

THE  
ECHO



November 1908

A COLLEGE JOURNAL

STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

ALBANY, N.Y.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# The Warren Company

Makers and Retailers of

High Grade Emblematic Jewelry, Class Pins,  
Fraternity Emblems, Athletic Medals, Cups, etc.,  
of Special Design. : : : : :

Department of Stationery and Engraving offers what is best in Class Stationery, Commencement Announcements, Class Day Booklets, Dance Orders, etc. Wedding Stationery, Visiting or Name Cards, Fine Writing Papers, die stamped, Personal Monograms, Address Dies. Correspondence Invited. A house known for the reliability and honesty of its goods.

489 Fifth Avenue

New York City

## Steefel Brothers Fall Suits for the Younger Men

THIS season's presentation of distinctive styles for young men is the most comprehensive and effective we have ever assembled. Besides the most efficient designing, we have had at our command the highest standard of workmanship and the most carefully selected materials, securing the highest possible degree of perfection in wearing apparel for young men.

The new colorings are shown in their most effective shades—browns, olives, heather, elephant, mode, light and dark grays.

The prices are \$8.00 to \$30.00.

Steefel Brothers

# The Echo

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

## LISTEN and THINK

The members of the State Normal College are many. They come from many places and are spending money in Albany. This directly and indirectly is helping every business man in Albany. Some of the business men of Albany are helping them by paying for advertising space in the "Echo." Others are not. Students, we can not dictate where you shall trade, but we can suggest, request, Urge that you show appreciation of those who help you by giving as much of your patronage as possible to our advertisers. Think it over.

BUSINESS MANAGER

## Editorial Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	ROY C. VAN DENBERG
ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	LEONA EATON
EDITOR LITERARY DEPARTMENT	EMILY HOAG
EDITOR NEWS DEPARTMENT	FANNIE PAWEL
EDITOR ALUMNI DEPARTMENT	LOUISE HERSEY
EDITOR EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	
DIRECTOR ART DEPARTMENT	GENEVIEVE BROOKE
BUSINESS MANAGER	ADRIANZEN
	FLOYD H. CASE
	308 Hudson Ave.
ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER	JAMES STORRER
REPORTERS OF COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS	
Y. W. C. ASSOCIATION	MABEL TALLMADGE
DELTA OMEGA SORORITY	ANNA FRASER
ETA PHI SORORITY	DAISY ANDRUS
KAPPA DELTA SORORITY	MAY CHANT
PSI GAMMA SORORITY	MARY HOTALING
PHI DELTA FRATERNITY	JAMES HAUPIN
SENIOR CLASS	MISS THOMAS
JUNIOR CLASS	ETHEL C. LUCAS
SOPHOMORE CLASS	BERTHA BOTT
FRESHMAN CLASS	MISS LA COMPTE

Contributions are solicited from alumni and undergraduates, the only requisites being merit and the name of the author accompanying the article. Matter must be in before the tenth of the month.

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

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

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

Wedding and Christmas  
Gifts

—AT—

The Van Heusen Charles Co.  
ALBANY, N. Y.

We lead in everything but  
prices

JOHNSON  
Tailor

35 Maiden Lane  
Albany, N. Y.

# AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Publishers of the Leading School  
and College Text-Books



100 Washington Square  
New York City

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Literary	
October (Poems).....	31-32
The True Spirit of Thanksgiv- ing.....	33
Autumn by Old Ontario (Poem)	34
Moving Day (A Story).....	35-39
Our New Building (Poem)....	39
Old Albany .....	39-41
Editorial .....	42-43
News.....	44-50
Alumni Notes.....	50-52
Exchange.....	52-53
Review .....	53-55

## STUDENTS!!!

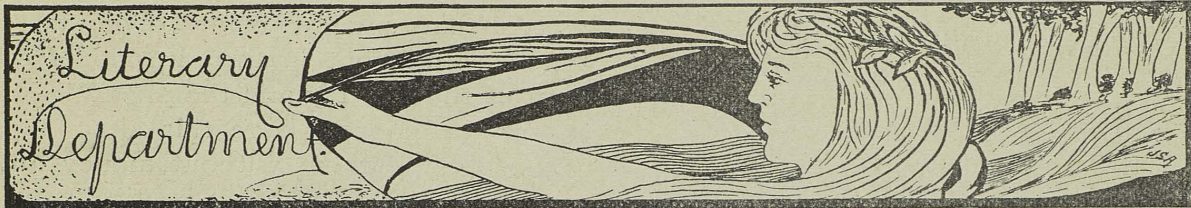
Here is something to interest you. Just listen! "The Echo" is going to give away two of the latest and most popular books, namely: "The Circular Staircase," by Mary R. Rinehart and "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," by Meredith Nicholson, *You* can have one of them if you want it. In order, however, to give every student a fair chance to win one of these books, we offer them as a prize for the two best stories handed in to "The Echo" on or before November 27, 1908. These stories which must have at least one thousand words will be judged on their general form, style, composition, and, not least of all, their freshness and interest. The writer of the best story will have his choice of the two books while the other book will go to the author of the second best contribution. Look at the reviews of these books given on another page of this issue and see if they are not worth an effort.

# THE ECHO

Vol. 17]

ALBANY, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1908

[No. 2



## October.

### I.

Bending above the spicy woods which  
blaze,  
Arch skies so blue they flash and hold  
the sun  
Immeasurably far; the waters run  
Too slow, so freighted are the river-  
ways  
With gold of elms and birches from the  
maze  
Of forests, chestnuts, clicking one by  
one,  
Escape from satin burs; her fringes  
done,  
The gentian spreads them out in sunny  
days,  
And, like late revelers at dawn, the  
chance  
Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things  
assail,  
And conquering, flush and spin; while,  
to enhance  
The spell, by sunset door, wrapped  
in a veil  
Of red and purple mists, the summer  
pale,  
Steals back alone for one more song and  
dance.

### II.

The month of carnival of all the year,  
When Nature lets the wild earth go its  
way,  
And spend whole seasons on a single  
day  
The spring-time holds her white and  
purple dear;  
October, lavish flaunts them far and  
near;  
The summer charily her reds doth lay  
Like jewels on her costliest array;  
October, scornful, burns them on a  
bier.  
The winter hoards his pearls of frost in  
sign  
Of kingdom: whiter pearls than winter  
knew,  
Or Empress wore, in Egypt's ancient  
line,  
October, feasting 'neath her dome of  
blue,  
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered  
through  
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine.

### October's Bright Blue Weather.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,  
Belated, thriftless vagrant,  
And golden-rod is dying fast  
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight  
To save them for the morning,  
And chestnuts fall from satin burs  
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie  
In piles like jewels shining,  
And redder still on old stone walls  
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things,  
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,  
And in the fields, still green and fair  
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks  
In idle golden freighting,  
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush  
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country  
haunts  
By twos and twos together,  
And count like misers hour by hour  
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,  
Count all your boasts together,  
Love loveth best of all the year  
October's bright blue weather.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

This group of poems may be considered Nature Studies. They show that the author was a close observer of nature in all her varied loveliness. She tells us what we have all seen—not with the poet's "inner eye"—but careless of the message of the season. The beauty of these poems is found, not only in the words that suggest color, odor, taste, touch, sound, but in the out-door freedom of the country and the joy of living where the poorest have this abundance spread before them without money and without price. The finest poetical touch however, is not in the descriptive lines but in those that reveal the necessity of companionship for the complete enjoyment and appreciation of nature's gifts so lavishly bestowed on man.

The accompanying poem by Bryant shows his attitude toward the flower mentioned in two of the foregoing. He makes it a symbol and perhaps finds in it a deeper spiritual truth than is evident in Mrs. Jackson's observation of it.

MARGARET S. MOONEY.

---

### The Fringed Gentian.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own  
blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs  
unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden  
nest.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
 Look through its fringes to the sky,  
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
 When woods are bare and birds have  
 flown,  
 And frosts and shortening days portend  
 The aged year is near his end.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
 The hour of death draw near to me,  
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
 May look to heaven as I depart.

### The True Spirit of Thanksgiving.

*Written by Request for THE ECHO.*

By MARY A. McCLELLAND.

The spirit of Thanksgiving is a spirit called gratitude. Thanksgiving, at any time, is the form; gratitude is the content. The giving of thanks is the body; a sense of benefits received is the soul that animates it. Thanks may be given by thought, by look, by word, by deed. But the thought must be there, no matter what the form of its expression; the thought will find a way toward the object of it.

The spirit of gratitude abides in the present, and looks toward the past—not to the future.

In ancient times the Jews of Palestine set apart in the harvest-time a special period of thanksgiving, which lasted many days. The finest of the sheaves, the choicest of the grapes, the best of all the first-fruits were offered to the Lord, the giver of bread. And every offering was accompanied by expressions of thankfulness—of gratitude not for food

only, but for freedom, independence, a goodly land in which to dwell. The Israelite never forgot his bondage in Egypt, nor his wanderings in the Arabian deserts. These formed always a dark background for every bright reality of the present.

This sense of gratitude abode with the Hebrew not for one day or one week of harvest, but all through the time of reaping and of gathering in. It expressed itself in carelessly reaped fields,—a carelessness not due to indifference, but to design. For always were the reapers followed by gleaners, poor neighbors who gathered up gladly and of right that which was left purposely for them.

The Hebrew expressed his gratitude by sharing in a friendly way with his poor neighbors as well as by making abundant offerings to the Temple for the support of those who served therein.

In our own land, in comparatively modern times, the New England colonists at Plymouth, after the first harvest, had a day of rejoicing together, with praise and prayer, and a sharing of the modest feast with some of their Indian friends.

Was the joy of the Puritans called forth by food alone, or even by an appreciation of civil and religious freedom? These blessings had been theirs in some measure in Holland. Did they not in addition to these give thanks for country life, and English speech, and the social life of English Puritans? And were they not thankful for the opportunity of opening up a home in the wilderness for other folk of their own way of thinking?

In the old Northwest, what feelings were those that expressed themselves in the Indians' Thanksgiving? Among the

Sacs and Foxes, at the happy season of the year, daily was there a feast made to the Great Spirit in some lodge of the village. Every one made his feast as he thought best, to please the Great Spirit, who has care of all created beings. Those who believed in two Spirits—one good and one bad, made a feast for the Bad Spirit, *to keep him quiet.*

This "happy season" was the time of the return of the hunters and fishermen; of the gatherers of mat stuff and the finders of lead. It was the time of ripened beans and squashes and other garden produce. It was a time of exchange of the various commodities. It was the time, when the corn was ripe enough for use, of another great ceremony accompanied with feasting and returning of thanks to the Great Spirit for giving his children corn.

It is not difficult to discern here, with expressions of good fellowship and gratitude, a spirit also of religious toleration.

It would seem that at "the happy season" human hearts beat about the same—on the Jordan as on the Mississippi; in the fertile plain as on the rocky shore; in the Old World in the old times as in the New World in our own day.

And well is it that we should carry to the churches our heaviest sheaves, our choicest clusters; well that we should in public praise God for them, and in secret send them to those in need, to the poor brother or the poor sister. It is well that we should make feasts and invite our friends, and better yet that the host should see "round his board the old broken links of affection restored."

Have we received freely of love and friendship, and food *with freedom*, then let us thank the Giver of all good and be ready to share with those who need.

For in the present state of society *the poor we have always with us.*

The following stanzas by Charles Mackay seem expressive of a spirit of *thanksgiving* that might well exist during the whole year:

"What might be done if men were wise—

What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,

Would they unite

In love and right,

And cease their scorn of one another?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,  
All vice and crimes might die together;

And wine and corn

To each man born,

Be free as warmth in summer weather."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What might be done? This might be done,

And more than this, my suffering brother—

More than the tongue

E'er said or sung,

If men were wise, and loved each other."

---

#### Autumn by Old Ontario.

Brown are the meadows far and wide,

Warm they gleam in the glowing sun;

Soft the blue haze, seeking to hide

The distant hills, gray in the noon.

Warm the trees, vivid in scarlet,

Gleaming in yellow, or sober in brown.

Soft rustle the leaves, the winds let

Go floating, fluttering, whirling down.



Still is the rasping voice of the insect  
 Heard through August's long days,  
 all around:  
 Alone shines Arachne's wide spread net,  
 To stalk and weed by silver rope  
 bound.

Clearly now a sound greets the ear,  
 A sound I learned to love full well;  
 'Tis the orchard melody clear,  
 The ruddy harvest of fruit to tell.

Now in shrill staccato rising  
 At the swift blows of mallets far and  
 near  
 Now in thunderous tones rolling,  
 As the blushing stream pours o'er  
 tables here.

Ripe apples, borne down ladders tall,  
 Rushing and rolling and tumbling,  
 Into the wide-mouthed barrels fall,  
 Sorted midst laughter and jesting.

Packed with many a jolt and shake,  
 Faced with the prizes of the tree;  
 Fit for distant markets, they make  
 The king of fruits on land or sea.

We see far down the winding road  
 The hardy farmer's sturdy teams,  
 Bearing the orchard's precious load,  
 Touched by the sunset's ling'ring  
 beams.

At evening now, the weary band  
 Around the farmer's cheerful board,  
 Prepared by the housewife's busy hand,  
 Is refreshed and lost strength re-  
 stored.

Another picture, now, we see  
 'Neath the light of the harvest moon,  
 Life more simple, from care more free,  
 Where the train sings its vulgar tune.

There by the camp-fire's pleasant glow,  
 The foot-sore traveler rests his frame.  
 Seeks nourishing foods where they  
 grow,  
 The farmer's fields or his fowls tame.

There on Ontario's winding shore  
 October's silver moonbeams fall,  
 There the night wind sighs o'er and  
 o'er,  
 Utters softly Autumn's mystic call.  
 —M. BERNA HUNT.

---

### Moving Day.

The little girl with the red hair sighed contentedly, as she threw down her "Dutch" dictionary and tossed a sofa pillow to the girl in the Peter Thompson suit. "I'm so glad you girls came in," she said; "you see, I was lonesome. I always am the first days we come back to college. The confusion and the bare rooms make me think of the times when we used to move at home." "The times!" echoed the pretty girl whose father was a millionaire. "Why, how many times have you moved?" "Dozens of them," answered she of the red locks, sorrowfully and wisely. "You see, my father is a minister and we aren't very rich. But the worst time of all was when—well, if you're going to laugh, I won't tell you another word!" "Oh, yes! Go on! We'd love to hear it. We were just thinking how you kept those two freshmen from class meeting last fall by getting them so interested in one of your famous yarns," interposed the tall girl who always decided everything. "Well, all right then," continued the little girl with the red hair, as the others all settled themselves comfortably

around the room. "The worst time was when we moved thirty miles and couldn't go by railroad. Father needed the team to move the last load of furniture, so it was decided that mother and we three children should take 'Old Bill,' our other horse, and the big two-seated carriage as our traveling equipage. Eugene,—that's my older sister—and I thought it would be a regular 'picnic moving,' as we were to take our lunch with us for we thought probably it would take us all day to get there. We rose very early that morning, hurrying around, picking up the last things, packing our lunch and taking a last look at everything in the dim lamp-light and I remember just how dreary and lonesome the whole house was, with the carpets all up and everything gone. Our voices and the rattling doors and windows echoed as though the house were hundreds of years old. At last, about seven, we started out, my baby sister, Ruth, and mother on the front seat and my older sister and I on the back seat and "Nard," our big St. Bernard dog, trotting along behind us. Just as we started out of the long lane with its tall elm trees on either side, Eugene and I both began to think that this was the last time that we would ever see the dear old spot where we had had so much fun, but we were both very proud and would not have owned to one another, for the world, how we felt, so we looked off in opposite directions. I knew she was looking at the old house and up at its garret windows where we used to sew carpet-rags and hold our society meetings, at the lilac bushes that grew by the door under which we had our summer play house, at the horse block and woodshed where we used to practice jumping "stunts" and organized a "circus," and

out at the old gillyflower apple tree, in front of the house where the bare spot on the ground indicated the place where the hammock had been the summer before. I was looking off in the other direction, at the big red barn from the paint of which we had manufactured great quantities of 'pink snow' that winter, at the old moss-grown stone walls where we used to grind out genuine cinnamon and nutmeg to put in our mud pies, at the great orchard where there was hardly a tree we had not climbed, and up the hill at the path that led over an old stone wall and on to the next neighbors. Soon we left all this behind us, going down the road, past the old oak tree where the gypsies always camped, past the cow pasture, and the swamp on the other side of the road where the wintergreen berries grew, across the little brooks where the peppermint flourished and the first blood-root blossomed every spring; up past the old brick school house where we would never go to school again, and I actually saw Eugene brush a tear off her face, with a sidelong glance at me, when all the school children rushed to the windows and doors, waving good bye to us and telling us to write to them. Then we went on up over the hill on the same road we took when we went to the county fair at Cambridge, only now it was March and everything looked more dreary and bare than in the fall, so it did not seem much the same. After going a short distance we left this road and went out into a country which we had never seen before, splashing along the rough roads, just partly thawed out, at a jogging jerky pace, for I must tell you 'Old Bill' was not a perfect horse by any means, though we were fond of him. He was somewhat lame in one of his front legs and

when he wanted to, he could be very, very lame, especially if he were going in the opposite direction from home. If he had only known that day that he was going towards his new home I do not think he would have limped so badly, but as it was, Eugene said it was like traveling in a jerky milk train that stopped at every little station. The stations with us were the mud puddles in the road, for that day 'Old Bill' seemed to take it into his head to be frightened at every puddle he saw, stopping short in the middle of the road and not a step further would he move until some one got out and led him over the puddle. As we went along through the country with its hills and valleys just throwing off their snow covering after their long winter's sleep, with nothing to look at but brown meadows, bare trees and the farm houses so far between, our 'picnic moving' did not seem so pleasant as we had imagined it would be for the bread pan, in which we had our lunch and other food provisions packed jingled noisily in the bottom of the wagon, the sun came out and began to shine right at us even under the carriage top and the March wind blew, not enough to make it cold, but just enough to make it disagreeable and to make the freckles come out on our faces. But we contented ourselves, as best we could, by watching the 'crow conventions' we saw now and then out in the fields near the edge of the woods, and watching for the first glimpse of a farm-house chimney or the vane of the roof. We discussed the advantages of each home as we passed it; for instance, in front of one lovely old-fashioned white farmhouse was a gigantic pine tree which had a seat up in the midst of its branches, to which rustic stairs led. We all decided we should

like to live there and wanted to stop, but, since circumstances would not permit this, we moved on in the warm sun, until about noon, when we came to an old empty house with brambles and bushes growing up all around it and a general air of desertion lingering about. Here we decided to stop, feed the horses and take our noon lunch. While we were there, Eugene and I, always curious and fond of mysteries, explored around a little, trying the doors of the old tumbled-down building and peering in the windows. However, we saw nothing remarkable, except a pair of huge boots outside the kitchen door. About one o'clock we started on again, encouraging ourselves by the thought that we were within four miles of a village. We had taken a different road from that which father had traveled before so we were not perfectly sure as to whether we were on the right one. We, therefore, inquired as we went along. Once, father, who never could tell directions, went off on a wrong road and we lost track of him, for we went straight up over a hill that seemed to me miles and miles long. At last I grew so restless that they let me get out and walk for about half a mile until I was ready to ride again, even behind 'Old Bill.' I should advise anyone who is to travel this road to avoid the 'Hook,' as they call this hill, for I am perfectly convinced that it is the roughest, the muddiest, the longest and the steepest hill in the county if not in the state. When we were about half-way up the hill, nearly to Argyle, we passed a girl in a tight-fitting black coat who looked very warm and tired, yet she smiled at me in a most consoling, hearty way, as if she knew just how I felt, so that ever since then, whenever I go through Ar-

gyle, I always look for my old-fashioned friend in the tight-fitting coat, though I know I never shall see her. If she knew how long I have remembered her smile I am sure she would make a regular practice of smiling, if she does not. At last we reached the top of the hill on the 'Hook' and came to the little village of Argyle, a hilly little place, yet better than none, for we were tired of traveling in the country. A church or two, a school house, clusters of houses, children and people out on the sidewalks were all we saw and we were out in the country again.

The road, after we left Argyle, was still hilly and muddy and about the middle of the afternoon Eugene began to grow faint and 'car sick,' riding behind 'Old Bill's' graceful trot, so she had to get on the front seat to put her head in mother's lap and baby Ruth came back with me. Then, as the jingling of the breadpan made Eugene nervous, I put it upon the seat with me to hold it still. It was lonesome without my 'partner,' Eugene, to talk with and the sun shone right down into my eyes. Soon Ruth went to sleep on my arm and the breadpan was such a nuisance. Bye and bye it began to grow dark and then it was worse still. Once we went past an old-forsaken barn with nothing but a broken-down wall of stone where the house had burned down and I felt that the old barn was like me, because its partner, the house, had gone. Then people began to light the lamps indoors and mother and I could see them sitting around the table eating and looking happy and cheerful, but we didn't have the heart to eat out there in the cold, even though we were hungry. I was so sleepy that I wanted to cry or go to

sleep like Ruth and Eugene, but I couldn't, with Ruth on one side of me to take care of and the breadpan on the other, so I sat up very straight and stiff, put my bonnet on right and looked straight ahead, clutching the big pan firmly and trying to imagine myself a real gypsy out kidnapping children and not afraid of the night at all. Just before we reached the little town of Hartford, as if we had not enough trouble already, it began to rain, a wet, drizzly rain, so we decided to stop somewhere. Father sought out the place that came nearest to being a hotel, a sort of a tavern, a dreary little one-horse place, but we went in, nevertheless, and got something to help Eugene's headache. I was so sleepy that I did not know much about what was going on, except that there was a woman there who was putting on a raincoat to go out to a temperance meeting and that once or twice while we sat there in that stuffy room with all its dark furnishings and closed windows that 'Nard,' our dog, came up to the window and stuck his great black nose almost through it and cried so pitifully that I wanted to let him in, but, of course, I couldn't. After a while it stopped raining and as we did not care to remain in that dreary little tavern all night we decided to move on. We went out into the damp night again and clambered up into the carriage. We hadn't gone far when we discovered that Nard was not with us. We called and whistled for a long while in vain, so father went back to the town and after some search found him in a barn shaking with fright for some foolish men and boys had seen his tracks and mistaken them for bear's tracks and had set out to chase him with guns and pitchforks. About the

road from Hartford to our new home I don't remember much—you see I was so tired that my only thought was to get somewhere where I could go to sleep. 'Old Bill' stopped as often as ever and then we could hear the dismal rumbling of the lumber wagon ahead, while the lantern tied under the wagon gave just enough light to make everything look dreary. Then, too, every little way, the dogs would rush out to bark at Nard and that made it seem all the more gruesome. At last, after miles and miles of this half-asleep-half-awake progress, we began to see the lights of the little town which was to be our home. I can remember now, just how glad I was and how I gripped the breadpan and tried to press my eyes open, hoping at every house all the way down the street that we would stop. At last we came to the right place and honestly, I believe it was the happiest moment of my life when I knew that the poor old battered breadpan and I had finished that moving day." "Well," said the rich girl, as she sat up and rubbed her eyes in a dazed fashion, "I don't wonder you hate to move—it makes me feel dreary and sleepy just to hear about it." "I move this meeting be adjourned," broke in the girl of action as she started guiltily from a deep reverie. "Here I've wasted a whole evening listening to one of Reddy's yarns when I don't know a word of my Dutch and to-morrow it's my turn to be called on." And they left the little girl with the red hair gazing meditatively at a crack in her bare walls. G. F. S.

---

Miss (translating German)—She suddenly thrust her hand into her hair to *look* for a hairpin.

### Our New Building.

#### I.

'Tis long, yes long, we've watched thy walls  
Grow slowly day by day,  
And wondered, wondered when thy halls  
Would hear our songs so gay.

#### II.

Impatient have we stood and gazed  
As each brick had its place,  
But now we stand in truth amazed  
To see thy wondrous grace.

#### III.

Thy pillars proud and stately stand,  
Supports so firm and strong,  
No fairer place in all the land;  
"All hail thee" is our song.

#### IV.

But hasten, workmen, hasten quick,  
Impatient do we grow,  
To see you place the last red brick  
Before the storm winds blow.

---

### "Old Albany."

I laid the letter with the European postmark upon the table and fell into a reverie. "What would I not give," dreamed I, "if only I could actually see those magnificent buildings, those great centres of commercial activity, and those extensive factories that supply the ever-increasing and ever-varying demands of the world. How inadequate my conception of those evidences of human progress must be, since our slow little city affords so little stimulus."

"Did you say 'slow little city'?" asked my visitor of whose presence I had

until then been unconscious. I turned to see before me the Chairman of the Albany Chamber of Commerce. He continued before I could answer his question.

"Listen," said he, "while I mention to you some of the enterprises in which Albany was a pioneer. She was the first city in the United States to be incorporated; the eastern terminus of the first successful steam railroad, and with the landing of the Clermont became the head of the first river steam navigation line. Here was erected the first brick building in North America. Our New York State National bank is the oldest building erected for and used continuously as a banking house in the country. The Albany Female Academy was the first school in the world established for the education of girls exclusively. The first Masonic building in the Union was built on Lodge street. Albany contains the original and largest perforated wrapping paper factory in the world; the oldest baling-press; the first and largest manufactory in the world producing composition billiard balls. She was the first city in America to produce coal and wood stoves, and now owns one of the oldest factories for the production of cardboard and glazed paper."

Thus my visitor convinced me that Albany wasn't necessarily slow because it was quiet. Yet, since I had lived in Albany all my life, I accepted his invitation to accompany him about the city more because I did not wish to seem unappreciative of the honors than because I expected that he could show me anything of special interest. We approached the City Hall. I waited for him to call my attention to the beauty and style of its architecture. But instead, he took me up in the 202 feet tower, which I

found was divided into twelve stories for the storing of records. We pulled out a few of the dusty volumes and found these interesting items journalized:

1540—Reputed settlement by French fur-traders.

1609—First display of Albany hospitality: Hendrick Hudson gives a reception on board the Half-moon, for the native chiefs.

1650—The first school house is erected and Andreas Jansen chosen as pedagogue. He is subsequently presented with a purse of twenty dollars for his year's service.

1696—Constables are appointed to keep order among the children in the Dutch churches on Sunday.

1755—Dr. Shrackburg composes 'Yankee Doodle' here.

1775—Ann Lee founds the Shaker settlement.

1815—Corner stone of Albany Boys' Academy laid ('where,' said my companion, 'thirty years later, Joseph Henry, first demonstrated the practical use of the magnetic telegraph').

1817—Medical school founded.

1825—Arrival of first canal boat from Buffalo.

1842—New State House erected. (My friend informed me that the white stone of this building was cut from the Sing Sing quarries, and that the old State House had been converted into the Geological Hall and Museum which now contains the most perfect mastodon known.)

1849—State Normal School dedicated.

1851—Albany Law School established.

1854—State Library completed (second to but few in the world and soon to be transferred to a new building, attractive in design and thoroughly adapted to its purposes).

Dudley Observatory erected. (My guide told me that it contains the Olcott meridian circle—one of the finest and best-known in the world—and a Schentz calculating machine, one of the only two ever made.)

1867—Excavations for new Capitol begun (“which,” remarked my companion, “was built of solid granite, was the most costly in the United States and ranks third in the world”).

1870—Washington Park opened to the public. (Besides this park, which is the most pretentious of the seventeen comprising the park system and contains the finest and most costly statue of Robert Burns in the United States, there are ninety-five acres of boulevards under park care.)”

I could have continued to read these accounts of our civic progress but the Chairman reminded me that he had other places that he wished to show me. We next visited All Saints' Cathedral and, though I had been there many times before, my interest was awakened when my companion pointed out some elegantly carved stalls bearing the date 1623, and told me that they came from an old church in Bruges and were the work of monks. “The upper part of the bishop's staff,” said he, “is more than a thousand years old. It is made of wood which once formed a part of the refectory of a monastery founded by St. Augustine in Canterbury during the seventh century. The organ is the equal of any in existence.”

From there we went to the Albany Hospital, which the Chairman said was the finest equipped and had the most modern and convenient operating rooms in the world. It is built on the pavilion plan, covers sixteen acres and has 140,000 square feet of floor.

Later, as we stood near the postoffice,

from whence are distributed stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers to all the postmasters of New England, I was told that near the corner once stood the old Dutch church built in 1656 and surrounding it was the cemetery of early days. At the left, was the birthplace of Philip Schuyler, the first mayor of Albany, who refused to be knighted by Queen Ann. Just opposite was Tweddle building, the birthplace of Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A short distance above was the old depot. How different it was from our new Union depot, where converge six railroads, with 150 passenger and 250 freight trains daily.

“Do you know,” continued the Chairman, “that Albany contains the largest and best-equipped and most modern underwear plant; the leading courtplaster factory; the principal factory for the manufacture of weather strips; the oldest plant for the production of chilled car wheels; the largest aniline dye works; one of the largest factories for the making of gas-meters, and one of the greatest plants for production of photographic mounts in the United States. Did you ever learn that we have the largest factories in the *world* for the manufacture of axle-grease, college caps and gowns, car-heating apparatus, embossed dominoes and alphabet blocks, patent stove specialties, and architectural iron work?”

When he had told me of many of these and we had visited several, I awakened to the fact that there was still much for me to investigate in Albany. I turned to acknowledge this to the Chairman, but he had already discovered that he had taught the desired lesson and had left me to re-read my letter.

ELLA R. WATSON.



## EDITORIAL



### Did You Notice It?

No doubt many of our readers noticed that the first issue of THE ECHO was dated October instead of September as in previous years. This indicated a change that, in the opinion of the editorial board, seemed wise to make. The first issue of THE ECHO each year has been devoted largely to the events of the preceding commencement. According to the new plan our last issue will now be the July number, which will contain all the news of commencement week while it is fresh, instead of keeping it till the first issue of the next term. The change also gives the new board, taking up the work in September, a longer time to get out its first issue which is always hard to do and do right.

We think, therefore, because this change allows THE ECHO to keep up to date, to give all the news of the school year in the term in which it happens, and, accordingly to the people most interested in it, and because it gives the editors more time to prepare the first issue, it will be better and more satisfactory to all concerned.

---

### Class Colors.

Although for some time past, we have heard on every side discussions about class colors, THE ECHO wishes to make sure that all understand the change in the system of class colors. Two years ago a meeting of the student body was called and it was voted after much oppo-

sition that a fixed system of colors should be established. That is to say, there should be four colors chosen, one for each class. Every Freshman class should adopt green and white; every Sophomore class, blue and white; every Junior class red and white; and every Senior class, orange and white. So every year each class changed its colors as it advanced in the college course. This plan did not meet with general satisfaction and so a final meeting was held September the twenty-first of this year to decide the matter once for all. After much discussion it was voted to change to what is known as the rotary system of colors. Under this plan four standard colors are also chosen. Every incoming or Freshman class adopts the colors which the out-going or Senior class gives up. These colors are then kept during the four years of the college course, so the four colors rotate. The present classes have the following colors: Senior, red and white; Junior, blue and white; Sophomore, green and white; Freshmen, yellow and white.

This system, as a whole, will no doubt be far more satisfactory than the other but it should be understood that this is to be permanent and all succeeding classes should hold it as such.

---

### The Glee Club.

Do all colleges have Glee Clubs? We know that they do—and finely organized bodies are they. But a year ago our college was an exception—we



did not have such an organization. Then under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., a Glee Club was started. The student-body did not show much interest but the club managed to live and gained slowly as the months passed. This year a greater interest has been shown, but there is still much room for improvement. The Freshmen should be more active. Out of a class of about seventy, only eight have reported for practice. You are all here to work. If not to work, then you should not be here. Scholastic work, though is only two-thirds of college life. The other third belongs to college activities. The Glee Club is one branch of these college activities and all who can sing, however little, should come. By helping to develop the Glee Club, you are doing something for your college and for yourself.

---

### It's True.

This year there is an increasing interest in athletics and physical training among our students. By the time this reaches our readers the two gymnasium classes, one for young men and the other for young ladies, will be well organized.

Two basketball teams, also, are soon to be started. It is a question whether the men or the young ladies are the more enthusiastic in this matter, but this can be easily decided by observing which team is first organized. There is danger in delays so push the good work right along. Don't say you haven't time because you have. You'll be surprised to see how much more you will feel like working after taking some good brisk physical exercise. It is not only the fun you get out of it but it *pays*.

### Our Art Department.

Although this is an entirely new department for THE ECHO, the members of it have already demonstrated the value that this branch will be to our paper. Mr. Adrianzen, who has charge of the work has proved his worth as an artist and we are already indebted to him for our present cover design which has called forth so many favorable criticisms. The Misses Brandow, Trembly and Auringer, who are the other members of the department, will prove valuable assistants and we feel that our staff of workers is much strengthened by the addition of our art department.

---

### Advertisements.

We wish, early in the season, to call the attention of our readers to the advertisements that appear in THE ECHO. You can be sure that every business house advertising in our paper is among the best of its kind and perfectly reliable. We therefore urge you to buy of these people and to mention THE ECHO when making your purchases. This will cost you very little trouble and will be a great advantage to us.

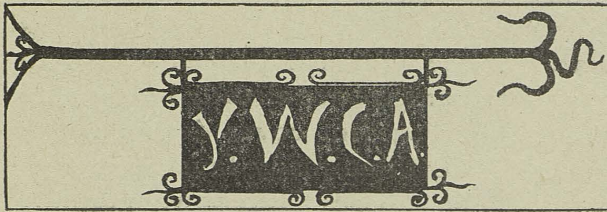
---

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said  
 I would that I great fame might know  
 In these drear regions here below?  
 There's Bryan, Taft, and Matthewson,  
 Who all, you know, renown have won.  
 If one of these I could but be  
 Not Billy B. nor Billy T.  
 Would be my choice. If I had one  
 I'd hurl the sphere like Matthewson.

R. C. V.



## NEWS



The second meeting of the year was held September 30th. Lana A. Windsor, one of the most active members of the Association last year, and announced as leader of this meeting in the handbook, did not return to college this fall, and in her absence, Florence G. Brown took charge. After a brief talk on the subject, "How can we help the lonesome girl?" by the leader, open discussion followed. The great need of the new student for a friendly atmosphere was made apparent and the ways and means to procure it were decided upon.

The Association had hoped that the college students would take up, with enthusiasm, the idea of a gymnasium class. A notice was posted, but only twelve signed. As thirty are required to form the college class, those who did sign had to join city classes. The greater share joined the Wednesday evening class, the rest, the Friday evening. It is not too late to join, and we might even yet have a class of our own if we had a sufficient number. Every student needs a certain amount of physical exercise to offset the brain work, therefore; join a class. We shall look for you on Wednesday or Friday at 8 o'clock at the gymnasium of the city Y. W. C. A.

On October 7th a Bible Study Rally

was held. Mary W. Norton was leader, and she impressed on the minds of those present the importance of Bible study to every student. Florence Burchard told of the classes at Silver Bay, their leaders and the work taken up. The Association has been awakened by Silver Bay, and has arranged for three classes, hoping that everyone will join one.

Dr. Milne's Bible class was organized October 4th, with twenty-five enrolled. The class will study the Greek Testament, but, no knowledge of Greek is necessary. The meetings are held at Dr. Milne's home, 5 Elk street, on Sunday afternoons at three o'clock.

We are glad to report that two other classes have been formed for those unable to join Dr. Milne's Bible class. One of these classes will meet every Wednesday at four o'clock, with Alice Hill as leader, while the other class will do individual reading along certain lines, meeting every two weeks for general discussion. Anyone wishing to join a class should give her name to Sarah Trembly, Chairman of the Bible Study Committee. A meeting was held October 14th, led by Sarah Trembly. Her topic was "Student Volunteer Movement." Interesting accounts were given of this movement in all parts of the world.

A Mission Study Rally, led by Effa Van Derzee, was held October 21st. Miss Edith Jones, told of the City Mission Work, especially about the vacation schools started for the first time in Albany this summer. Miss Jones made a strong plea for workers for the different missions in the city. At this meeting

three Mission Study classes were announced: "Islam," leader, Alice E. Hill; "The Unfinished Task," leader, Leona Eaton; and a general reading class for the study of different missionary books. Those wishing to join a class may confer with Effa Van Derzee, Chairman of the Mission Study Committee. Florence Burchard sang "Face to Face," in her usual pleasing manner, at the close of the meeting.

The effects of Silver Bay are again seen in the enthusiasm in "Extension Work." Rev. Mr. Storey, of the Methodist church, made an appeal to the president, Miss Florence Brown, for help in the different classes organized in his church for the poor in the city. Several members of the Association responded to his appeal and met at the church for the organization of the classes. There is a need for every girl who would like to do this work.



Miss Emma Montrose, '07, who has been traveling in Europe since May, returns this month to teach in the Kearney Private School, New York City.

Miss Minnie Schultz spent Sunday, October 4th, in the city. She was the guest of Miss Miriam Tyler.

Miss Edith Everett is teaching in Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn.

Miss Mabel Northrup spent Sunday, October 11th, at her home in Johnstown.

During the summer the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss

Alice Merrill, '08, to Mr. George Baker, of Johnstown. Miss Merrill is teaching this year at Fultonville.

Miss Etta Barnet, '05, is engaged in Settlement Work in New York City. She has charge of certain clubs where different industries are taught.

On Friday, October 9th, Miss Effa Van Derzee, of Troy, was initiated into the society and received a cordial welcome.

On the afternoon of September 26th Delta Omega served tea to the Faculty and students at Primary Chapel. The decorations used were palms, wild sunflowers, asters and Japanese lanterns, and pennants of the various colleges covered the walls. Among our guests were many of the alumnae and a charter-member of Delta, Mrs. Ives, of this city. It was a pleasure to the members of the sorority to welcome so many of their friends.

#### Eta Phi.

Saturday, September 19th, Eta Phi and a few of her friends enjoyed the annual picnic at Castleton. It was an ideal day; the ride down the river and the picnic luncheon were enjoyable features of the day.

Miss Elizabeth Schaupp, of Gloversville, N. Y., attended the Wesleyan-Union football game at Schenectady Saturday, October 3rd.

Louise Bentler, who has been ill with a slight attack of la grippe, is again able to be out. She was with us at our reception.

Miss Hazel Rugen, of Springfield, Mass., visited Louise Bentler a few days this week.

A theatre party was given Saturday, September 26th. Afterwards we spent a most enjoyable time at the Delta Omega reception.

A regular meeting of Eta Phi was held at the rooms, 158 Elm street, Wednesday evening, September 30th. Twenty-five were present, including our faculty members. After the meeting a social time was enjoyed.

Miss Harriet Osborn spent a few days at Lake George this week.

Adaline Raynsford entertained at a "Baby Party" Friday evening, October 2nd. Twenty-two girls and three teddy bears were there to enjoy the "fun."

Miss Harriet Osborn has issued invitations for a tea, to be given at her home Saturday, October 17th, in honor of Miss Sarah Shaw, of Bennington, Vermont.

Miss Florence Burchard entertained Miss Ethel Jewell, of Norwich, who is here to attend St. Agnes School.

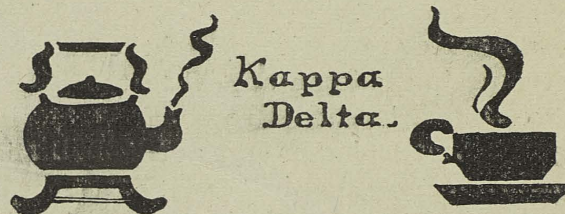
Our annual reception was given at the college chapel Saturday afternoon, October 10th. It was in form of a Japanese tea—the room being decorated with lanterns, parasols, Japanese rugs and tapestry. Cherry blossoms carried out the scheme. Candelabra made the little tea tables very effective. The girls were dressed in costume. Presiding at the tea tables were Mrs. Hoy, Miss Louise Bentler, Miss Hazel Rugen and Miss Florence Jones. In the receiving line were Misses Harriet Osborn, Florence Burchard, Agnes Stuart and Leona Eaton.

Miss Louise Loebel visited some of her Eta Phi sisters over Saturday and was a guest at our reception.

Misses Adaline Raynsford and Elizabeth Schupp attended the Delta Upsilon

house warming at Union College Saturday evening, October 10th.

A regular meeting was held Wednesday evening, October 14th, at the home of Miss Agnes Stuart. Our meeting was made most delightful by an informal talk given by Miss Clement, on her trip abroad. She made it intensely interesting by illustrating her talk with post-cards.



On Wednesday, September 30th, at Greenwich, N. Y., the marriage of Miss Cornelia Groat Lansing, '07, to Mr. Charles Thompson Fake was solemnized. Mr. Fake is associated with the Department of War at Washington, D. C.

Miss Mary Denbow was called to her home at Canandaigua, N. Y., September 30th, by the death of her uncle, Mr. H. H. Lane.

On Thursday, October 8th, the K. D. "non-flunks" gave a chafing dish party to their sister "flunks." Those who were served with "punches" in June served punch to the "non-punched." The crowning event of the evening was the declaration made by one of the Juniors of her decision to no longer specialize in Solid Geometry.

The Misses May Chant, Evelyn Austin and Beulah Brandow spent Sunday, October 11th, at their homes.

Miss Ione Schubert went to her home in Catskill to attend the celebration of Old Home Week which took place October 5-9th.

Mrs. C. L. Schermerhorn and daughter, Helen, called at the house Wednesday, October 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Chant and Mr. and Mrs. A. Dockstader spent Sunday, September 27th, with the former's daughter, May.

Miss Lena Mason, of Lansingburgh, spent Saturday and Sunday, October 9th and 10th, with Miss Emily Hoag.

The Kappa Deltas enjoyed the receptions of their sister sororities, Delta Omega and Eta Phi.

Mr. Chester Myers, of Valley Falls, called on his sister, Helen, and also on the Kappa Deltas on his way to Johns Hopkins University.

On October 3rd the Kappa Deltas and friends enjoyed a theatre party.

Miss Anna Goerke, of Brooklyn, spent a few days recently with Miss Ione Schubert.



On Thursday evening, September 24th, Psi Gamma and a few friends were entertained by Miss Laura Meigs, '07, at her home on Elberon Place. Part of the evening was spent in music, songs and in playing games, after which the party was summoned to the dining-room where an elaborate dinner was served. The favors were small cards to which were attached gilt wish-bones, tied with the sorority colors, turquoise blue and gold. A jolly evening was spent.

Miss Fanny Pawel spent the week-end at her home in Sandy Hill.

On Monday evening, September 28th the regular meeting was held at the home of Miss Hotaling. After the business session the girls gathered around a table covered with "goodies" and just had a fine time talking of the "fond past."

A theatre party of a few of the girls attended Proctor's Saturday afternoon, October 3rd.

Miss Alice Hill spent the week-end at Rotterdam Junction.

Miss Ethel Sherman, of Cherry Valley, and Miss Davis, of Herkimer, N. Y., visited Miss Fannie Pawel on Saturday.

Dora Snyder, Viola Carnrite, Marion Mackey and Elizabeth Sherman spent a few hours in town last week.

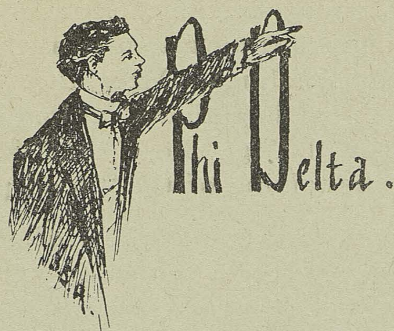
At the regular meeting held on Monday evening at Miss Cleveland's the Misses Genevieve Brooke and Florence Wittmeier were initiated into the mysteries of Psi Gamma. Miss Laura Meigs, '07, was present and gave a pleasing chat on the life we meet in a district school.

On Wednesday, October 2nd, Psi Gamma entertained at a peanut party in the rooms of the president, Miss Stuckman. Peanuts reigned supreme. Every "stunt" had a peanut for the foundation. When the evening was over the girls thought that like the boy who stood on the burning deck, they had been "eating peanuts by the peck."

Miss Florence Brown spent Saturday in Schenectady.

Miss Jessie Cleveland visited her parents last week.

Miss Laura Stuckman spent the week-end, October 10th and 11th, in Schenectady.



Phi Delta stock is rising rapidly, and our prospects for the future continually grow brighter. The two regular meetings that have been held were both characterized by life and enthusiasm. At our last meeting held October 16th we were favored by a violin solo by Mr. Babcock, Mr. Rice acting as accompanist. Mr. Miller gave an excellent reading while the talks given by Professors Decker and Walker were both interesting and helpful.

Several plans of importance have been turned over to committees whose reports will be eagerly awaited at our next meeting.

Our ex-president, Vincent G. Brown, spent the night with us Wednesday, October 14th.

John B. Brunson, principal of the High School at Kinderhook, visited Albany on business recently.

We are pleased to note that Messrs. Dann and Randall have returned to their positions at Rye and Saratoga respectively.

Owing to the absence from college of our president, Mr. Bassette, the duties of that important office have devolved upon the vice-president, Mr. James P. Haupin. He is filling the chair with credit to himself and us, and we appreciate his efforts and pledge to him our loyal support.

### Senior Notes.

Monday, September 28th, all those intending to graduate in 1909 met for the purpose of class organization. Mr. Holmes presided. The business of the meeting was the election of officers with the following results: President, Mr. Adrianzen; vice-president, Miss Perry; secretary, Miss Springsteed; treasurer, Mr. Wood.

### Junior Notes.

Miss Fannie Pawel spent Sunday with her parents at Sandy Hill.

During the past month Miss Mary Denbow has been called to her home in Canandaigua on account of the death of her uncle.

On September 28th the Junior and Freshmen classes held a joint meeting to organize the Freshmen class. Mr. Case presided over the meeting at which there was a large attendance. The Freshmen nominated their class officers and made preparations for their election which was held October 1. The class regrets that Miss Bertha Weaver is not coming back until February.

At the meeting held Wednesday morning, October 14, it was decided to hold class meetings every first and third Monday of the month in room 10, Trinity church. Every member is asked to be present at the next meeting as important business is to be discussed.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Blanche Russell is ill at her home in Ghent.

We rejoice to see Miss Nettie Potter back.

**Sophomore Notes.**

At the regular meeting of the Sophomore class the following officers were elected: President, Sarah Trembly; vice-president, Helen Bennett; secretary, Bessie Deegan; treasurer, Edith Scott.

Miss Ione Schubert attended the celebration of Home Week at Catskill.

Miss Rose Wilkinson spent Sunday, October 11th, at her home in Saratoga.

Miss Mae Larkin spent the week-end at the home of Miss Florence Wittmeier.

Miss Anna Goerke recently visited Miss Ione Schubert.

Miss Daisie Andrus entertained fifteen girls at a heart party on October 6th.

Miss Anna Thebo was pleasantly surprised by a visit from her brother.

**Freshman Class Notes.**

The Freshman class has elected the following officers: President, Mr. Rice; vice-president, Miss Barnet; secretary, Miss Farnum; treasurer, Miss Wenger; ECHO reporter, Miss Le Compte.

A large number of students are enrolled in this illustrious and extraordinary class of 1912. I say "extraordinary," for we have among our number, six men! We hope the Sophomores are properly impressed; or perhaps depressed would be the better word. However, the "Sophs," with their extensive vocabulary, will not be at a loss to supply a correct word.

The first Freshman class meeting was held on Monday, October 5th, at 3.15, with Mr. Rice in the chair. The subject of class dues and meetings was discussed. It was decided to have meetings the first and third Wednesdays of

each month. After a short talk on "Class Spirit," the meeting was adjourned.

We suggest that the members of the class of 1911 look up the meaning of the word "Sophomore." The Freshmen will be delighted to render counsel and advice on any subject to all upper classmen. We may not have their weight of years and wisdom, but we are impartial, unprejudiced and unsophisticated.

**A New College Society.**

"The Newman Study Club" is the official title of the society lately organized in the college by the kind permission of Dr. Milne. The purpose of the club is to study the Life of Cardinal Newman and such of his writings as are of interest to the general reader. The plan of study for this year covers "The Idea of a University" the essay on "Poetry," the novel "Calista" a biographical sketch of Newman, selected letters and poems, and selections from "Literary Landmarks of Oxford," by Lawrence Hutton.

The meetings are held weekly on Thursday from four to five o'clock in room H. The officers of the club are: President, Miss Fitzpatrick; secretary, Miss Wilkinson; treasurer, Miss Marie Phillips; marshal, Miss Bott; chaplain, Miss Brooke; committee on programs, Misses Deegan, Hanigan, and director, Mrs. Mooney.

The club is not a secret society. Any lady in the college may become a member by applying to the president in writing and stating her willingness to abide by the constitution which has been adopted.

**Organ Recital.**

A complimentary organ recital was given by Prof. S. B. Belding to the faculty and students of the college on Saturday afternoon, October 17th, in the First Reformed church of this city. The program, which was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience, consisted of the following numbers:

Sonata in D Minor, No. 1.....  
 .....Alex. Guilmant  
 Overture—Euryanthe—C. M. de Weber  
 Berceuse—from Jocelin.....  
 .....Benjamin Goddard  
 (Transcribed for the organ by S. P. Warren.)

Wedding March.....Dudley Buck  
 Overture — Taunhauser, “transcription,” .....Wagner  
 Chorus of Angels.....Scotson Clark  
 (Edited by S. B. Whitney.)

Concert Variations—on Russian Hymn.....Augustus Freyer  
 Serenade—(Schubert)..M. C. Baldwin

**Notes From a Diary.**

- Sept. 9. College opens—Freshmen arrive, pale and frightened, but find the church cool and soothing.
- Sept. 10. New professors make their appearance. Viewed and reviewed by the girls.
- Sept. 11. Faculty reception. Freshmen learn who's who.
- Sept. 14. Grind begins, especially on Math.—Freshie.
- Sept. 18. Reception by Y. W. C. A. Jolly time!!
- Sept. 24. Glee Club night. Every Freshie finds his voice. “There's music in the air.”

- Sept. 25. Delta reception.
- Sept. 28. Organization of Freshman class. Sophs didn't get busy. Afraid? Three to one.
- Oct. 3. On the lookout for punches.
- Oct. 10. Eta Phi reception. O fair Japan!
- Oct. 12. Receive punches. Everybody happy!
- Oct. 14. Arithmetic methods—Blank—  
 “Very good.”

(To be continued in our next.)

**Alumni Notes.**

'08—The many friends of Miss Achasa Beechler are sorry to learn of the death of her mother in the early summer. Miss Beechler is teaching at her home in Butler, Indiana.

'08—Mr. John B. Brunson, principal of the high school at Kinderhook, was in Albany October 3rd, to consult the Educational Department about an improved course of study for his school.

'08—Miss Effa A. C. Briggs has been appointed critic teacher in the Training School of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. She leaves for her new field of work October 19th.

'07—Miss I. Dora Snyder, who is teaching at Catskill, called at college on October 10th.

'07—Miss Ethel R. Sherman, from Cherry Valley, spent Sunday, October 11th, in the city.

'07—Miss Ruth Taylor has resigned her position in Lowville to teach at Centre Moriches, Long Island.

'06—Miss Mary A. Sharpe, who has charge of the Commercial Department in the Watervliet High School, was at college on Saturday, October 10th.



'06—Miss Wanda Tompkins is teaching at Centre Moriches, Long Island.

'06—Miss Elizabeth Dietz has a position at Irvington.

'06—Miss Agnes R. Kilpatrick has a position as teacher in the school at Sidney, N. Y.

'05—Miss Helen Fort is teaching at Midland Park, New Jersey, and Miss Elinor Schoonover at Basking Ridge, N. J.

'03—Mr. and Mrs. Backus, of Brooklyn, are rejoicing over the arrival in their home of a son, Willard Hitchcock Backus. Mrs. Backus was Miss Louise Hitchcock, of the class of 1903.

'02—Mrs. Ira C. Whitehead, of this city, died a few weeks ago, at the Whitehead camp, at Crooked Lake. Mrs. Whitehead was Miss Margaret Brennan, of Troy, who was graduated from the Normal College in 1902 and became a teacher in the Troy High School.

'01—F. J. Medden, who has been the Superintendent of Schools at Frankfort, has been elected Superintendent of the Schools of Seneca Falls.

'99—Miss Cleo Casler, who has been teaching for several years at Little Falls, has accepted a position for this year at Port Chester, N. Y.

'98—Miss Norine B. Keating, a teacher in the Watervliet High School, was at college on October 10th.

'93—Professor James Robert White, formerly a member of the faculty of the Normal College, is now the Superintendent of Schools at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

'93—Miss Catherine M. Rider is teaching at Overbrook, Pa.

'92—Miss Frances M. Kemp was married in New York on July 15th to Mr. L'Homme, of Brooklyn.

'49—Hon. James M. Denman, of San Francisco, visited college on October 8th and seemed much interested in the welfare of his Alma Mater. Mr. Denman was graduated from the Normal School in 1849, in the class with Dr. Waterbury, a former president of the college.

The alumni of the State Normal College will be much interested in Hyde's Primer, recently published by the American Book Company, and written by one of their number whose work has been an inspiration to many teachers.

Nursery rhymes are made the basis for the development of an interesting and practical vocabulary. This is acquired easily by means of frequent repetitions in varied and pleasing sentences. The desire to learn to read is stimulated by the readableness of the lesson, the steps being gradual and easy.

Suitable pictures add to the attractiveness of the reader, and word lists at intervals provide for necessary drills. The work is admirably adapted for the use of beginners, having stood the test of practical experience.

The following account of the Alumni banquet was inadvertently omitted from the October issue:

The annual banquet of the Alumni Association of the New York State Normal College was held at eight o'clock on the evening of Commencement Day (the 23rd of last June) in the ballroom of the Ten Eyck Hotel.

There were 174 members of the Association present. The guests were arranged, so far as possible, according to classes and societies. There were small tables, with a speaker's table, which was on a raised platform. Professor James Robert White, '93, was toastmaster and others at the speakers' table were Dr. and Mrs. William J. Milne, Miss Milne,

Miss Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Husted, Dr. and Mrs. Mereness, Mrs. Jane A. S. Gallup, Mrs. Grace Van Vranken Scudder, Miss Mary McClelland. Those responding to toasts were: Dr. William V. Jones, who gave greeting from the class of '68 to the class of '08; Mr. Charles J. Campbell, the president of the class of '08, gave the response. Mrs. Grace Van Vranken Scudder, '88, gave "Reminiscences," and Dr. William J. Milne responded to the toast, "The New College." Mrs. Jane A. Sheridan Gallup, '78, gave a reading and Miss Mary A. McClelland, '68, responded to the toast, "The Alumni."

The decorations were pink peonies, ferns and roses. There was music by an orchestra and the songs were "Alma Mater," sung to the melody of "My Old Kentucky Home;" "S. N. C.," to the tune of "Old Black Joe," and "Albany, Dear Albany," to "Maryland, My Maryland." Early in the evening the class of '08 sang their song, and until the formal program, the room was ringing with rollicking class and society airs.

The banquets of the Alumni Association gain in numbers and attractiveness each year.

The decennial reunions always bring back many of the older graduates who take great pleasure in meeting and welcoming those of more recent years, and this last reunion stands pre-eminent in its enthusiastic college spirit and its tributes of love and loyalty for Alma Mater.

---

Please do not look at the turkey on the cover in an inverted position.



Copies of *The Normal Eye*, for September 16th and September 23rd have been received. Iowa State Normal School is going to have a football team if the students support the Athletic Board in its efforts to organize and equip one. It should require little urging to persuade every student of the college to subscribe to such a cause. Our best wishes for a successful season.

---

### O Joy!

I'd rather be janitor in a joy factory than superintendent of a pickling-works. Did you ever notice in a crowd that the broader the faces the more room there seems to be? I have seen one person with the vertical facial development fill a whole room so full that you couldn't squeeze in a smile. If I could have only one, I'd rather have a wide smile than a high brow. There are more people wise than happy. Stop complaining about things you can't do. Do as well as you can, and you'll get a lot of fun out of it. Make your associates glad by being happy while you live; and when you are enjoying the rainbows at the fountains of eternal bliss, the horizontal dimensions of your face will be a pleasant memory to a host of friends.—*The Normal Eye*.

---

We are glad to welcome *The Spectator* from Capital University of Columbus, Ohio. The little article in its September Exchange department on Exchange Departments is well worth reading.

With the advent of this new school year a great amount of zeal and energy should be set forth in the different college papers. It is, however, not sufficient for only a small number to manifest this interest, but in order to accomplish anything worthy of merit, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel. If we then undertake our work with a firm determination to succeed, success will be the result of our efforts. Every young man and woman attending college to-day should take a most active interest in their college paper.—*The Spectator*.

Teacher—"Willie, why don't you comb your hair?"

Willie—"Cause I ain't got no comb."

Teacher—"Well, why don't you ask your mamma to buy you one?"

Willie—"Cause then I'd have to comb my hair."

Sure thing, Bill will be elected president.—*The Spectator*.

In the *School Bulletin* for September there is a very interesting article entitled "The Passing of the School Master," by Welland Hendrick, A. M., which deals with the old question whether women teachers should receive the same salary as men.

One of our best exchanges is - *The Crimson and White* from our own Normal High School. This paper ranks well with the college papers received. The accounts of the commencement exercises are especially good.

"How do you know that Cæsar had an Irish sweetheart?"

Sophomore (innocently)—"Why, he went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget."—[Ed.]

## REVIEW

### "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare."

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Somewhere on the borderland as you pass from North Carolina to South Carolina is the town of Kildare, "the land of the little brown jug." If it were not contrary to all hypothesis in geometry, we might say that this is also the spot where the two parallel lines of thought in Meredith Nicholson's latest novel meet. The governor of the "Old North State" suddenly disappears. The governor of South Carolina is soon found to be missing in like manner. The governor of South Carolina has a charming daughter. So has the governor of North Carolina. Two knight errants come respectively and respectfully to the aid of these two fair ladies and then follows the most charming story imaginable in this work-a-day world. From the moment that we open the book we are carried off, willing captors, to a land of romance and "make-believe." It takes us, just as it does the dignified young law school professor and the young millionaire who feels exceedingly bored with life, into the most rollicking of adventures, until we forget that we are in practical America and entirely lose ourselves in a glorious day dream, which is not so impossible, after all. This is one of the books where you can't look at the last page to see how it all comes out, for the most unexpected things are continually happening and a delightful surprise springs at us from almost every page. Some critics say that this is by far the best story ever written by this author and we are inclined to agree with them. At any rate, we can guarantee this book, with its sparkling humor and light-hearted romance, as a first-rate cure for the

blues. So the next time you feel discouraged over the hard practicality of life, just test the cheering power of this little volume.

This book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis. Price \$1.50 net.

---

Mr. Birchenough—"Have you ever taken Algebra?"

Marie Philips (heaving a sigh)—"I've been exposed several times, but I never caught it."—*Adapted.*

---

#### "The Circular Staircase."

"The Circular Staircase," by Mary Roberts Rinehart is one of the season's new books. The name suggests mystery and the suggestion is more than realized. From the first chapter to the last, mysteries pile one upon the other until the reader abandons any hope of unraveling the plot, but simply reads on, knowing that the author will make it all clear in the end.

The scenes of the story are nearly all laid in a luxurious summer home which a middle-aged woman has rented for six months from a family who have gone to California. In this house is a circular staircase leading from one of the side verandas, up through the card room, to the upper floor. At the beginning of the story a murder is committed near this staircase. During the weeks which follow, while attempts are being made to fix the guilt of this crime, these stairs are very important and a number of exciting incidents happen on or near them thereby justifying the title of the book.

The events of the story are all possible and probable and the final explanation

is both simple and satisfactory. The novel is one of absorbing interest to those who enjoy mystery and thrilling situations and to such we highly recommend it.

The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis. Price \$1.50 net.

---

#### "Mr. Crewe's Career."

If you want to read a genuine American story, one that presents present-day political situations in a most fascinating manner, get Mr. Churchill's late book entitled, "Mr. Crewe's Career."

A certain state, the name of which is not given, but which is not hard to guess, is under the control of a large railroad. The president of this railroad, a New Yorker, completely dominates the state legislature and the governor. The occurrence of certain incidents arouses the public to a realization of the situation and to a strong resistance.

The chief counsel of the railroad is Mr. Hilary Vane, a man of clean private life, but one who has come to look upon his services to the corporation as a high type of patriotism. He has a son, Austin, whom he has always regarded as rather a black sheep. But this young man, also a lawyer, becomes the leader of the opposition to the railway and the realization of the elder Vane that his son's position is morally higher than his own affords a very interesting study.

Contrary to the title, it is Austin Vane and not Mr. Crewe who is the hero. This latter personage is a millionaire who, seeing the condition of political affairs, decides that he must go to the legislature himself in order to benefit the nation. His ardent, but unsuccessful pursuit of

political office is an amusing spectacle and it is due only to Mr. Churchill's good humor that the reader has any thing of a kindly feeling for this man.

The interest of the story is also furthered by the fact that Austin Vane is in love with Victoria, the daughter of the railroad president. These young people are all that can be desired as a hero and heroine, while the farming-commercial people give variety and genuineness to this story of national interest and value.

This book is published by the Macmillan Co., of New York. Price \$1.50 net.

---

#### "The Servant in the House."

"The Servant in the House" was one of the strongest plays produced last season in New York city. The book of the same name is founded on the play and written in drama form. The scene is laid in a small town in England at the Vicarage. The Vicar having married an aristocratic wife, becomes ashamed of his brother Robert through whose self-sacrifice he has obtained his education. The aim of the Vicar's life is to repair the old church and for this purpose he has been trying to raise money by subscription, but fails. Just as he is about to give up in despair he receives a letter from his brother, the Bishop of Benares. When his wife's brother, the Bishop of Lancashire, learns of his relation to the famous Bishop of Benares, he also comes to aid him. The Bishop of Benares arrives, under the guise of Manson, an Indian butler, "The Servant in the House." But his identity is discovered only by Mary, the Vicar's niece, Robert's daughter. Complications arise;

Robert, the black sheep of the family, arrives and is mistaken by the deaf Bishop of Lancashire for the Vicar. Through the efforts of Manson the Vicar sees his mistake and Robert is acknowledged. There are many laughable incidents throughout the book. Roger, the footman, with his Cockney accent and the Bishop with his ear trumpet, furnish much amusement. The book, however, is worthy of deep thought on account of the lofty sentiments expressed.

This book is published by Harper & Brothers, of New York. Price, \$1.50.

---

The Albany Normal College is to inaugurate a post-graduate course in pedagogy equal to the best in the country, on the completion of its new building. College graduates and teachers of experience will be prepared for superintendents, principals of normal schools, and high schools, supervisors of departments, department teachers, etc. The college will be fully equipped with apparatus and teachers to carry on this work.

---

Excited lady at the church door—  
Usher, some one is occupewing my pie.  
Usher (in confusion)—Very sorry madame, let me sew you to a new sheet.

---

On October 7th, in the presence of a large and notable group of American educators, Mr. Harry A. Garfield, former professor of politics at Princeton, was inducted into the office of President of Williams College. Among those present were seventy-five college presidents, James Bryce, Ambassador of Great Britain, and three brothers of President Garfield.

Just now I heard a freshman say,  
 "U know THE ECHO's out to-day.  
 Surely all must for it subscribe  
 To help should be our class's pride."

O, why are not you all like this?  
 Now take advice from this young  
 Miss.  
 Earn quick the price each freshy sis.

Do what you can to help it go.  
 O why not help our own ECHO?  
 Let each her single dollar give  
 Let's help THE ECHO high to live  
 And when at last our task is done  
 Real fame THE ECHO will have won.  
 R. C. V.

## STUDENTS'

LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS AND  
 SCHOOL SUPPLIES

## Clapp's

32 Maiden Lane 16-18 James Street

## THE DOLAN COMPANY

ALBANY'S BEST CLOTHIERS

"College Styles" a Specialty

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

Hart, Schaffner and Marx

SO. PEARL AND BEAVER STREET

## THE PARK BRANCH

OF

# THE UNION TRUST COMPANY

OF ALBANY, N. Y.

200 WASHINGTON AVENUE

Located in the heart of the residential section, it gives particular attention to the business of its lady customers and offers special facilities for their convenience. Small checking accounts invited.

A liberal rate of interest allowed on time deposits by special agreement.

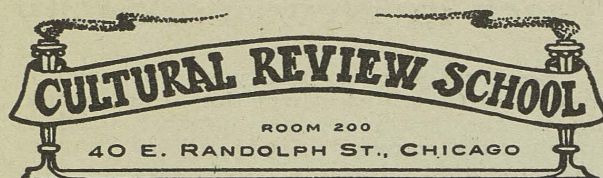
### OFFICERS

Grange Sard, President  
 MacNaughton Miller, Secretary

T. I. Van Antwerp, Vice-President  
 Joseph R. Swan, Treasurer

W. B. Van Rensselaer, Vice-President  
 Arthur L. Andrews, Gen'l Counsel

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



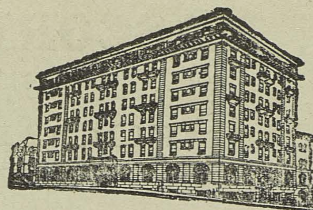
Teachers' review courses preparatory to all Chicago and Cook County teachers' examinations. Preparation either in class or by correspondence.

Write for full information

The Principal of the Cultural Review School is a graduate of the New York State Normal College, Class of 1903.

O. M. HEATH, Principal

FLORENCE C. GRIFFIN, Secretary



## The Ten Eyck

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fireproof, European Plan  
Orchestral Music during dinner  
and after the play.

Frederick W. Rockwell

# Albany Art Union

## College Photographers

*For Five Years*



48 NORTH PEARL STREET

---

## W. MASCORD

### Fine Groceries

---

781 MADISON AVENUE

Corner Quail Street

---

## E. F. HORTON

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, BOLOGNA,  
SAUSAGE, POULTRY AND CANNED  
GOODS.

849 Madison Avenue

H. R. Phone 610 West      Home Phone 1688

---

## SCOTT & RYDER

PLUMBING    ROOFING  
GAS FITTING

443 MADISON AVENUE  
ALBANY, N. Y.

---

## Albany Teachers' Agency

Provides schools of all grades with competent teachers. Assists teachers in obtaining positions. Calls for good teachers are coming in constantly. Now is the time to register.

HARLAN P. FRENCH

81 Chapel Street,      Albany, N. Y.

## Teach in New York City

Some teachers do not wish to teach in New York City, but others do. I am speaking to the latter. Nine hundred teachers appointed November 1, 1907; all the January list appointed March 1, 1908; all the June list appointed November 1, 1908. Next examinations January 11 and 12, 1909.

### Do You Know

- 1 That the McEvoy School has correspondence courses?
- 2 That nearly 2000 teachers have used those courses?
- 3 That Albany Normal College graduates are excellent students?
- 4 That you can make the preparation in two months?
- 5 That we have reduced our charges?
- 6 That commission after appointment has been abolished?

FULL INFORMATION FOR STAMP

T. J. McEVOY

306 FULTON STREET

BROOKLYN,      -      -      N. Y.

---

*Brandow Printing Co.*

---

10-16 STATE ST.

ALBANY, N. Y.



PRINTERS, BINDERS  
AND BLANK BOOK  
MANUFACTURERS



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Saw Edges? **NO**

Our Collars are Ironed with  
a Smooth Round Edge

THAT'S NECK COMFORT

**Parkside Laundry**

457-459 Madison Ave. Both Phones 1176

**Geo. W. Raynsford**

GROCER

Hawk and Chestnut Streets

Both Phones 651

ALBANY, N. Y.

**EYRES'**

**MUMS**

**MUMS**

**MUMS**

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS**

THE FINEST IN THE STATE AT MY SHOP

Store, 11 North Pearl Street

Greenhouses, So. Knox Street

Both Phones 208

**QUAYLE & SON**

STEEL ENGRAVERS, JEWELRYMEN

*Represented in State Normal College by*  
**FLOYD H. CASE, 102 Willett Street**

ALBANY, N. Y.

**F. M. HOSLER**

MANUFACTURER OF

**ICE CREAM AND  
CONFECTIONERY**

*Wholesale and Retail*

Telephone

**193 Lark Street**

**Albany Wood & Coal Co.**

**OFFICE, 672 & 674 BROADWAY**

We handle exclusively

**D. L. & W. Co.'s Coal**

It is the cleanest and therefore the  
cheapest. Deliver carefully and  
promptly. Give us your next order  
and be convinced.

Both Phones.

WM. REID, Prop.

## WISE ONES

**K** NOW where to come for the latest Fall and Winter Styles in Hats, Soft or Stiff, all the newest colors because we have a great many styles exclusively our own;

**Youngs, Guyer, Stetson, B. & B. \$2 to \$5**

We also have complete lines of Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Fancy Waistcoats, Gloves, Rain Coats, Umbrellas and Canes in great variety. Good values and lowest prices.

## BOYCE & MILWAIN

Young Men's Hatters

66 & 68 State Street

## All the Newest Kinks

in style in our matchless ROGERS-PEET and other suits and overcoats, foretelling to-day what the other fellow will be making next season.

Very fetching ideas in button flaps and tan, brown, olive, elephant and smoke colorings that make even college men look TWICE. We dress you notably at no higher price than you pay for commonplace clothing.

**\$10**  
**Up** **Babbitt & Co.** **\$10**  
**Up**

ALBANY'S GREATEST CLOTHIERS

451-453 Broadway,

Albany, N. Y.



