



-THE-ECHO-



SEPTEMBER, 1910 ALBANY, NEW YORK

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THE ECHO

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THE ECHO

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XIX

SEPTEMBER, 1910

No. I

Literay Department

1911 Class Song

Tune—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old" By Thomas Moore

Dear memories now are the years just past, As we wait for the dawning morrow, When all our search for the jewels which last Shall be crowned with joy, not sorrow. As we stand with our banners of truth and right To struggle for wisdom's guerdon. We hear the glad anthem and see the bright light Of those who have borne the burden.

Undaunted we march to the fields they fought, Our youth finding courage in daring: The burdens, the sorrows, we count as naught, We waste not our strength in despairing. Oh, comrades dear, strong bound to our hearts By ties which no time can sever, Sweet memory will cheer, though our ways may part Till we meet in the Glad Forever. EDITH W. SCOTT, 1911.

"American Types"

It is a striking and instructive commentary on the development of our civilization that the old self-nourished business houses of England, handed down from father to son, are giving way to the ever-changing, ever-freshened corporation, with its constant infusion and assimilation of new ideas and new blood. It is only a confirmation of our well-established doctrine, "the survival of the fittest." It is just so with a nation—with our nation. A mixture of new types of constantly freshening doctrines has produced an ever-changing "one-type," possessed of all the virtues of its many components, which has made it the admiration of the world—the American type. He, to-day, represents the product of centuries of assimilation of the best that existed in those hordes of men, who, though spurred on by varied incentives, ever sought in this "sweet land of liberty" the one common object, a broader life.

Through the centuries we can trace the molding and changing of the American type in accordance as the political and economic conditions of the world changed. For, as different nations become represented in America, new types appear, which, in a surprisingly short time, cast aside those things created by long ages of persecution and neglect, and become strictly American in principle, patriotism and ideals.

In the first century of the colonization of America came the Pilgrims and Puritans, seeking in America a haven for freedom from the religious persecution, and finding it. We see in those pages of the past, the Puritan standing out in bold relief, the man of strong character, earnest, sober-minded and sincere, actuated in all things by a deep religious principle, and never disloyal to his conviction of duty. But next to his religion he loved education, and even in the wilderness, while the wolf prowled about the log house, and the cry of the wild-cat was still heard,

the school and even the college were established. These form the very foundation of the high standing of the American as he is to-day, for, "purity and virtue are generally the offspring of an enlightened understanding." The Puritan stands forth,

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale and mid-way leaves the storm, Though 'round his breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

After him came the Huguenots and Dutch, merging with the original Yankee. They rapidly lost their native language and contributed their full share to the eminence of the growing nation. The Huguenots were a select class of people, manufacturers and merchants, the most intelligent and enterprising of Frenchmen in the seventeenth century. The direct migration from France has never included many peasants and wage-earners, but has been limited to adventurers and the educated classes. The Huguenot of the colonial times, with his severe morality, marked charity, elegant manners and thrifty habits, has borne a proud part in the development of the American character.

The doctrines of Reformation of the Old World, adapted, as they were, to the strong individualism of the Germanic races, prepared the hearts of these men for the doctrines of political liberty and constitutional government in the New World. So we see a great Germanic migration, eagerly seeking refuge in the homes prepared for them in the cities of "Brotherly Love," founded by their great-souled leader, William Penn. In that it was the only colony that tolerated all phases of religion, and that all branches of races, Pennsylvania set the original type to which all of America has conformed, that of race intermixture on the basis of religious and political equality.

Among the most virile and aggressive people who settled in this country, they who contributed their peculiar share to the American character, were the Scotch-Irish. From the earliest settlements they were men of action,—generals, politicians, captains of industry,—the pioneers. From this sturdy stock are descended George B. McClellan, Horace Greeley, William Mc-Kinley, Andrew Carnegie and a long list of others, famous in the more strenuous movements of American life. The greed of absentee landlords in their native country became so intolerable that, in the resulting struggle for livlihood, homeless poverty was fitter to survive than ambitious thrift. So the Scotch-Irish folk were forced to seek a broader field which they found only in America. Owing to the already settled condition of the eastern coast, they were pushed further on to the interior, to become the frontiersmen. The great stream flowed through the Shennandoah valley, on in the foothill regions of Virginia, gradually past the great blue wall of the Allegany mountains, hewing their way through the woods of Kentucky and Tennes-They fought the Indians, protected the older inhabitants from inroads, and developed those pioneer qualities which, for a hundred years, have characterized the winning of the west. Trained as they were, in the representative democracy of the Scottish kirk, when thrown on their own resources in the wilderness, they took the lead in developing that western type, which, in politics and patriotism, became ultimately the American A. BOOCHEEVER. type.

In this treatment of "American Types" we have tried to give our readers a fairly comprehensive discussion of a really "live" topic. Because of its length we are printing it in serial form; and at its close we are hoping to have other members of the student body or even one of the Faculty carry on the same topic, treating other phases of the subject. This is bound to be interesting if others do their part.

The first issue of a college paper may have some fair excuse for not containing a great amount of literary material, but the editors can give no excuse for the second issue, provided that the college students supply us with material. Stories, long or short, poems, real or imitations, essays, serious or otherwise, will all be considered and welcomed. We are looking especially to the Freshmen. New people of necessity must mean new interests, a new outlook upon life, and new talents. Let the college know about your ability through the proper medium, your "College Paper."

SETTING SAIL

We look far out o'er life's rolling ocean
That beckons and calls at our feet,
We see the strong souls who have sailed before us,
Who have braved the storm 'mid the wild waves' chorus;
We watch the wreck and the wild commotion
Where the rock and the whirlpool meet,
The white sailed shallop, unknown to story,
The Red-cross fleet in its strength and glory,
The Pilot boats that cheer and greet.

We look far out o'er life's rolling ocean
That beckons and calls at our feet.
We study the chart spread out before us,
We plan our course by the stars hung o'er us,
As we steer our bark with stedfast devotion
And hearts unchilled by defeat.
For each ship must sail to every to-morrow,
Through the current of joy or the shoal of sorrow,
In its own chosen place in the fleet.

"1913."

WHICH?

First Picture

I stretched myself full length upon the grass,
And watched the clouds in fleecy phantoms pass,
Idling in bliss the glorious summer day,
And casting the thought of school-time far away,
Casting from me thoughts of Greek and Math,
And other mysteries, rising in my path;
Filling my heart, instead, of summer's pleasures,
Longing to forever keep her treasures;
How blissful to lie and dream upon the grass,
Watching the beauty-laden hours pass!

1912

Second Picture, and the Choice.

We have returned to the dear halls from which for a brief time we have been absent. Forgotten now are the green fields, the wandering fancies and the sweet lazy hours of summer time. We must greet old friends; miss the familiar faces who have passed to higher fields; make strangers feel the delightful home spirit which our beautiful Alma Mater awakens in all our hearts; and discover in that kindness new friends.

Joyously we undertake the tasks which the year will bring, and long eagerly, not for the reward, but to merit the "well done" which faithful attention to lessons, untiring devotion to duty, and unselfish giving of our best, will earn. Inaction is not achievement, striving is more than victory. The choice is there.

Surely to us who know, there is no room for choice; Let's strive—not "lie all day upon the grass Watching clouds in fleecy phantoms pass."

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An hour of rest is sweeter, richer, and happier after it has been earned.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'
Yet sadder are these, we daily see
'It is, but hadn't ought to be.'"

CUI BONO?

12

The lazy man has some advantages over the active man, after all. The two types are like two rivers, one a meandering creek of the plains, the other a mountain torrent rushing along pellmell.

"Why all this hustle and bustle?" asks the placid stream, and whither away at such unseemly pace?"

And the torrent replies, "I have my Work to do. I make the wheels go round at seven mills 'twixt here and the sea. Were I sluggish and slothful as you, the mills couldn't grind their grain. Brace up, follow me, and make your life worth while!"

But the calm little river is unperturbed. "Ah, yes," it makes answer, "I grant that if it weren't for you the grain would remain unground—but nowadays folks think the whole kernel is more beneficial anyway. And what's the use, really now, of tearing along your way bound up in yourself and your Mission in life? God wouldn't care if you didn't 'turn the wheels of seven mills," as you boast. He has planted the flowers along our banks that we may enjoy them. As I pass along I pause to kiss a buttercup here, a violet there, but you plunge along to get at your old mill wheels, often, in fact, uprooting the little flowers and carrying them along in your cruel grasp. Little

children come and bathe in my waters, and what delight do I furnish them! But you go roaring by and the little ones fear you and shun you. Rest up a bit, my brother, be more gentle, and you will cease to desire to make your life worth while—for it will be worth while."

HARLEY COOK.

A HAT'S A HAT FOR A' THAT

Did you just see that gay bonnet,
With feathers, bows, and a' that?
Such a strange thing we ne'er have met,
But they call't a hat for a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
The basket shape, an' a' that,
The cost is thirty dollars, like;
But the hat's a hat for a' that!

What tho' the head is nearly hid,
And the brain compressed with a' that;
The thing may still be called a "lid,"
And a hat's a hat for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
The flowers and beads and a' that;
Inverted pans, though e'er so tall,
Keep off the rain for a' that.

See that affair of mushroom form,
With birds and fruit and a' that,
Tho' hundreds long to put it on,
'Tis but a hat for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Its maker, cost, and a' that;

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A man, with derby, cap, and such, Can see no sense to a' that.

These bonnets show we're up to date
On the latest out, and a' that.
We know the reason men debate
'Tis sour grapes and a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Their reasoning and a' that;
They can't get 'round the simple truth,
A hat's a hat for a' that.

But let us hope that this strange fight
'Twixt large and small and a' that,
'Twixt tall and short, heavy and light,
May gain some end through a' that
For a' that an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that
When common sense, as well as style,
Shall standard be, for a' that.

ELIZABETH G. SCOTT.

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Editorial Department

Faculty and Student Body-Greeting:

We sincerely hope that rest and change have repaired the damages wrought by our deficiencies upon those who direct our paths; and that they will manifest their interest in The Echo by pointing out to us its defects.

Some of us now say "back again" for the last time. Let these consider that, probably, after this last year, the opportunity to assemble with hundreds of their fellowmen actuated by the same desires, aims, and interests, will never recur. Therefore, let us support by personal attendance any and every gathering, whether directly interested in its purpose or not. Surely, three years of college work have been sufficient to direct our future study. We should gain from our fourth year what books alone can never give, variety of taste, breadth of view, the joy of service, and strong ties of friendship.

Some there are who still look forward to future reunions. Whether those events shall be pleasurable depends not upon the past, but upon the immediate future. If your former efforts have been successful, "Don't put off till next year what you can crowd into this." In proportion to your adherence to this rule will be your liberty in choice and quantity of work next year. If failure arouses your regret, believe that the knowledge thus gained of your own weakness but the better prepares you for more earnest endeavor.

Some can in no way realize all that is involved in the failure or the success of the first year. To them we would say, "Did hard." This means, give up many things that you enjoyed

most in high school, but if your first year is satisfactory the struggle is more than half won. One thing more. Don't fail to keep an accurate record of every work of literature mentioned in any class. You won't consider that you have any time for outside reading now, but later this record will open to you sources of enjoyment that cannot be over-estimated.

Should instructors of the youth of this land spend the most of their time and effort in widening in every possible way the opportunities of the especially brilliant members of their classes at the expense of the dullards who would probably never rise above the mediocre? On the other hand, should the teacher's endeavors be expanded toward the "leveling process" in the class-room on the ground that the bright ones can take care of themselves?

Johns Hopkins University spends years in polishing one student, selected from a class composed of hundreds, and turns out one *tip-top* man.

The University of Chicago has arranged its courses so that the time required to obtain a degree depends upon the ability of the student. If you can cover the ground in two years, the degree is yours; if you can't cover it in ten, you must still continue to work for your degree. Non-resident students who have exceptional ability, but are obliged to maintain themselves, may go there a short period, leave long enough to reimburse their funds, and continue studying, the intervening classes having been carried on by correspondence.

These two facts seem to argue for the former proposition. We should like to receive opinions on the subject from anyone, as it involves a question that each of us must decide individually the moment we are placed in the school-room.

A rather "sugar-coated" but intensely interesting course in
English History" may be taken by reading Scott's novels in the
following order:
"Count Robert of Paris," deals with the time of William Rufus
"The Betrothed"
"The Talisman"
"Ivanhoe"
"Castle Dangerous"Edward I
"The Fair Maid of Perth"
"Quentin Geierstein"Edward IV
"Monastary" Elizabeth
"The Abbot" Elizabeth
"Kennilworth" Elizabeth
'The Laird's Jock''
"Fortunes of Nigel"James I
"The Legend of Montrose"James I
"Woodstock"
"Pererial of the Peak"
"Old Mortality"
"The Pirate"
"My Aunt Margaret's Mirror"
"The Bride of Lammermoor"
"The Black Dwarf"Anne
"Rob Roy"George I
"The Heart of Midlothian"George II
"Waverley"George II
"The Highland Widow"George II
"The Surgeon's Daughter"George II and George III
"The Two Drovers"
"Redgauntlet"George III

"The Tapestried Chamber"George	e III
"The Antiquary"George	e III
"St. Ronan's Well"George	e III

WANTED

A College Glee Club—

Our own tennis courts—

A college orchestra—

Library hours from 8 A. M. till 5 P. M.—

A Dramatic Club—

Suitably furnished retiring rooms for the girls who have to spend the entire day about college.

While studying Shakespeare's historical dramas, read "The Last of the Barons," by Sir Bulwer Lytton. Besides the enjoyment gained from the novel, you will obtain saner and more authentic pictures of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Edward IV, Earl of Warwick, "the king-maker;" William de Hastings, and the "upstart" Woodville family. It is written in two volumes but if your time is limited, the first ends satisfactorily.

Make it your habit to consult the bulletin board as soon as you arrive in the building every day.

College News

With an equipment costing over \$5,000, with competent instructors and large interesting classes, the domestic science and industrial courses will add entirely new features to the many absorbing interests of our college life. Mr. Harry B. Smith has charge of the latter. Miss Gertrude Peters, M. A., who has charge of the domestic science department, is a graduate of Columbia University and of the Michigan Agricultural College. Since graduation she has been in charge of a course at the Morehead State Normal School, Maine. More than one hundred students have registered for these courses.

FACULTY

Miss Dennison, '09, has been appointed head of the department of primary methods.

Miss A. Finney, '08, will have charge of the eighth grade.

Miss Garrison will have charge of Domestic Arts.

Mr. Clinton Burke will have charge of the department in woodwork.

SENIOR NOTES

Miss Mary Thomas pledged herself as a student volunteer at Silver Bay this summer.

Miss Amelia Karteluke on July 6th entertained the Misses Watson and Miss Bradshaw at Ballston Lake.

During the week of August 29th Miss Karteluke and Miss Bradshaw were house guests of the Misses Watson at their summer home, the "Willamakra."

Miss Esther K. Rafferty visited at Norwich and Sherburne. Miss May Chant spent a week with Miss Helen Schermerhorn at Poland.

Announcement of the first class meeting will be posted soon enough to enable each and every one in the class to attend. It

is an important part of an important year.

Information upon class matters may be gained from any of the officers:

Ella A. Watson—President.
Florence Wittemier—Vice-President.
Esther Rafferty—Treasurer.
Edna M. Watson—Secretary.

Isabell Bigelman—Reporter.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Class extends to their sister class of 1914 a hearty welcome. Be assured that it will be our pleasure to help anyone of you out of difficulties and over obstacles to the best of our ability. Never feel lonesome for we will be your sincere friends.

We are sorry to lose our classmates, Miss Gertrude Heap and Miss Jessie Wallace. The former will reside in England, where she intends to continue her educational pursuits. The latter will teach in her home town for the coming year.

During the past year, the class was pleased with the efficienty of its officers and we feel certain that the new staff will take up the work with the same zeal and enthusiasm and will be rewarded with the same success:

Ethel Everingham—President. Eva Tillapaugh—Vice-President.

Margaret Jones—Secretary.

Howard Fitzpatrick—Treasurer.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. exists as an association because we have an earnest purpose to unite Christian students in mutual fellowship. We all come to college with an inherited religion which is not really our own. Therefore it is very necessary to arouse this gift within us and make it ours for life. The four years of college should be a part of our lives and not a part from our lives.

Every girl in college needs the influence and help of every other girl. Altho' our help may be very little at first, we may become a strong factor in college life by carefully and faithfully striving to take a personal interest in each other, to be true friends to everyone and to help others. "God's power is made perfect when we are in a state of weakness and the joy of the Lord is our strength."

This year, it is our sincere desire that every student, both old and new, shall have special interest in the Y. W. C. A. work and take active part in it. We need the combined endeavors and cooperation of all and, indeed, none can afford to miss the opportunity for service which exists in college life. Nothing is too great for us to do if we are willing to pay the cost of it. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

It is also hoped that the importance of Silver Bay may be more fully realized this coming year and that more girls will be anxious to attend the student Y. W. C. A. conference held there every summer. The help and strength which one receives there cannot be overestimated.

Emma A. Conant...

If you have not received the Y. W. C. A. hand book ask for one.

The officers of the organization for the coming year are:

Emma A. Conant—President.
Florence Keller—Vice-President.
Grace Becker—Secretary.
Florence Chase—Treasurer.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

If you wish to become ultimately acquainted with the real jolly element in college rather than have a "bowing" acquaintance with all college people, join the Athletic Association. This is the first reason for joining. Then, no matter how skillful you may be in any department of athletics, you can not enter any competitive exercise or exhibition unless you are a member. So join at once. No matter how unskillful you are in any branch of the work you will there find many who, out of their own enthusiasm and good fellowship, will practice with you and help you individually. Therefore, join.

For further information see the President, Mr. Rice; Vice-President, Miss Helen Bennet; Miss Beulah Brandow, Secretary; Mr. Pells, Treasurer, or Miss Florence Keller, Reporter.

A tennis tournament will be arranged for the girls immediately after the opening of college. No trophy was awarded last spring to the champion of the tournament but, to add interest, (if that be necessary) this fall a silver cup will be offered to the winner. During September and October the physical director, Miss Dunsford, will give instructions in tennis.

Regular class work in gymnastics will commence early in November.

Mr. Sherwood, '10, won the championship in the gentlemen's tennis tournament last spring. It was won by default of Mr. McCormick.

PHI DELTA

The semi-annual election of officers shows the following results:

H. J. Fitzpatrick—President.

S. S. Rice-Vice-President.

H. P. Cook—Secretary and Treasurer.

DELTA OMEGA

Anna Fraser—President.

Adele Le Compts—Vice-President.

During the month Beth Veghte will be married to Mr. C. Johnson of Troy.

Beth Everett, Anna Fraser and Effa Vanderzee will leave Lake Avenue to dwell at No. 2 Delaware Avenue.

The Misses Everett and Fraser entertained Miss McCutcheon at their summer camp among Thousand Islands.

We regret that Miss Hazel Bennett finds it impossible to return to college this fall. She will spend the winter at her home in Waterville, New York.

The society extends greetings to each member of the incoming class and will be glad to welcome any of their friends at the society flat, No. 2 Delaware Avenue.

Kappa Delta

Miss Emily Hoag, '10, will remain at home this year. Her sister, Miss Pansy, enters for special work.

Miss Esther Trumbull took several courses in drawing and music this summer at Chautauqua.

Alumni Notes

Commencement week is always a time of many events and this year was no exception to the general rule.

The week began on Sunday with exercises appropriate to the day. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by the Rev. Frank R. Sherwood. Dr. Richardson offered prayer and Mr. Kirtland, Miss Burchard and Miss Kellar, accompanied by Mrs. Kirtland, sang a beautiful trio.

On Monday morning came the class day exercises wherein the grave and haughty Seniors grew frivolous to an amazing degree. Miss Hannigan related the adventures of her class during their four years of college and Miss Hoag amused the audience with her clever prophecy, appropriately using the comet in her "stage-setting." The crowning event of the morning, however, was the gift to the college of a beautiful window placed over the door of the western entrance. The window is a thing of beauty and the spirit prompting it should be admired and emulated throughout the college. After the indoor exercises were concluded the audience and graduates went out on the lawn. There, standing in friendly groups, they listened with much pleasure to Miss Fitzpatrick's Ivy oration.

In the afternoon of the same day the college people rested from their labors and the High School students took their turn. The essays were well written and the address given by William B. Jones of the Chamber of Commerce, inspiring. From this class we are expecting some brilliant minds aspiring to climb to the housetop of fame by the S. N. C. ladder.

On Tuesday morning the auditorium was filled with guests assembled for the graduation exercises. The address of the morning was given by the Reverend Dr. William Herman Hopkins. Dr. Milne followed this with a shorter one and a Greek motto for the Seniors, signifying, "Conduct yourselves as men."

The motto was given to the Seniors but The Echo is of the opinion that, with Dr. Milne's permission, the whole college would better adopt it at once. After the presentation of the diplomas, the faculty and Alumni repaired to Room 150 to try the fineness of their sense of taste. The test occupied them until 4 o'clock, but we have been told that "Tongue" was one of the chief things on the menu, which probably accounts for the length of time consumed.

At four o'clock in the main hall, Dr. Husted unveiled the memorial tablet. This tablet is erected in memory of the Normal students who died in the war. We are proud of our soldier dead and we are proud of our living soldier and scholar who presented the tablet to the State. Mr. Draper, Commissioner of Education, made the speech of acceptance and Professor Kirtland read a patriotic poem composed for the occasion.

Then the last farewells were said and one more class went forth "to fields and pastures new." Farewell, Seniors! Go forth to your labors. Make new friends, but forget not the old. Teach the youth to look up and not down, and thus win for yourselves the two brightest stars in any crown: the approval of your fellow men and a clear conscience.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Mary Doremus, '08, will resume her work at Ulster Academy as teacher of mathematics.

Miss Florence McKinlay will be assistant teacher in science at Troy High School.

Miss Mary Denbrow, '10, divided her summer between Georgia and Montreal. She will teach at Jamesbury, New Jersey. Miss May Foyle, '10, was entertained for a week during the summer by Miss Schemerhorn at Poland. She will teach at Brewster, N. Y.

Mr. Vincent Brown, '08, has secured a position in Utica as head of departmental schools at a salary of \$1500.

Miss Pauline Rockwell, '08, will not teach this year. She is to be married to Mr. Springfellow of Missouri and a graduate of R. P. I.

Miss Florence Brown, '08, is to teach in Fulton, her home town.

Miss Florence Burchard, '09, has been appointed teacher of English at Norwich.

Miss Grace Van Auken, '10, will return for extra work this fall.

Miss Florence Mary Schemerhorn, '08, on September 2, was married to Mr. Allen Murray of Margaretville, N. Y.

Miss Mina Lisette Fitzschke, '08, at Utica, was married on August 30th, 1910, to Mr. Charles Darby Hynson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spurgeon Brown announce the marriage of their sister, Luella Viola Carnrite, '08, to Mr. Howard Putman De Graff, on August 10th, in Amsterdam.

On August 4th, 1910, Miss Marion Everett, 1900, and Mr. C. W. Hubbell were married in Yonkers.

Mrs. James Roosa announces the marriage of her daughter, Mabel, '08, to Mr. Charles Moore, on Wednesday, June 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mack announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Florence Isacel, '08, to Mr. Winfield L. Morse, on August 11th, at Vergennes, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Drevenstedt announce the marriage of their daughter, Fanny, '05, to Mr. W. H. Elliott, on June 20th, 1910, at Manila, P. I.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sharpe announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Amelia, '06, to Mr. H. O. Van Tuyl, on July 2nd, at Cobleskill, N. Y.

Mrs. C. B. Sullivan, '07, (nee Flora B. Randall) will be at home at No. 88 South Allen Street, after September 18th.

LEAVES FROM A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

Tuesday, September 13—To cry or not to cry—that is the question. I've stood before the mirror (it's dreadfully small, too) for a whole half hour saying "You know your face looks like an ugly beet when you cry; you know your eyes swell up like balloons; you know your nose shines with a shine that won't come off; and you know you're homely anyway, so you just quit wanting to cry." And I haven't either—haven't cried, I mean.

Well, to begin at the commencement of the beginning of things. After many trials and tribulations I arrived in Albany early this afternoon, and in the depot an awfully dear girl took me under her wing and we went up to the college and met some other dear girls. The buildings are fine, and I was so glad to see a lot of other girls who looked as if they had balls of ache in their throats just like mine. They asked me if I had a room mate yet, and then introduced me to a tall girl who looked artistic, and I noticed her melancholy eyebrows right off. So we started room hunting, feeling as if there were "no dwelling more by the sea or shore," or anywhere else. My room mate was so calm and cool and collected, (I wonder if the English teacher likes ob-

literations?) and I was so flustered and flurried and fidgety (I wonder if he does) that all I could think of was that picture of Sir Edwin Landseer's, called "Dignity and Prudence." And I told her about it—and oh, look, I'm glad I'm not artistic looking. She just bent those brows of hers and said, "How very silly!" I guess she didn't like to be compared to a dog.

Oh dear, I don't get on with my story quite fast. Finally we found this room and we're here because we—because we're here. We've not settled, but I got out all the pictures of the home people and stuck them right up on the dresser. And what do you think? My room mate lacks originality. She did the same thing; then we had a regular tooth to tooth over it—she wanted her mother's picture in the very place I wanted my mother's picture. I'm not going to like her. Finally she flounced off and said I was evidently spoiled anyhow, and I was a selfish thing, and she wished she'd never seen me, and she wished she were home anyway. And then she cried, and I felt sorry, and I threw her a chocolate drop, and she flung it back—and it hit my face and broke. Then I blazed up—and, oh dear book, I'm crying.

Wednesday, September 14—Classified to-day. I'll never pass a thing. I must say, of all the silly people the old girls are the worst. They throw themselves on each other's necks, and talk so fast they don't talk at all, and kiss each other's noses even. It's not only silly, but it's inconsiderate to the Freshmen. But I can do it next year, too—if I live this year thro'.

Thursday, September 15—The old girls are coming back. They don't hurry much. There are two Seniors who board here. They say the Latin teacher flunks everyone who wears a hair ribbon. I've decided to take mine off. I've found a nickname for my room mate—Flopsy-Wopsy—because she flops her head every time I open my lips. She doesn't like it, but it is capable of so many variations that I'm going to keep it.

Friday, September 16—I feel as if I had been dyed in a double solution of indigo. I failed in every one of my classes to-day, and some of the teachers glared at me. Everybody is

talking about receptions, and I don't care if I don't go to one, and I want to go home. And I wore a green dress to-day, and everybody said it was so "appropriate;" I said "Why?" Then they all laughed, and even yet I don't understand. They said I was a "verdant Freshman" all right.

And yet, in spite of it all, I feel in my bones that I shall be very happy here in S. N. C. I'm just going to wrap all my fears in a bundle and press them way down into my heart. Then I'm going to cover them up with my hopes, and stretch out my hands to receive all the joy this college can give. I am singing over and over that dear song of Riley's to keep up my courage:

Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And thro' all the coming years—
Just be glad!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

We are all glad to be back again to the joys and mysteries of sophomorism. Guided by our newly elected offcers we hope our ship will be led with rich cargo to a safe harbor.

Harley Cook—Captain.

Jessie Haskins—First Mate.

Henry Steer-Second Mate.

Anton Schneider-Purse-er.

Anna Boochever—Clerk.

It is with pleasure that we have learned that Mr. Allison has proved himself among those who can "come back."

Our sincere sympathy and hopes for a speedy recovery are extended to Mr. Hargraves, who is now suffering with a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Heartiest congratulations to our former class-mate Edith McMinn, as she embarks on the sea of matrimony with Mr. Charles Wolcott as companion.

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