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**The Echo.**

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HERE AND THERE.

I sat down to rest a moment,—
In a thousand dollar chair,—
For we men who set the fashions
Have a world of anxious care.

On my list were twenty dinners,—
Due in half as many days;
While I, too, must give a banquet,
Worthy pampered Dives' praise.
There were parties, balls, and concerts,—
Clubs and lodges, not a few,
Auto-meets and sporting contests,—
Shows and calls long overdue.

I was overwhelmed with pleasure,—
Worn out with the dress-parade;
For this running of the fashions
Is a most exacting trade.

All at once I seemed transported
To a strange and wondrous place.
Gold-paved streets met walls of jasper;
Joy supreme lit every face.

All about were jeweled mansions,—
Such as I had never seen:
For Fifth Avenue's beside them,
Were but hovels, poor and mean.

Then I hailed a boy to ask him
Where conveyance I might find.
Put my hand into my pocket,
For I had a tip in mind.

Not a cent had I about me!
Of the millions that were mine,
I had not a single token!
Of my greatness — not a sign!

Then I spied my coachman, Peter,
With a crown upon his head.
"Ay there, Peter! Where's my carriage?
Come and take me home," I said.
MEMORIES OF A ROSE.

When I first awoke to the world, the morning sun was shining brightly, and my green coat was thrown back ever so little, so that I could just peep out and see how beautiful the world was. A beam of sunlight kissed me, and I opened my petals a little wider to embrace it. Around me were my sister roses, six in number, and the green leaves, from which they lifted their dainty heads, lent charm to their delicate blushes. A little way from us were other roses, yellow and white, bright red and garnet. When they saw me looking at them, they nodded back gaily. The south wind breathed on us, and then my sisters murmured to each other, "See how beautiful she is, our sweet little sister bud." All the world was agleam with color. The birds sang merrily and the butterflies fluttered about us, in the golden sunshine. It was a long, long, beauti-
ful day, and I was happy then, for all the world seemed happy, and a dream of love was in the air.

After a while the sun went away, and I wondered where he went, so I whispered to my sisters, asking them why he left us. Then did they tell me, he would return on the morrow, but his sister, the moon, would now come in his place. I turned to the east, as they bade me, and there I saw the pure, fair moon, rising far, far above the dark crowded tree tops. She peeped at me from a modest vail of clouds, and sent her soft beams to touch me caressingly.

There was a rustle in the garden, and I thought the South Wind had come again, but my sisters said, "No, 'tis instead our Sweet Lady. Perhaps she will pick one of us to wear on her bosom." She came closer and looked tenderly at all her flowers. The bruised ones she lifted up, and taught the clustering leaves to support them. Nearer and nearer she drew, until she bent her fair head above me. "Ah, my little bud," she said, "you are opening your petals at last. I am glad, for tomorrow night Arthur will come to say goodbye, and I want my pink roses all open for him." She bent her head lower, and softly brushed her lips against mine. Then she departed, leaving me alone with my sisters. All night I dreamed of Sweet Lady. Her breath seemed like the south wind zephyrs fanning my cheek. Her lips were like the crimson roses on the trellis; her brow, as pure as the creamy white ones, and her cheeks matched my own. Her touch was like the velvet of a butterfly's wing. So I dreamed thru the night, and wondered what would happen on the morrow.

At last the stars faded from the sky, and soon the sunbeams again touched my petals. Farther and farther, the sun rose in the heavens; wider and wider, I opened my leaflets. The bees came and visited my sisters, humming a song of love and beauty. One yellow prince poised over my head, and said
to me, "To-morrow I will come again, and then, little rosebud, you must open your heart to receive me." And I answered, "Only wait till to-morrow, and then I will spread wide my petals."

Again the sun sank in the west, and the moon, full and glorious, kept her court with a myriad of stars gathered round her. The birds in their nests twittered sleepily, and fell silent. Then thru the twilight hush, came Sweet Lady, walking hand in hand with her lover. Side by side, they approached, until she stooped over me and broke me from my stem. I knew then, that I was to leave my fair sisters and the garden of roses, but what need for regret since I was to be consecrated to my Lady. She raised me to her lips with a sad, sweet smile. "Poor little rose, she will fade now like these happy days." She fastened me on Arthur's coat. "Dear Lady," he said, "I shall always keep it as a remembrance of you." He clasped her to him in a swift embrace, and then went away. As he turned to wave a last farewell at the gate, I saw her standing with drooping head among her roses. "Goodbye, till we meet again, Sweetheart," he called back; then turning away, he cut off my last sight of Sweet Lady.

He strode on rapidly, for some distance, with his head turned away from me. Finally, he raised me to his lips. "Dear little rose," he whispered. I brushed my soft petals against his lips in an answering caress, but his thoughts were not of me. They were back in the garden—the garden of roses.

That night he placed me in a shrine over his heart, and there I dwelt for a long, long time, until one night he took me from my resting place to tell me that we would never see Sweet Lady again. "She is lost to me, forever," he moaned with anguish. "I can never see her again. Oh, little rose, you are all that I have left that was ever hers. She kissed you once, and I did too, but I can't now. You are too dear, even
for that.” He sat gazing at me for a long time, and a hot tear fell on my faded petals. Then he buried his face in his arms. At last, he rose and returned me to my place next his heart. He did not know that Sweet Lady had kissed me twice. Would I have been dearer to him, if he could have known?

I am only a little, withered, half-open rosebud. My prince of bees never nestled in my heart as he promised. My days of sunshine stopped ere they were scarcely begun. I am the symbol of the blighted hope of my owner, the symbol of love that was never fulfilled.

GRACE M. YOUNG, ’13.

A GOOD GAME.

We were tired. We felt that the game was lost, and had given up all hope. We played listlessly, and our opponents, a strong, husky lot of fellows, seemed sure of the laurels. Only five minutes of play remained, and then all would be over.

Suddenly the air was rent by a loud cheer. Quickly looking in the direction whence came the noise, we saw “Rosie” leading the fellows in a great, loud yell. The girls joined in until the gym echoed, and re-echoed with the noise.

So that was the way they felt about it, hey! Well, we must do something! Our blood leaped anew, and coursed wildly thru our veins. We felt a wave of great strength creep o’er us. Gathering ourselves together we played as we had never played before. Good old “Dave” seemed possessed of a fighting demon. He rushed here and there, passing the ball to Barney, to Fiske, to Andy, and shot like a fiend. Our opponents were staggered, and seemed powerless to stop our wild spirit. Basket after basket was made, until their
lead was reduced to one point. Then a new peril confronted us. There was only fifteen seconds of play left!

"Now, fellows, all together." The ball was thrown up at center, but the other team got it. We were beaten, unless their play could be broken up. Pratt caught the spirit; grappled with his man; got the ball; made a lightning pass down the floor, enabling Dave to shoot the winning basket just before the whistle blew for time up. Then I awoke.

But who will make my dream come true?

HENRY B. STEER, '13.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS TIMES.

In order to understand this remarkable man, it is well to consider briefly his early life, particularly the years during which he was under his father's influence.

Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, possessed some talents for administration, but his eccentricities were such as had never before been seen outside of a madhouse. He was exact and diligent in the transaction of business and the first person who formed the design of obtaining for Prussia a place among the European nations, altogether out of proportion to her extent and population, by means of a strong military organization. When he took a walk, every human being fled from him as if a tiger had escaped from a menagerie. In his own house, he was most unreasonable and ferocious.

Frederick was born in January, 1712. He had a strong and sharp understanding, and a rare firmness and intensity of will. As to his other characteristics, it is difficult to say whether he received them from nature or his strange training. His father's nature was hard and the habit of exercising arbitrary power made him frightfully savage. Frederick did not
have the tastes of his father or any fondness for the latter's amusements. The effect upon the boy with such a parent can be imagined. He was kicked and cudgelled and once his father tried to strangle him with the cord of a window curtain. Driven to despair, the unhappy youth tried to run away. The prince was an officer in the army. His flight was therefore desertion, and in the moral code of Frederick William desertion was the highest of all crimes. An accomplice of the prince was mercilessly put to death and Frederick feared he would suffer the same fate. After months of suspense, he learned his life would be spared. When his imprisonment terminated, he had nearly completed his twenty-first year. Suffering had matured his understanding, while it had hardened his heart and soured his temper. He submissively accepted a wife, who was a wife only in name, from his father's hand. His wife was the Princess Elizabeth von Bevern.

The favorite abode of Frederick was Rheinsberg. The mansion, surrounded by forests of oak and beech, looked out upon a spacious lake. Here Frederick amused himself by laying out gardens in regular alleys and intricate mazes, by building obelisks, temples, and conservatories and by collecting rare fruits and flowers. His retirement was enlivened by a few companions, among whom he seems to have preferred those who, by birth or extraction, were French. His education had been entirely French. As the highest human compositions to which he had access were those of French writers, it is not strange that his admiration for those writers was unbounded.

Early in the year 1740, Frederick William met death with a firmness and dignity worthy of a better and wiser man. Frederick, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, became King of Prussia. He inherited certain characteristics of his father's, love of order, love of business, the military taste, the parsimony, the imperious spirit, a temper irritable
even to ferocity, the pleasure in the pain and humiliation of others. He was as anxious as any prince could be about the efficiency of his army. He was as malevolent as his father, but he showed his malevolence in ways more deceitful than those to which his father resorted. He inflicted misery and degradation by a taunt instead of a blow.

Soon after Frederick's accession, Charles VI, Emperor of Germany, the last descendant in the male line of the House of Austria, died. He had promulgated a new law of succession, widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the pragmatic sanction. By virtue of this law, his daughter, Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Loraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors. All the continental countries bound themselves by treaty to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction. Yet the King of Prussia had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend. In his memoirs he says: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war."

Glogan was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlan was evacuated, and before the end of January, 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin. On the head of Frederick is all the blood, shed in the war which then raged. Silesia was ceded. The year 1745 was a memorable one for him because at this time his novitiate in the art of war may be said to terminate. There were the victories of Hohenfriedberg and Lorr. In the autumn of 1745 he finally made peace with England, but the European war lasted until 1748 when it was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frederick was the only gainer of all the powers who had taken part. He had added to his patrimony the province of Silesia. He had circumvented Austria and France. His ca-
reer had hitherto been prosperous. He now turned his attention to his own kingdom and applied himself to business in a way unknown to kings. He would be his own sole minister and under him there was no room for a Richelieu or a Mazarin. Effort was now directed toward having a great, efficient, and well-trained army and toward securing for his people the great blessing of cheap and speedy justice. No sentence of death was executed without his consent, and his sanction, except in cases of murder, was rarely given. Military offences, however, were punished with barbarous scourging.

One thing for which we must give Frederick credit was his indefatigable energy, which he directed toward the betterment of the economic conditions of his people. This indefatigable energy of intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits, all contributed to his spirit of meddling. The public money, of which Frederick was generally so sparing, was now lavishly spent for anything that would contribute to the public welfare. He encouraged the building of carpet, porcelain, hardware, and lace factories, and had canals dug and swamps drained. This work was interrupted by the Seven-Years' War, but was resumed on a larger scale after the war. In Silesia, whose inhabitants suffered most, his efforts were most pronounced.

Frederick had a serious activity for higher instruction, history, art, and book learning. During his busy life he found time to devote to these pursuits. He attracted men of letters to his court. These men were mostly Frenchmen, probably because his education had been French. Berlin became the refuge of a large French colony. Erich Schmidt says of him: "Aus dem Laren des Lagers, schreit er nach litterarischer Musse." Because of the character of his education, he lamented the literary conditions of Germany and wished that she might offer a sweet asylum to the neglected beaux arts.
Because of the lack of a normal household, Frederick found consolation in his dumb beasts and literary men. His dogs were allowed the freedom of the palace and the horses were allowed to roam over the grounds at will. It is said that at Sans Souci, one horse, the famous Conde, was allowed in the halls, where he destroyed the tiled floor with his hoofs.

Among the literary men whom he invited to his court were Maupertius, an Arctic explorer; James Keith, a Scotchman; and Voltaire, who enjoyed Frederick’s favor longer than any of the others. Frederick composed odes, satires, and epistles, which he published under the titles of “Works of the Philosopher of Sans Souci.” Voltaire criticised these, saying that the king had worked too fast to have created a work of art. Voltaire was invited to Rheinsberg, where he and Frederick wrote verses, feasted, gambled, and danced together. As familiarity often breeds contempt, so Frederick’s friendship for Voltaire began to abate. Frederick conceived the idea that his guest was collecting material to make the Berliners ridiculous. Worst of all, however, the man of letters had agreed to play the political spy for the French king. Off and on, Voltaire refused and accepted invitations to visit San Souci from Frederick, who came to love the man less and less, but yet worshipped his genius. That Voltaire did not find favor longer was his own fault. He had a number of escapades which were the result of his passions. Frederick told him if he wanted to continue to live at Sans Souci he must control his passions and live like a philosopher.

Jealousy was prevalent among the literary men at the Prussian court. Quarrels were frequent. One half of the household was arrayed against the other. Voltaire resigned and Frederick let him go, but requested him to leave behind as a pledge of intimacy, the “Oeuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci.” Voltaire did not obey and Frederick ordered his
agent in Frankfort to seize the book from Voltaire's baggage. The volume had been left in Leipzig and could not be gotten for some time. Voltaire's feelings found expression in a most bitter satire entitled, "Vil privee, du roi de Prusse." In 1750 Voltaire left the great capital, which he was not to see again for nearly thirty years when he returned, bowed down with extreme age. Frederick and he parted with cold civility. Never were two people so fitted to plague each other. Frederick was frugal, almost niggardly, and Voltaire was greedy.

Frederick was also an historian and a musician. His literary works fill twenty large volumes and his "Histoire de mon temps" was considered at that time the most remarkable production since Cæsar's Commentaries.

Meanwhile Maria Theresa had not forgotten the wrong which had been done to her. She longed for revenge and desired to see all Europe in arms against her foe. There began what is known as the Seven Years' War (1756-1763). War was waged not only in Europe but as far East as India and in North America. In our own country it is known as the French and Indian War which raged in Virginia, New England, and Canada. It has been said that a shot fired in the American woods caused a war which drenched all Europe with blood. To be sure the war drenched all Europe with blood, but a shot fired in the American woods was not the cause of it.

Austria, Russia, Sweden, France, and Saxony agreed to join against Prussia. It was in this war that Frederick earned the title of "the Great." It looked as if Prussia would be annihilated, but Frederick, learning the purpose of the allies, occupied Saxony at once and moved into Bohemia, where he nearly succeeded in taking the capital, Prague. Here he was forced to retire but in 1757 he defeated his French and German enemies in the famous battle of Rossbach. A month later he routed the Austrians at Leutheu, near Breslau. Here
twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, wounded, or taken. As a result of this, Breslau opened its gates and Silesia was reconquered. England now engaged the French and Frederick was left to deal with his other enemies. In the years of the war which followed Frederick encountered both victory and defeat. Finally upon the accession of a new Czar, who was an ardent admirer of Frederick, Russia concluded a peace with Prussia whereupon Maria Theresa gave up the struggle with her old enemy. Poland was divided between Russia, Austria and Prussia.

Frederick now turned his attention to his own people and set diligently to work to blot out the traces of the war. The country had suffered terribly; it had been at the mercy of an invading army, anarchy took the place of order, and whole cities had been plundered and burned. Frederick took upon himself the full responsibility of healing the wounds of the war. As spoils, he had twenty million thalers, thousands of horses, and stores of provisions and grain. He now distributed this wealth freely but not carelessly. In Silesia, where the suffering was most intense, he suspended the taxes for six months, rebuilt eight thousand houses, and gave seventeen thousand horses for agriculture together with grain for seed. He sent thirty thousand soldiers to their homes to aid in the cultivation of the fields. He continued his work of building canals and dams, and draining swamps and reclaimed two hundred twenty-five thousand acres of land along the Warthe, Vistula, Netze, and Oder rivers. In addition to all this, he built up a splendid army. Henderson, in his "Short History of Germany," says, "Frederick would not have been a Hohenzollern if the army had not been his chief care." The policy of encouraging manufactures was continued, especially the silk industry and an attempt was made to have mulberry trees
growing everywhere. During his reign, three hundred thousand immigrants were induced to settle in Prussia.

In conclusion we may say of Frederick that he paved the way for the present German Empire. At his death he left the state entrusted to him by his father nearly doubled in size, had rendered it illustrious by his military achievements, increased its resources by improving the economic conditions, bound the portions of his kingdom closely together by establishing colonies in the desolate regions of West Prussia.

As the "paths of glory lead but to the grave," so this great man, poet, philosopher, historian, and general, died in the year seventeen hundred eighty-six surrounded only by his servants.

GERTRUDE BRASCH, '12.

AMERICAN FIDGETS.

The old Latin proverb says "Tempus Fugit," but in this present age some one also flies besides Old Father Time and that is the American, individually and collectively; man, woman and child. All day cars thunder through the cities, whistles blow, crowds surge through the busy streets. Perhaps all this is well, perhaps it is a necessary factor in the advance of civilization; my muddled brain knows not; it is with one particular aspect of our busy life that I am concerned.

The average American has not the power to sit down and sit still. He has a horrible, an incurable disease called "The Fidgets." He can never get rid of it; it pursues him night and day, in public and in private pursuits.

Go with me into a street car. Opposite us sits a young girl smiling and sweet and comfortably dressed. We are gazing with delight upon the picture she presents when one ring-laden hand darts from her muff to her hair, pulls out a comb, energetically straightens two hairs invisibly out of place, and shoots
back again into the muff. Then she leans over and looks anxiously at her feet. They do not quite suit her so she untangles and carefully rearranges them, placing the best-shined one on top. Next we see a convulsive shudder in her muff, a lace edged square is drawn forth, my lady carefully wipes her lips and with a poke replaces the handkerchief. And thus for our twenty-minute ride we are amused, or rather amazed, at the number of consecutive movements she can make without stopping or seeming to be weary.

Go with me to some public affair, an organ recital or entertainment, and you will find practically the same performance repeated. The man who sits next to you is craning his neck to its highest possible elevation, in order to see the speaker’s every movement. By this effort his coat sleeves become separated from his cuffs and he settles down to adjust them. This takes but a minute and then he cranes again until you feel as if you would like to put him in a box and slam the cover down. The lady on the other side twirls her thumb and taps with her foot on the seat in front of her.

However we could forgive our worldly friends, but in the schools and churches, the bulwark of our nation, the fidgets are quite as prevalent as in the commoner walks of life. The pupil in the class-room pulls up the chair in front of him to put his feet on, reviles it and puts them on the floor, sits up straight and then slides down to give the base of his brain support. Doubtless it needs it! When the bell rings the whole class starts to go, voices are heard, papers rattle, desks slam. The poor teacher may have great longing to finish just that one sentence, but it matters not to the class, they are on nettles to be up and away as soon as the bell rings. In church men blow their noses and ladies take off their coats during the Prayer, and everybody begins to don their wraps when it’s time for the Benediction.
All this may sound nonsensical but it merely serves to cover the truth. My American friend, you will never have concentration of thought, poise of character, serenity of soul in a twisting, writhing, restless body. Learn to sit down and sit still.

Ethel Everingham, '12.

Ah, we’re all composed and waiting,
   (Are we not?  We are not.)
With a calm that’s all convincing,
   (Is it not?  It is not.)
For exams cannot be drear;
And there’s nothing left to fear,
Since we’ve learned so much this year.
   (Have we not?  We have not.)

Surely we’ll astound the doctors;
   (Will we not?  We will not.)
With surprise they’ll read our papers.
   (Will they not?  They will not.)
Not an answer incorrect;
Not a single sly defect;
Not a point will we neglect.
   (Will we not?  We will not.)

T’will be such a satisfaction,
   (Will it not?  It will not.)
Yes, indeed, a jubilation,
   (Will it not?  It will not.)
When at length they tell us,
In the tests unanimous,
All our marks are over plus.
   (Are they not?  They are not.)—’13.
To eat a mouthful of food or to take a breath of air is to expose one’s self to manifold dangers.

We learn a lot these days—
From what the paper says
   Of microbes and bacteria and such,—
But if we knew it all—
Our chance of life were small—
   Our brains could not accommodate so much.

They say our choicest food
Can never do us good
   While microbes and bacteria are here;—
When germs are in the bread—
(I think enough’s been said),
   The end of life is drawing very near.

There’s danger in the air
(That’s been their latest scare),
   If microbes and bacteria live on;
So if we dare not breathe—
(I will not now deceive,
   I’ll tell the worst), all chance of life is gone.

There’s nothing we can do,
For people are so few
   Where microbes and bacteria hold sway:
And, so it seems to me,
Conditions as they be,
   I’d rather be a microbe any day.

   JESSIE LUCK, 1914.

“So I try to make the light in other’s eyes my sun, the music in other’s ears my symphony, the smile on other’s lips my happiness.”

   HELEN KELLER.
Editorial Department.

Junior Week! Most enjoyable season of the entire four years! Prevented by confidence, born of hard work and familiarity from genuine soul-stirring dread of unsatisfactory report cards; and, as yet, untouched by the deeper dread of partial and unavoidable annulment of friendships and of world-contact, those who are entitled to full participation in the week’s festivities are surely to be congratulated. Juniors, “Dum loquimur fugerit invida Aetas: carpe diem.” Don’t miss that strange confusion of right names on the wrong cards; the paradoxical informality of the formal “prom”; the feast of things appealing to the inner man and inner woman, too (the length of time consumed in eating depends upon whether or not the menu includes chicken); the recall of funny incidents hitherto supposed to be known only to the individual concerned; and finally the extension of your pleasure to the faculty and student body.

Seniors, Sophomores, Freshmen! lend them your note-books; run their errands; do their problems and translations. For this short period help each day to conserve the energy of the slightly overtaxed Juniors.

We were much gratified last year by the hearty support given to the Echo play; still, quite a few of the students were not present for one reason or another. The most common excuse for non-attendance was that the play was presented on Friday night—the home-going night for many. Several of these home-goers asked permission to pay for admission to the dress-rehearsal, but the management was forced to decline this
privilege. Some pleaded poverty as an excuse for absenting themselves, but in most cases the plea was fictitious.

This one really great inter-class event of the year is worth the omission of one week-end visit home. Arrange to stay over Friday, February 24th. As for the poverty excuse, well, there are nearly five weeks between now and Washington’s Birthday—fifteen cents a week saved till then will more than cover the cost of a ticket. We are confident that every one who saw “The Rivals” will be eager to witness this year’s play and will make plans accordingly. Now, you new students, Specials and Freshmen,—if you are at all uncertain about attending this performance, ask anyone who saw “The Rivals” if in all her life she ever heard anything like the singing of Bob Acres; if she ever experienced the Faulkland brand of love-making, or if she ever set eyes on a more fetching little maid than was Lucy. Their answers to these questions will make you as eager as they themselves to get a glimpse at our home talent in action.

[N. B.—We take particular pride in having written this editorial with absolutely no allusion to college spirit.]

“O tempora, O mores, oh mid-years,” lamented M. T. Cicero, and back wailed the echo, “Oh mid-years.” Of course, the Echo continues to grieve over mid-years, but feelings other than grief are aroused also. We have learned that our wailings avail naught, and have come to accept examinations as necessary evils. But, connected with them, is one great evil which is not necessary. Various means have been tried to remove this—the so-called ‘honor system’ being among the most popular remedies. It is doubtful if a system will ever be devised which is both effectual and practical. The great reason that there is need of any such system lies in the exaggerated importance which the student places upon examinations. The
failing or passing of an examination amounts to so little in life, being honest or dishonest, amounts to so much. Before exams, read the following words of Abraham Lincoln and be your own honor system: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have."

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College News.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the regular meeting, Thursday, December 15th, extremely interesting papers were read by Miss Everingham, Miss Edith Scott, Miss Elizabeth Scott and Mr. Allison. The variety of subjects and individual methods of treatment with the consequent discussion make these meetings very absorbing. Satirical editorial, argumentation, character development and suggestive psychology give material for thought that lasts beyond the time intervening between meetings. On Jan. 5th articles were received from Miss Junia Morse, Miss Luck, Miss Ella Watson and Miss LeCompt.

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PROMETHEAN SOCIETY.

Freshmen who wish to join are requested to hand their names to anyone on the Membership Committee here given: Amy Wood, Henry Steer, Bertha Parks, Theresa Kerley, Frances Schrack, Elizabeth Ovitt, Edna Hall, Sarah Trembly, Charlotte Wright, Anton Schneider.

A schedule is placed on the bulletin board, giving the dates of future meetings of the society in the hope that it will be regarded as a "keep off the grass" sign.
On January 6th an appropriate New Year's meeting was held.

On January 20th the society is to spend an evening with James Whitcome Riley. The program is divided into two sections.

**PART I.**

Violin Solo ........................................ Mr. Albert Bacon
“Old Glory” ....................................... Mr. Howard Dabney
“Away” ................................................. Miss Georgiana Lewis
“God Bless us Every One” ........................ Miss Junia Morse
“An Old Sweetheart of Mine” .................... Miss Ethel Everingham

**PART II.**

A Country School, with Miss Edith Scott as Teacher. The recitations given at their exhibition follow:

“ My Philosophy” ................................. Miss Bessie Ovitt
“Whatever the Weather May Be” ............... Miss K. Kinne
“The Funniest Thing in the World” ..Miss Adelia Kaemmerlin
“The Twins” ......................................... Miss Ethel Gillerman
“The Friendly Hand” .............................. Miss Grace Young
“Spring” ............................................. Miss Frances Stillman
Vocal Solo ......................................... Mr. Stanley Rice

The entire student body is cordially invited to attend the literary and social meetings.

**DRAMATIC SOCIETY.**

**Program, December 15, 1910.**

1 Life of Euripides ............................. Miss Mary Meade
2 Argument of the Play “Alcestis” .... Miss Florence Gardner
3 Part I of the Play “Alcestis.”
ALCESTIS.

Dramatis Personae.

Apollo ........................ Miss Katharine Esselstyn
Orcus .......................... Miss M. A. Kaemmerlin
Alcestis ........................ Miss M. Lawrence
Admetus, husband of Alcestis .......... Miss Edith Scott
Eumelus, their son ................ Miss Helen Kernan
Hercules ........................ Miss Jessie Haskins
Pheres, brother of Admetus ........ Miss Edna Hall
Attendant ........................ Miss E. Williamson

Chorus:

Strophe ................................ Harriet Worms
Antestrophe .......................... Helen Odell

STEREOPTICON LECTURE.

On Tuesday, December 13th, at 4:14 p. m., the College was given a most delightful trip to the land of wooden shoes, with the Rev. Mr. Vanderwart as conductor.

After a ten days' journey we arrived at the port of Rotterdam and thence proceeded inland. We took an extensive trip through the country, during which our enjoyment was added to by bits of Dutch History and legend. We saw beautiful Cathedrals, quaint schools with their chubby pupils, market scenes and various other phases of intellectual and industrial life in Holland.

It was with much regret that we turned our faces homeward, but we remembered our patriotism when we saw the American Flag.

The lecture was a very interesting one and it is lamentable that so few College students were there to enjoy it.
SENIOR NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Senior Class was held Monday afternoon, Dec. 5th, in Room 100. After the business matters were discussed and settled, suggestions for Class Day were introduced.

The “Great Surprise” has begun to grow and from the reports concerning her intelligence and behavior we are sure she will be able to make her debut in June.

Although the meetings are fairly well attended yet each time there are many faces missing. It is the duty of every Senior to be present at these meetings in order to know what is going on. Do not depend on the bulletin board or on your classmates for information which you can get first-hand. Be loyal and attend each meeting for they come but once a month, and in a few months won’t come at all.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

On December 5th the class had a meeting, which was, as usual, most enjoyable. The program was as follows:

A Piano Duet ................ Miss Chase and Miss LeCompte
A Recitation ............................. Helen Mageoghe
A Vocal Solo ............................ Stanleigh Rice
A Vocal Solo ............................ Hortense Barnet

After this program was enjoyed we played a guessing game while delicious candy was passed around.

The members of the Class are looking forward with great pleasure to the Christmas holidays and trust sincerely that all the students and faculty will enjoy the vacation. May a Happy New Year be theirs.

Miss Gladys Dempsy of New York was the guest of Margaret Jones Dec. 13th and 14th.

Helen Schermerhorn’s sister, Mrs. Kenyon, of Champlain, visited College Dec. 21st.
SOPHOMORE NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Sophomore Class was held on Tuesday, November 29th.

The last meeting for nineteen ten was called to order on December thirteenth, in order to consider our final important business matters.

Owing to the super-abundance of work during the past term, the Sophomore Class has failed to take the initiative in social functions. We hope that after a restful, happy vacation there will be more effort made to make the class the social unit.

Mr. Hargraves visited at the College last week. Was he influenced by that English II letter?

FRESHMAN NOTES.

At a meeting held Dec. 16 Chester Wood was elected treasurer to succeed Mr. Burr, who has left College to go into business in his home town.

Plans were discussed for a sleighride to be held in the near future.

THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

Mr. Sanford H. Lee, the northern representative of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, will address the student body on Thursday afternoon, January 12, 1911. Mr. Lee will present the nature and scope of the great educational work carried on by this institution for the development of the negro. Having heard the intensely interesting lecture on the same work, delivered by Dr. Booker T. Washington last year, we must all look forward eagerly to hearing again concerning the Institute from the authorized representative of this "greatest man of his race."
Y. W. C. A.

Miss Mary J. Thomas led the first meeting of the month. Reverend Mr. Colebrook of the Memorial Baptist Church spoke on "The Meaning of Missions," and caused us to feel, as never before, their true meaning. We hope that we may be favored by hearing Mr. Colebrook again.

The Christmas Meeting, on Dec. 14, was led by Helen Bennett. A unique idea was presented in the red paper bells, each containing a Scripture verse, read in order by the girls. Topics relative to the season were discussed by several girls, and special songs rendered.

A Christmas sale of candy, pennants, stationery and fancy articles was held in the Brown Room. It proved a great success.

Seventy-five dolls were dressed by the College girls to be distributed on Christmas morning to deserving children here in the city. These dolls were exhibited at the Christmas sale, and a prize awarded to the best dressed doll, which was won by Elizabeth Fox.

BASKETBALL.

The Basketball season opened Friday, Dec. 2d, with a game with St. Stephen's College of Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y. Those who saw the game were well repaid, for it was hotly contested throughout, and from the time the whistle sounded until the end of the second half, it was merely a matter of conjecture as to who would emerge victorious. The local five made the first basket, and kept the lead during the rest of the game. Under the direction of cheer leader Rosenbloom, a large number of the fellows rooted for the team. The work of Shapiro and Fiske for the Normal five, and Bock for St. Stephen's, deserves commendation.
The line up of the teams and summary of the game is as follows:

Normal College. St. Stephen's.

Shapiro ........................................ Bock
Right Forward.

Left Forward.

Allison ....................................... Day
Center.

Steer (Capt.) ............................. (Capt.) Jennings
Right Guard.

Fiske ........................................ Morgan
Left Guard.

Rice .......................................... Bennet

Baskets from the field: Shapiro, 4; Steer, 3; Allison, 1;
Bennet, 1; Bock, 3; Day, 2. Free throws: Shapiro, 1; Steer,
1; Jennings, 1; Morgan, 1; Bock, 1. Time of halves, fifteen
minutes. Referee, Professor Decker. Timekeepers, Schneider
and Burdick. Scorer, Palmer.

The management wishes to thank the faculty and student
body for their hearty support.

On Friday, Dec. 9, the team journeyed to Scotia and met
with defeat to the score of 31 and 8, at the hands of the Scotia
High School Five.

Scotia played the Normal Five Friday, January 6, in the
College gym. Scotia, 13; Normal, 27.

The schedule for January will consist of games with Scotia
High School, R. P. I. Freshmen, Normal High School, Al-
bany High School, Union Freshmen, Albany Law School,
Albany Academy, and Troy High School.

What is it that makes Harvard, Yale, and other large col-
leges famous? Athletics more than anything else. Public at-
tention is called to colleges by their athletic prowess. Why
not here? No matter how good a team we have, or who we
play, we must have the support of the student body. Everybody cannot be on the team, but they can help it be successful. Therefore, show your college spirit and support our athletics.

DELT A OMEGA NOTES.

The following new members were initiated into Delta Omega on Dec. 17: Misses Lois Atwood, Ruth Bissel, Jennie Davis, Olive Ely, Edna Moat, Helen Alcott, Elizabeth Schlieper, Marian Wheeler and Leslie Wheeler. After the candidates were put through the solemn rites and ceremonies, which were performed at the College, they all repaired with the other members to the Society Flat. There a delightful supper was served. After supper all were surprised and pleased by a visit from Santa Claus, who brought a tree laden with gifts. The girls were pleased to have Miss Perine, Mrs. Aspinwall, Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, and Miss Edna Smith take part in the "frolic."

Delta Omega extends a most hearty welcome to her new Sisters.

Miss Adelia Kaemmerlen spent the week end of Dec. 9 with friends at Waterford.

Miss Anna Fraser has been substituting in algebra and geometry at the Emma Willard School in Troy.

The Misses LeCompte and Woolworth recently visited Mrs. Herbert Johnson (nee Veghte) in her new home at Lathams.

The Delta girls enjoyed the letter received from Miss Louise Hersey.

ETA PHI NOTES.

Miss Florence Burchard, '10, of Norwich, N. Y., was entertained by Miss Raynsford, '10, for the week end, December the tenth.
At a meeting held on December the nineteenth the following officers were elected for the remainder of the school year:

President ....................... Daisie Andrus
Vice-president ................. Florence Van Noy
Secretary ...................... Lela Farnham
Treasurer ...................... Grace Willcox
Chaplain ........................ Myra Young
Marshal ......................... Marjorie May
Editor .......................... Jean Holmes
Critic .......................... Sarah Trembly

Miss Edna Burdick and Miss Myra Young spent the holidays in New York.

Miss Marjorie May visited her sister in St. Louis, Mo., at Christmas time. Miss Daisie Andrus was the guest of Miss Burchard at Norwich.

KAPPA DELTA NOTES.

Kappa Delta wishes all her fellow students a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Kappa Delta is glad to welcome as its new members the Misses Edna Bunce, Edith Cased, Louise Goodrich and Gertrude Wells.

The Sorority House was closed during the Christmas vacation, as all the girls spent their holiday seasons at their homes.

Mr. George J. Chant visited her daughter Miss May Chant before the vacation.

Miss Horne and Miss Finny were entertained at dinner at the House recently.

Miss Ione Schubert enjoyed part of her vacation with friends in New York city.

Miss Amy Wood attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Union College, Schenectady.
The members of the Sorority attended a most enjoyable party at the House on the evening of December 19. They were even honored by a visit from Santa Claus himself, and each girl received a gift from this busy old gentleman.

**PSI GAMMA NOTES.**

The regular meetings of the Sorority were held Friday, December the ninth, at the home of the President Miss Jessie Cleveland, and Monday, December the twelfth, at the College building.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall of Peekskill, N. Y., visited their daughter Miss Edna Hall, on Sunday, December the eleventh.

Miss Mabel Tallmadge attended the Conference of the Students’ Volunteer Movement at Schenectady, Saturday, December the tenth.

The Sorority held its annual initiation Saturday, December the third, in the College gymnasium. The new members are the Misses Weltha Bacon, Katharine Esselstyn, Irene Flint, Florence Kennedy, May McHarg, Helen Quick, Mary Robbins, Madge Robie, Nina Robie, Hazel Stam, Margaret Veder, Clara Wallace, Cornelia Webster, Frances Wood, and Beatrice Wright.

Psi Gamma held its usual Christmas party at the home of Miss Mabel Tallmadge, Tuesday, December the twentieth. A most enjoyable evening was spent and many pleasant surprises afforded when Santa Claus presented the girls with numerous gifts from the bountifully laden Christmas tree.

**PHI DELTA NOTES.**

Mr. Hargraves was a most welcome visitor at College after his long illness. We trust that he will soon have recovered
his oldtime vigor, and sincerely hope that he will find it possible to return to his studies next fall.

Mr. Fitzpatrick had a very pleasant visit with Mr. Van Denbergh at the Union School in Castleton on December second.

Phi Delta greatly appreciates the courtesy of the Sophomores in extending us an invitation to their social functions.

BORUSSIA NOTES.

An enjoyable meeting was held in the gym. on December twentieth, at which Miss Elizabeth Scott and Mr. Rosenbloom were elected to the society. After a brief business meeting the following program was rendered.

Comparison between American and German Humor.

Mr. Rosenbloom

Christmas Abroad ...................... Professor Rejjall

Celebrating New Year’s in Berlin ........ Mr. Schneider

Christmas songs were then sung, much amusement and some embarrassment being created by the president’s introducing the custom (used at the “Commers” in Germany) of calling upon individuals or small groups to sing certain portions of the songs.

It has been definitely decided to give the German play, “Englisch,” on January thirteenth. Mr. Hayford has succeeded Mr. Rice in the leading role.

NEWMAN STUDY CLUB.

Miss Anna Bush spent the week end at Ballston.

The Newman Study Club and her friends were delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Rose Wilkinson on Monday evening, December twelfth. Miss Elizabeth Deegan rendered
several piano selections which were greatly enjoyed by all present.

Miss Marguerite Dee was the guest of Miss Florence Kelly at her home in Utica.

Miss Rose Wilkinson and Miss Anna Brown spent their Thanksgiving vacation in New York city.

Mr. W. McGovern of Peekskill, visited his sister, Miss Rose McGovern, on Sunday, December the fourth.

A theatre party of members of the Newman Study Club witnessed the performance of "The Thunderbolt" at Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Saturday, December the tenth.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Ethelyn Hurst, '08, visited College recently.

Miss Winifred Gillespye, '10, is teaching history, mathematics and science at Rochelle, Illinois.

Miss Genevieve Brooke, '10, will teach algebra and Latin in the Schenectady High School after February 1st. Miss Brooke is to take the place of Miss Edna Smith, who is coming back to complete her course in the College.

Miss Clara Horton, '10, is teaching in the High School at Haddon Heights, New Jersey.

Mr. Roy McCormick has secured an excellent position in the Military Academy at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Prof. Winifred C. Decker, 1900, addressed the State Convention of Teachers at Rochester, Dec. 27th, on "The Teaching of Modern Languages."

THE SENIOR THOT BOOK.

Oh, my poor memory! My poor, poor memory! How you have been maltreated. How you have been worked during the past month. You didn’t mind Kim being wakened
by the diamond bright dawn; you didn’t object to the numbers beginning with 5, nor the words, nor did you refuse to work over “gentle Ellen,” but I don’t wonder that you balked at “vus yif miv jep vob feg few tib nuz bof jed kib vel zid bol sef yab kuv tef nad.” Not even the secret feeling of elation (of perhaps being mentioned in a book), can compensate me for the torture undergone while memorizing those 20 nonsense syllables. And that wasn’t all, either. After that came Molière’s thirty-three works, beginning with “Le Dépit des Amoureux.” I suppose this was to strengthen the memory by giving it exercise. But when, in addition to this, these “memory gems” were given to us for Christmas presents it seemed as if Issa were being piled upon Pelion and—well, I won’t say any more to compromise myself and prove that “the thots of youth are sad, long thots.” Rather shall I change the subject to some “bright, short thots.” What shall they be? The Brown room, for one. How pretty those dolls looked sitting so primely on the sofa beginning with Baby Bunting on one end to Marie Antoinette on the other. My heart leaped up when I beheld that galaxy of dolls. I am glad I was not one of the judges to select the “e pluribus unum” (dolls is neuter for I looked it up), which was to take the prize. Oh, it isn’t necessary to go downtown and gaze at store windows to know that Christmas is coming. During free periods we find the girls following the advice of the Nestor before the walls of Troy “the secret of success lies in the getting ready,” by embroidering and making other Christmas presents. Then, too—and how I hate to think of this—the spirit of vacation has crept into my class and transformed my quondam “cherubs” into brownies. One of the other seniors told me that while explaining something very important, one of the boys made a “cat-call”—at least that’s what she thot it was because he said “Meow-w-w-w.” My
opinion tho is that he was trying to improve upon that expression of our elocution teacher, "Cats! I say, Cats!"

I’ve noticed too that the members of Borussia have given themselves Christmas presents. I don’t blame them for they are just the daintiest pins ever. They say the monogram on them is the student emblem of Germany and means "Treu und Bruderschaft." I should think that with this motto before them the Borussia people would be united by a bond of "brotherhood." But why should we limit this to Borussia? Why not extend it to the whole College? For, as we all know, "in union there is strength."

Isn’t it funny how sometimes one trival question will set our thots a rolling—just as a slight touch of the hand sets a stone rolling down hill. Not long ago, while making out my list of qualities (oh, what a host of hair-splitting distinctions that list provoked), one of the girls asked me what I would rather be, "a genius or an all-around person?" Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and without a moment’s hesitation, I answered: "A genius of course." But since then I have given some thot to the matter and I’ve come to the conclusion that I’d rather be an "all-around" person after all. In the first place, they say all geniuses are eccentric. Far be it from my thots ever to become eccentric. Besides, I read that "a man need not be born a genius to become what the world calls a great man," and that genius is often "one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration." Sometimes it just seems as if I were capable of doing the greatest things and then again I can’t do anything. I might write, that often times I am on the mountain top of exaltation (higher than the pyramid of Cheops) and then I am in the depths of despondency. Even if those phrases are trite, they express my mind and I won’t take the trouble to look up others just to be original. Tho I can express it by saying that the graph of moods must be like the locus of the
cotangent, I hear the “Analyt” people speak of, for it extends all the way from plus infinity to minus infinity. I suppose plus infinity corresponds to the mountain top and minus infinity—I guess I’ll stop writing or I’ll be elected the “moralist” of the class.

How time does slip away! Especially when you’re home on a vacation. Here it is New Year’s night; to-morrow I return to Albany and yet it seems just as if I had arrived home yesterday. Ah! how quiet everything is. To get my thots in harmony for the morrow, I shall go to the window and gaze at the stars, for whenever I feel oppressed by mortal cares I just think of the distance between me and the nearest star and suddenly as if by magic, all troubles slip away. A college student once gave me this advice and, rest assured, my dear Thot Book, it works every time. It is a dark night, a darkness, however, which only accentuates the myriads of stars overhead and reminds one of the “Song of the Stars,” one of the Seniors wrote and let me read. Reverently and with awe, I sigh, for I cannot help but think that next year there will be no returning to these college halls. Instead, we shall be returning to our duties of teaching. Suddenly the sky seems to bend over me in a motherly way, just as if it fathomed my thots and was trying to help me. Now it seems as if the stars are playing a symphony, a requiem as it were, for the escapades of the past year. Like Abt Vogler, I build for myself a palace of music—“But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can, Existent behind all laws; that made them, and, lo they are! And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man, That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star!”

However, I could not long remain on this Pisgah-peak of im-
agination for silently, stealthily there came the thought, “What shall I teach my class to-morrow,” and in an instant the symphony of the stars was but a memory and I again slid back into the “C major of this life.”

Once more are we established at Albany and fulfilling our duties in the common chord of life. Yet stay, exams are coming, and in the wake of exams comes—oh, happy thought—Junior week. And, what’s more, I’ve heard a rumor that will delight all Seniors. The Sophomores are going to—but I guess I won’t write anything about it. To resume, exams (but this idea is ancient) show the extent of our knowledge. Exams test our ability to apply what we have learned. And, then! exams show in a very unpleasant light (at least, for us) the extent of what we don’t know. Before I forget it, I must write down what one of the profs said about an Oxford student who said that at Oxford “he was so busy cramming for exams he had no time to learn anything.” Well, I shall try the trick of a Princeton student, who on being asked to explain the joke in a certain passage of Latin, wrote: “The joke is on me.” If I do this I think I shall receive at least one hundred percent.
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