girls from the N. Y. S. C. Association met with the City Y. W. C. A. at their headquarters. The program was in the hands of our girls. All who went felt the friendliness of the sisterhood in Y. W. C. A., and came away feeling the better for the glimpse of another branch of our vast Association work.

Commercial Club

The Commercial Club met Friday, February 11th, with a large attendance. An interesting talk on loyalty to the club, together with suggestions for a club pennant, was given by Prof. Barry. A contest open to all commercial students for the composition of the best

club song is well under way. The winner is to receive a prize donated by Prof. Barry. George Cooper was appointed chairman of the committee to select the best song. Plans were also discussed for visiting several large industrial plants in and near Albany.

After the regular business meeting the members of the club had a most appetizing "feed." Everyone enjoyed the delicious oysters which Miss Jean Mair had sent from the shores of Long Island.

A picture of the Commercial Club, which is soon to be taken will hereafter help decorate the walls of Room 210.

Omicron Nu

The January meeting was held at the home of Miss Jessie Cole, '13. The topic for discussion was, "Fields, other than teaching, open for the Home Economics graduate."

We are glad to welcome the following Junior girls as members — Louise Goldberg, Lucille Hale, Marion Payne, Ruth Pratt and Ellen Van Cleef.

The initiation was held February 17th, at the home of Miss Marion S. Van Liew, many alumni members being present. We also had as our guest, Miss Louise Walbridge, a former president of the chapter of Omicron Nu in the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Junior Class

We're all tired, but we're all happy. By the fourth of February we had forgotten that there ever were any exams! The reception Thursday evening was most successful. The gym was attractively decorated with

greens, palms, smilax and banners. In the receiving line were Miss Lawrence, Professor and Mrs. Stinard, Professor and Mrs. Swaim, Miss Valentine, Miss Henry and Miss Clohosey. O'Neill's orchestra played for dancing. Between dances a delightful program was given. Miss Moran sang a charming little song, and Miss Avery recited in pleasing fashion. Mr. Hager's songs were received with the usual enthusiasm, his rendering of "A Perfect Day," being most artistic.

Friday evening more than a hundred couples attended the best Junior Prom ever given. The dancers were welcomed by Miss Payne, Dr. and Mrs. Brubacher, Dr. and Mrs. Blue, Miss Loeb, Miss Avery, Professor and Mrs. Risley, and Professor and Mrs. Douglas. The dancing began with a grand march, led by Miss Reedy and Mr. Walker, O'Neill's banjo orchestra furnishing music to which one could not choose but dance. The gym was decorated with the usual greens, but baskets of flowers hung at intervals along the walls were a new and pleasing feature.

"Junior Week" closed with the banquet at the Hampton, Saturday evening. About seventy-five attended it, and found it no less enjoyable than either of the two preceding events. Dr. Thompson acted as toastmaster. It was the first opportunity that many of us had to get acquainted with him, so we were very glad to have him with us. The guests of honor were: Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock, Mr. and Mrs. Stinard, Mr. and Mrs. Swaim, Miss Valentine, Miss Avery, and Miss Saunders. The responses to the toasts were given by Stanley Fitzgerald, Emma Wilbur, Reinhardt Hohaus, Ethel Houck, and Margaret Christ. The affair closed with the singing of our new and excellent class song, written by Mr. Hager.

Freshman Class Notes

The class extends its sympathy to Agnes Dennin in her recent bereavement.

At the last class meeting Agnes Dennin was unanimously elected ECHO reporter, to succeed Thornton Loveday who has left college.

The banner committee reported in a most satisfactory manner by presenting the class banner, which is plain white, with green numerals.

The class is preparing for the Freshman social to be held March 17th.

Delta Omega

At a recent meeting of Delta Omega, the following officers were elected to serve during the second semester:

President.....Ruth Evans
Vice-President.....Bessie Race
Recording Secretary.....Helen Ross
Corresponding Secretary...Helen Rosebrook
Treasurer.....Marion Blodgett
Critic.....Hildred Griffin
Echo Reporter.....Maud Rose

The Deltas are rejoiced at the return of their president, and others, who have been ill.

Kappa Delta

Bess Baremore '16, having completed her course, returned on February 1st to her home in Jamesburg, N. J. We shall certainly miss her.

The house girls enjoyed a delightful Valentine party on February 12th.

Kappa Nu

Junior week was greatly enjoyed by the sorority; fifteen of the girls attended the prom. Mary Haran, '15, and Marie Carmody, ex-'18, were with us for the festivities.

Ann Moran, '16, entertained the sorority at her home on February 5th, in honor of Mary Haran, '15, and Marie Carmody, ex-'18. Agnes Garry, ex-'18, also entertained the girls.

At our last meeting the date of our annual dance was set for April 28th.

Marie Carmody, ex-'18, is now attending Barnard College.

Mildred O'Malley, '18, entertained the girls at a valentine party on February 12th. Original favors were given. Marion McCarthy, '15, who is teaching in the high school at Ballston Spa, was present.

Sigma Nu Kappa

Friday evening, February 11th, Sigma Nu Kappa held a delightful informal house dance. The affair was well attended and was a social success in every way. Much credit is due the efficient work of the committee composed of Messrs. Fitzgerald, Curtis and Sauerbrei.

Sigma Nu Kappa welcomes Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, '19, to membership. It grieves us equally as much to lose Mr. William H. Nussbaum, who has left college.

College Notes

On January 14th, Prof. Kirtland spoke before the student body in the auditorium. One of his college friends, once said, that of all the things that he did

or experienced in the University of Michigan, the most significant had nothing to do with the regular work of his different classes. He got the most from a men's debating club. This was an epoch-making experience in which the mind was stretched, never to return to its old dimensions. At present our interest in fact is abnormal, because of the examinations. The whole "blooming" business of examinations carries with it morbidity. The only real interest in fact is that which is abiding and needs no extra stimulus. People who have this underlying interest in the subject will not "crib." If a person "cribs" in an examination, he has not that interest in truth which protects him. Our college ought to afford more opportunities for self-expression. There ought to be more common interests and common bonds, focuses for the loyalty of the students to the college.

Prof. Risley spoke to the student body on January 21st. His subject was athletics, his special purpose being to arouse the students' interest in the game with St. John's College, which took place on January 29th. Prof. Risley said that he had appeared before the students on other occasions as Santa Claus, as a backer for the *Pedagogue*, and now his function was that of a "can opener" for enthusiasm. He urged us to uncork some of the real enthusiasm that was in us. We now have enough men in the college to do something in the way of athletics. Already there are football and baseball teams scheduled for next year. We are at the starting point now. In ten years we won't know ourselves. In other colleges they have machinery for working up enthusiasm. We ought to have some good yells and appoint times to practice them, and do everything we can to put ourselves on the map with other colleges.

Every Monday morning, hereafter, chapel time will be given over to some special speaker, who will talk on subjects of interest to the students. The first of these speakers was Dr. Blue, who on Monday morning, February 7th, talked on the subject of "The Teacher and the Truth." The teacher should be the keeper of the truth. In some places he may even seem to have a monopoly on it. Different people have different conceptions of truth. The dictionary says, it is "conformity to fact or reality." It is a matter of effort to know truth and our relation to it. The unconscious lies are the ones which are difficult to recognize. These may not be in words, but in voice. We may live in an atmosphere of pretense. Socrates said that if people knew the truth they would live it. One of Dickens' characters, Mr. Gradgrind, believed that truth consisted in facts. "Give 'em facts," said he. Yet facts do not always tell the truth. No two people looking at the same object see the same thing. We may see facts through glass which is clouded and stained by bigotry and self-interest. Truth cannot come through a window stained with vice; our vision would be distorted. A quotation from Henry Van Dyke describes what college should teach us.

"To think without confusion clearly,
To love your fellow man sincerely,
To act from highest motives purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely."

Prof. George P. Baker delivered two lectures in our auditorium on the evenings of February 9th and 10th. The subjects were, "Judging a Play—Some Safe Standards," and "Constructing a Play from Source to Finished Product." The first one dealt with the

childish standards of the modern audience. If a play succeeds in hitting us and the sensation is pleasant, we say we like it. The desire for sensationalism for naïve and silly "Happy Ending," for absurd sentimentality, the greatest tragedy of the American stage, the "Moral Immorality" of our audience — these are the drawbacks of our drama. Mr. Baker also spoke of our prejudice, our judgment on a play before the finish, our failure to distinguish the work of the actor from that of the author. The art of the theatre is changing, so must our standards of judging the play change. We may arrive at our judgment by asking ourselves what the author is trying to do, is it true to life, does it hold from the beginning, do I "speak the speech of the dramatist?"

In his second lecture Mr. Baker spoke of the technique of the play. He compared the rôle of the novelist with that of the playwright; the novel, of any length and detail, to appeal at one time to one person, and the play which must gain the strongest effect in the briefest time on a crowd. The difficulty for young playwrights is to find a prime interest and stick to it, whether it be comedy, tragedy, politics, or characterization. Another is their inability to hold a situation and to accomplish a satisfactory transition from one episode to another. The play to-day has no set number of acts but usually has three, with one scene in an act. Suspense is necessary to the plot, the dialogue must keep the story moving. Emphasis is essential for making big points "hit." The long character list, and the soliloquy and asides are out of date. The fundamental requirement of the playwright is human understanding.

Prof. Hastings recently received his doctor's degree in English Philology from Harvard University.

Free Scholarships

The following notice has been received from *The Review of Reviews*. This was accompanied by a letter asking that the notice be printed in THE ECHO.

“ College men who earn a large part or all of their college expenses will doubtless be greatly interested again this year in the free cash scholarships offered under the direction of Mr. E. W. Frey to self-supporting students. During the past seven years over 1,600 students have won free cash scholarships worth \$100 to \$1,000 apiece.

“ President Wilson, together with five prominent college presidents, has endorsed this plan of awarding free scholarships to ambitious students. A certificate of such endorsement is placed in the hands of every student whose application for enrolment is accepted.

“ These scholarships are not competitive, in any sense of the word, but are available to any student of good character. Each student is apportioned an exclusive radius. The scholarships are won, not for class-room proficiency, but for practical work during the summer months or in spare time through the college year.

“ College employment bureaus from Maine to California recommend this plan as a sure means of meeting college expenses for self-supporting students. The work possesses a dignity and distinction which invariably appeals to the ideals of college men. It is always congenial and eminently satisfactory financially. Over 400 scholarships were awarded students the past summer, Mr. Arthur Henkel, of the University of Michigan, winning a \$1,000 scholarship by ten weeks' work.

“ Any self-supporting student can secure full particulars without obligation by dropping a postcard at

once for "Pepper of Princeton," to the Review of Reviews Scholarship Fund, 24 Irving Place, New York City.

Alumni Department

Born

A son was born to Mrs. Fred Pratt, *née* Elsie Danaher, '14, on February 8, 1916.

Died

Mr. Daniel F. Payne, '64, of Wadhams, N. Y., died Jan. 6, 1916. Soon after graduation, Mr. Payne went into business which engaged him until his death. He occupied many important positions in his community.

Mr. Moses Becker, Ph. D., '80, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1916. Mr. Becker had taught continuously since his graduation. He received the degree of Ph. D. from University of the City of New York in 1893. He was principal of one of the New York City public schools at the time of his death.

Miss Millie Lacken, ex-'13, died in the Albany Homeopathic Hospital on Friday, Feb. 4, 1916.

1915

Marguerite McKelligett is substituting in the French department of the Albany High School. Mary I. Edwards, '16, and Mary Pitkin, '16, are also substituting in the Albany High School, the former in Biology, the latter in Mathematics.

Helen T. Denny has accepted a position in Port Washington, N. Y., for the remainder of the year.

Gertrude Tolley is teaching Business Administration in the Rahway High School at Rahway, N. J.

Mabel Wood has accepted a position in Palisade Park, N. J.

Caroline C. Hardick will resign from the Wallkill High School in June to move to Colorado with her parents.

1914

Jessie Luck is substituting in Meridan, N. Y.

Orris B. Emery has accepted a position as principal of the High School in Meridan, N. Y.

The Alumni Banquet

The date, February 19, 1916, for the N. Y. S. C. T. Alumni banquet is at hand. The banquet will be held in the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. Here are some of the speakers and their topics:

“A Closer View of the State College,”

by President Dr. A. R. Brubacher

“Work of the New Parole Commission,”

by Katherine Bement Davis.

“Kipling's Measure of a Man,”

by Dr. Henry R. Rose, of Newark, N. J.

The Apollo Male Quartet, of Newark, N. J., has been engaged to dispense harmonies upon the listening ear, and will lead in the general singing of the songs of our Alma Mater during the serving of the dinner, and will intersperse the speech-making by special selections.

We hope to be able to give a full and interesting account of this promising banquet in our next issue.

From time to time we hear of the splendid work being done by some of our graduates. About January 7, 1916, Dr. A. R. Brubacher received a complimentary copy of a book written by Ella Boldry

Hallock, class of '79. The book is entitled the "Southhold Celebration, 1640-1915." The book is an admirable work, and is written in a most entertaining manner. Besides the story there are many fascinating poems and a great number of instructive pictures.

The book has been placed on our library shelves and we hope that many of our students will look into it and see the kind of work that some of our graduates are doing.





Since the last issue of *THE ECHO*, the following exchanges have been received: *The Concordiensis*, Union; *The Cornell Era*, Cornell; *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross; *The Mount Holyoke*, Mount Holyoke; *The Ridge*, William Smith; *The Sagebrush*, University of Nevada; *The Vassar Miscellany*, Vassar; *The Westminster Holcad*, Westminster.

Inasmuch as State College has achieved a rudimentary form of student government, it should be interested in what other colleges are doing along this line. In the January *Mount Holyoke*, an article entitled "Student Government at Mount Holyoke College" gives an exceedingly interesting account of the Students' League in that institution. The League has recently been given the following new grant of powers:

"The President and faculty of Mount Holyoke College, empowered by the trustees, hereby grant to the Students' League the following powers:

"I. The maintenance of quiet in the college buildings.

"II. In matters not academic, the maintenance of order and decorum in the buildings, on the campus, and anywhere in the village of South Hadley.

"III. The supervision of

(a) Absences from college, registration, and chaperonage.

- (b) Church and chapel attendance.
- (c) The census bureau."

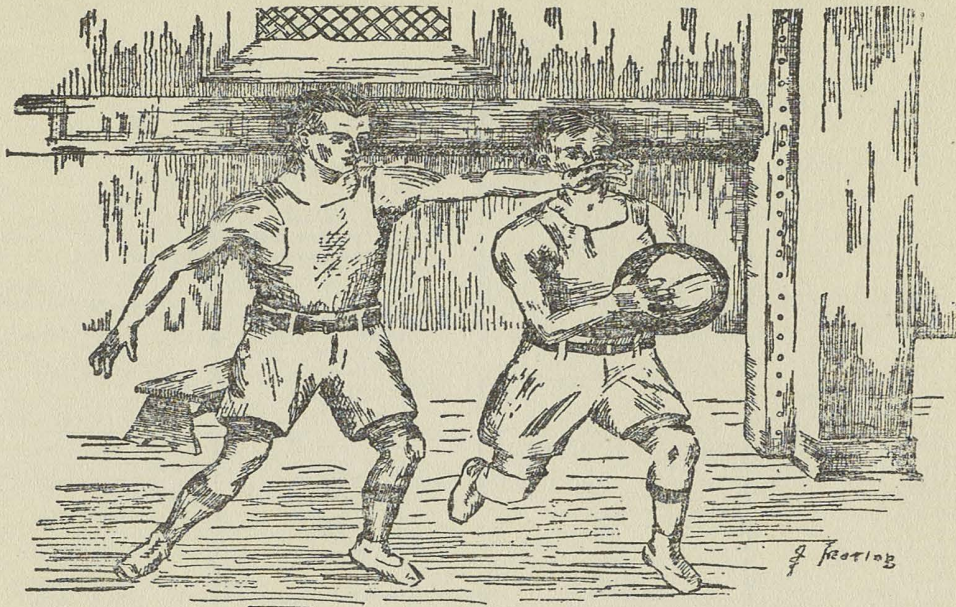
After explaining the limitations of this control the article outlines the plans for increasing the actual power of the league. There are to be no proctors in the dormitories, but each individual girl is to be responsible for order. In like manner, the recording of chapel attendance has been left to each girl.

What has this to do with us? Just this — that the powers of the Students' League are being increased by showing the ability of individuals to control themselves and others. Of course, we haven't dormitory problems as yet, but let's begin now by individual effort to show that we are capable of efficient student government. I quote from the article mentioned above:

"That is the essence of self-government — first to govern ourselves, and then in every possible way to help others to govern themselves."

In the *Vassar Miscellany*, an exchange article, "Student Government: An Achievement and a Possibility," from Randolph-Macon Woman's College, emphasizes the same points. It is summed up in the last sentence as follows:

"Endeavor to inspire each student with consideration for others, a sense of individual responsibility, a high sincerity, and an abiding loyalty not only to the college but to the ideals of which the college is the symbol; and you have laid the way for the attainment of true self-government."



Athletic Department

Basketball

On account of the mid-year examinations, athletic activities were not as numerous during the last four weeks as they would otherwise have been. Nevertheless within this period falls one of the greatest achievements S. C. T. athletes can boast. Our boys met and defeated St. John's College. St. John's, who came here with a victory over Princeton to their credit, and who undoubtedly are one of the speediest college fives in the country. Yes, the seemingly impossible happened; again a David slew a Goliath. As long as S. C. T. basketball history is written, these names should be on its roll of honor, Fitzgerald, Jones, Curtis, Goewey, O'Connell. These five placed our team on the map; the glory is theirs. Yet one must not forget Coach Swaim and Manager Maguire, especially the latter, whose untiring efforts brought to the

Purple and Gold the welcome chance to meet this distinguished opponent. St. John's men are true sportsmen. They acknowledge their defeat and have no alibis to offer. What makes our men's feat even greater is the fact that the game was played on what can rightly be called a neutral floor. For while our five had gotten some practice on the Albany H. S. court, yet it must be admitted that the size was all in favor of St. John's as it has become almost second nature for our team to play on a small floor. The game was brilliantly played, S. C. T.'s passwork easily being the feature. The boys worked together like clockwork and surely must have made a fine impression on the Brooklyn men. The attendance was pleasing, still, more should have turned out. You who were not among the lucky witnesses of the game have a chance to redeem yourselves. On February 24th Colgate will be our opponent. Colgate through its phenomenal football success has gained the reputation of being one of the "big" colleges. It will work hard to escape St. John's fate. For obvious reasons our boys will try their utmost. Everyone should root for the Purple and Gold to defeat the up-State five. The Sophomores are planning to attend in a body; it is to be Sophomore Night. Don't let them get ahead of you. Be in the Albany High School gym on February 24th to see Colgate clash with S. C. T.

On Feb. 19th the team goes to Brooklyn to play a return engagement with St. John's College. We wish you luck, boys. To ask you to bring home the bacon would be asking too much. We know you will do your best and your best will be enough. Maybe you will surprise us. Fitzgerald! Jones! O'Connell! Goewey! Curtis! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

A very interesting game was played in our own gym when the Albany Law School five opposed the Purple and Gold. It was cleanly played and both teams deserve credit. Mr. Hill, physical director in the Albany High School, refereed both this and the St. John's game. His quick, efficient, and impartial rulings called forth approval from all sides.

The score of the Law School game follows:

ALBANY				S. C. T.			
LAW SCHOOL	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.		F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
Mahar, L.F.	4	0	8	Fitzgerald, R.F. ..	2	11	15
Glover, R.F.	2	0	4	Goewey, L.F.	5	0	10
Landrey, C.	2	0	4	O'Connell, C.	0	0	0
O'Brien, R.G.	0	2	2	Jones, L.G.	2	0	4
Collison, L.G.	1	0	2	Curtis, R.G.	3	0	6
MacDonald, L.G. ..	2	0	4				
Totals	11	2	24	Totals	12	11	35

Referee: Hill. Timekeeper: Swaim. Scorer:

Marden. Score: 34:25. Score at half-time: 10:16.

Time of halves: 20 min.

Score of the St. John's game:

ST. JOHN'S				S. C. T.			
COLLEGE	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.		F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
Goette, R.F.	4	0	8	Fitzgerald, R.F. ..	5	9	19
Murphy, L.F.	1	3	5	Goewey, L.F.	2	0	4
Collins, C.	0	0	0	O'Connell, C.	2	0	4
Clarke, R.G.	5	0	10	Jones, L.G.	5	0	10
Barry, L. G.	2	0	4	Curtis, R.G.	0	0	0
Curren, R.G.	0	0	0				
Totals	12	3	27	Totals	14	9	37

Place: A. H. S. gym. Referee: Hill. Scorer: H. B.

Morse. Timekeeper: Swaim. Score at half-time:

9:14. Final score: 27:37. Time of halves: 20 min.

Girls' Athletic Association

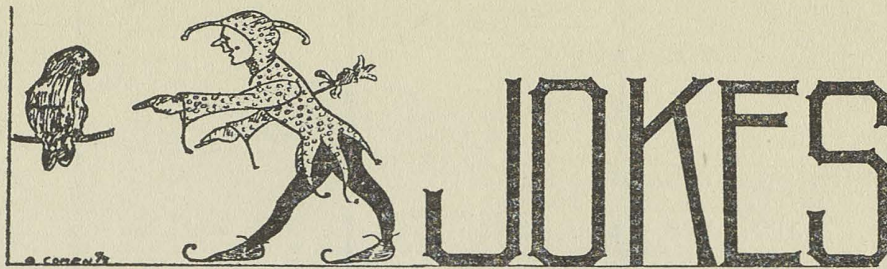
On January 10th the Junior team added another victory to its list by defeating the Sophomores. Early in the game the Juniors took the lead, and although the Sophomores displayed some good team work and

ability in shooting baskets, their defensive work was not strong enough to hold back the opposing team. For this game there were the following teams:

JUNIORS — 24		SOPHOMORES — 15	
Moseley	Forward	Austin, D.	Forward
Feder	Forward	Furgeson	Forward
Gray	Center	Shanks	Center
Boice	S. Center	Austin, A.	S. Center
Burleigh	Guard	Cole	Guard
Hale	Guard	Goldsmith	Guard

Accompanying the write-up of the Association in the *Pedagogue* will be pictures of the four basketball squads which have already been taken. By subscribing for a copy of the *Pedagogue* you will have a picture of your class basketball team.





Valentines Which Might Have Been Fitting

From Kaiser Bill to King George:

Dear George, I send this little bomb,
The cutest ever seen,
I hope 'twill bust on time, Old Top,
And strike you on the bean!

From W. J. B. to T. R.:

Friend Theodore, I write to say,
I send you lots of love,
And trust you'll throw the big stick down
And love this little dove.

For this dear dove's a peaceful bird,
His feathers are pure white,
His name is "Peace-at-any-Price,"
He is too scared to fight.

From the Czar to the Kaiser:

Dear Billski, here's a swordovitch
I send to you with loveski;
Pray place it o'er your heartovitch
And give it one big Shoveski.

— *Sunday American.*

From teacher to critic:

Dear critic, look but kindly,
And view my faults just blindly,
And paralyze me not with dread,
By stealing in with catlike tread.

From Charles to the college:

Dear children, meek and humble,
 I scarce can hear you mumble,
 In the halls.
 Do wake to some more life!
 Let's have a little strife,
 Or clearly sounding calls,
 In the halls.

From a hyphenated American, who has been studying
 French, to his family:

Mes Lieben, je vous gebe
 Ein mot de love, et hebe
 Une Hoffnung that je lebe
 Noch viel de vie mit vous!

A young man was preparing to take a civil service examination. His questioner asked him, "What is your patronymic?"

"Beg pardon?" said the youth. "I didn't quite understand you."

"Your patronymic, what is it?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Pardon my stupidity. I'm a barber!"

What Will These Freshmen Do Next?

Fair Freshman: "Oh, dear, that nine on my cap is coming off. I should have sewed it on last night."

Witty '19 Representative: "Ah, but another instance of where 'a stitch in time saves nine.'"

Buttons or Patterns?

"I want to look at Patrick Buttons," said the woman at the button counter.

The bewildered clerk, having shown her every button in the store without result was just giving up in despair, when the woman had an inspiration.

"Oh, now I know," cried she, "I didn't want Patrick buttons at all. What I wanted was Butterick Patterns. Could you tell me where to get them?"

The Chiffonier of Finding Out Things

(*Editor's Note:* For the benefit of the uninitiated, I'll say that this heading is a change from the worn-out term, "Bureau of Information.")

Q. Why is Charles? — *F. R. Osh.*

A. My dear child, every institution has to have a head. — *Ed.*

Q. What keeps N. Y. S. C. from being a female institution? — *Excited Male.*

A. Nothing, now, my dear boy. Heretofore we've always had some dashing individual with a surname like "Daisy" to uphold our name, but this year, without any such, we are sunk very low. — *Ed.*

To the Student Body

WON'T you help us make the year 1916 a self-sustaining one for THE ECHO? When patronizing our advertisers kindly mention THE ECHO. Remember the little things are "The Things that Count." — ADV. MANAGERS.

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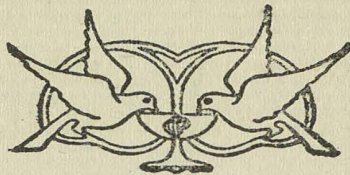
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