

V. 22 No. 3

-THE-ECHO-



November
1912

WE DON'T WANT YOUR TRADE UNLESS
WE CAN CONVINCe YOU THAT WE
ARE GIVING THE BEST SHOE VALUES IN
THE CITY AT THE PRICES. ALL THAT WE
ASK IS A TRIAL.

Sole Agent for the "HURD SHOES"

August Wicke

219 Central Avenue

"Just above the corner"

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is
her's a business or a profession?"

"Neither. It is a calling."

Albany Novelty Shop

28 — Central Avenue — 28

Appropriate and Pleasing Novelty

Gifts for Any and All Occasions

Favors

Newest Fiction

Artistic Post Cards

High Grade Candies

Latest Sheet Music

Pictures and Pennants

Open Evenings

Your Inspection Invited

When dealing please mention "The Echo"

EYRES

Chrysanthemums

Roses

Violets

Wedding Decorations

Bridal Bouquets

11 North Pearl Street

Both Phones

One of the big railroad lines has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its line. Recently a cow was killed, and the track foreman drew up the report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of animal?" he wrote, "Kind and gentle."

Editor-in-Chief, Wordsworth Williams
 Assistant Editors, Amy Wood, Anna Jacobson
 Art Editor, Wm. Richards

Photo Editor, Edna Hall
 Advertising Mgr., Frances V. Coghlan
 Subscription Manager, Rose McGovern

New York State Normal College

Year Book, 1913

Albany, N. Y.

Order now. No order received later than Feb. 1, 1913

Kindly aid "The Echo" by patronizing our advertisers

ANKER'S

Big Store on the Hill

CLOAKS SUITS FURS MILLINERYEVERYTHING FOR
Ladies, Misses and Children**Fred L. Anker****145 Central Avenue**Open Evenings

Teacher: "Who can describe a caterpillar?"*Tommy:* "I can. It's an upholstered worm."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**"The World's Standard"****\$2.50**

Plain chased or mottled holder, with 14kt. gold pen with fine, medium, coarse and stub points—all degrees.

\$5.00

Similiar to the lower priced pens, but having the pen section much larger, allowing free action.

*There is a pen to suit YOU at***John Skinner's Book Store**

44 North Pearl Street opposite Whitney's

Albany, N. Y.

When dealing please mention "The Echo"

Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT	PAGE
Poem—An Autumn Idyl (Dr. Geo. S. Painter)	101
An Old Maid's Romance (Helen Hilton Shepard, '15)	103
The New State Educational Building	106
The Naval Review	109
Sunshine (Agnes E. Futterer, '16)	113
Wordsworth's Relation to Nature (Gerald S. Pratt, '14)	114
A Shakespearean Play (Grace M. Young, '13)	116
Letters Home	120
Poem—To an Autumn Leaf (Helen Hilton Shepard, '15)	124
Obituary (Mary A. McClelland)	125
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	128
NEWS DEPARTMENT	131
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT	139

The Echo

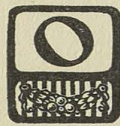
VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 3

Literary Department

An Autumn Idyl



COME with me beneath the skies,
These glorious autumn days! Behold
How nature keeps high festival!
A golden haze fills all the wide
Expanse, and hangs o'er hill and vale
Like halos of the saints. How sweet
The cool fresh air, with aroma
From earth's overflowing chalice!
The seasons have their utmost wrought,
That Ceres might their harvest board
With every treasure deck. The corn
And ripened fruits drop fatness o'er
The land, and designate the times
Of goodly cheer when Providence
Makes glad the hearts of men. All leaves
And grass of living green, from out
The sun have drawn the amber threads,
And woven, silently, a robe
Of crimson flame. The flowers that yet
Abound resplendent are in their
Most gorgeous hue. The trees and vines
And humble shrubs have clothed themselves

With iridescent light, while all
The forests glow, like armies gird
With panoplies of burnished gold
Beset with sapphire, amethyst,
Jasper and every precious stone,
More radiant than ever shone
From breast-plate of high-priest, or from
The coronet of kings.

But see
The setting sun has lighted up
The world, as with a flame of fire,
Which, like a jeweled diadem,
Rests on fair nature's brow. Its rays
Fill all the sky, and fleeting clouds
Stand sentinel to signal back
The mellow gleam and roseate tint
In ever new dissolving scenes,
Till earth and sky would seem to vie
In carnival of light. And thus
The day is crowned in robes of gold
And purple set with emeralds.
Abide yet while the eventide
Enfolds the world in darkening shades,
And lulls it gently on to sleep.
Sublime, enchanting is the scene!
The waving outline of the hills
Tremble on the far horizon;
The cattle calmly rest upon
The glade; the transient birds have ceased
Their chirp and song, save here and there
The nightingale's last note echoes
Among the dells; the brook ripples

Merrily through the stilly hours,
And like a silver thread among
The gold, wends to the crystal lake.
And now the solemn pomp of night
Comes on in somber majesty ;
The moon and stars shed their pale light
And glitter like Golconda's gems
From out the azure depths. Be still
With me and let our souls but feel
How good and rich a thing is life.
How wonderful! How beautiful!

—DR. GEORGE S. PAINTER.

An Old Maid's Romance

You ask me why I never married, dearie. Well, I reckon I can tell you — maybe it won't interest you none. It's just an ordinary, every-day sort of story. There's many a woman that could tell it. I didn't have to be an old maid, dearie. I've had plenty of chances to marry, but — well, what I'm a-going to tell you is why I didn't.

It was springtime, and I was young, like you, dearie, about eighteen. It seems so long ago. We was engaged Silas and me — he gave me my ring that Christmas — and we was to have been married, come July. We had our little house all furnished, spick and new — this same house that I'm a-living in now. I loved him, dearie, and a woman can't love that way but once. And so I was happy, dreaming, and fixing up the little house, and a-waiting for July to come. But it never come for us, dearie. It never come.

The war broke out then. It had been brewing for some time back, and the feelings of most was pretty well wrought up; but I hadn't taken much notice of what was going on. I was too busy with my little house, and my sweetheart, and my dream.

And then it come — the call for volunteers. Silas, he thought he'd ought to go. He said his country needed men that was young and strong. And I — well, I'm a soldier's daughter, dearie, but it was hard, so hard to let him go. For a while it seemed as if I just couldn't. And then I saw my father's sword hanging on the wall, the sword he carried in the Mexican war, and I remembered what my father taught me. Nothing is too much to give your country, life, liberty, love, worldly goods; nothing is too much. I didn't see it that way first along, but afterward, I was proud to say I gave my all. And so I sent him to the war, and I smiled at him as he marched away in his new uniform, but my heart was heavy with fear. And he never come back.

It ain't no use for me to tell about the weary months of waiting and suspense. Every night I prayed God to bring him back to me — the recording angel must a-been busy those days a-listening to women's prayers—but it wasn't God's will that Silas should come back. His life was needed, dearie. I don't complain. Perhaps it was even an honor that our sacrifice was accepted. But when the letter come, telling how he had been shot on picket, it seemed to me that there wasn't anything left to live for. The nurse that wrote the letter told me how he sent me his love. She cut off a lock of his hair and

sent it to me. I found out afterwards that her brother was killed in the same engagement; but she went right on nursing the sick and wounded, and writing letters for dying boys, in spite of her own sorrow. There was many a brave woman in those days.

Well, dearie, I could have married. There was Ethan Dail wanted bad enough to have me. Mother was vexed with me for sending him away. He was well-to-do, Ethan was, and mother thought it was foolishness to let such a chance go by; but, somehow, I just couldn't bear to think of marrying Ethan.

I've been lonesome, dearie — when I saw the boys come marching home with colors flying and bands playing, and their sisters, and wives, and sweethearts, crying for joy at seeing them safe home. But there wasn't any soldier boy for me to greet. And, sometimes, when I saw my girl friends married, and their children playing about them, I thought of the things that might have been. When mother and father died, there was no one for me to take care of, so I came up to live in the little house, with my dream that never could come true. I've tried to live happy, and do good to others, dearie, but they've been long, long years, and I've grown old — I've grown old all alone. But, somehow, I feel as if I'd done better to be true to Silas, lying in his lonely grave, than to be a wife to Ethan Dail.

HELEN HILTON SHEPARD. '15.

The New State Education Building

The new Education Building stands for the consolidation of the educational interests of our Empire State. A theoretical union was established in 1904 by the consolidation of the Board of Regents and the Department of Public Instruction. Soon after, steps were taken to provide for an actual union in these interests, by the erection of one building to shelter all the various divisions of the Education Department. From the first public consideration of such a building, in December, 1905, the work of planning and construction has gone steadily on, until to-day we see the finished product in the building which stands near the capitol building in Albany.

The Education Building faces Washington avenue and occupies an entire block. The main part of the building is rectangular in shape, but it is enlarged by a wing extending back toward Elk street from a section just at the right of the center of the main division. Thus the building is larger than a view from Washington avenue would lead one to suppose.

The front of the building presents a long colonnade of white marble, consisting of thirty-four columns, which give a very imposing and dignified effect. When looked at obliquely, as the building must be, since it has such a location that it cannot be viewed in front from any great distance, the quickly vanishing perspective lines of the columns are impressive and at the same time almost startling. In an oblique view we lose sight of the large semi-circular window openings which extend almost to the height

of the columns, and further impress one with the dignity of the building. We cannot refrain from expressing a regret that the building is not placed in an open space, or upon some high hill, where this splendid façade might be viewed from a considerable distance, so that the perspective would not be distorted. Unquestionably the building is crowded into a space far too small for it.

Yet, when we pass inside, we are amazed by the marvelous economy of space which provides accommodation for so much within the confines of one block. Surely no smaller building would have been adequate.

The first floor contains most of the administrative offices of the department, which flank the two main corridors opening to the left and right of the main entrance. Directly in front of this entrance are the principal elevators of the building. At the right rises the main staircase, which is of white marble.

Ascending this staircase, one comes into a rotunda, from which open three corridors, leading into the reading rooms of the library. This entire floor is occupied by the library, as is also the space below the general reading room in the wing. Book stacks, with a capacity of a million and a half of volumes, fill the basement and first floor of the wing. Further space for books is afforded by stacks in the center of the building between the reading rooms at the right and left of the rotunda.

The third floor of the wing is included in the general reading room. Offices, the State Library School,

and the library for the blind are found on the third floor of the main division.

The fourth floor is almost entirely given up to exhibition rooms for the State Museum. The offices of the Science Division occupy the rather limited quarters of a mezzanine floor between the third and fourth floors. The auditorium is found in the basement, at the Hawk street end of the building, where it occupies two stories. Owing to the side slope upon which it stands, this end of the building is higher than the other end, and hence the auditorium is above ground level and well lighted by twelve large windows. The economy of space which is effected by the general arrangement is nothing short of marvelous to the mere layman who traverses the building.

The general color scheme of the building is white, relieved by tints of green, blue, cream, and rose in various rooms and with trimmings of dark oak. On the whole it is singularly light and airy, especially in contrast to the somber corridors of the capitol building. We hope that this is typical of the enlightenment which this union of educational forces is to bring to the citizens of our state.

FROM THE ECHO BOX.

The Naval Review

On Sunday, October 13, when I saw in the newspapers the pictures of our navy on the Hudson, I made up my mind to take an early train for New York. It was between one and two on Monday afternoon, when I pushed my way through the crowd on the 42nd street dock to the "Robert Fulton," an old friend, and destined to take me to the review. Once over the gangplank, I rushed forward to the bow where I hugged the rail as a vantage point for my camera. At that moment, however, a photographer's outlook was as dull as the sky, and that was sullen and grey.

But there to the north were the battleships,—grey, cleancut, and grim against the leaden sky. Away, and away the thirty of them stretched. Gay pennants fluttered, and signals, swung up by sailors, showed black. As I gazed, the love of might and of conflict surged up, and I hummed a refrain that flitted across the water.

The "Robert Fulton" was still at its moorings, with the ships of war one-third of a mile away, when the sun burst out, turning grey waters to blue. Into the sunlight glided the "Mayflower," gleaming and white. Past the grim cruisers, northward it shot, and each monster of vertical masts and erect stacks gave it a salute of twenty-one guns. From four pounders in the prow, alternately from either side, came first a white puff—a flash—then bang, wha-ang, as though the air were rushing into the vacuum. Earsplitting performance, but great! Somehow, it made me feel gloriously proud.

Meanwhile, across the river, the armored cruiser, "North Carolina," had been swung entirely round by the tide. As we watched it, the "Robert Fulton" left the dock, and crossed the river, passing between the "Washington" and "North Carolina," on whose decks a few sailors stood. In their truly "navy blue" uniforms, and their Napoleon caps, adorned with gold lace, and worn "stern foremost," the officers looked very fine. We steered among grey torpedo boats about sixty or seventy feet long.

Finally, the great line of excursion boats was under way. The boats were continually listing as their passengers rushed from side to side to see the nearest battleship. About four o'clock we were opposite Riverside Park, crowded with people peering and taking snapshots.

While we were steaming eight miles up the Hudson — for the great vessels were six or seven hundred feet apart — we caught sight of the super-dreadnoughts, the "Utah" and the "Wyoming," one and one-half times as large as the dreadnoughts. Of their mighty guns, only eight pounders gave salutes louder, sharper in their staccato, than the salutes of the other ships. The few cabins and great smokestacks seemed crowded to make room for the huge turrets.

After we had passed the last vessel, and when the shores were less settled, and fewer apartment houses loomed in the distance, we turned to start down the river. For miles the white "Mayflower" led the way, and again each battleship saluted with a puff, puff, bang! bang! As we neared 42nd street, we saw

the "Mayflower" riding at anchor. I snatched my telescope. On the bridge stood President Taft. We made a half-circle around the "Mayflower," and again I saw the President, his large figure the nucleus of a talking group.

It was long after five when we reached the dock. On the shadowy wharf taxies gleamed. But we were loath to leave the boat, for we had caught a glimpse of the naval float. In a small inlet, launches were tied up. Between it and the fleet, others were puffing this way and that, carrying notables.

That evening I went to Riverside Drive. There I found a medley of lights and crowds, with an occasional sailor. Mere outlines in yellow against the black sky, the battleships stood. Strings of lights showed deck line, masts, and smoke funnels; that was all. More shadowy in the distance they grew, the gold fading into the blue blackness. The night was breezy and cool, and the waters rippled.

* * * * *

To see the departure of the fleet on Tuesday, I had decided to board the "Clifton sightseeing yacht." At the dock, the only small craft was a vessel about the size of an Albany and Troy ferry boat. This was the "Clifton," whose only claim to yachtdom was lack of size. As we skirted Manhattan Island, we saw the sterns of the Cunard and White Star greyhounds at their wharves. Among a host of other craft, engaged in a general race for the Statue of Liberty, we saw the "Mayflower" on the port side, and headed toward it. Rushing torpedo boats, each

manned by sailors and a lieutenant, were continually drawing up alongside the excursion boats.

“Stand off to the left, there!”

“Out of the way, there!”

They were trying to form an avenue for the fleet.

The “Central R. R. of New Jersey,” a big speedy craft, was shouted at again and again. When at last it passed to its proper station, everyone yelled,

“Get out of the way, New Jersey!”

Some of the boats anchored, but the “Clifton” would now steam a little, would now drift in the trough of the sea, and in the rollers from the monster ships.

At last, preceded by swift torpedoes, out of the mouth of the Hudson, between the Battery and the Jersey shore, appeared the first of the battleships. Flash after flash against the murky city went up, as each one passed the “Mayflower.” Foam, dazzling white against the grey steel, and clearly visible at that distance, showed their speed. As the leaders came within range, click, click went the camera shutters. Soon we saw sailors lined upon deck, while some at the prow were sounding for the depth. Swing, swing went the rope, and then a great circling throw ahead!

When nearly twenty had filed by, the “Kaiser Wilhelm der II.” loomed up from the south, entering the harbor. Again, and again, the red and white flag dipped, and the stars and stripes signaled in turn.

Next came the gunboats, small and swift, then the cruisers, two by two, lithe and long—veritable grey-

hounds. Torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers, and auxiliary ships completed the line. Grey against grey, away they went to the southeast. The review was over.

Wasn't I glad that I had seen even a part of it!

Sunshine

It is one of God's loveliest gifts—this sunshine—a glow which radiates from some people, which fills the world of its owner with happiness, and makes that world the haunt of everyone. It looks forth from the face, but it comes from the soul. We see it in a smile, a glance of an eye, a single word. Sunshine is an indescribable something which makes the homeliest, most insignificant mite of humanity, wondrously beautiful. It is always there, can always be counted upon, and it always heals. This is sunshine.

This sunshine of the soul is to me what the green woods must be to the tired city man. He goes there with the assurance of rest and is not disappointed. The woods do not try to soothe, they can't help it. This balm for weary bodies is a part of them. The birds chatter, unheeding his presence, but the trees bend in smiling recognition. And he smiles, not knowing why, yet feeling better for the smile. Then he talks, and unburdens his weary brain. He glimpses, now and then, a stray hare or chipmunk, members of the wood family, and wonders about their homes and their troubles. Suddenly, he bursts into a merry laugh at some ludicrous antic of a clumsy crane. He laughs, I say, but a half hour

previous the cleverest comedian on the stage could not have wrung from him a smile.

What was it, then, that has wrought such a change? The woods, the smiling, healing, all embracing freshness of the woods. And so, just so, does sunshine rest me.

AGNES E. FUTTERER, '16.

Wordsworth's Relation to Nature

Understanding, love, and appreciation of nature, these we expect to find in every poet. Some sort of communion with creation seems almost essential to the soul that is stirred by the profound emotions, the vague questionings, the glimmering glimpses into eternity that find utterance in poetry. The beauty of the hills, the fields, the streams beckons the troubled spirit, speaks to it in the deep voice of the universe, and gives it of its own peace. The budding flower, the soaring bird, the murmuring brook, all these become both questions and answers to him who seeks their presence with an understanding heart.

Probably few more ardent lovers, more deep-seeing interpreters, or more profound dreamers of the things of nature ever lived than Wordsworth. From the pure delight in beauty expressed in the lines beginning, "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky," to the hint of the deeper, richer joy of understanding and communion in the lines, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." Wordsworth's reactions to his surroundings seem to have

run the gamut from ecstatic delight to the solemn joy of philosophic thought. It is in this latter sort of response that Wordsworth climbed higher and delved deeper than many another poet whose love of nature was as strong as Wordsworth's own. To Wordsworth, nature was not merely something the beauty of whose forms supplied constant delight, not merely this. In nature Wordsworth perceived a wondrous unity, to be loved and understood as such. Nowhere, perhaps, is this conception more clearly shown than in his lines on "The Simplon Pass."

" Brook and road

Were fellow travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blast of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn.
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spoke by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds, and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end."

A knowledge of this conception of Wordsworth's lets us understand more fully the significance of his tribute to the influence of natural objects in his poems.

Wordsworth's love of nature was more than a love of "Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves." It was that and more. It was a love that reached upward and through these things to the great Why of the Universe.

GERALD S. PRATT, '14.

A Shakespearean Play

Again we hear talk of rehearsals and see industrious studying of parts around our college corridors. Perhaps this may arouse some curiosity on the part of freshmen. The upper classmen know by experience that these signs are harbingers of "The Echo Play," which is a yearly function. Since the seniors first entered college, three Echo plays have already been produced in our auditorium. The first was "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan; this was followed by Goldsmith's, "She Stoops to Conquer." Last year comedy was exchanged for serious drama, and the production was Ibsen's, "A Doll's House," which will long be remembered by those who have heard it, as a play with a deep psychological tragedy for its plot.

This year, the play which has been chosen is one usually classed as a comedy in the rough division of Shakespeare's plays into historical dramas, tragedies, and comedies. However, "The Tempest" is not to be classed among Shakespeare's lightest dramas, such as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," or "Midsummer Night's Dream." Those who look, listen, and

think will find in it a deeper significance than appears to the casual observer.

The play is one full of mystery and supernatural agencies. In comparing "The Tempest" with the "Midsummer Night's Dream," it has been said, that, while in the latter man is made the sport of elves and fairies, in the former man is the magician who controls these powers, so that although both have non-human characters, yet there is a vital difference in the use which is made of these personages.

The chronology of the "The Tempest" is a matter of grave dispute among students of Shakespeare. By some, a place is claimed for it among the early comedies of the poet. Others have woven a very pretty fancy by making it his last play, and likening him to Prospero, the magician, who, having accomplished his work, lays down his magic and uses his mighty enchantments no more. The simile is pleasing, but rather too imaginative to correspond with facts. It seems for more reasonable to believe that the drama was written about 1610 or 1612, from four to six years before the poet's death, and also before some of the great tragedies which marked the climax of his power. In 1609, the ship of Sir George Somer was wrecked in a tempest off the coast of Bermuda, and a story of this disaster which appeared shortly after was widely read. As we to-day have not yet forgotten the wreck of the Titanic, so in those days the memory of a striking disaster lingered in the minds of the people, and such a title as "The Tempest" would immediately have aroused their interest. Who would have been more likely than Shakespeare to see the psychological connection so effected, and to

take advantage of it? We are also helped in fixing the date by an allusion to this play, which can hardly be mistaken, in Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" which appeared in 1614. The poetic structure of "The Tempest" also classes it among the later plays.

There is a striking similarity of plot between "The Tempest" and "Die Schöne Sidea," a German play, whose author, Jacob Ayrer, died in 1605. It is well known that Shakespeare borrowed most of his main plots either from history or from some older work of fiction. It is possible that "The Tempest" was founded on this play of Ayrer, or that both originated from an older source. Each contains a magician, his only daughter, and an attendant spirit. In each, the son of the magician's enemy becomes the magician's prisoner through having his sword rendered powerless by magic art, and in each he becomes a bearer of logs for his mistress.

In "The Tempest" this son of the enemy is Ferdinand. About him and Miranda, Prospero's only daughter, the chief human interest of the play is centered. Prospero's love for his daughter is also notable. Ben Greet says of these characters: "Never father spoke more beautifully of a daughter, few daughters have deserved more, few lovers passed through so fine a test."

The play is characterized by simplicity and dignity. It upholds a serene and optimistic view of life. It has been called a clear and solemn vision, the expression of Shakespeare's highest and serenest view of life.

This is the play which is to be presented by a cast of our college students. They are loyally giving a

Letters Home

SUNDAY, Oct. 27, 1912.

Dear Dick,

I'm glad you are enjoying a week's vacation at home, but I'm sorry you had to be sick to get it. You always were careless about getting your feet wet. No, I'm not preaching. There's not another soul to tell you your faults if I don't. Mother idolizes you; dad is too busy; baby Peggy is too young—and the rest of the people think you're handsome, so you can't expect the truth from them. Besides, you didn't need to write me about it if you didn't want me to know. If you are so "all-fired foolish" (that's your own expression), as to get overheated at a dance and then walk home in thin dancing pumps in the pouring rain, you don't deserve any pity. I think you just wanted to get home for a week. To tell the truth, I wouldn't mind some little excuse to get home, myself. And I'd give a whole lot for a good dance.

Of course, we did dance at the Senior Reception, but that wasn't much, and it was a long time ago. It was the only reception we danced at. I don't suppose you really could expect to have dancing at the Faculty or the Y. W. C. A. Receptions. The Faculty are too dignified to dance. The Y. W. C. A. is too religious. But the Seniors are just regularly jolly. Was it you who taught me that charming verse, "The Seniors mind no law nor rule—the Seniors simply own the school?" Well, it isn't so. They're not that way at all.

Editha and I attended the dedication of the

Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial, the 5th of October, at least we attended the crowd. We couldn't get anywhere near to the monument. We couldn't even see the men who spoke. Some school children sang national songs and waved flags when they came to the chorus. We saw the flags. The monument is beautiful. If you don't take too many vacations, you may get where you can put up something fine like that. But architects have to work, you know.

We did a little better at the dedication of the Educational Building the next week. They gave us two whole days' vacation so we could attend the exercises. Editha and I managed, in spite of all the *important* things we had to do, to attend two of those meetings. We didn't have any tickets, but Editha is thin and I'm short — she squeezed through and I wiggled under, and we got through the crowd beautifully. At the dedication exercises we even got a seat way up by the orchestra. An usher put us two seats ahead of where our Faculty delegates were. Who says the Freshmen aren't the important part of the institution? Even a strange usher could realize our importance by merely gazing upon our dignified countenances. Our President and three of our Faculty attended in their Doctors' gowns. I learned a lot about those gowns. All the delegates from the colleges and universities wore their gowns, and I saw all kinds and colors of hoods. I'd never seen a Doctor's gown before, nor much of any other kind. I suppose you're feeling big now because you've worn one. Well, I'm going to have one — and mine isn't going to be like yours either — not just a common,

skimpy black thing with a little narrow B. S. hood on it. I'm going to have a big, beautiful, brilliant, scarlet gown like the Oxford Doctors wear. Then won't your eyes bulge! I shall look nice in that gown, too. You know you've always told me to "stick to red, Ted." I haven't decided yet whether I'll have a little, black, velvet cap like the State Chancellor wears with his gown or not. That shape of hat is all the style this year. I'd be able to pose for the youthful Erasmus, if I had the hat and gown, too. You know the picture in grandfather's study. I think nearly every minister in the country has that picture of Erasmus, indulging in deep thought, and just about to chew the eraser off his pencil, or rather, the feather off his pen.

I wish I knew what I was going to be. You know I always did want to be an editor like dad, but that vision glorious is fast fading from mine eyes. I'm almost, pretty near, plumb discouraged. Judging by the marks I get on my theme papers, I shall never be capable of getting a job on a patent medicine booklet. If I manage to get 80% for my general mark, I soon get enough off to bring me down to 60 (or under). Spelling, punctuation, order, ambiguity — and I was quite an English star in High School. But "never say die." I'll get there yet. I know where the trouble is, I'm careless. I don't pin myself down to write careful work. But that ideal of mine is going to pull me through — it's going to make my brain work faster and my hand slower. It's got to stay with me and help me. If it starts to fade away, I'm going to grasp it with both hands, and then if it tries to vanish, I'm going to chain it in my heart.

So let the marks go low as they will,
I shall become a writer still.

(After I get my Doctor's degree, of course.)

I'm not making any Christmas presents this year. I can't afford it. It is foolish for me to give useless stuff to people who can buy all and more than they want. But I am saving my pennies for some pretty note paper and two cent stamps. I'm going to write every one of my friends a nice Christmas letter, and I hope they'll do the same by me. Letters are the one thing we can all afford, and they're the one thing we've all neglected. A boughten Christmas card and an unpaid-for article don't constitute a Christmas gift, I've come to believe. So watch out and don't get into any scrapes, or your Christmas letter will be nothing but timely advice.

Here I am talking of Christmas when it isn't even Thanksgiving yet. Editha and I have a calendar of our own invention, showing how many days there are left to Thanksgiving, and every night when we go to bed we cross off one. Editha can't go home, so she's coming home with me. Won't that be lovely? We can hardly wait. I do believe we're children yet, the way we act.

Well' Dick, I really must say good-night; it's late. Editha is peacefully snoring. She'd appear like an angel if it wasn't for that snore. It's the one thing that convinces me that she is really human. The reason she is so peaceful is that she is easy in her mind about her Latin. We worked together on our Latin for Friday — spent two hours on it — had the same translation. She got called on for a part we

had right; I got called on for a part we had wrong. She was complimented; I wasn't. She was so pleased she came right home and did her Latin for Monday; I didn't. See what a little word of praise can do! But it was all chance anyway. If she had been called on for the part I had, and I had had her part to translate, things would have been just turned around, and I might even now be sleeping peacefully, and snoring.

Give my love to all the folks — every last one of them — and write to _____ Your loving sister,

TEDDY.

To an Autumn Leaf

O, Autumn Leaf, that travels with the wind a-blow-
ing,

Where are you going? Answer, I pray.

What is your mission? Dancing and play?

Why have you changed your simple garb of green

For royal raiment that might deck a queen?

Have you been stained within the crimson flood

If dying Summer's blood?

Or has the paint brush of some artist fay

Clothed you in colors gay?

The Red Leaf answered, flying with the wind,

"In my brief life, you may a lesson find,

No more content to dwell upon my parent tree,

The lure of dance and frolic tempted me.

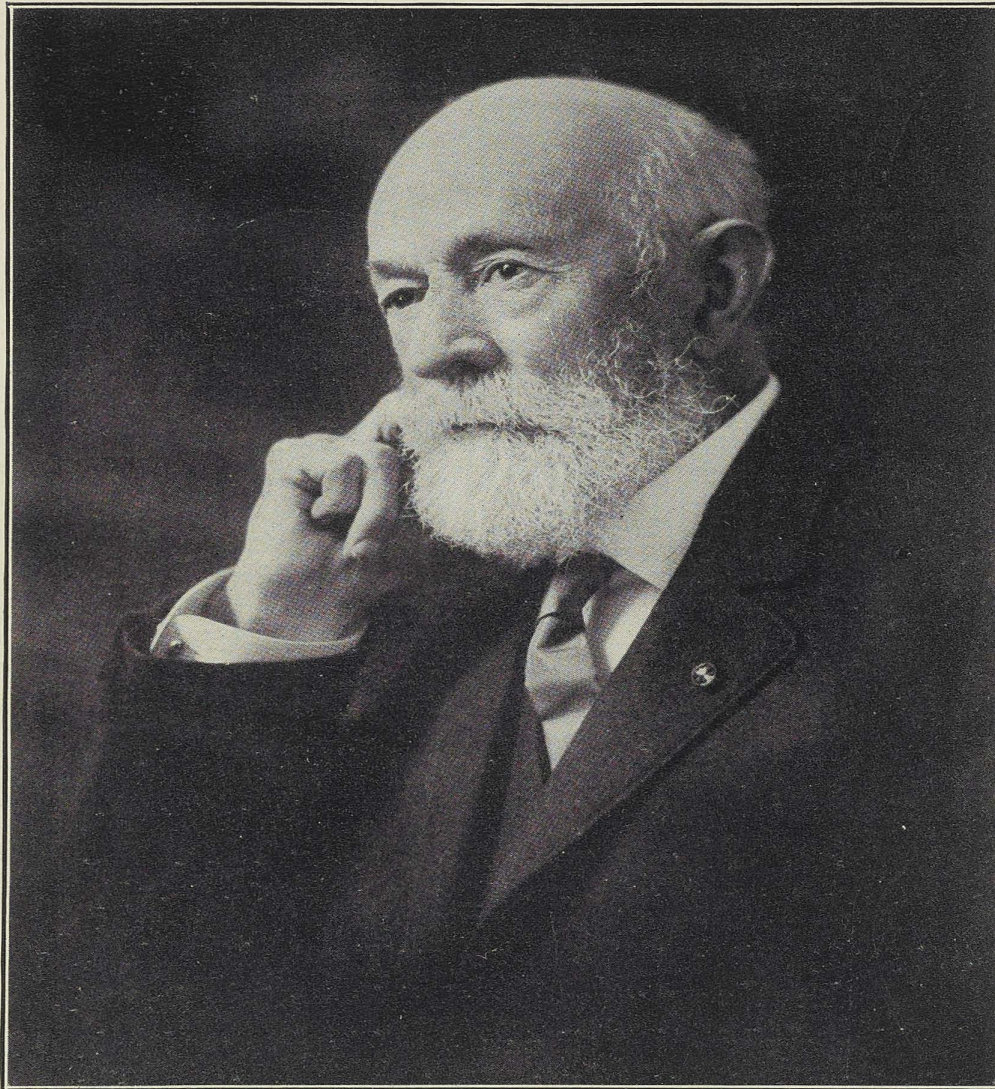
Dressed in this brilliant garb, I leapt away

To join these whirling bands, who never stay

Their revels till, when the cold snow flakes fly,

Deep buried 'neath the icy drifts, they die."

HELEN HILTON SHEPARD, '15.



DR. HUSTED

Photo by Kovar

In Memoriam

ALBERT NATHANIEL HUSTED

At Normal college to-day our country's flag droops heavily at half-mast. A white haired professor, who in young manhood was quick to defend that flag, has now passed away. This man's life, lacking but one year of four score, was a life full of service performed with the promptness of the soldier and the exactness of the skilled mathematician.

Tall, erect, keen of eye and firm of step, he followed the lines of daily duty to the end. For only three days was his chair vacant in the class room. Dr. Husted has passed away, and Normal college will miss him. Thousands of Normal college people, no matter where they dwell, will, at the news of his death, recall the fact that he did them good; will grieve because they shall see his face no more. It is well that last February, Dr. Husted should have followed his custom of attending the annual gathering of the New York alumni; well that he should have given, not an ordinary after dinner speech, but a recounting of the happenings at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania; should have stood up there in the great dining-room of the Majestic and fought his battles over again. Many years ago there hung on the chapel walls of the old Normal school on Lodge street, a framed document giving the names of certain Normal school young men who had died on the field of battle in the Civil War. All of these young soldiers had at first belonged to the

Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, the regiment formed and drilled by Professors Kimball and Husted; the former going out as captain, the latter as second lieutenant. Years passed on. The old school found another home, on Willett street. In course of time there appeared on a wall of the fine new chapel a handsome bronze tablet, bearing the same names that had appeared in flowing script on the framed document of former days. This fine memorial was a result of careful planning on the part of Professors Kimball and Husted. Captain Kimball died before the ideas took form, but Captain Husted carried on the work, and freely did the college alumni send in their contributions. When this piece of work was destroyed by fire, it was Dr. Husted who undertook the matter of replacing it. Yet he was not alone. He led, and again did the alumni come to his aid. Thus, in the entrance hall of the college administration building may be seen an almost exact replica of the former tablet.

It was a life long devotion that Dr. Husted gave to the Normal college. Even in the later years, he was scrupulous in his attention, not only to the actual work of the institution, but to the social functions as well. Frequently would he attend a prayer meeting or a board meeting in the early evening, then hastening home, would appear a little later in evening dress at a college reception. When Dr. Husted had completed fifty years as an instructor in the State Normal school and college, a reception was given him by president and faculty, and at the same time there was established the "Dr. A. N. Husted Fellowship."

Four years ago, on his seventy-fifth birthday, he was further honored by the faculty by becoming the recipient of a handsome silver loving cup, the presentation speech being made by President Milne.

Dr. Husted was a member of the Madison Avenue Reformed church. As an officeholder, he gave always loyal support to its pastor. He was also greatly interested in home mission work. For many years he was connected with the Sunday-school of the Rensselaer Street Mission. In the early days he and his young wife used once a week to entertain at their home a number of the mission boys. Dr. Husted was a board manager also of the City Tract and Missionary society and was highly successful in raising funds for the organization. And he was treasurer of the Home for Christian Workers, No. 7 High street. Dr. Husted was firm in his convictions. He did his own thinking, and what he considered right, that he did loyally and well. It was one great element of his success as a teacher that he led his students to do their own thinking. He was instinctively a teacher of right method, as was shown in his patient, logical mode of procedure in the class-room. Honored instructor, valued fellow teacher, farewell! Many are those whose lives have been enriched by your labors. Farewell!

MARY A. McCLELLAND.

Albany, Oct. 17.

This article was written by Miss McClelland at the time of Dr. Husted's death, and appeared in a daily newspaper on the day of his funeral. At the alumni meeting in June, memorial exercises will be held for Dr. Husted.

The Echo

VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 3

Board of Editors

J. HARRY WARD	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
GERTRUDE WELLS	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
GRACE M. YOUNG	<i>Literary Editor</i>
KATHARINE KINNE	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
EDITH CARR	<i>News Editor</i>
AMY WOOD	<i>Business Manager</i>
KATRINA VAN DYCK	}	<i>Advertising Department</i>
LOUIS B. WARD		
FLORENCE GARDNER	}	<i>Subscription Managers</i>
CHESTER J. WOOD		
ORRIS EMERY	<i>Circulating Manager</i>

Subscription, \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 when not paid before October 15th; single copies, 15 cents.

Contributions and expressions of opinions are solicited from the student body and interested alumni.

Address all business communications to the business manager, 82 N. Allen street.

"THE ECHO" is published (monthly except July and August) and owned by the students of the New York State Normal College, and is entered in the Albany Post Office as second-class matter.

Editorial Department

May you enjoy such a happy Thanksgiving as comes to one who lives the day temperately, and places himself in that state of mind in which he can count his blessings, and really believe that, "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."

The Echo Play

We are always proud to think, speak, or write of this annual production by a group of our fellow-students, trained by the English professor, and we feel great satisfaction in designating it as "THE ECHO Play." Though regretting to admit that all mortals are more or less selfish, in order to be "on

the safe side," we shall mention, in the first place, that it will be worth your while to see this play, for it will be enjoyable. Of course, the actors are amateurs, but — now just consider for a moment — when one sees an athletic game, which does he enjoy more, a game in which some or all of the players are familiar to him, or one in which the participants are unknown, that is, are professionals, perhaps? Unless that person is a devotee of the particular sport, a game played under the former conditions will be much more enjoyable. Now, this is exactly the case with this play. The actors are fellow-students and you feel for them; their triumphs are your triumphs, and their mistakes are your's. It is your play.

Then, again, the presentation of this play involves a great amount of labor on the part of the cast and the "coach." The biggest reward that can be given them is for the student body to make their production a success. And, finally, the play is for THE ECHO, and your college paper expects your support.

The Senior's Book

"Youth is the most precious gift of the Gods," and college life is the crown of youth. It is human for us not to prize what we possess at present, and to yearn for what we have not; but the future holds a time for each of us, God willing, when these college years, with their labors, pleasures, friendships, will be tinged by the delicate brush of time until they appear as memory's fondest, most beautiful picture. And it will be then that such remembrancers as are

found in a year book will be among our most highly prized possessions.

Seniors, when, after the lapse of years, you can turn the pages of *your book* and see again the faces of the instructors, classmates, and friends of your college days, while every sentence you read draws out some thread of memory, then, mayhap, for the first time you will appreciate the book of your class.

But, not alone to members of the class is a year book valuable. College life would be mean, indeed, if one found no interests save those of his particular organization. Such a book is for every student in the college.

Then, too, a year book is of worth now, for besides containing new facts and interesting articles, it provides for an orderly arrangement of general information. The book of this year's class promises well, and, in order that its importance may be estimated, we mention in the following account some of the things it will contain:

A memorial to Dr. Husted.

A short account of each of our faculty members.

The history of this institution and of each of the classes now attending it.

A literary department, containing specimens of the best undergraduate work.

An editorial department.

Individual photographs of every graduate in each department.

A list of the students in every class, with their addresses.

Department devoted to the organizations of the college.

Miscellaneous facts of general interest.

Jokes, "knocks," and novelties.

News Department

Faculty Notes

DR. HUSTED

On Wednesday, October 23d, at 10:30 o'clock, the students and faculty gathered in the auditorium to honor the memory of Dr. Albert N. Husted, a much-esteemed and well-beloved member of our faculty, whose death occurred October 16th.

Resolutions by the faculty, expressing sympathy with the bereaved family, and high appreciation of the work of Dr. Husted, were read by Dr. Richardson. Dr. Blue then read resolutions drawn up by a committee of students. They expressed the greatest love and respect for Dr. Husted, both as an instructor and as a friend. These were unanimously endorsed by the student-body.

Following the reading of the resolutions, Miss McClelland read a paper on the life of Dr. Husted, treating on both the part which he played in the defense of his country during the civil war and on his personal relations to men and students. Mrs. Mooney spoke of Dr. Husted as she had known him — as an instructor and friend. Both Miss McClelland and Mrs. Mooney were students under Dr. Husted, and thus knew him when he was a young man. We, who knew him in latter life, can add our testimony to

theirs — that as he grew older the value of his personal friendship and his instructions never decreased.

Dr. Milne was the last of the speakers. He knew Dr. Husted in a still different way from those who had spoken before. Those things which he told us rounded out the account of this splendid character, so filled with kindness for his fellow-creatures and reverence for his God.

The memorial exercises closed with those songs which Dr. Husted loved best: "Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground" and "America." And, as the students left the auditorium, they felt that they were better for having known Dr. Husted. His memory is one that will long remain with the students and faculty of the New York State Normal College.

Lectures

The college authorities will announce within a short time the lecture course for this year. The course will include lectures and entertainments by men eminent in their respective fields, some of the discourses being given by members of the faculty of the college. The following will occur soon:

November 25—Prof. A. W. Risley, A. M., of the
State Normal College, on
"Thanksgiving — the Historic
Home Day."

December 5—Pres. Wm. J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D.,
on "Memory Systems."

December 16—Irving Bachellor, "A Cheerful Yankee."

A complete list of lectures will be published in the December ECHO.

Senior Notes

The "Eternal Query" that is appearing in the Senior Question Box is, "Why did Miss Venton go?" The most plausible answer is given by Mr. Dabney, who points in silence to the third finger of the left hand of his lady.

The senior class is now much engrossed in its Year Book. The board of editors is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief, Wordsworth Williams.

Assistant Editors, Amy Wood, Anna Jacobson, H. E., '13.

Art Editor, William Richards, Industrial Dept., '13.

Photo Editor, Edna Hall.

Advertising Manager, Frances V. Cogan.

Subscription Manager, Rose E. McGovern.

This Year Book, when completed, will be a splendid collection of college news and college pictures. It is for juniors, sophomores, and freshmen, as well as for those who are publishing it. There is no college organization which will not find a place in the Year Book, and this fact alone should commend it to your interest. The hearty support of every student in our college will be welcomed, and such support will make for college spirit and enthusiasm. Give your order to some member of the board at once.

Senior Household Economics Notes

The senior household economics class held a meeting on October 1st for the purpose of electing officers. The following were chosen:

President, Anna M. Jacobson.
 Vice-President, Mernette L. Chapman.
 Secretary, K. Inez Drake.
 Treasurer, Florence E. Weldon.
 Reporter, Grace L. Cheesman.

Miss Margaret McLean entertained Miss Esther Sill, of the Skidmore School of Arts, October 4-7th.

Miss Hannah Bray attended the wedding of Miss Mable Dunlap, a former member of the class, at Gloversville, October 5.

Junior Notes

The officers of the junior class, who were elected last June, are:

President, Lois Atwood.
 Vice-President, Ballard Bowen.
 Secretary, Marjorie Davidson.
 Treasurer, Naomi Howells.
 "ECHO" Reporter, Edith Casey.

Miss Elizabeth Coughlin has left college on account of illness.

One of our members, Miss Clara Dater, did not return to college in September.

We welcome Miss Gertrude Brennan as one of our new members.

Everything would be quite slick,
 If all would pay their class-dues quick;
 So, when you get your weekly check,
 Miss Howells will be right on deck!

The juniors are delighted with the new form of "THE ECHO."

Y. W. C. A. Notes

The meeting on October 9 was led by the treasurer, Miss Christie Waite. At this time the budget for the year was presented, showing the financial condition of the association. Mrs. Frank Keller, a missionary returned from China, gave the girls a very interesting talk on the afternoon of October 25. Incidents of her life in China and other interesting facts formed the basis of an inspiring appeal for the Student Volunteer Board, which she represented.

Recognition meeting for freshmen was held on October 30. Members of the cabinet responded to the words of the president.

The proceeds of the sale held on October 31 were about twelve dollars. Your patronage this time was greatly appreciated. We'll see you again.

Newman Club Notes

Newman's first business meeting was held at the rooms of the president, Miss Austin.

An enjoyable dance was given by Miss Genevieve Lanergan at her home to the members of the club and a few guests. Buffet luncheon was served.

A number of freshmen were entertained at the home of Miss Mary Wallace, October 25. "500" was played and a luncheon was served.

Borussia Notes

A regular meeting of the society was held Wednesday, October 30, in the auditorium. "Ein Knopf"

was presented. Dr. Rudolf Bingen, Universitäts Professor, was represented by N. Pepis.

Gabriele, seine Frau.....Miss F. Church

Dr. Karl Blatt, Professor.....E. B. Elmore

Bertha Maller, Gabrielens Cousine

Miss Anna B. Rickson

The successful presentation of this comedy showed careful preparation on the part of the cast, and an appreciation of the spirit of the play.

Several German songs were sung from the new books purchased recently by the society.

Girls' Athletic Association Notes

At a meeting called for the purpose of electing officers, the following were chosen:

President, Gertrude Wells.

Vice-President, Janette Campbell.

Secretary, Minnie Scotland.

Treasurer, Mernette Chapman.

"ECHO" Reporter, Marguerite McKelligett.

During the past month we have had two association walks. Instead of our proposed gym-frolic, a picnic was given. About fifty members were present. A fire was built and marshmallows were toasted over it. (Doughnuts were toasted (?) also.) Games were played and a general good time was reported.

The regular meeting of the association was held November 4.

Tennis is over; basket-ball has begun. Everyone is out! Freshmen, come and play! Try for the team, and get all the fun you can from the practice.

Delta Omega Notes

Compliments to the new ECHO board on the delightful improvements in our college paper!

The Delta girls were much pleased to see Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall at the college on Monday, October 21.

The Deltas entertained a number of friends at an informal luncheon in the sewing room on October 10.

Friday evening, October 25, the girls at the apartment enjoyed a small dinner party with several friends.

Literary Evening, October 29, at 2 Delaware avenue, was in charge of Ethel Secor and Helen Odell. The whole sorority spent a most delightful and instructive evening in listening to the program.

We express our deepest sympathy to our Delta sister, Mrs. Wm. M. Strong, in the loss of her father, Dr. Husted, who was always a dear friend of the Delta girls, as well as an honored instructor.

Kappa Delta Notes

Kappa Delta entertained a number of her friends at a baby party on the evening of October 11.

The "House" girls at 82 N. Allen this year are: Nola Rieffenaugh, Amy Wood, Katharine Kinne, Sylvia Rogers, Anna Kennedy, Edith Casey, Bessie Barremore, Barbara Pratt and Helen Denny.

The sorority was glad to welcome so many of the

college students and faculty at her annual reception, held on October 26.

Miss McCutcheon was the guest of the "House" girls for dinner just before her departure.

Kappa Delta was hostess to a number of new students Hallowe'en eve, at the home of Miss Rachel Griswold.

Psi Gamma Notes

Miss Mae McHarg, '12, entertained the sorority girls and their friends at an afternoon party Saturday, September 28, at her home, 289 Quail street.

Psi Gamma and a few of her friends enjoyed a sail to New Baltimore September 21.

Miss Mabel Tallmadge, '10, was the hostess at a most delightful "kindergarten party" given at her home, 51 Eagle street, Saturday evening, October 5.

Miss Beatrice Wright entertained some of the girls at an informal chafing dish party Friday evening, October 12.

Psi Gamma held her annual reception to the faculty and students in the college halls on Saturday afternoon, October 26. Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Decker, Mrs. Frear, and Miss Morton presided at the tables.

The girls were assisted in receiving by several of the alumnae members: Mrs. Hadden, Mrs. Livist, Miss Cleveland, Miss Tallmadge, and Miss McHarg.

Alumni Department

Miss Helen Bennett, '11, and Miss Florence Birchard, '10, are teaching in Norwich, N. Y.

Miss Ella Watson, '11, is teaching in Valley Falls, N. Y.

Miss May Chant, '11, visited the college on October 21, and, while here, gave a short talk to the class in Education, on the George Junior Republic, where she taught last year.

Miss Millie Carteluke, '11, is teaching in Roxbury, N. Y.

Miss Beulah Brandow, '11, and Miss Esther Trumbull, '11, attended a drawing teachers' conference at the college on October 26.

Miss Marie Phillips, '11, is substituting in the Albany High School, and is also teaching in the night school.

Miss Harriette Worms, H. E. '12, is teaching in Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Jessie Folts, H. E. '12, has a position in the Beach Institute at Savannah, Ga.

Miss Esther Rafferty, '11, is assisting Professor Woodard in the biological laboratory of the college.

Miss Mary Ayers, '04, has returned for an A. B. degree.

MARRIED.

Miss Elizabeth Bradshaw, '11, to Mr. Charles Dorman. They are at home in Lansingburg, N. Y.

Miss Frances Bissell, '06, to Rev. Floyd Decker,
on October 22, in Triadelphia, West Virginia.

Miss Edna Stutz, '08, to Mr. Sterling Coons, in
Hudson, N. Y.

Miss Jessie McKenna, '10, to Mr. John A. Lam-
brecht, on October 17, in Albany, N. Y.

Effectively Affected

She came to him with tale of woes,
Affecting to be out of clothes.
Good-natured, he allowed that she
Effect her purpose easily.

She bought a gown that very night
And asked, if the effect was right.
He smiled, but with a weary will —
He was affected by the bill.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '14.



Steefel Bros.

ALBANY

This is a
Young Men's Store

We know the sort of clothes young men like—we have them in large assortments and exclusive models

They are very different from the ordinary young men's clothes—you'll find nothing like them in the Capitol District . . .

Glad to have you come in and try some on in front of our big mirrors.

Suits \$10 to \$45

Overcoats \$10 to \$60



When dealing please mention "The Echo"

STUDENTS
RATES

NAHUM KOVAR

Photographs of Quality

Studio, 55 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS OF 1910-11-12

OUR SPECIAL: College Panels, \$1.50 per doz.

Waiter: "Well, sir, how did you find the beef?"

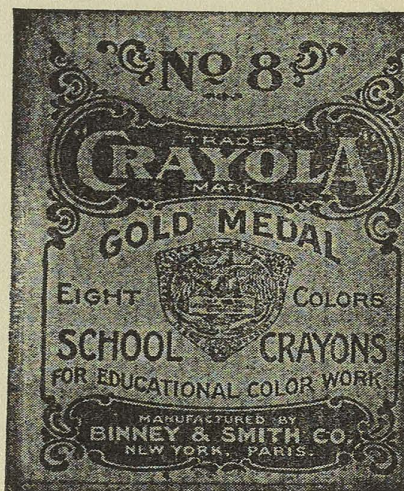
Diner: "Oh, I happened to shift a potato and — well, there it was."

Right across from the "Gym"

**School
Supplies**

MRS. KENYON

Crayons For Every Use



Send for samples of full line.
BINNEY & SMITH CO.
81-83 Fulton St., N. Y.

Kindly aid "The Echo" by patronizing our advertisers

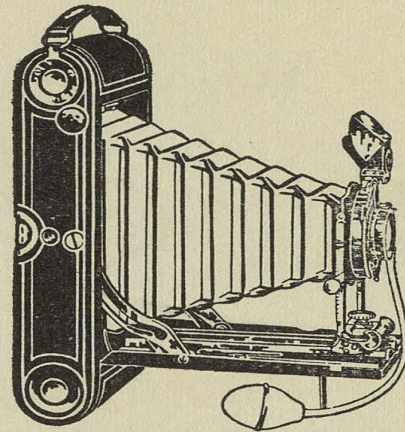
Home Bakery

Fancy Cake

Pastry Bakery

WM. H. MAUDRICH

235 Central Avenue



The Complete Kodak Store
 Kodaks and Brownie Cameras
 Edison Home Kinetoscope
 Motion Pictures for the Home
 Radiopticon, Picture Projector
 Portable Balopticon, Lantern Slide Projection,
 Victor Stereopticon

F. E. Colwell & Co.

459 Broadway

Albany, N. Y.

About Dictionaries

Vocabularies in the school text are quite inadequate, and a good dictionary is very necessary. We are selling a good many of the sixty cent books, but for a permanent, down-to-date, complete dictionary, personally recommend the

CASSELL

With the double vocabulary

Made in French, Latin and German at \$1.50 each

John Skinner's Book Store

114 North Pearl Street, Opposite Whitneys

Albany, N. Y.

When dealing please mention "The Echo"

Warren & Co., Inc.

Address:

General offices and Factory
108 Fulton Street

489 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

Manufacturers of

Fine Jewelry and Stationery

*Specialists in Emblematic Jewelry, Class Pins,
Rings, Fraternity Goods. Athletic and Prize
Medals in Stock and Special Design*

Trophy Cups, Plaques, Etc.

Special Designs and Estimates Furnished on Request

Department of Stationery and Engraving, Com-
mencement Announcements, Wedding
Stationery, Die Stamping,
Writing Papers, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

Kindly aid "The Echo" by patronizing our advertisers

Twenty-two Years of Experience
Are behind the discriminating service of the

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY

The following graduates of the Albany Normal College have secured good positions this year through our aid: M. Berna Hunt (10), G. Emmet Miller (10), Helen B. Myers (11), Theresa Kerley (12), Florence Cunningham (12), Ethel G. Pratt (12), and many others whom we have not space to name. We can help YOU if you will register.

Albany Teachers' Agency

81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y.

Harlan P. French, Proprietor

Vincent B. Fisk, Manager

"Froshes" - "Sophs" - "Junes" - and - "Senes"

If you don't know what she wants for Xmas, see

THE COLLEGE JEWELER

Around the Corner

Otto R. Mende

3 Doors above Robin Street on Central Avenue

F. M. Hosler

Manufacturer of

Ice Cream and Confectionery

Wholesale and Retail

Orders for Receptions, "Rush Parties," Etc., Promptly Filled

Factory 77 Spring Street

193 Lark Street

Telephone

When dealing please mention "The Echo"

Ben V. Smith

Optometrist

Our one price, one
quality and desire-to
please - you - policy
means better glasses
for better eyesight

*Wear the SHUR-ON to get
Eyeglass Sufficiency*

50 North Pearl Street **50**

YOU

Can always get the best

Flowers

at

GLOECKNER'S

The Flower Shop, 97 State Street

William H. Luck

PICTURES FRAMED

Framed Pictures

208 Washington Ave.

Albany, - . New York

College Specialties

John J. Conkey

NEWS ROOM

Stationery, Periodicals and
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

A Complete Line of Postals
also Bindery Paper

215 Central Avenue, Albany, New York

Gymnasium Shoes
and Ballet Slippers
A Specialty

H. W. BALDWIN

North Pearl St. cor. Maiden Lane

Kindly aid "The Echo" by patronizing our advertisers

THE TEN EYCK

Albany, New York

Fireproof

European Plan

Under Direction of

Frederick W. Rockwell

Music daily during Dinner and after the Play

Sunday Evening Dinner, Special Orchestral Program

Music by Holding's Orchestra

Teacher: "Who can make a sentence with the word gruesome in it?"

Bright Pupil: "The man stopped shaving and grew some whiskers."

Rensselaer	Established 1824
	Troy, N. Y.
Polytechnic	
Engineering and Science	Institute
<p>Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.</p> <p>Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.</p> <p>For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to</p> <p>JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.</p>	

American Book Company

Publishers of the
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE
TEXT BOOKS

100 Washington Square
New York City

When dealing please mention "The Echo"

Call and Inspect

**Adler's and
H. & P. Gloves**

DAWSON

259 Central Avenue

Conrad Heyes

**Shaving and
Hairdressing Parlor**

4 Barbers No wait

227 Central Avenue

Just above Robin

DRUGS and PRESCRIPTIONS

Harvith's
Drug Store

*You can't get better goods nor
lower prices anywhere*

251 Central Avenue

Thirsty ?

♦ ♦

Sodas

♦ ♦

SPEIDEL

203 Central Avenue

Kindly aid "The Echo" by patronizing our advertisers

PRESS OF
FRANK H. EVORY & CO.
36-38 BEAVER ST.