THE
ECHO

December

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The Sword of the Spirit.

The snow-filled clouds rest on the hills-tops drear,
The darkening day sinks wearily to rest.
Why are our hearts oppressed with sudden fear?
Shall storm or night-gloom make us feel unblest?

No! Courage be our watchword stern and high!
The bugle-note that calls us to the field!
To-morrow, when we hear the battle-cry,
Our souls, the tempter must not force to yield.

Let's buckle on our armor for the fight.
Our foe invisible, yet ready for the fray,
Nought can subdue without that spirit-light
That we by faith and prayer may gain each day.

Then faint not when the darkness gathers o'er,
And storm-clouds lower upon our pathway fair;
The spirit sword, that girded him of yore,
Is ours, and still has power to free from care.

MARGARET S. MOONEY.
The Teasel Industry.

The teasel is a plant which bears a large burr or flower-bud, covered with stiff, prickly, hooked awns or bracts, which when dried is used for raising a nap on woolen cloth.

The exterior of the teasel burr is from two to four inches in length and one to one and one-half inches in diameter. The bud or seed receptacle forms the center of the burr. On the extreme point of each individual spine is a curved hook which is nearly at right angles with the spine; its point is exceedingly sharp.

The teasel is biennial, two years being required for its full growth. Its roots and leaves are formed the first year. The second year a strong, thorny stalk, with many branches, grows. On the end of each branch and twig a teasel is formed, varying in size, in accordance with its position on the stalk, the largest growing at the top. The seed is planted in rows far enough apart to use a cultivator between them. Corn is planted with the teasels and in the fall cut off just above the ear to hold the snow and keep the teasels from freezing. An acre will yield about one hundred thousand teasels.

In August of the second year, the teasels are cut. The burrs are cut off about two inches from the base, with a scimitar shaped knife. Then they are spread on temporary shelves in a barn, to be thoroughly dried. After they are dried, they are sold to the teasel merchants at an average price of one dollar per thousand. In the shops the teasels are trimmed, assorted and packed in regular rows in boxes. This work is all done by hand. The average man can trim seven thousand teasels a day and receives sixteen cents per thousand.

The woolen factories buy them for two dollars a thousand. Another way in which the merchants profit is in selling at the established rate of seven pounds per thousand while they buy them from the growers at the rate of ten pounds per thousand.

In use, the teasels are placed on a large cylinder about four feet in diameter, close together, with the stems all in one direction. The woven cloth is placed on another cylinder. The two cylinders revolve in opposite directions, the cloth being drawn over the teasels and against the sharp points which draw each filament from the threads of the cloth. If the filament does not draw out easily the flexible spine of the teasel burr bends so as to allow the cloth to pass over it without damage.

Machines have been invented to take the place of the teasels, but their small cost, and because they can be easily freed from accumulations of wool and grease, and each teasel may be turned and used in the cylinder four times, make them superior to any machines.

Teasels are raised in England, France, Germany and the United States, where they were introduced directly from England. Two towns of New York State, Skaneateles and Marcellus, supply the greater part of the demand of the United States. Some are raised in Ohio and Oregon, but they are of an inferior quality. The French teasels are the best, but the duties on them are almost prohibitive and prevent importation except in small quantities.
A Christmas Memory.

Of course you understand that dogs can cherish memories of pain and pleasure, quite like human animals, and as I have often heard people remark upon my intelligence, it is not surprising that I should be able to relate some adventures of my youth.

When I was a young dog, my mother and her family dwelt on one of the wharves along the river front, and eked out a comfortable sustenance by chasing and devouring the grain-fattened rats, which overran that section of the city. Our nights were spent huddled together in a doorway, or under the shelter of some rickety shed. These conditions we often wished to better, for during many bitter nights we suffered severely.

During the last winter the rats had grown larger and fiercer, and one or more of us was wounded each day. One cold day in December, which followed a thaw, and which had not yet thickly refrozen the river, my mother and sister, stiff and sore from their last encounter, and weak from hunger, started out in pursuit of our usual dinner. I had lingered behind to chastise a presuming mongrel,—an insolent yellow cur,—who had attempted to scrape acquaintance with me. With me, who am a son of the blue-blooded Sir Champion!

Satisfied at length that my self-respect was vindicated, I turned my powerful head, with its dripping, revengeful jaws, towards the river. Down the wharf were my parent and sister, fleeing wildly before the onset of several huge rats. Being small dogs, of neither my build nor strength, they were wise to attempt escape.

But my fighting blood was stirred, and with a low growl, which meant, "I'll soon fix those rats," I started on a run down the quay. But my heart stopped, my limbs weakened, and my little red eyes grew dim, for with a yelp of despair, my two dear ones plunged into the icy water. Three great rats, not able to stop in time, followed them over the edge. The crust of ice gave way under their slight weights, and the strong current must have carried them away, for they never came to the surface.

Now my lonely life commenced! The jealous curs of the neighborhood formed in companies against me, and life became a long series of fights, and petty annoyances.

At last I could endure it no longer. I wandered away from the grain wharves, from the only home I had ever known, and found myself at nightfall on the walk of a broad street, bright with twinkling street lights, and illuminated too by the soft glow from the houses. It was all very strange to my bulldog mind, and I was hungry and tired and ill. My heart ached for the two little dogs who had meant so much to me, and as I remembered their tragic end, I sat upon a stoop and howled aloud.

Yes, my friend, 'tis true! I—the brave son of Sir Champion, I,—the son of that famous fighter, I,—for the first and only time in my life,—gave voice to pain!

A child's voice rose with mine.
"Oh dadda!" it cried, "hear the poor dog! Please, please go and help him!"

A moment, and the door opened wide. A flood of light, and a breath of warmth came out to me, and I blinked and sighed. A man, whom instinct at once
told me to trust, stepped down and looked at me.

"Humph! half-famished, and nearly frozen," he muttered.

"Here! come on, old boy! come in!" he commanded, patting me on the head, and going up the steps again. I rose to my feet and weakly climbed the stoop. At the top I fell. Without a word, he picked me up,—I had never been touched by human hand till he had patted my head,—and carried me into a room, where sat his wife and children.

Everything was warmth and beauty. Gentleness and peace reigned supreme.

When I was fed and revived, and had stretched out blissfully before the grate, on a rug far softer than anything I had ever dreamed of, the children grouped themselves around me.

"Poor dog," said the eldest,—Madeleine you know, she was barely twelve then.

"You need not fear, father says we may keep you, and have you for a playfellow, and my dear doggy," she whispered triumphantly.

"Father says you are an aristocrat and can easily win a blue ribbon when you are in condition. Just think of that, you ugly old darling!"

How my heart swelled! I lifted my head proudly, and they all laughed, and the mother exclaimed,

"Why Robert! he seems actually to understand. See how conscious he appears of his blue blood!"

Little Nöel, himself a Christmas child, laid his curly head on mine.

"We"s goin' to be bes' f'ends, 'tcause we bof tame on Tristmas. Holly is a Tristmas dog, isn't he muvver?"

"Yes, my Bunnykins," answered his mother, "he certainly is."

"This is Christmas Eve, and if you want old Santa to find you asleep, you must go up to the nursery now and let Katie put you to bed," she advised.

** * * * * * * * * * * * *

The old dog paused, and with a passion of love and gratitude in his dim eyes, gazed at his master who sat in his morris chair, smoking, and dreaming like his faithful dog. Across the man's knees lay an open box, in which were several blue ribbons, such as are won at dog shows.

A tiny boy, of perhaps three years, who had come since old Holly's adoption, dropped his Teddy Bear on the floor and came to play with his canine friend. The old fellow sniffed with pleasure, and after tumbling the child about the rug for a few moments, taking infinite care not to harm him, he turned again to me.

"My friend," said he, "do you not think my Christmas memory should be my dearest treasure?"

A. E. S.

The Value of Travel to the Student of English.

The student of English should have two aims: to write well himself and to appreciate good literature. Man is an imitative creature and so, putting plagiarism out of the question as being below the true man, we may say that, in general, the person who can do the latter will naturally do the former also.

Someone has defined literature as "the written expression of life." If this be true, then he will best understand and appreciate good literature, who best
understands life and appreciates the countless joys and sorrows, lights and shades, which make up the sum total of existence in this world of ours.

Travel gives a man wider knowledge and deeper sympathy. He knows more of the world and therefore, since we can read in a book only what we bring to it, the widely travelled man will have a wealth of colors in which to paint the pictures, which are merely sketched upon the pages of literature. To him the valley of which he reads may be clothed in the verdancy of the “vale of Tempe,” a river may be the “castled Rhine,” a mountain may be the stately Jungfrau. To his stay-at-home neighbor, valley and river and mountain may be merely words which he learned in a dog-eared reading-book at school.

If the traveler has been in any other country than his own, he has learned more or less of foreign tongues, and every other language which we learn gives us a better understanding of our own. Think of the large number of foreign derivatives which are to be found upon a single printed page, to say nothing of the direct quotations from French, German, Spanish, or Italian, with which many English books are interpolated. The man who stays at home, though he be a student, can never read the meaning into the words, as the one does who has heard the language spoken by its own people upon its own soil.

When it comes to writing, consider the difference which travel makes in one’s vocabulary. Not only has the traveled man a greater store of words, but his words mean more to him. He has, too, many memories upon which to draw for his comparisons, his figures of speech, as we call them. The foreign language, if he has learned one, will give him greater skill in using his own correctly.

We gain sympathy by contact with people, and the traveller has had, perforce to rub elbows with all sorts of people. Strange, indeed, would it be if he gained no insight into the lives of others and no sympathy for their foibles. The only child in the household grows selfish; the hermit grows narrow; and so people who see the same little corner of the world day after day, and year after year, grow to believe that nothing matters but their own comfort and happiness. Such people are like the two frogs in the old story. One lived in Osaka and the other in Kiota, and each becoming weary of his native town resolved to travel. They met on the top of a hill midway between the two cities, and, after exchanging greetings, each rose on his hind feet to view the world. Since in that position a frog can only look backwards, each gazed intently at his own city, decided that all the world looked the same, and then hopped back home again. Some people are like this, only that they never hop even to the top of the hill to see their own lives in perspective. Travel causes a man to appreciate good literature, because it makes him sympathetic with other people, and teaches him his own insignificance. It causes him to be intensely interested in people and things, and, since it is an axiom that one writes best about those things in which he is most vitally interested, travel helps a man to write well.

Vague rumors concerning an athletic association are floating about. “What do you know about that?”
EDITORIAL

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

"With footsteps slow, in furry pall yclad
His brows enwreathed with holly never sere
Old Christmas comes to close the wained year."

BAINFYLDE.

The first exciting weeks of the college year have quickly passed, Thanksgiving has come and gone, and now the mysteries in the air, the flutter of our hearts tell us that the happiest season of all the year is fast approaching; the time of peace on earth, good will toward men. We will soon hurry homeward and there enjoy the blessed Christmastide. This is the time which seems to force into activity all the finer and holier feelings of which the human heart is capable. Then the old year with its memories both joyful and sad, will have quickly passed and the new year with its promise of hope will stand on the threshold, waiting to be welcomed. And so THE ECO wishes you one and all the happiest of holidays, the merriest Christmas and the most prosperous New Year, you have ever experienced.

A Correction.

An editorial in the November number of THE ECHO stated that two basketball teams were to be organized. This statement has proved to be partly correct for, up to date, nothing has been heard of the formation of the female team. On the other hand five young men held a meeting (much to the amusement of over a hundred young ladies) decided to have a basket-ball team, secured the promise of more men to join, and the same week began practice in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. building. There is but one moral to be drawn from all this: Actions count more than words when you want to accomplish anything.

Art Department.

It is hoped to make the Art Department of our paper a great success, but in order to do this the help of the students of the college, outside of the board, is needed. Any student may submit a drawing for any department, with but one stipulation, which is, that every drawing must have the signature of the artists or artist. If the drawing is for the heading of sorority notes, the name of the president of the sorority is required as well as the name of the artist. The sororities have a right to change the heading of their notes as often as they like, but they do so at their own expense. For an organized body as a class or a society, it is required that the cut be paid for by the organization. For other departments THE ECHO board will pay. The art department has a number of drawings now,
but any new ones will be gladly received, particularly for those departments which are without an artistic heading.

Rushing.

At last it is over and the sororities sink back exhausted. The strain has been severe on both nerves and treasuries, but these have many months in which to recover, while each society enjoys the fruit of its labor and sacrifice.

But isn't it jolly to be a freshman at the S. N. C.? Here no requirements are exacted, no haughty seniors or hostile sophs make you feel like a freshman. You become the object of attention, you are loved and petted, you are taken to the theater in a coach, you dine at the best hotels, you are entertained at all sorts of parties, and in fact you are spoiled unless you have a wise head on your young shoulders. But a day of trouble and worry is coming. You soon discover that there are four sets of "the nicest girls in college," and after the round of gaieties you receive proposals. What are you to do? You can join only one, but they have all done so much for you and they all love you so dearly. Well, it must be decided, and so after sleepless nights and nerve-racking days the choice is made. Then amid a chorus of praise and thanksgiving you are received into the circle of your sisters who have waited so anxiously for your coming, and hear those welcome words, "Well done good and faithful freshman."

Now, to return to the point, it is time a halt was called in the matter of rushing. Conditions should be reversed. Let the freshman prove herself worthy of being a member of your sorority rather than trying to convince the freshman, with all the respect and attention due to her commanding position, that your sorority is the one she should honor with her choice.

General Observations.

Some students fail to see that often their acquaintance with Miss-Fortune is due to their previous friendship with Miss-Deeds.

"There is no reason why we should not have a good track team when we have so many good trot-ers."—Latin Student.

The freshmen certainly excel all the other classes in decorating their notices of class meetings.

Miss F. is most respectfully requested to sit in the back row during recitations when she wears that latest hat.

When the notice stating that there would be a meeting of the men of the college was read at chapel everybody laughed. What's the joke?

If you want to sum up the freshman class the long and the short of the whole thing is—Mr. Storrer and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Say, fellows, where do you suppose that basket-ball team is that the girls have talked so much about? ? ?
On Wednesday afternoon, October 21st, a meeting was held, led by Mary Denbow. The topic was "Business Maxims," and was very well adapted to college life by the leader. Different ones present told their most helpful maxims, and then the meeting closed after a solo by Mary Hotaling.

The next meeting, led by Ethel Lucas, was held October 28th. Miss Lucas pointed out lessons from the lives of great missionaries in such an interesting manner as to show a deep and careful study of her subject. The lives of such great men as David Livingstone, William Burns and Robert Morris were reviewed, and in conclusion Marion G. Pierce gave a short talk on missionaries.

It was found that there were not enough students interested in Mission Study to form two classes, so only one, "The Unfinished Task," leader Leona Eaton, has been organized.

On November 4th, one of the most interesting meetings of the year was held. Elizabeth Everett was leader and chose as her subject, "The Mission of the Y. W. C. A. to the Working Girl." Different ways of helping the laboring class were discussed and suggestions made as to how our college girls can do their share.

All those who were formerly acquainted with Miss Helen M. Greene, the student secretary for the state, welcomed with delight the announcement that she would be with us from November 10th to 12th, and those who met her for the first time now look forward to her second visit. Miss Greene met the cabinet members on Tuesday afternoon and offered many helpful suggestions for the work of the Association. One of the results of Miss Greene's visit is the organization of a special Bible class consisting only of the members of the cabinet. The leader is Miss Elizabeth Tyler, Vassar, '07, and a student volunteer, and the book of Matthew is the study under consideration. The class meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m.

Miss Greene took charge of the meeting Wednesday, November 11th. After a most helpful talk, Miss Greene met all the members of the Association.

The last meeting previous to the Thanksgiving vacation was led by Helen Bennett, November 18th. The subject was, "The Art of Appreciation," and was developed with the thought of the Thanksgiving season. Miss Bennett pointed out many of the unseen blessings constantly received by all without any thought of thanks, and then called upon each member to name some one thing for which she
was truly thankful. The meeting put everyone in the right spirit for Thanksgiving and increased the appreciation of the vacation days.

The members of the Association have been seen lately busily soliciting for the sale which is scheduled to occur soon after the Thanksgiving vacation. The proceeds of the sale will start the Silver Bay fund.

The Thanksgiving vacation was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Miss Louise Hersey spent her vacation with friends in South Cambridge, New York.

Miss Helen Bennett was the guest of Miss Pauline Rockwell at Amenia, New York.

Miss Bessie Ovitt and Miss Olive Briggs went to their respective homes at Johnstown and Bainbridge.

Misses Elizabeth Everett and Anna Fraser were the guests of Miss Effa Van Derzee, at her home in Troy.

The last of October, Miss Helen Bennett was called to her home in Waterville by the death of her mother.

Miss Miriam Tyler spent Sunday, October 18th, at Newburgh. She was the guest of Miss Minnie Schultz.

Mrs. Ives of Manning Boulevard entertained Delta Omega and a few friends at her home Saturday evening, October 24th.

Miss Alice Merrill, '06, of Johnstown, and Miss Grace Markle, '06, of Peekskill, were the guests of Miss Mabel Northrup, Sunday, November 1st.

Miss Lizzie Bunyan, '06, who is teaching at Hartford, New York, spent Sunday, November 1st, with Miss Elizabeth Everett.

Miss Alice Merrill has been suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis. We are pleased to report that she has recovered.

Misses Trembley, Burchard and Eaton entertained at a chafing dish supper, Thursday evening, October 29.

The Eta Phi girls enjoyed the receptions of their sister sororities, Kappa Delta and Psi Gamma.

Miss Agnes Stuart entertained Eta Phi and a few of her friends at a tea in the Mezzanine gallery, at the Hotel Ten Eyck, Saturday afternoon, November 7th. Miss Ethel Retersdorf, of Utica, and Miss Bertha Stamburg of Gloversville, N. Y., were the out-of-town guests.

Sarah A. Trembley entertained Miss Ethel Retersdorf of Utica, Saturday
and Sunday, November 7th and 8th. They attended the Union vs. R. P. I. game, Saturday afternoon, and in the evening a theater party was enjoyed at the Hall.

A regular meeting was held Monday evening, November 2d, at the home of Adaline Raynsford, 41 Dove street.

Miss Adaline Raynsford entertained the Eta Phi girls and some of the pledges at a supper, Wednesday evening, November 18th.

Eta Phi entertained at a Hallowe’en party, Friday evening, October 23d, at the home of the president, Miss Harriet Osborn, 322 Madison avenue. After the usual games, a Hallowe’en supper was served in the dining-room, which was tastefully decorated with jack o’ lanterns, black cats, etc. We tried to economize by taking two flashlights on one plate, but “developments” show that experience is the best teacher. One of the principal features of the evening was a demonstration, given by Florence Keeler, in which she displayed her marvelous skill in smiling.

Miss Harriet Osborn entertained at a tea, Saturday, October 17th, in honor of Miss Sarah Shaw of Bennington, Vermont.

Some of the Eta Phi girls attended Professor Belding’s recital at the First Reformed Church, Saturday afternoon, October 17th.

A regular meeting was held at the home of the president, Miss Harriet Osborn, Friday evening, November 20th.

The Misses Louise Koon, Florence Kellar, Lela Farnham, Grace Wilcox, Florence Hunter, and Agnes Stephens have been initiated into the pledge chapter of Eta Phi.

Roller skating has proven an enjoyable exercise for many of the girls.

Miss Florence Burchard enjoyed a week-end visit from her mother, Mrs. F. H. Burchard of Norwich, New York.

All of the Eta Phi girls intend to spend their Thanksgiving vacation in Albany. Miss Burchard will entertain her sister for a few days.

Mrs. Thompson Temple called on the Kappa Deltas on October 16th.

On Saturday, October 17th, at the home of the bride in Albany, N. Y., occurred the marriage of Miss Jennie U. Shaw to Mr. Jacob H. Strong of Rhinebeck, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Strong will reside at Rhinebeck.

Miss Emily Hoag spent Saturday and Sunday, October 17th and 18th, at Madalin, N. Y., as the guest of Miss Janet Gilmore.

The K. A. girls enjoyed the recital given by Prof. S. Belding, October 17th.

Kappa Delta entertained some friends at a heart party on October 17th in honor of Ruth Guernsey, Ada Reed and Mrs. Harry Peck, who were
in Albany to attend the marriage of Miss Jennie Shaw.

Kappa Delta held her annual "At Home" on October 24th.

Miss May Chant entertained her mother, Mrs. Geo. J. Chant, and her aunt, Miss Bertha Buchanan, of Johnstown, over Sunday, October 25th.

Miss Maude Burt of Gloversville spent the weekend, October 30-31st, at the house.

The Misses Esther Trumbull and Ione Schubert spent Sunday, November 1st at their respective homes.

The marriage of Miss Lavinia Stevens Cole to Mr. Harry Cook of Albany, N. Y., took place at the home of the bride at Brewster, N. Y., Saturday, October 31st. Mr. and Mrs. Cook are to reside in this city.

Mrs. Harry Peck stopped at the Kappa Delta house, November 2d and 3d, on the way to her home at Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Frank H. Hamlin of New York spent election day with Miss Mary Denbow.

Mr. Chas. Palmer of Herkimer recently called on his niece, Miss Frances Stillman.

Miss Florence McKinley recently visited Miss Drevensted in Johnstown and Miss Anthony in Gloversville.

The Misses Craver and Shaw called at the Kappa Delta house, Friday, November 20th.

Miss Dorothy Moorby of Coxsackie spent the weekend, November 21-22, with Miss Evelyn Austin.

Miss Phelps called on Miss Beulah Brandow recently.

Miss Ruth Guernsey of Poughkeepsie and Miss Ethel Anderson of Staatsburg spent their Thanksgiving vacation with their people in this city.

The Misses Stillman and Fitch spent their Thanksgiving vacation at their homes in Poland, N. Y.; the Misses Brandow and Schubert at Catskill; the Misses Trumbull and Chant at Johnstown; and Miss Austin at Coxsackie.

Miss Clara G. Steele of Canandaigua spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her cousin, Miss Mary Denbow.

Psi Gamma wishes you all a very Merry Christmas and a most pleasant vacation, and may you return to college in good cheer and with unbreakable New Year's resolutions.

Regular meetings of the sorority have been held as usual every Monday evening, either in the rooms of the president or at 51 Eagle.
On Saturday afternoon, October 31st, Psi Gamma gave its annual reception to the Faculty and the students at the Primary Chapel. The spirit of Hallowe'en reigned supreme, and the pale light from the numerous pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns cast weird reflections over the room. In a corner, behind curtains covered with witches' symbols, fortune tellers read the palms of curious ones. Mrs. Otis F. Lewis, '01, presided at the tea table, while Miss Mollie A. Callan, '05, served chocolate at another table, laden with marguerites and home-made candies. The sorority colors appeared in the great yellow chrysanthems tied with turquoise blue ribbons, worn by every Psi Gamma girl.

The sorority's Hallowe'en party took place Thursday evening, October 29th. The Misses Carnrite, '08, Sherman, '07, Maher, '08, and Callan, '05, were present of the alumnae, also a number of the sorority's friends.

Miss Florence Brown spent the week end, October 23d-25th, in Syracuse, entertained by a former classmate who is now attending the University there.

The Misses Brooke and Wittmeier were the guests of Miss Pawel, October 26th. Incidentally they assisted their hostess in preparing her next day's lessons.

The Misses Cleveland and Pawel spent the week end beginning November 6th at their homes.

Psi Gamma had an "At Home" for its alumnae, Saturday, November 14th. Among the guests were the Misses Marion Mackey, '07, Olive Perry, '07, Eva Locke, '07, Laura Meigs, '07, Viola Carnrite, '07, and Elizabeth Sherman, '06.

Miss Stuckmann spent the week end, November 20th to 22nd, in Schenectady.

During the Thanksgiving vacation, only two Psi Gamma girls remained in Albany.

Miss Stuckmann was the guest of Miss Pawel at Sandy Hill; Miss Brown was entertained at the home of Miss Gertrude Heap, Williamstown, Mass., one of the sorority's newly pledged members.

Miss Mabel Roosa, '08, spent her vacation in Albany with her sister, Mrs. Clapp.

Sorority letters have been received from the Misses Leontine Kokesch, '06, Lois Riedel, '06, Sarah M. Wilson, '00, Anna M. Smith, '01, and Mina L. Nitzschke, '08.

Miss Mabel A. Tallmadge has been elected as Psi Gamma's artist and designer for The Echo.

Did Wright write rite right?
Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright
We know that it is not written right,
For to have it written right, to write
Must not be written right or wright...

—Ex.

If you want to take a very practical course in financiering secure a position on The Echo Board.
Most of our members are satisfied with the results of election, but one or two Bryan buttons have been laid away for four more years.

We expect to be wearing the new Phi Delta pins soon.

Mr. Haupin entertained Phi Delta at his rooms on the evening of October 31.

November 20 was the date on which six young men were initiated into the mysteries of our fraternity. They all proved themselves to be possessors of steady nerves, strong muscles, and quick brains. Their singing is another accomplishment worthy of mention, although its most prominent characteristic was longwindedness.

Prof. Walker gave a very interesting talk on “Our Political Machinery,” which was received with much appreciation.

After refreshments were served, the candidates were allowed to take a draught at the sacred fountain of the fraternity and were then sent to their homes.

The Newman Study Club.

During the past month the course of study adopted by the club has been progressing rapidly. The members are so interested in the work that no delay is caused by neglect of the assigned selections. The weekly meetings, which are held on Thursday afternoons at four o’clock, are well attended, and are a source of great pleasure to the members. We find Cardinal Newman’s novel “Calista” most delightful, and are receiving great profit from our study of The Idea of a University. Mrs. Mooney’s contributions to the weekly program are in the form of readings from Newman’s letters and poems. These are much appreciated because they are so very personal and intimate that the great author becomes to us a thing of flesh and blood, and not the vague shadow which a master mind is often thought to be.

Besides the literary meetings we have enjoyed several social evenings. Miss Anna Brown entertained the club at her home on October 19th. Miss Brown is a most delightful hostess and her guests thoroughly appreciated her hospitality. On the evening of November 12th the club attended as guests of Mrs. Mooney a recital of Moore’s poems and songs at Union Hall.

The Misses Dee and Kelly were also excellent hostesses on the evening of November 18.

The Misses McDonald and Moran were elected as members of the club at a regular meeting held Thursday, November 5.

Miss Dee makes the best nougat the club has ever tasted.
Senior Notes.

Miss Springsteed was absent from college a few days because of illness.

Miss Stuckmann spent a few days in Schenectady with friends.

I.
How brown and drear and lonely,
The old world looks to-day.
The north wind screams and whistles shrill
As it blusters on its way.

II.
But lo! a transformation
Greetst the new morning light;
Some little fairy messengers
Have been at work all night.

III.
Then hail we the little snowflakes,
Who with magic grace and power
Transform this grey old world of ours
Into a fairy bower.

We are all glad to see Miss Bertha Weaver’s smiling face again.

Mr. Leo Hannigan of Schenectady has been the guest of his sister, Miss Florence Hannigan.

Plans are in progress for the celebration of Junior Week during the week after the mid-year examinations.

Lately we have been seriously considering the question of labeling four of our members in order that they may be individually distinguished. Just this last month, after the Watervliet girls have been in college over two years, Mrs. Mooney looked from one to the other carefully and said “Do you know, I haven’t those children straightened out yet.”

A regular meeting of the Sophomore class was held November 9th. After the usual business meeting an entertaining programme was rendered. Those who took part were: the Misses Cleveland, Hotaling and Bott. The next meeting will be held December 7th. It is hoped that every member will be present.

Miss Scott has been ill at her home in Kingston.

Miss Deegan entertained her brother Sunday November 6th.
It is earnestly requested that the dues be paid as soon as possible.

The Sophomore class expresses its deepest sympathy for Miss Bennett in her recent bereavement, and welcomes her return.

Miss Marie Philips entertained a number of her friends among whom were several members of this class. A delightful evening was spent.

The entire class read with interest and enjoyment, Miss Watson’s essay on “Old Albany,” which appeared in the last number of THE ECHO.

Miss Scott entertained her cousin, Miss Dorothy Chipp of Vassar ’08, for a few days this month.

The fortunate members of the class who spent their Thanksgiving vacation at home express their sympathy for those who were not equally fortunate.

Miss Cleveland spent the week’s end of November 6th at her home in Broadalbin.

**Freshman Class Notes.**

On Friday, November twentieth, the Freshman Class held its regular meeting in the primary chapel. A large number of the class was present, this being our first social meeting. After a very enjoyable program, the business of the class was taken up. An entertainment committee for the year was appointed, consisting of Misses Telepaugh Le Compte, Barnet, Mr. Storrer and Mr. FitzPatrick. After this the meeting adjourned.

On Monday evening, November ninth, a number of the freshmen met at the home of Miss Bertha Wenger, to discuss the composition of class songs. The class extends its thanks to Miss Wenger for a very pleasant evening.

**The Intersorority Party.**

Friday evening, November the thirteenth, Delta Omega, Eta Phi, Kappa Delta and Psi Gamma Sororities gave a reception to a number of their friends, at Primary Chapel. Games were played and later the Virginia Reel was danced. After the delicious chafing dish “eats,” the old room rang with the sound of sixty voices singing our college songs. Then with “Good night Ladies,” kisses, waving of hands, and fluttering of skirts, the sixty dispersed to their homes in the various parts of the city, and Primary Chapel once more returned to its usual quiet and orderly condition.

**Kappa Delta “At Home.”**

In spite of the threatening weather on the afternoon of October 24, a large number of our students enjoyed the “At Home” given by the Kappa Delta sorority at their house on North Allen street. The rooms were prettily decorated with autumn leaves, while the movement toward the dining-room indicated something attractive in that direction. Several musical selections added to the enjoyment of the occasion. The Kappa Delta girls as hostesses were certainly all that could be desired and many were the complimentary remarks that perhaps did not reach their ears.
Dr. Husted's Birthday.

A regular meeting of the faculty was held on October 19, which date was also the birthday of Dr. Husted. Up to the time of his going to the meeting he had received one hundred and seventy-five pieces of mail congratulating him on his seventy-fifth birthday. At Primary Chapel however, another surprise awaited him in the form of a loving cup presented to him by Dr. Milne in behalf of the faculty. On the cup is an appropriate engraving commemorating the fifty-four years of service which Dr. Husted has given to this institution. After his response to Dr. Milne, the ladies of the faculty served refreshments and a social hour was enjoyed.

Convocation.

We students of the State Normal College are especially fortunate in that our institution is located in such an educational center as Albany. Particularly should we have deemed ourselves favored Oct. 22-24 inclusive. At which time many of the most learned and most prominent educators of the day were holding the forty-sixth University Convocation of the State of New York in the Senate Chamber. We were formally invited to be present but few took advantage of the great opportunity. Those who did felt amply repaid.

On Thursday evening at 8:15, the session was opened by a prayer by Rev. William Herman Hopkins, D. D. The Chancellor’s address—Regent St Clair McKelway, M. A., LL. D., Vice Chancellor, followed. Then President J. G. Schurman, LL. D., Cornell University was introduced. His subject was “The Adaptation of University Work to the Common Life of the People.”

Friday morning was devoted to health and hygiene. Prof. William H. Burham, Clarke University spoke on “The Need of More Attention to Health in the Public Schools,” and Hon. William Nottingham, M.A., Ph. D., LL. D., Regent of the University on “How far are School Authorities justified in Assuming Responsibility for the Health and Physical Condition of Pupils?” Discussion of the general topic followed in which the statement was made that the new process of vacuum cleaning had been tried with much success in Columbia University.

On Friday afternoon the general topic was history. I believe to most students this was most interesting. The first speaker was President Edwin E. Sparks, M. A., Ph. D., Pennsylvania State College. Address: The Relation of State to National History.

He caught the attention of his audience immediately by a quotation from John Greenleaf Whittier and held the listener until the end. He dealt with westward expansion and showed how trade routes, roads, canals and railroads all choose the line of least resistance. He introduced such types of men as John Calhoun, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglass, all prominent in their local history before becoming prominent in national and each a factor in the development of our nation. He spoke of the frontier line moving westward and then eastward until it disappeared, but said that the census of 1900 showed that again there is a narrow belt of no habitation due to failure in irrigation.

Next in order came, Address: The
Struggle of the English, French and Dutch for New York.

Frank H. Wood, M. A., Ph. D., Hamilton College.

He spoke of the Dutch; their policy and commercial foresight; and gave a review of the early history of the colonies settled by the French and English with an added emphasis on the French and Indian War.

The talk by Charles T. McFarlane Ph. B., Pd. D., Principal State Normal School, Brockport was both very instructive and very interesting. He outlined the trade routes and expeditions of the colonists,

1. Along the Hudson River.
2. Along the St. Lawrence River.
3. Over the Appalachian Mountains.

After the discussion a visit was paid to the Historical Building on Washington Avenue. Here is a treasure that is open to us every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, and everybody should make it his duty to see this for himself.

Saturday morning closed the convocation with an Address: The Simplification of School Program—Edward J. Goodwin, Lit. D., L. H. D., President Packer Collegiate Institute and a discussion led by Frank Rollins B. A., Ph. D., Second Assistant Commissioner of Education.

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Notes from a Diary.

Oct. 17. Prof. Belding's Recital—An hour under the influence of the great masters.
19. How many think that it is Dr. Husted's birthday? How many do not? How many don't know?

24. Kappa Delta Reception. Charming home and hostess.
25. Just a month then, "Home and mother."
26. Billets doux from the office. Freshmen especially favored.
31. Psi Gamma Reception. Guests delighted with the variety and brightness of the entertainment offered.

Nov. 2. Night before election.
4. Hurrah for Taft and Hughes. Waiting for the "election" candy. (What would the governor say?)
5. Glee Club. Where are our tenors and basses?
9. Pay day for the Faculty. Smiles given free-gratis.
10. The day after. Dr. Husted missing.
11. Juniors just realize that college has opened for another year.
12. "Exams" for the first quarter.
14. Busy day for the mailman. (Bids issued.)
15. Snow, snow, beautiful snow. The green is silently but steadily disappearing—"Soph."
19. Just one more week. Turkey, cranberries, pumpkin pie. Don't, please don't mention it.
20. Mr. B. "strives" to make an improvement on Shakespeare's "thrive."
24. Chased out of Trinity rooms to Primary Chapel. Small people smile and big people groan while occupying the desks of the primary pupils.
25. Time passes very slowly. The clock comes to the rescue and gains ten minutes. Hall filled with suit cases. Suppressed excitement. Four o'clock at last.

Some instruments are musical, Some grate upon each nerve, Some make us feel hysterical, To soothe us some do serve. But one we'd stamp deep in the mire Which one? the cheerful lyre (liar).

The letters in the October number of The Normal Magazine, Potsdam, written by the faculty of the school about their summer vacations are very interesting. They must be especially so to students and alumni of the institution.

Read the story "Tom and Tom Tit" in the School Bulletin for October.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'07—Miss Marie Dardess has a position in Dr. Milne's office.

'07—Miss Louise Davis has resigned her position at Rhinebeck, to teach at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson.

'05—On Saturday evening, November 21st, Miss Ellen M. Morse of the Class of 1905, was graduated from the Lozier Memorial Training School of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women at 19 West One Hundred First Street, New York City.

'04—Miss Inez C. Wicks who has been teaching at Richford for several years, is this year, in charge of the training class at Salamanca, N. Y.

'08—Miss Alice V. Pollok, who has been teaching for several years in the Sherman Collegiate Institute at Moriah, N. Y., has this year gone to Ticonderoga to teach English and Latin in the High School.

'07—Dr. Gager, who was for several years a member of the Normal College Faculty, is now an instructor at the University of Missouri. For the last few years Dr. Gager has done research work at the Botanical Gardens in Bronx Park, New York.

'96—Miss Helen Hamilton of Greenwich, N. Y., assisted Dr. Charles L. Bristol in work in biology given in the New York University Summer School.

'93—At the recent University Convocation held in Albany, Dr. Charles T. McFarlane of the Brockport Normal School led the discussion of some of the addresses. Dr. McFarlane is
one of the regular instructors in the New York University Summer School.

'89—Mr. Thomas E. Finegan, one of the trustees of the Normal College, who has been associated with the Education Department for several years, has been made the Third Assistant Commissioner of Education.

'86—Miss Christina H. Lawson, who has spent sixteen years in India, is in America on a furlough, and is now taking several courses in college. For the past eleven years Miss Lawson has been principal of a girls’ boarding school and orphanage at Talegaon-Dabhadia, India.

Among the Normal College Alumni who attended the University Convocation were Mr. Breeze, '00, of Lowville, Mr. Leefeldt, '06, of Stottsville. Mr. Slaunson of Olean, Mr. Edward Deevey, '01, who is now studying at Columbia, and Prof. A. Z. Boothby, principal of the Rensseleral High School.

A Distinguished Alumna.

AN APPRECIATION.

Like the pages of some fine, old romance read these accounts of the journeyings over land and sea of two celebrated people—a gentleman and his lovely, talented wife.

“At Home and Abroad” is the title of a handsomely illustrated little book from the press of an American publisher, which gives a summary of Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams’s professional tours in the United States and various foreign countries. To study the one hundred illustrations alone, irrespective of the graceful text, is to be borne along to far-away lands, through great cities, into stately homes and magnificent public buildings; across gleaming waters; to the top of rugged mountains, and into the recesses of sacred temples and tombs. To peruse the text is—to be heralded and expected; to be invited and entertained by notable people in many climes. To do these things is almost to see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, and to have your own hand touched in courteous, friendly greeting.

What have these good people, Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams, to take to the cities whose gates and doors are thus thrown wide open to them? They have culture, fine bearing, human friendliness—and Shakespeare and Browning. By lecture and recital, accompanied with appropriate music when desired, they interpret the Bard of Avon, together with his times and the times of those whom he calls into being or whom he makes to live again.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams have each their own repertory, and each gives an entire evening of recital.

Before their marriage, in 1895, Mrs. Williams gave at the Waldorf-Astoria, April 25th, her last recital under her maiden name, Jean Stuart Brown. On this occasion she gave Shakespeare’s romantic comedy, “The Winter’s Tale.”

On December 26, 1895, Miss Brown was married to Mr. Williams of New York, of which event the January number of Weener's (New York) Magazine said: “A most artistic union is that of Mr. Hannibal A. Williams and Miss Jean Stuart Brown of New
York. Both of them are in the front rank of Shakespearian interpreters. Mr. Williams, who, in fourteen seasons, has read in all parts of the country, from Maine to California, gives, entirely from memory, 'Othello,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Winter's Tale,' and several others of the great plays. Mrs. Williams gives also, entirely from memory, 'The Winter's Tale,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'As You Like It.' Her repertoire includes also Browning's drama, 'A Blot in the Scutcheon,' and more than fifty of his poems.

"The marriage took place at Shushan, N. Y., the summer home of the bride's mother."

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Williams left New York for a professional tour of the Southern and Gulf States. Several months of the year 1896 were spent by them in a pleasure trip through the British Isles, Holland, Belgium, France, and Switzerland. Returning to America, they visited the New England, Middle, and Western States, and British Columbia. Then passing out through the "Golden Gate," they sailed for Honolulu, and from the Hawaiian Islands they started on a tour of the world.

In Australia, before Mr. and Mrs. Williams left Sydney for Queensland, the following tribute was written of them, which might be entitled,

**L' Envoi.**

"What would you more than this? To know that ye
Did, with true renderings, delineate
That master mind, whose wondrous imagery
Revealed in vivid pictures, Love and Hate,
Remorse and jealousy: This ye have done,
For ye indeed to cultured minds have shown
Those attributes of him who stands alone,—
Immortal Shakespeare! and have won
Applause deservedly as all do own.

But not applause is valued most by ye,
But that t'was yours, to speak unto each heart
Those truths whose age will everlasting be
And which such glorious lessons do impart:
For it was seen whilst ye did sojourn here
All outward influence ye did discard
In your loved work. Ye faithfully did guard
His mem'ry, which more sacred is each year
And is by all beloved—"Will"—Avon's Bard."

In her childhood, Miss Brown took a full course at the New York State Normal College, and was graduated with honors. Since graduation she has given several delightful evenings at the college—first as Jean Stuart Brown and later as Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams.

And Alma Mater, to the high esteem she has always had for this beautiful young woman, now adds a noble pride in her wonderful achievements. Mary A. McClelland.

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Teacher—"When was the "Revival of Learning?"
Pupil—"Before the Math. exams."

—*The Normal News.*
The New York Dinner.

The fifth annual dinner of the New York Alumni Association of the Albany State Normal College will be given at the St. Denis Hotel on Saturday evening, February 6, 1909.

The New York Association was organized at the request of a large number of the Alumni living in the metropolitan district. A dinner and reunion is held annually, thus giving all who live in and near New York an opportunity to get together once a year to renew old acquaintances and to pledge anew their allegiance to their Alma Mater. Thirty-six classes were represented at our last dinner, with an attendance of nearly two hundred and fifty.

If you have never attended one of these New York dinners and are interested, send your name and address to the secretary, Fred A. Duncan, 79 Shelton Avenue, Jamaica, New York, and he will see that you are notified of the meeting.

Plans are now being made to give all a good time. There will be an abundance of good things—good music, some singing by the alumni, some good short speeches, a good dinner, and a good chance to meet old friends.

We always laugh at teachers' jokes,
   No matter what they be,
Not because they are funny jokes,
   But because it's policy. —Ex.

Congratulations on Normal's success in the Normal-Lenox game!

El Monitor de la Educación Común contains an excellent article on Cooking Schools. In it is a diagram of the Cooking School at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. The people of Buenos Aires are apparently interested in our American institutions.

American Education for November contains many interesting and instructive articles for teachers. The one entitled "Education and Social Progress," should be especially interesting to students of the State Normal College as it is written by Dr. Horatio M. Pollock, former instructor in this institution.

The November number of The Normal News, Cortland, contains a very fine article upon "Some impressions of a Year at Columbia" by Olive Ballard Edgcomb which will be very interesting to anyone who likes to read about the conditions in other colleges.

It would be a good plan for the students of S. N. C. to look over The Normal Eye of the Iowa State Normal School to see what a good paper the students publish every week.

We have received the October number of The Hendrix College Mirror from Conway, Arkansas. The literary department of this paper is especially good. The article entitled "A Defense of Mary, Queen of Scots" is well worth reading.
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

By John Fox Jr.

This is the greatest story that Mr. Fox has ever written. Although similar to "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" in many ways, it surpasses that book both in power of description and in the feeling expressed.

The author gives his readers a picture of mountain life in Kentucky to-day and shows the effect of the contact of this life with the advanced ideas of outside civilization. He describes the wild beauty of the mountains, the people, their homes, and the customs in a most vivid manner, while the tale he tells of love, hatred, family feuds, and land speculation does not allow one dull page to appear in the book. The reader meets a variety of interesting and powerful characters such as Jack Hale, June, Devil Judd Tolliver who has led his family in the feud with the Felins. Hale first meets the girl while on an excursion into the mountains and goes to her home. The fact that her father has a rich deposit of coal on his land causes the engineer to visit the place again. His interest in the girl increases and he takes her to The Gap to attend school. The following year he sends her to a city boarding school and the next to New York. In the first chapters, the author draws a most striking contrast between the young, neatly-dressed, well-spoken engineer and the unkempt, bare-footed little girl with her mountain dialect. Vividly he describes the changes that take place in the girl till she returns to her native mountains a beautiful, educated, accomplished young woman. She is met by Hale who has just returned from a long ride in the mountains unshaved covered with mud and dust and roughened by his long stay among the mountains and their rugged people. She shrinks from him and realizes that their positions are reversed. In performing his duty as captain of the town police, Hale brings upon himself the enmity of both the Tollivers and the Felins. June, true to her early mountain training, takes sides with her family thus separating herself from Hale by an unsurmountable barrier. Law and order are at last established and Hale goes to England in a last attempt to save his fast failing fortune and all the Tollivers move far away into the west. On his return,
Hale once more climbs the mountain trail to the old pine tree where he first met June and there under the tree which figures prominently throughout the story, the lovers meet at last and all ends happily.


"The Big Fellow."

"The Big Fellow," by Frederick Palmer, is the latest addition to the literature of the past political campaign. It is a biography disguised in the shape of fiction, and is indeed an excellent character-study of the statesman, whose life it portrays. The first scenes of the life of this man are not historically correct, but otherwise the facts are closely followed.

James Harden, who is so large that he wins for himself the name of the "Big Fellow," starts out, after a most successful college career, to win his way in the world. His main ambition is to become a judge, and with this end in view he studies law. He soon realizes his ambition, only to give up this position in order to go to the Philippines as governor of one of the islands. Here he is again successful and wins the approval of the President who, because he believed in the capabilities of the "Big Fellow," has appointed him to this position.

All through his many difficulties the "Big Fellow" is inspired and encouraged by Ellen Moore, known in her youth as "Two Braids," and in her womanhood as "The Charming Lady." We leave the "Big Fellow," beloved by all who know him, happy in the love of his "Charming Lady," and strong in his political supremacy.

The author, in his preface, may tell us we do not know who the "Big Fellow" is, but we may at least say the "Big Fellow" inspires in us the same human interest as does a certain judge, who went to the Philippines and who has finally won for himself the highest honor which the American people can bestow, the Presidency of the United States.

This book is published by Moffat, Yard & Co. Price, $1.50 net.

"All's Well That Ends Well."

(Adapted from Shakespeare.)

Act I, Scene 1. Freshman (entering math class for the first time), "Mum." "I must be one of those dumb wise men."

Scene 2. (On preparing for the first test) "There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting." "I did but smile till now." "My kingdom for a horse (in Math)!"

Scene 3. (On receiving 23% on test) "Yea, and I will weep a while longer."

Act II, Scene 1. (On being told he has received four zeros) "Sir, sir, be patient, for my part I am so attired in wonder I know not what to say." Instructor—"Patience is stale and I'm weary of it."

Scene 2. (On hearing the theory of limits) "Why, these are very crochets that he speaks."

Scene 3. (On being asked to prove Prop. XI, book VIII) "Better be with the dead, whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace, than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy."

Scene 4. (On hearing Marie Philips
say she’s been exposed to Math, but hasn’t taken it) “It will hang upon you like a disease. It is sooner caught than the pestilence and taken; you soon run mad.”

Act III, Scene 1. (On receiving the “first notice”) “Now you talk of a sheet of paper. For here’s a paper written in his hand.”

Scene 2. (On preparing for Mid Year exams) “I’ll never run mad! No, not till a hot January!”

Scene 3. (After trying the exam.) The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Scene 4. (On receiving his non-punched card) “Confum’d! Confum’d! Oh, that is stronger made which was before bound up with ribs of iron!”

Scene 5. (On May 1st to his roommate) “Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea: Nor have I money nor commodity to raise a present sum.”

Scene 6. (After trying Sup.) Sympathizing friends—“Brief, then, what’s the news?” Freshman—“Oh, my dear sirs, news fitting to the night, black, fearful, comfortless, horrible!”

Act IV. (On trying Math his Sophomore year) “If we should fail—we fail! But screw your courage to the sticking point and we’ll not fail.”

Scene 2. (After exams) “I have thee not and yet I see thee still.”

Scene 3. (To instructor on entering Math class his Junior year) “Well, but keep me company two years more.”

Scene 4. (On trying Math the fourth time) “I will never trust my expectation.”

Scene 5. (On unexpectedly passing) “How much better it is to weep at joy than joy at weeping!” “Silence is the perfectest herald of joy—I were but little happy if I could say how much.”

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Mr. Heath is a graduate of the Albany Normal College, Class of 1903.

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