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**DECEMBER  
1915**







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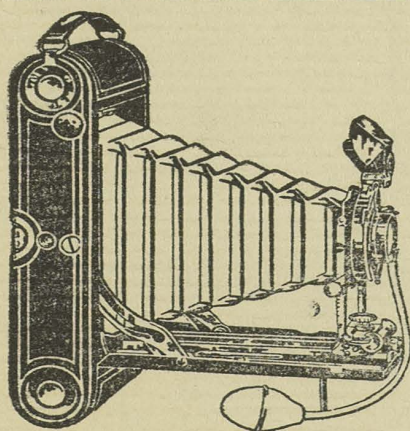
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# The Echo

VOL. XXV

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## Literary Department

### Illusion

I was thinking, as the sunset  
Stained the west with crimson dyes,  
Shining through the waving tree-tops,  
Where the leaves laughed at the skies —

I was thinking how the mem'ry  
Lurks upon the heels of change,  
And my fancy wore a fabric  
Of illusion dim and strange.

For me-thought that fading sunset  
Had into a mem'ry grown,  
E'er the night with darkening glances  
Frowned it from its western throne.

GEORGE E. KENDALL, '15.



### Them Exercises ter the School-house

“Yis,” said Uncle Peter, “I went ter the Christmas exercises over ter the school-house. ’Twarn’t thet I war so set on goin’, but Nancy, she hed her heart’n soul set on it, and so we went.

“And say, that leetle room looked right perty like. Up in front there war ivvergreens all over ivverywhere. Both er them big black things what the young’uns writes on war kivered, and betwixt the two war a big green arch with ‘Welcome’ writ on it in shiny letters what looked like silver but war made — so Nancy said — out er thet bright paper what comes wrapped around green tea. Up thar in front war a kind of platform, too, rigged up out ’o good pine planks, and over in one corner war the gol-durndest Christmas tree you ivver seed. ’Twar the tallest pine what cud be got inter thet room, and thet room is nigh onter eighteen feet high, and ’twar jist a-shinin’ with pink and blue and green and yaller candles, from the top ter the bottom. The young’uns hed stringed pop-corn fer days, and they hed wound it all around thet tree till the thing looked ’s if it war all kivered with leetle bumpy icicles. And say, prisints! Ye nivver seed the likes. Ivvery last young’un in the deestric hed a sack er striped candy a-hangin’ on thet tree. But I war a-goin’ ter tell ye about them exercises.

“Fust of all, the hull school sung a song. Thet organ does squeak powerful bad, but ’twould a been a purty good song only Annie Simpson, what was a-singin’ high soprany, hed ter start a-sneezin’ right in the middle er high ‘e’, and seemed ’s if she nivver cud stop. Then there war some speakin’ ’o



pieces. And by hickory, but thet leetle red-headed Maggie 'o Jim Minkses kin speak! Say, when she war a-sayin' thet part about them reindeers on the roof, ye cud jist hear 'em a-prancin' up thar in the snow. Land sakes, 's old 's I be, I most expected ter see old Kris Kringle a-comin' down thru the trap door, what opens inter the garret — thar hain't no chimbley in the school-house — most eny minit. But right after Maggie, cum Bennie Hicks. Them Hickses is all alike, hain't no beezum in 'em, not in none on 'em. Lands, thet Bennie must be nigh on ter fourteen, and he stood thar with his head a-hangin' like a weepin'-willer, and chawed his words all up so's nobody cud tell whither he war a-talkin' about Christmas er the Fourth o' July! And then right in the middle he forgot, and stood stock still, not knowin' enough ter go and set himself down, 'till his mother told him to. Goodness knows what'll be the end o' them Hickses anyhow.

“Thar war a lot o' speakin' pieces and thin the big gals and boys giv a 'play.' Hadn't nuthin' ter do with Christmas but 'twar a grand play. Sarah Beers, she war the 'leadin' lady.' Thet gal's a born actresst. 'Twar kinder hard on her this time, fer she hed catched sich a cold out sleigh-ridin' with young Bill Jones the night before thet she war's hoarse's a crow. Poor leetle gal, she hed some medicine in a bottle, what she carrièd around with her, and ivvery two minits she'd hev ter stop right in the middle of her love-makin' and take a drink of thet before she cud go on a-sayin' her piece. Mary Hicks and Jim Brown war in it, too, and say, you know, them two war supposed ter cum a-visitin' ter the same place on the same stage, and ter git



their satchels mixed up a-comin'. Now what do you suppose they went'n did? They changed them air satchels twice, so 'twar wuss'n s'if they hed nivver changed 'em 'tall. But 'twar a mighty fine play when ye cum ter think it all over, and thin they took the prisints off'n the tree.

"Candy 'n dolls 'n trains o' cars 'n books 'n cups 'n saucers 'n all war off when they cum ter a big bright gold watch, a-shinin' up et the top o' the tree. Nance, she says ter me, says she, a-pointin' ter thet, 'Peter, I'll bet thet is fer Sally Beers.' 'Think so, Nance,' says I, and jist then the feller what war a callin' off, he held up thet watch, and he says loud so's ivverybody cud hear, 'Aunt Nancy.' Say, sich a surprised woman ye nivver seed. She'd nivver suspected a-thing. Her eyes war as big as saucers, and ye'd think somebody hed poured his tea out in them saucers, too, they war thet moist-lookin'.

"Gee, it makes a feller wish 'twar Christmas most ivvery day. Tho, cum ter think on it, might be kinder hard on a feller's pocket-book."

ETHEL HOUCK, '17.

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### "Peace on Earth"

The Doctor-Man went out into the white silence of Christmas Eve. Now and then a bundle-laden figure passed him through the maze of snow flakes. But the cheery, laughing holiday throng had scattered, leaving occasional sprigs of brilliant holly on the glistening snow. Their last "Merry Christmas" seemed to linger in the air; the snow flakes whispered it as they brushed his face; the tingling



fragrance of spruce breathed it to his lips and nostrils; the still expectancy of the night sang it to his heart. The streets were mystic and unlighted, save where a gleaming, glittering tree shone through the wreaths on the frosted windows. Blindly the Doctor-Man tramped along, his chin deep in his fur collar. So engrossed was he in his meditations that he did not heed the exultant call of Christmas Eve.

For hours his work had been disturbed by a rejoicing world, and now his brain was weary from repeated efforts to concentrate. Hoping the cold air would revive his energy, he had left his study, entirely unsympathetic with all preparations for Christmas.

“Strains of heavenly peace —  
Strains of heavenly peace.”

The sacred notes floated to him through the mist. Pausing, he waited for the next verse. Years before on Christman Eve, the Doctor-Man had sung that very carol from the loft of a little southern church. In the reverent candle light his mother's face had seemed to him to glow as divinely as did Mary's in the tiny representation of the Manger. She had been so proud of him — so proud of the man she felt sure he would be! She had planned and hoped to make him a doctor for the poor alone. But later, the scope of scientific research had proven so vast that —

“Noel! Noel! Noel!”

The childish voice took up a new melody.

“It is mighty late for you to stand here singing, son. Don't you think that it would be a good idea



for me to take you home?" The Doctor-Man had asked the question before he realized it.

"Oh, thank you, Sir! It's a very long way to go alone." Such exquisite trust and gratitude lay in the blue eyes that the Doctor-Man blessed the impulse that caused it.

For a little way the child tried to keep abreast of his companion and give directions at the same time. With the wind sending the snow into his eyes and mouth, this was quite impossible.

"My feet are ever so tired, Sir, and you take terribly long steps," panted the little singer. "Please, could you carry me for just a little, until I get my breath? I'm not very heavy."

After the confiding child was comfortably resting in his arms, the Doctor-Man went back to the strange thoughts which the carol had awakened. Somehow his extensive research and his medical feats did not now seem adequate causes for his limited practice. Try as he might, he could not even remember having treated a "charity case." Was it, then, wrong not to give of his talent to those who needed it most, but who could make no material recompense — wrong to forget his mother's wishes and prayers and satisfy his selfish hunger for knowledge, while ignoring his fellow-man? After all, was his talent his own?

The snow had grown less and less dense until but a few flakes drifted in the air, as if undecided whether or not to go back. Directly overhead in the clear sky was a single star. The boy stirred in the Doctor-Man's arms and snuggled closer against his shoulder.



Then the man knew that his genius had indeed been a vain thing. His very manhood had been mean and narrow. He raised dazed eyes and looked around him. Suddenly, with irresistible force, the meaning of Christ rushed into his soul. With all the universe he stood still for an instant and, trembling, waited — he knew not why.

A thousand triumphant chimes announced the hour of midnight and the birthday of the Christ Child. Their riotous joy roused his drowsy burden.

“I’m quite rested now, Sir, and I’d rather walk to keep warm. Thank you for your good will. And the boy slid to ground.

The Doctor-Man held out his hand. He was alone.

KATHARINE S. LAROSE, '19.

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### Bankruptcy vs. Missions

He was on his way home from Sunday school. If he had been a girl, a novelist would have said that his expression was “sweetly serious,” but being only a boy — and a small one at that — nobody, least of all a novelist, would have bothered to dress up such a phrase.

They would more likely have said, “William’s got something up his sleeve, or he’d never look that way!” and let it go at that.

But William was guiltless this time, and his meditation was so profound, and of such a religious character, that it would have frightened his mother to death could she have read his thoughts. It was not William’s nature to think long or seriously.



However, he had been deeply impressed by the story his Sunday school teacher had told of the people in the wilds of Africa. Perhaps, it had been her description of the clothes they did — and those they did not—wear, and their uncivilized way of living that had awakened William's dormant interest; but whatever the reason, there he was in deep thought, so deep, in fact, that he failed to resent the snowball thrown at him by his most deadly enemy, Micky O'Ryan. Micky was leader of the "Carrot Alley Gang," a rival organization of William's own "Cabot Street Bunch." Instead, he smiled charitably and pityingly, leaving his assailant gaping in impotent wonder.

Miss Crane had said that the Sunday school would receive Christmas contributions for the Africans, and she suggested that possibly twenty-five cents would not be too much for any of her boys. This was William's problem, for twenty-five cents did not grow on bushes in the Martin family, especially just before Christmas. He thought quite seriously that perhaps he could substitute himself for the money. Miss Crane had said that the "Board," capitalized and italicized in William's mind as a thing of austerity and terror, asked for volunteers to "the field." Now William had rather vague ideas of the location of "the field" referred to, and he was not at all sure of the nature of his duties once he reached it, but he thought it probably was not much farther than his Uncle Danny's farm and that he could help some. He had often helped his uncle weed, and he could learn the rest. It would be rather nice to be out in the field, he thought, especially if it was a nice, big one, with no bulls in it,



for William had had one terrible experience with a bull! May be his mother would object to his being out so much. Mothers always objected to damp grass, but then, as long as it was for the heathen, she might let him go.

By the time he reached his home, he had fully decided, and after getting "washed up" in obedience to mother's constant demand, he sat down to dinner. Then he announced to the startled family his intention of going to "the field." Father realized the extent of his son's knowledge of foreign mission work; he immediately choked, seemingly on a bread crumb, and fled gasping from the room. Mother, however, carefully suppressed a tender smile, and as carefully explained to their young enthusiast what "the field" meant, after all of which William hurriedly decided that it was his duty to stay home to protect little sister, and shovel the sidewalk for mother. And now his problem was as big as ever.

The next day a telegram came to the Martin house. Father, surrounded by a group of anxious faces, read:

"Winthrop and I arrive 2 P. M. to-day.

Lydia."

"Lydia," was father's eldest sister, wealthy, widowed, self-satisfied — and corpulent — while "Winthrop," was the petted and sole heir to the Hendrick fortune. The Martins could not decide what had made Lydia "take it into her head" to spend Christmas with them, but at any rate there was the telegram and as mother said, wisely enough, they could not waste any more time, for there was lots to be done before two o'clock.



The arrival of William's cousin with his abundant "loose change," as he nonchalantly called it, only added fury to the already greatly varied category of William's feelings.

One day when the self-sufficient Winthrop was in William's room, patronizingly examining his cousin's collection of marbles, the host said suddenly:

"I bet you've got a hole in your stockin'."

Such a swift transition from marbles to hosiery was somewhat bewildering to the visitor, but with some degree of promptness he answered.

"Hevn't either."

"Hev too. Bet ye a quarter ye hev!" challenged William, eagerly.

With an "I'll-show-you" air, the challenged one proceeded to unlace his right shoe and disclose to view a perfectly whole stocking.

"Let's see the other one," demanded William, with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

The unsuspecting Winthrop painstakingly removed the other shoe, triumphantly displaying the holeless mate of the right stocking and emitting a grunt of victory which sounded like the bray of a young donkey.

"They've each got a hole in 'em," stated the unperturbed William.

"You're bug-house," cried the cultured heir to the Hendrick millions.

"All right! Then how do ye get 'em on if they hevn't got any holes in the tops of 'em?" asked his wary cousin, in final triumph.

The argument which ensued caused the question to be referred to the high court, which sat in the



parlor, sewing. Both the judges agreed that William had tricked his cousin, and that in any case it was contrary to the court's religious convictions to use money gained in such a way for missionary purposes.

That afternoon Aunt Lydia put a proposition before William. If he would accompany her in the evening to a lecture on "The Evils of Cigarette Smoking," and persuade her self-willed son to go also, she would promise to give him fifty cents for his missionary collection. Now William was rather uncertain about the wisdom of his side of the bargain, for various reasons of his own. But after careful consideration he cautiously agreed.

On the way to the hall they met Mrs. Adams, the minister's wife, with her twelve-year-old son, James. Being old acquaintances, Mrs. Hendricks and she proceeded to discuss various subjects of common interest. Chief among these topics, of course, was that of the development of their respective sons.

"There's one thing about it, I know that James does not smoke. If his father ever caught him at it, I don't know what he wouldn't do to him!" declared Mrs. Adams.

"No, my boy doesn't either, and I am sure my nephew is not a victim of the evil. I thought it would impress them still further, though, if I brought them to-night." The ladies failed to detect the sheepish grin which the virtuous nephew flashed to the reddening James.

Mrs. Hendricks realized the fulfillment of her wish to "impress them still further" to an extent even beyond her wildest hopes. The lecturer held their attention completely, as the fascination of the serpent renders its prey powerless to escape.



When she paused to ask, "Are there any boys here who have anything to say, concerning their own experiences with the cigarette?" there was a moment's silence, during which Mrs. Hendricks and Mrs. Adams exchanged satisfied smiles.

Then a voice began, falteringly and almost involuntarily, it would seem, "I've smoked 'em an' I was awful sick after." To her horror, Mrs. Hendricks identified the voice as that of her nephew!

"Where did you get the cigarette?" asked the lecturer, sternly.

As though under a spell, and in spite of the frantic nudgings of his dignified aunt, William hurried on, "The minister's son gave it to me," and relapsed with a gasp into the horrified consciousness that he had "told on" James Adams!

His contribution furnished the woman with a text for further moralizing, but William heard no more and subsided into crimson-faced embarrassment until the end of the lecture.

Let us draw a curtain over the arrival at the Martin home. Suffice it to say that the court, this time in the presence of the chief justice, sat once more in deliberation and pronounced the sentence with consistent severity.

Christmas day dawned clear and cold. In the ecstasy of receiving the "Meccano" set he so desired, William forgot even his grievance against the court. Father distributed the gifts from the gayly-decked tree with proper solemnity. The only cloud on William's horizon appeared when father handed his eager son a package from Aunt Lydia. After an impatient and excited struggle with ribbon and paper, he pulled out a book which bore the title,



"A Warning Against the Cigarette Habit." Even this disappointment was outweighed, however, by the further joys of the day.

That evening William found fifty cents in his room, according to his aunt's agreement, and he sighed with relief at the discovery that the consequences of the lecture episode had not altered her determination to keep her promise.

As he crept into bed he whispered sleepily, "Dear Lord, thanks ever an' ever so much fur the money. They say a sacrifice of somethin' counts more. Oh Lord, that fifty cents cost me an *awful* lot, but I ain't a bit sorry, not if it'll help the poor heathens. Bless my Aunt Lydia, 'cause I don't s'pose she knows, like we do, how a fellow feels 'bout things. An' anyhow, I don't think I'll ever do it again — with the cigarettes I mean, o' course — 'least not fur a long time. Now I'm gettin' terrible sleepy, but 'fore I close, thanks fur my 'Meccano' set. God bless us all — You know who 'thout my tellin' You. Amen," and the voice trailed off into silence.

ELOISE LANSING, '18.

---

### The World Christmas Tree

A weary missionary fell asleep, and as she slept, she dreamed a dream. A message had arrived that the Master was coming to a great world Christmas tree, and the task of getting all the little children ready for his arrival had been assigned to her. It was wonderful to see the children. There were dark, velvety pansy faces from India; delicate, pearly cherry blossoms from Japan; yellow tulip faces from China; and everywhere bobbing up, nodding and



bowing, a radiant, laughing American rose. So she began to seat them on the benches, putting the little white children on the first ones, nearest the place where the Master would stand; then the little yellow and red and brown children; and back on the farthest benches, the black children.

When they were all arranged, she looked at them, and it did not seem quite right to have the black children so far back. Just then something touched her on the shoulder. A radiant figure clothed in misty garments, and with white wings, stood at her side. And in the most melodious tones that she had ever heard, it said,

“The Master, the real Santa Claus of all the earth, is coming!”

Then in a hushed voice, “The Master is near!”

And the figure vanished.

The missionary started to rearrange the children, but just as all was in confusion, the children stirring around, and each trying to find his proper place, footsteps were heard. It was the Master’s tread — He had come before the children were ready.

“Oh,” she thought, “if He had not come so soon, I could have changed all.”

But the Master asked no explanation. His gaze dwelt on the children with a look of indescribable love and tenderness. And lo, as she turned to look, a wonderful thrill went through her — for all differences of shade and color had vanished. The little children were all alike in the presence of their Master.

MARION PUTNAM, '18.



### The Age of Miracles

Christmas eve in India! At least the calendar said Christmas eve, but the white moon shining down on the gleaming sands would have spelled June in England. And in the great lounging-room of the barracks only the ruddy glow of the fire reminded one of home, for the place was barren of all decorations, except swords and armament. In front of the fire three men sat smoking; one with the thin, scornful mouth of the cynic; another, whose tired, inscrutable eyes showed a man who knew mankind; and the third, a homesick man, remembering and longing for his own fireside and Christmas joys.

Suddenly the Cynic's gaze lifted from the fire and he spoke — "Christmas eve! And out there shines the so-called wondrous Christmas star. What tales people tell of its miracles, as if there were such things, ey, Phil?" to the Man-who-knew.

The latter, with his eyes on the Man, half-nodded, and then queried half-jestingly, "There's a look in your eye that says you don't agree with the Cynic here. Surely you don't believe in miracles at this late day — why, that age has passed."

The Man puffed quietly for a few moments, and then said, "Miracles—well perhaps not—and yet——"

The others sensed a story in his tone and waited patiently, and soon the Man went on,

"You fellows remember Quigley, don't you? Oh, you must, the subaltern who brought his bride out with him when he came in the dry spell — the little fool! Or, if you've forgotten him, you must re-



member her — she was a little beauty — a thoroughbred right thru. She didn't grumble at the poor service or the lack of ice, but stuck to him thru it all — the heat, the dust, and the fever. But it was the same old story. The fever got her after a while, and his heart was crushed. Why, his love for her was the best thing about him — his *real* soul. Aside from that, he was worthless and a coward.

“ You chaps must remember the night the Gurkhas attacked us — not far from here it was — right out there on the sand. Why, we'd have been wiped off the map that night, but for the warning we had beforehand. And it was Quigley who gave the warning! He'd been acting queer for over a week before that; and then one day he disappeared. First along, we thought he'd gone up for a rest, and then, well, they entered it as desertion. But that night of the attack — Christmas night, it was — he came stumbling in, dirty and with his tongue hanging out for want of water, and told us that the tribe was coming. We barely had time to get the troop together when they were on us in full war array. God! What a fight that was! And Quigley, deserter, fought with the best of 'em, in the very front row when we charged. Wounded! Of course he was wounded and badly too. But it was while we were bunking together in the hospital he told me of the miracle.

“ When She died, he didn't care what happened to him, and yet he was afraid to die. So when he heard that there was danger of an attack, he broke and ran for cover, deserted in other words. He was scouting round the hills, making for the coast, when he stumbled upon a Gurkha camp. He lay



low, kept quiet, and listened, for he understood their talk. It was there he heard all about the attack. He was mighty thankful he'd gotten out with a whole skin, and started from the camp with a heart as light as any deserter ever carried. It wasn't much of a job to get to the nearest railroad station. It was in the village we called The Parting of the Ways. From there, one train goes toward home; the other comes here. He made the station all right; but it was stuffy in there, so he came out into the night. It was Christmas eve, just such a night as this, black, with here and there a streak of silver from the moon. And while he stood looking at what people call the Christmas star, he got thinking of Her. And then it happened. That star shot out a ray of light, and in it he saw Her, standing with one arm stretched toward this place. He moved, and She was gone, but the light shone on the sign that read "10 M. to barracks." Well, he followed the light of that star, and we lived to tell the tale, and he's a general now. If the age of miracles is past, where did that light come from, and whom did he see?"

For a long moment there was silence, except for the crackling of the wood. Then the Cynic laughed softly.

"Bah!" he jeered. "An Arab girl in a passing flicker of the station lamp. No miracle there, eh, Phil?"

But the Man-who-knew said nothing, and rising, strolled to the window to gaze at the inky sky, where high, high above him a glorious star twinkled and shone with a wondrous brilliancy in the blackness of the desert night.

M. G. O'MALLEY, 18.



## Fragments

### To a Butterfly

Pretty yellow butterfly,  
 Flitting here and there,  
 Don't you really wonder why,  
 Or, don't you really care  
 Why all the world seems dull and dry,  
 When you have left the air?  
 Won't you, little butterfly,  
 Flitting here and there,  
 Stay all winter in the sky,  
 And flutter thru the air?

AGNES D. DENNIN, '19.

### Before Dawn

I awakened to darkness — soft, velvety darkness — still with the peace of Christmas morning. I felt that beyond my drawn curtains, out in the vast, black night, there shone the *Star of Bethlehem*, shone in clear holy radiance, as it had many years ago on Christmas morn. Surely this was the same winter silence that received the clarion notes of the Announcing Angel. Surely this was the moment before dawn that gave us the Light of the World — Him who fulfilled the prophecy — Into my reflection broke the sweet notes of a Christmas carol as it rang out over the dreaming world —

“ Joy to the world, the Lord is come,  
 Let earth receive her King.”

ANON.



**Adios**

The faint glow of the embers has died down. The little fire at the foot of the trail is a handful of gray ashes. The cold, white morning light is breaking over the jagged tops of the hills. We must go on — each alone — on the long, long way — forgetting our one hour of sunset glow that settled over the mountains. On I go up the steep, steep trail — still searching. On you go into the valley — a valley of lights and shadows. Our quests the same —  
Eternal Truth, Eternal Happiness. '16.

---

If I could but remember the old years,  
The dim lit days ere life's soft petals red  
Dreamed of the sun, ere joy or tears  
Troubled the still halls of the unborn dead,  
I'd know what rhymes the winds tell round the stars  
And what password the white-winged porters  
keep,  
Who lean their arms upon the violet bars,  
That guard the peaceful in the realm of sleep.  
I'd hear the springs that heed to-day's frail flower,  
That age-long mid the empyrean rocks have  
purred  
And trickled down the slopes of heaven to shower  
The little garden places of the world.  
Oh, memory, that could not pass the gate!  
The Time-beats dull my ears and I must wait.

MARTHA DECKER, '16.





# The Echo

VOL. XXV

DECEMBER 1915

No. 4

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## Editorial Department

### I Believe in Santa Claus. Do You?

Every Christmas season I go to see Santa Claus in one of the department stores. Of course, I don't say I am going down street for that purpose. I always just drop in accidentally. The visit no longer brings that delightfully panicky, gaspy joy-state of my first Santa, but I like to see the children and hear their excited confidences to Old Kris.



It makes me think of the days before Christmas — those old days before Christmas when my little world was lined with dreams of fairies, elves, witches, and Santa Claus. How I used to climb out on the roof to leave my letters — I always had my doubts about the relative sizes of our chimney and Santa's robust figure. How I used to hear him — and the reindeer, and then how I would cuddle under the covers and squeeze my eyes shut and listen and hear — what didn't I hear! Once I saw a miniature castle alone on an island, and this I felt sure was his workhouse — filled with toys and dolls, and fairies and elves working for Santa. I knew it was his house. Hadn't I *seen* the fairies? And then — the little presents for the mother and father and brothers that I put on the roof to be collected — with a letter explaining all.

And that land of treasure for youth and age our modernist would steal away, would tear and destroy and trample on. He says — “the child suffers a *moral shock* when he learns the truth.” A moral shock. I wonder was I queer, unique? I never suffered a moral shock. I remember when I gradually transferred Santa from my real world to a myth world. I remember feeling sorry he would be only make-believe after this. But moral shock? No! Better to have believed in Santa Claus and lost him than never to have believed at all! Better to have felt those delightfully awesome feelings of Christmas Eve, to have heard and seen Santa and his fairy workmen, to have experienced all the joy of companionship with these *real* spirits — the memories of which are among my dearest possessions!



For us grown-up folk Christmas customs are becoming fewer. We are no longer such home-bodies as our fathers were. Theatres, balls, restaurants are our Christmas customs to-day. The carol, the fire-side, the yule log, the family games, the mistletoe and evergreen are secondary.

But Santa Claus, the children's custom, is young and flourishing. I hope and pray its life may be long, that those who would tear away this custom, too, will get down to Nature, and study Santa's disciples first hand.

I believe in the home at Christmas time, the fire-side, the carol. I believe in the union of fairyland and childhood. I believe in Santa Claus.

Do you, and will you help?

---

## News Department

### College Club

A meeting was called for November nineteenth, but was postponed, owing to the inability of Judge Brady, the scheduled speaker, to be present. However, the program committee secured him again for December third, thus insuring a large and interesting meeting. The subject chosen was "The Juvenile Court," a subject which never fails to make Judge Brady eloquent. He spoke of the causes of juvenile delinquency, of their remedies, and of the part which teachers might play in improving conditions. The illustrations, drawn from his personal experiences in the Albany court, were effective, combining humor and pathos. The more often Judge Brady speaks to us the better pleased we shall be.



## Y. W. C. A.

The meeting of November 9th was led by Ruth Evans. Her subject was "Training for Social Efficiency," and the talk was very interesting and helpful.

The week, November 14th-20th, was the annual "Week of Prayer." Each noon a prayer-meeting was held in the chapel. The leaders were: Monday, Edith Wallace; Tuesday, Edith Case; Wednesday, Genevieve Hageman; Thursday, Mildred Henry, and Friday, Leah Bice. Not so many attended as we hoped would, but the faithful few received their reward at the meetings.

November 23rd was the day of the Thanksgiving meeting. Helen Kelso was the leader and the speakers were Marion Putnam, Eleanor Dunn and Katherine Ensign.

The meeting on November 30th was led by Hildred M. Griffin. It was a business meeting, and the budget of expenses was put before the members and accepted by them.

At this meeting the president, Doris Smith, gave Y. W. C. A. girls an admonition that should be heard by more of them than were present. Go to chapel, Y. W. C. A. girls, and support that college exercise by your presence. It may be more entertaining to chat in the halls with your chums, as Miss Smith said, but sacrifice that twenty minutes in order to fill up the gaping rows of seats in chapel every morning.



### Consumers' League.

An interesting meeting of the Consumers' League was held Thursday, November 18th. Miss Sherwood read a paper on the history and aims of the League. Reports were given from the meeting of the State Board of Charities, held at the Education Building, November 16th-18th. Miss Tuttle presented important points from Miss Minor's address on child labor. Miss Minor is secretary of the committee of the Department of Health. Miss Hays brought out interesting facts from the talk given by Miss Kelley, secretary for the National League.

The latter part of the meeting was devoted to business. The following officers were elected for this year:

Marjorie Tuttle, '16.....President  
 Mildred Bentley, '17.....Vice-President  
 Marjorie Bacheller, '16.....Sec. and Treas.  
 Miss Garrison.....Faculty Advisor  
 Gladys Sherwood, '16..Ch. Program Com.

Frances Barnum, '16; Fannie Leach, '16; Lillian Thompson, '16; Ruth Kimmey, '18, and Maud Griffin, '17.

All meetings are open to the entire student body and we urge you to make the most of an organization which is both pleasant and profitable.

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### Commercial Club

At a meeting of the Commercial Club on November 12th, twenty-five members were initiated with all due ceremony into active membership.



Following the initiation the members present enjoyed a social hour due to the hospitality of Prof. and Mrs. Barry.

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### Junior Class

A meeting was held on Tuesday, November 9th. It was reported that there was a balance of thirty dollars in the treasury, and it was urged that all Juniors who have not paid their dues should do so at once. Miss Rose read a report of the Junior-Freshman frolic. The report was accepted, and a necessary additional appropriation of funds was made. The time limit for the class-song contest was extended indefinitely. Miss Christ urged that there be more interest shown in regard to this contest. Juniors, get busy! 1917 wants both a class song and a basket-ball song. You can write them. Then do it. The president also urged that the class show its college spirit by accompanying the basket-ball team to Troy and to Schenectady when N. Y. S. C. T. plays R. P. I. and Union. An appropriation of ten dollars was made to purchase jerseys for the men's class basket-ball team, and Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Hohaus and Mr. Connors were appointed as the committee in charge.

Monday, November 29th, a meeting was called to fix the date for the Junior Prom. This had already been partially accomplished by a faculty suggestion which restricted the festivities to the three days following the close of mid-year examinations. Working under this suggestion, the class chose the following order of events: Thursday evening, January 27th, Junior Reception; Friday evening, January 28th, Junior Prom; Saturday afternoon, January



29th, Junior Banquet. It was also agreed that after the banquet the class should attend the basket-ball game between N. Y. S. C. T. and St. John's. It is to be hoped that every member of 1917 will do his best to make this new feature of Junior Week a success. At this same meeting eight dollars was appropriated to buy bloomers for the girls' class basket-ball team.

1917 wishes faculty and students a "Merry Christmas."

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### Kappa Delta

Roberta Smyth, '14, visited Miss Bodley in Albany for the week-end of November 13th.

Kappa Delta feels the deepest sympathy with Nola Rieffanaugh, '13, in the recent loss of her father.

Barbara Pratt, '15, spent Thanksgiving in Albany, en route to her home in Buskirk.

A number of the sorority girls hiked to the home of Eleanor Dunn on the afternoon of the thirteenth of November.

The tar baby, formerly of Kappa Delta Rho, who has been enjoying a protracted visit at the house, suffered from a severe attack of colic a few nights ago, and alarmed the girls exceedingly.

---

### Eta Phi

We are glad to have Jennie Muhleman, who has been ill, back at the Sorority House.

A daughter was born last month to Mrs. John Schilling (Esther Mitchell, '13).



Our last meeting was held at the home of Jeanette Campbell. We were entertained by amateur theatricals. Jean Holmes and Pearl Shafer were with us.

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### College Notes

On November 19th, Dr. Charles Upton Clark of Yale University gave a most interesting illustrated lecture on Spanish art. He spoke first of the wide influence that Spain has had upon the world. Did you know, by the way, that the unit of value in the United States is the Spanish dollar and that our dollar sign is an abbreviation for the Spanish word for dollar? The pictures that were shown were most interesting, especially those taken from the very old manuscripts. Dr. Clark made us feel that we wanted to know more about Spain and its wonderful art collections.

During the month of February, Dr. George B. Baker, of Harvard University, is to give a number of lectures in our auditorium on the subject of the drama.

On Friday, Dec. 3rd, the first meeting of the Student Assembly was held in the Auditorium, Mr. McNeil, president of the Senior Class, presiding. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss the making of a real College Song Book and to find out the feeling of the student body on this matter. A motion was made by Mr. George Cooper of the Senior Class that we have an official college song book. This motion was unanimously carried. At a meeting of the heads of all the student organizations, representative of the whole college, twenty



names had been proposed for a song book committee, from which ten were to be selected. On this list were eight Seniors, six Juniors, four Sophomores and two Freshmen. This list of names was read and Miss Christ made a motion that from this list four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman should be chosen by the different classes to make a permanent song book committee, each class voting upon its own representatives only. This motion also was unanimously carried. Class meetings for this purpose are to be held before Christmas.

Hereafter, every Friday morning is to be set aside for a student assembly, where matters of interest to the whole student body will be discussed.

Thursday evening, December 2nd, the college quartette made its first appearance in a very pleasing concert. The members of the quartette are Mr. George W. Cooper, first tenor; Mr. Kolin D. Hager, second tenor; Mr. George W. Anderson, first bass, and Mr. Lorne Robertson, second bass. They were assisted by Miss Janet Lindsay, violinist; Mr. Jack Harwich, reader, and Mr. Harry Russell, pianist. They gave the following excellent program:

1. (a) Invictus .....Huhn  
(b) Creole Love Song.....Smith  
    Quartette
2. Violin — Hejre Kati .....Hubay  
    Miss Lindsay
3. Reading — The Raven.....Poe  
    Mr. Harwich
4. (a) The Camp in the West.....Parker  
(b) Winter Song .....Bullard  
    Quartette



5. Piano — Allegro Moderato — Sonata in  
E minor, Op. 7.....Grieg  
Mr. Russell
6. Tenor — Little Boy Blue.....Nevin  
Mr. Hager
7. Violin — (a) Le Cygne.....Saint-Saens  
(b) Papillons .....Bressel  
(c) To a Wild Rose.....MacDowell  
(d) L'Abeille .....Schubert  
Miss Lindsay
8. (a) Men of Harlech.....Orr  
(b) Little Red Drum.....Gibson  
Quartette
9. Reading — Lasca .....Desprez  
Mr. Harwich
10. (a) Little Cotton Dolly.....Geibel  
(b) Rosalie .....De Koven  
Quartette

Each number met with enthusiastic applause, and the encores given were as enjoyable as the numbers on the program. We hope to hear the quartette frequently.

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### Alumni Department

Many of our alumni were reported as being present at the State Teachers' Convention, at Rochester, N. Y., on November 22nd-24th. Among those in attendance were Mr. Neil Quackenbush, Mr. Orris B. Emery, Miss Sylvia Rogers, Miss Gillespie, Miss Le Compte, Miss Woodworth, Miss Belle Merritt, Miss Wenzel, Miss Bishop, Miss Ev-



erett, Miss Mary Gilligan, Mrs. Frisbie née Lester, Miss Joyce Sharer, Miss Beatrice Mable, Miss Mabel Wade and Miss Amy Wood.

**1915**

Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett was a visitor in College on November 22nd.

Mr. Jacob Epstein is studying law in New York City this winter.

Miss Elvira Watkins has a position as eighth grade teacher and principal of the grammar school at Kerchoz, L. I.

Miss Edith Bryant has a position in the Mechanicville High School, at Mechanicville, N. Y.

Miss Mary Dabney is at her home in Watervliet, N. Y., this winter.

**1914**

Miss Fanny Church is teaching in Pleasantville High School, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Miss Ruth E. Chapman is teaching in Kinderhook, N. Y., this year.

Miss Adelaide G. Wooster has a position in the Haskell Grammar School, at Haskell, N. Y.

Miss Florence E. Woodward is teaching in Pine Bush, N. Y., this year.

Miss Stephanie Wolongiewiez is teaching in the Schenectady High School, and her sister, Miss Frances Wolongiewiez, is at home in Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. Edwin R. Eaton, née Christie Wait, is living at 120 Church St., Greenville, Tenn.



Miss E. B. Sutherland has a position in Tongaloo University, Tongaloo, Miss.

Miss Roberta E. Smyth is teaching at her home, Newburgh, N. Y.

Miss Iona E. Purdy is teaching fourth grade in Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Virginia Kelley is teaching in St. Peter's Academy, Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Earl B. Elmore is principal of the High School at Altamont, N. Y.

### 1913

Miss Madeleine C. Harp is living at her home in Green, Island, N. Y., this year.

Miss Mary C. Connell is teaching Biology and Ancient History in the Watervliet High School, at Watervliet, N. Y.

Miss Lillian E. Lomrée is teaching domestic science in the Amsterdam High School.

Miss Gertrude E. MacKey is teaching Biology in the Troy High School, Troy, N. Y.

Miss Helen G. McGrath has a position in the Troy Y. W. C. A.

Miss Helena Mills is teaching in the Mary Warren School, in Troy, N. Y.

Miss Margaret S. McLean is teaching Domestic Science in the Bennington, Vt., High School.

Miss Katrina Van Dyke is teaching in Lowville, N. Y., this year.

### Faculty

There have been many teachers' conventions held in the State during the past month, and our College



has been well represented at several of these. Dr A. R. Brubacher, Prof. W. C. Decker, Prof. H. B. Smith, Prof. J. K. M. Berry, Prof. A. W. Risley, Miss E. Perine and Miss M. L. Van Liew attended the State Teachers' Convention at Rochester, N. Y., November 22nd-24th. Prof. Risley gave a "Discussion of Teaching of Peace and War in American History." Prof. Decker spoke on the "Progress Which the Licensing of Modern Language Teaching has made in 1914-1915."

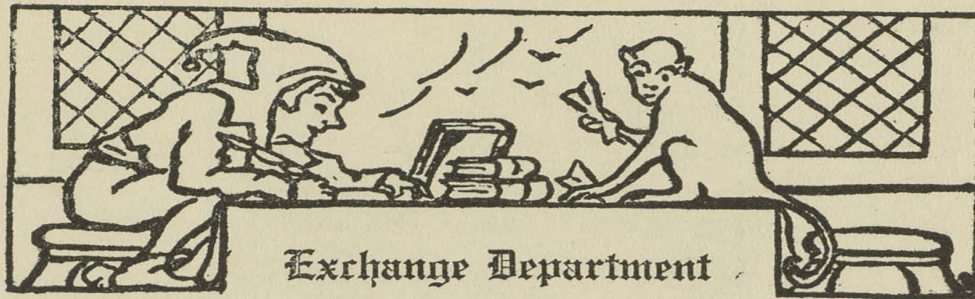
Prof. J. M. Sayles spoke at a Teachers' Convention in Riverhead, Suffolk Co., L. I.

Prof. H. W. Hastings delivered an address on November 19th, at the Washington County Teachers' Institute, at Greenwich, N. Y.

Dr. L. A. Blue delivered an address at the Association of Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland, held at Philadelphia, Pa.







THE ECHO acknowledges the following exchanges: *The Concordiensis*, Union; *The Cornell Era*, Cornell; *The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross; *The Mount Holyoke*, Mt. Holyoke; *The Ridge*, William Smith; *The Sagebrush*, University of Nevada; *The Westminster Holcad*, Westminster.

Again we are happy to report a new exchange, *The Cornell Era*, of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. *The Era* has an exceedingly large number of excellent cuts, which give an idea of the "doings" of other colleges as well as of Cornell. The advertisements in *The Era* are also unusual. Here we find advertisements from New York, Albany, Rochester, and many other cities. Now we understand how *The Era* can have such wonderful cuts. In a rather poor "Rhyme" we read that

"The fair Co-eds  
United heads

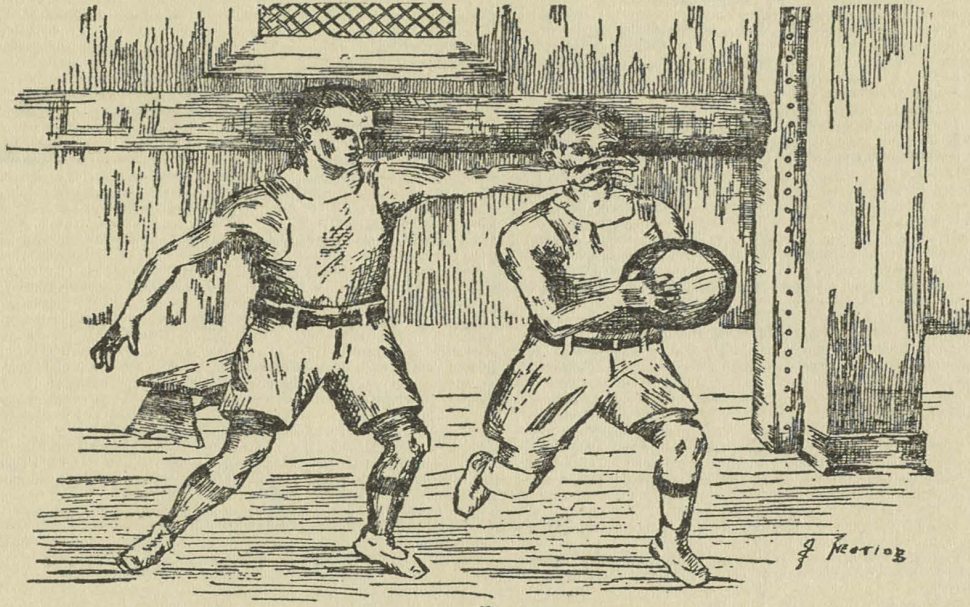
And now can boast a paper."

Bravo, Co-eds! Seven hundred women ought to have a fine one.

*The Mount Holyoke* has a splendid literary department. The story, "Bringing the Poor Things Back," is very interesting and original, and the poetry is excellent. "Hedge Rows or Mountains," however, treats of a rather time-worn and threadbare subject. The alumnae department is especially praiseworthy.

What do you think about us?





## Athletic Department

### Basket Ball

The basket ball season is well under way and so far has surpassed last year's in all respects. It was opened in a very auspicious manner on Nov. 19th, when the Purple and Gold clashed with the Alumni Faculty five. As was to be expected, the varsity had no serious opposition to contend with. It was the old story of a well-conditioned team playing a five not trained and unused to one another. Yet the game was interesting and the cheers of the large crowd present spurred the men of the Faculty five to do their utmost. This resulted in some very pretty individual work on the part of Ellner and Mackler, two former varsity stars. The score:



## S. C. T. FACULTY-ALUMNI

	F. B.	F. P.	T. P.
Ellner, r. f. ....	3	0	6
Mackler, l. f. ....	3	1	7
Robertson, c. ....	2	2	6
Powers, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Swaim, l. g. ....	1	0	2
	—	—	—
Total .....	9	3	21

## S. C. T.

	F. B.	F. P.	T. P.
Gowey, r. f. ....	8	0	16
Fitzgerald, l. f. ....	7	8	22
O'Connell, c. ....	4	0	8
Jones, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Curtis, l. g. ....	1	0	2
Hohaus, r. f. ....	1	0	2
	—	—	—
Total .....	21	8	50

Referee — Walker-Jones. Scorer — Marden.

Score at half-time — 22-10.

On Dec. 3rd, one of the big games of the season took place in Troy when S. C. T. opposed the R. P. I. five on the latter's floor. R. P. I., who in former years was wont to look upon this game as a mere practice session, was given a bad scare and woke up to the fact that the Purple and Gold are indeed worthy opponents for any team. The first half ended with a score of 8-5, but in the last period the large floor began to tell on our five and the final score stood 24-13, which is not bad at all. The large



number that accompanied the team to Troy was encouraging. Let it continue.

The Score:

R. P. I.

	F. B.	F. P.	T. P.
Howard, r. f. ....	0	3	3
McManus, l. f. ....	5	0	10
Woolsey, c. ....	4	1	9
MacDonald, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Goodell, l. g. ....	1	0	2
Hurrell, r. g. ....	0	0	0
End, l. g. ....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Total .....	10	4	24

S. C. T.

	F. B.	F. P.	T. P.
Gowey, r. f. ....	1	0	2
Fitzgerald, l. f. ....	1	9	11
O'Connell, c. ....	0	0	0
Jones, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Curtis, l. g. ....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Total .....	2	9	13

Referee — Bernhard. Scorer — Marden.

Score at half time — 8-5.

The S. C. T. Reserves played their first game on Nov. 23, when they faced the Troy Boys' Club in the S. C. T. gym. The game was fast and exciting. The Trojans were not used to our floor and fouled repeatedly, thus losing the game.



The score:

TROY BOYS' CLUB

	F. B.	F. P.	T. P.
Conners, r. f. ....	4	0	8
Capel, l. f. ....	3	0	6
Frazee, c. ....	1	1	3
Conery, r. g. ....	5	0	10
Sippitt, l. g. ....	2	1	5
Boetger, r. f. ....	2	0	4
	—	—	—
Total .....	17	2	36

S. C. T. 2ND

	F. B.	F. P.	T. P.
Swaim, r. f. ....	8	16	32
Hohaus, l. f. ....	0	0	0
Robertson, c. ....	0	0	0
Carr, l. g. ....	2	0	4
Curtis, r. f. ....	1	0	2
	—	—	—
Total .....	11	16	38

Referee — Harwich. Scorer — Shevlin.

Score at half-time — 15-14.

Girls' Athletic Association

Several enthusiastic meetings have been held during the past month, at which time a number of important features have been discussed and developed into realities. A "gym frolic" for members of the Association was planned for the evening of Friday, December 10th, the President appointing the following committees in charge of this affair: Arrange-



ments — Minnie Feder, Sybil Wager, Adelaide Hill. Refreshments — Marie Schnitzler, Bertelle Warnham, Katherine La Rose. As all future gym frolics will be for members only, all girls who have not joined the Association are urged to pay their dues *now*. We do not wish to have you miss these good times, so join our ranks early!

Cheer leaders to direct the singing and cheering of the various classes at the inter-class games have also been chosen. Under the leadership of the following enthusiastic girls the inspiration given to the class teams should be greater than ever before.

Seniors .....	Marjorie Bacheller
Juniors .....	May Snow
Sophomores .....	Dorothy Robinson
Freshmen .....	Delia Ross

The series of inter-class games is about to start, and every girl in the college owes it to her class team to come out and witness the contests. All of these games will be worth seeing, and the faithfulness and devotion of the members of all the squads deserve to be rewarded by your enthusiasm and hearty support. Don't be afraid to come out and cheer your team to victory!







The Cook (in *London Opinion*) — Sir! Sir! There's a Zeppelin outside and if you don't come wi' the keys of the cellar, we'll all be in — in Heaven in a couple of minutes!

The Curate — God Forbid! — *Literary Digest*.

---

A teacher tells this story as illustrating the curious association of ideas in children's minds. "I do love Bruce," one of her small pupils exclaimed in ecstasy. "He's so awfully dastardly. There's nothing under Heaven that he doesn't dast to do." — *Rochester Post-Express*.

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#### *Fond*

"Why all these toots as you pass that village?" inquired the fireman.

"Toots is my wife's pet name," explained the engineer. — *Literary Digest*.

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Do we ever tire of the efforts of Young America to put lucidly before the examiners his own peculiar conception of the dark meaning underlying some of our everyday terms and facts of history? If so, I fear we shall turn with a bored sigh from what follows, but if not, with what avidity shall we devour the knowledge that —

"The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene oil."



"The four animals belonging to the cat family are the father cat, the mother cat, and the two little kittens."

"The first governor of Massachusetts was Mr. Salem Witchcraft."

"A blizzard is the inside of a hen."

"Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away."

"When the British got up in the morning and saw the Americans on the opposite hill, they threw up their breakfasts (breastworks)."

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Solicitous Landlady to Gr—c— F——1, '19 — Are you fond of tripe?

G. F.— No, I'm not very fond of fish anyway! ? !

---

Supercilious Soph — My dear young friend, wireless telephony is yet in its infancy!

Precocious Frosh — Some infant! It was heard from Washington, D. C., to the Sandwich Islands the other day!

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### *Synthesis*

At a recent religious convention held in Ohio, Snuffie, the cabman, was approached by three excited delegates, each of whom desired to be driven in different directions. One wished to go to St. Paul's Cathedral, another to St. Peter's, and a third to St. Luke's. Snuffie, after a moment's reflection, ushered the three into his cab and drove them to All Saints' Cathedral.



*Suggested Improvements in N. Y. S. C. T.*

A few cozy corners here and there around the buildings for those who desire a secluded nook and must perforce converse cold-bloodedly before the eager eyes of the common herd.

Two-story benches for the halls. As floor-space is lacking, we must, like the dwellers of Manhattan, utilize the space going to waste above us.

An octopus arrangement on each floor to draw Y. W. C. A. girls to their weekly meetings.

A supplement of the masculine element in that budding college organization, el Circulo Español.





### Merry Christmas

THE ECHO takes this opportunity of wishing those who advertise within its covers, a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.— *Adv. Mgrs.*

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#### Index to Advertisers

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Who Owns The Echo?



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## THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROBIN

TEA



ROOM

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

*All Home Made*

31 STEUBEN STREET,

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

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## THE COLLEGE JEWELER

AROUND THE CORNER

Come and see our Pretty Xmas Novelties at Most Reasonable Prices

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A Christmas 10% will be given to all Students

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Second door below State Street

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Who Publishes The Echo?



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*and*  
Interwoven Cashmere Socks  
for Comfort

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We don't think you ever tasted anything that will strike your sweet tooth so pleasantly.

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There is only one fault with them—they always make you want more.

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Who Should Support The Echo?



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*Florists*

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Park Branch, 200 Washington Ave.

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