

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

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NO. 11.

A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four,
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised:
And so, with her big brown eyes
She stared at the meeting-house windows;
And counted the crawling flies.
She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees,
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringed ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.
Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat;
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under the chin.
Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not reach it
With her cosy finger tips.
The people whispered: "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.
—London Amusing Journal.

A FOOTBALL HERO.

It was a great cross to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett that Roger was apparently quite devoid of any worthy ambition. Their two older boys were so utterly different. Fred had been graduated from Yale with the highest honors and Horace was making remarkable progress at the scientific school; in fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Roger was sadly unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent to college simply and solely for the purpose of learning to play football. Apparently nothing else had power to kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and his father and mother argued and expostulated with him in vain.

"You are frittering away your valuable time," they argued again and again, "and are letting slip golden opportunities, which, once gone, never will come back to you; and what have you to show for it all but a broken nose and a fractured collar bone?"

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scribbling after a football?" his father questioned, severely; to which Roger merely responded in his usual off-hand style: "Who knows but I may be elected captain of the 'varsity team next year?"

"It that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir; are you to go on playing football forever and ever, or what do you propose to make of your life? Perhaps you think that your reputation as a football player will prove an 'open sesame' to all positions. Do you suppose that anyone wants a fellow who has

willfully wasted his best opportunities? I had hoped to make a professional man of you, not a professional athlete, and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend Wilkinson Smalley; but it's no use, Smalley wants only young men of the highest promise," and Mr. Bartlett sighed wearily.

"It does no good to talk to Roger," he confided to his wife afterward. "For hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of football before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday, and informed me that he had saved two tickets for us."

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her husband helplessly. "What did you say to him then?" she queried.

"I told him 'certainly not,'" Mr. Bartlett exclaimed warmly, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. Show me some lasting benefit, or any abiding good, that is to be derived from this ridiculous game, I told him, and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not till then."

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field, Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendidly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

Not that Roger was by any means a dunce, for his class standing was fairly good, but what pained his father and mother was the recognition of what he might have accomplished had it not been for that arch enemy, football.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymnasium with all possible speed; they had some little distance to go, as the gymnasium was not very near the ball grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the center of the town and cross the railroad tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the platform crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were a figure halfway across the track—a figure pausing there in bewilderment. "There's a train coming each way," somebody gasped. "Why doesn't he get off the track?"

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly,

but the man, who was old and very deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed; as he was prepared to step upon the track nearest him he had caught sight of one train coming down upon him and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other down-coming express when suddenly something very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank back with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the terrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure in a much-begrimed canvas jacket sprang out from among them, and clearing the tracks at a bound alighted beside the swaying form of the other.

A shudder and a wave of pitiful regret swept over the motionless crowd. "He can never drag him back in time," they breathed; "they will both be killed—oh, the pity of it!"

But our football man had no thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground between the two tracks, for all the world quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field; then he dropped lightly on him and lay there motionless, while the two trains thundered past on each side of them and the crowd stood waiting spell-bound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode, it was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved only a bit of melodrama after all; yet as Roger jumped up and pulled the old man onto his feet, applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his ears.

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation, Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake, was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded impatiently; "they needn't make such a fuss because I knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

Saturday nights generally brought the scattered members of the Bartlett family together, as the collegians always made a point of coming home to spend Sunday under the parental roof tree.

On this particular Sunday evening they were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with

unruffled composure.

But Roger said nothing upon the vital subject, and Fred looked at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football team, and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early to-night, I think," he yawned, as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely wended his way upstairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered, as he disappeared from the room.

At this, Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his father's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together and if it's football that's done it, the sooner that we all go in for the game the better," and he then proceeded to give a graphic recount of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride and which sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who couldn't understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Bartlett received a note from his old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat as follows:

"DEAR BARTLETT: I hear that your Roger is going in for the law, and if so I want him. When he gets through with the law school you can hand him over to me, for he is just the material that I'm on the lookout for, and you may well be proud of him."

"He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that, I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him."

"With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me, ever your friend,

"WILKINSON SMALLEY."

When Roger came home the following Saturday his father handed him the note, remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in future; and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week; is that so?"

Roger nodded.

"Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought. Don't forget we've set our hearts upon going to see you make the first touchdown."—Boston Transcript.

BATON ROUGE, LA.

THE PELICAN is published for the benefit of the deaf of this School and of the state. It will be issued weekly during the school year. Subscription price, 50 cents per annum. All letters or communications should be addressed to "THE EDITOR OF THE PELICAN."

H. L. Tracy, Editor.

THE Kentucky School recently lost a valued friend in the person of Mr. J. W. Proctor, President of the Board of Commissioners.

WONDER what Said Pshaw, the sage of Strawberry Creek, will do now since Steady Pjaw, of Porkypine-on-Gauder-Swamp, has made his (her?) bow.

THE Mississippi School people are going to try the experiment of letting their smartest pupils edit the Voice once a month. Friend Deem will have plenty of rest now.

ACCORDING to "Janus," the Coeds at Gallaudet College are taking lessons in the art of cooking. It is a most laudable undertaking and we hope their "Career after College" will meet with success.

Ex-Supervisor Philip Brown, now a professor at the Louisiana School for the Deaf, writes that he is getting on finely.—Tresmal, in the Journal.

CERTAINLY he is. Inquire how much he weighs, and you will find Louisiana is a better place than the frozen north for him.

Several of the officers of the Louisiana School are chickens fanciers and already have their crop of spring chickens under way. If our physician recommends us to go South some two months hence we shall make it a point to drop in on Bro. Tracy, of the PELICAN.—Kentucky Deaf-Mute.

A HEARTY welcome is extended to Bro. McClure. Come down even if your physician says nothing and soon too.

THE Educator for January is full of timely articles. The leading editorial is a discourse upon some practical remedy for taking schools out of the mire of politics. In order to achieve this object a non-partisan control is what the editor believes to be necessary. "It is worth working for, worth securing." Besides the many interesting articles, is a picture of Richard O. Johnson, the handsome superintendent of the Indiana School.

THE Dakota Advocate has a good correspondent in the person of Albert W. Wright, of Hammond, this state. He was one of James Simpson's boys, and has come to Sunny South to live. The way he answers a write-up in a northern newspaper is refreshing, and we are glad to secure such matter-of-fact farmers, as Mr. Wright appears to be. Louisiana is a great state and the

sooner you people of the blizzard and drouth stricken north find it out, you will move here the quicker.

THE JANUARY Silent Worker contains, besides the good and original reading matters, a very nice picture of Helen Keller, Miss Sullivan and Dr. A. Graham Bell, all in a charming group. From it we see that Helen now has short and curly hair. Besides the above, are excellent likenesses of the officers of the Fanwood Quad Club, Miss Sarah T. Adams, who was a rising art teacher, and C. W. Charles, foreman of the Ohio School printing office.

THE New York (Fanwood) School has pupils' library of 1,800 books, it having recently added three hundred new volumes similar to the model library for young folks, exhibited by the Teachers' Association at the World's Fair. As soon as Superintendent Jastremski sees an opening, he will see that the Louisiana School has a similar library.

If your speech sounds like a saw it may not be best to inflict it on every one. But if your speech is fair and generally intelligible, use it; polish it; you have hearing persons at your elbow all the time, speak to them, not sign nor spell. If you have no one else to talk to, talk aloud to yourself. Read aloud every day, and at least twice a day. Read five or ten minutes slowly without stopping. It will strengthen your voice and tend to make it even. Get every bit of help you can from the daily drill in articulation. The proverb says that speech is silver but silence is golden; but for a deaf man or woman, especially if they must earn a living, good speech is golden. While speech and lip-reading are not absolutely essential, they will be of very great assistance in whatever career you may choose.—Prof. A. G. Draper.

In Switzerland.

As in a majority of the continental nations of Europe the people of Switzerland celebrate New Year's rather than Christmas in a social way. The birthday of the Saviour is given over to religious observances by the older people. In the churches masses are said and the usual midnight service ushers in the great day. For the little ones Christmas is a season for rejoicing. The French, German and Italian speaking Swiss have all borrowed from the Germans the idea of the Christmas tree. It is lit up on Christmas eve and freighted with toys and sweets for the toddlers. But the older youths and maidens are overlooked and Christmas is strictly children's day. On New Year's the gift-making is in order and general hilarity is the order of the day. The schools are closed for a brief period and the families of Switzerland gather together about their firesides. A great dinner, to which the friends having no home of their own to go to are invited, is the feature of the occasion.

Here in the western metropolis

the Swiss follow the American custom and make their presents on Christmas day and generally observe in as the principal holiday of the year. On New Year's they simply pay visits and give expression to their friendship and good will.—San Francisco Chronicle.

At the session of the school for noncommissioned officers of one of the companies stationed at Fort Wayne, the following question was asked of Sergeant —: "What is strategy? Give me an instance of it." After studying a minute or two the sergeant replied: "When in battle and you are out of ammunition and don't want the enemy to know it, it is good strategy to keep right on firing."

Come to Louisiana ye "friz" out Nebraskians and you will prosper. We do not have nine months drouth or six feet of snow down here. Occasionally old "Miss sip" goes to leaking and we wade around in the water for a month or so. That is all—nothing more. Come to the land of oranges: our soil needs no fertilizing, anything known under the sun can be raised here.—St. Mary Banner.

Helen Keller.

The slender young girl in her dainty little white evening dress, who, despite the fact that she is blind and deaf and unable, until within a few years, to utter articulate sounds, stood in the parlors of the Wright-Humason School, at No. 42 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York, recently and received her guests with as animated conversation as if her short life had been one continuous stretch of social impressions enough to crowd five senses, has excited interest all over the world.

Although only fourteen years old, Helen Keller has a wider range of information than has sifted into the minds of the vast majority of men through their unimpaired senses, sometimes when their hair has silvered.

She was not born blind, and deaf, and mute, but lost the use of these faculties through scarlet fever at the age of eighteen months. She later regained the ability to speak through the instruction tending to make her formulate words, even though unable to hear the sound.

Miss Sullivan, who went to her when she was seven years old, has been her constant companion and teacher ever since.

The marvelous dexterity which Helen is acquiring in the reading of speech and conversation by simply placing her fingers on the lips of the speaker is equaled by the readiness with which she repeats accurately the words which are spoken to her.

As various persons of social and literary prominence paid their respects to her she talked with them upon topics of mutual interest. When Edmund Clarence Stedman approached and began a conversation, she surprised him by repeating one of his poems, and was equally well prepared to prove to Richard Watson Gilder her familiarity with his dainty songs.

From a large volume of Tenyson in the raised letter print of the blind she read several stanzas of "In Memoriam." When asked if she preferred that to others of that author's poems, she replied: "Oh, no! I like it, but not the best, be-

cause it is so full of sorrow. I am very fond of 'Dora' and 'The Princess' but it is very hard to say which I like best. I think the one I love most is a very short one—one of only six lines," and turning upward a face filled with exquisite purity, she repeated:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The slight touch of her finger tips as her friends passed before he supplied her wonderful memory with the material for recognition, and as they bade her good night she took them by the hand, and with a slight touch of her hand to the face with courteous phrases and kindly wishes, bade each by name good night.

One of the most impressible features in her attitude to her more fortunate fellows—more fortunate so far as receptive faculties are concerned—is her extremely lovable disposition, which accords so well with the look of perfect happiness upon her face and her laughing air of freedom from care.—New York Herald

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

Men were surveying South Boulevard Ave.

Last Tuesday was Mabel Knight's birthday.

A nephew of Margaret Schanblien died last October.

Four negroes cut down three trees in our front yard.

Dr. Vance and his friend came here one day last week.

Mr. Tracy delivered a lecture on "Rewards for Well-Doing."

Saturday afternoon, Rev. Cornish came here to see Miss Hereford.

Dr. Jastremski went to New Orleans on business last Saturday.

Antoine Zimmerman was made happy by receiving a box from home.

The marriage of Mr. Duncan Clark took place on the fifth of this month.

Dennis Laiche is a lucky boy, because he caught a rabbit last Thursday evening.

Last Saturday Arrenah Pettit and Annie Nunnery got newspapers from Chicago.

Mary Falterman made a new dress. She wore it and looked so nice last Sunday.

Stella Scarborough's folks have moved to a house on Royal Street near Asia Street.

The next holiday in 1895 will be George Washington's birthday. What are you going to do?

Katie Farrell received a letter from her sister formerly a pupil here, informing her that her aunt died two weeks ago.

Miss Hereford took all the girls out for a walk through the University grounds to the sugar refinery. They also saw the artificial lake.

A newspaper, published in New York, was received by Mr. Tracy from Patrick Mullan. An account of the death of his father was found in it. We extend our sympathy to our former schoolmate.

All were very sorry that Lewellyn Hennigan hurt his eye. We hope it will be all right again. We want him to come to school. When he gets well, he will come to school again. We will be glad to see him around again.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

All are well.

The pupils wrote letters home on the 1st.

How many expect valentines on the 14th?

Rev. Cornish, pastor of the Episcopal Church, called on Miss Hereford on the 2nd.

Mr. McArtor has subscribed for the Youth's Companion which is one of the most interesting papers for both the young and the old.

Dr. Vance, of Baton Rouge, La., and Miss Winwood of Springfield, Ohio, were visitors at the Institution on the 31st of Jan.

With a plow, scrapers and several strong mules, the men are at work laying out the new South Boulevard. The boys like to watch them.

Mr. Duncan Clark, brother of Mrs. Goodwin, was married to Miss Rosa Ginn at Fordoche, La., on the 5th. They have our congratulations.

The Institution has purchased another one hundred boxes of coal as the supply was about exhausted this week. One box is equivalent to 196 pounds.

The annual reports of the different schools began to flock in within the past few days. They will find a comfortable repository in the new report case.

Mr. McArtor is making a new skiff. He expects to float in it when he goes out hunting for ducks. We wonder if he will christen it after the name of his little son.

After a long absence of nearly one month visiting Dr. Leon Jastremski, the eldest son of our Superintendent, at Houma, La., Mrs. Jastremski returned to the Institution on the 5th. We were all glad to see her again.

The Superintendent, teachers and officers including Arrenah Pettit were each the recipient of a copy of the Times-Democrat of the 4th which contained a very good account of our school from Mr. Dunlop Baker of New Orleans on the 5th. We all appreciate his kindness and send many thanks.

One day, while Dennis Laiche was sauntering down the field, he espied a rabbit among the weeds. He ran after it as fast as his legs could carry him. It was, indeed, the greatest race of his life for he succeeded in capturing his coveted prize. We presume he was hungry at that time.

Patrick Mullian sent Mr. Tracy a copy of the United Irishman, wherein is an account about his father, who died and was buried on December 22, 1891, in St. Patrick's Cemetery, in New Orleans. The deceased was a native of Belfast, Ireland, and at the time of his death he was 64 years of age. He leaves five sons and four daughters to mourn his loss.

Lewellyn Hennigan was severely hurt while working in the cabinet shop last week. A part of the scroll saw became loose and flew into eye, thus hurting Lewellyn to a great extent. Medical aid was soon rendered and we are glad to say the boy is doing well. No one is to blame. Accidents will happen and Lewellyn is thankful it was no worse.

A cold wave accompanied with high winds struck this locality on the 7th. The temperature dropped down quickly to 12 degrees above zero. We all shivered more or less with the cold. This is the coldest winter, in the experience of some of the officers, for several years.

How many of us, while enjoying the repast of sandwiches either at a picnic or on a pleasure trip, have paused for a moment to think of the derivation of the word. No doubt, some may have thought that this dish was first in use among the natives of the Sandwich Islands and hence its name. Very far from it; it cannot be possible. It first took its source in England many years ago. At a public gaming-table several noblemen were playing cards. One Lord Sandwich, then the Minister of State, having passed twenty four hours at this game, was so absorbed in play during the whole time, that he had no subsistence but a piece of beef between two slices of toasted bread which he ate without leaving the game. To this day this new dish was afterwards called by the name of the minister who invented it.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

What a Visitor Thinks of the State's School at Baton Rouge:

A visitor recently returned from our Louisiana School for the Deaf, where he spent two days, is full of his trip and what he saw while visiting this deserving institution.

"I don't know," he said, "when I have been so pleased and interested in any trip. The school is crowded with students, and under the able supervision of Superintendent John Jastremski is doing a great work for the deaf and dumb children of Louisiana. The absolute cleanliness of everything connected with the school strikes one at first sight, and a closer inspection only confirms the first good impression.

"The corps of teachers is a large one, but every one connected with the school," he added, "is busy all the time. It is a most interesting sight to see the school in full operation and note the progress made in the different departments. The pupils are of all ages, from eight to twenty-one years, and each has some one thing to learn under competent instructors. The boys are enabled to learn the printer's trade, to become shoemakers and carpenters, while the girls are taught plain and fancy sewing. This is, of course, in addition to a regular course of study, which all students are required to take.

"One of the most interesting departments is conducted by Misses Edith S. Rambo and Adah Saunders, teachers of articulation. It is curious and interesting to see the gradual dawning of a new or forgotten sense, or rather intelligence, in the pupils under their charge. They teach articulation through the agency of touch and sight. The teacher necessarily possesses infinite patience and tact, and there is something almost pathetic in the sight of the students as they watch with earnest eyes the lips of their teacher, or with their fingers lightly touching her throat feel the delicate movements of muscles as she pronounces the words they long to produce themselves in turn.

"The whole corps of professors is able, but I saw a good deal of

Prof. P. H. Brown, who teaches the smaller pupils. He is a deaf mute himself, and a graduate of the Western (N. Y.) Institute of Rochester (N. Y.) and the National Deaf Mute College of Washington, D. C., and is a most remarkable man in many ways.

"Prof. H. L. Tracy, also a graduate of the National Deaf Mute College, teaches the first class, composed of the larger pupils, and his long experience renders him particularly a valuable man. In fact, every one connected with the school is, in his department, selected with a view to its particular necessities and able to do a vast amount of good.

"Perhaps you may think this praise fulsome, but the school was a revelation to me. There is order and discipline, and plenty of hard work and study, but the students also have every opportunity afforded them to enjoy themselves in a legitimate way, and are happy, well fed, well cared for and contented.

"The buildings of the school are located on a high and picturesque site, and afford a splendid view of the Mississippi; the ground are prettily laid off and well drained and attended to. Altogether, it seems to me as an ideal place for the education of the unfortunate pupils, who, in many instances, without the instruction they receive there would be unable to support themselves, and be a burden, often on parents or relatives unable to take care of them properly.

"The whole corps of instructors is as follows: John Jastremski, superintendent; W. H. Reynaud, treasurer; H. L. Tracy, P. H. Brown, James Goodwin, Miss Nellie Cornay, teachers; Miss Edith S. Rambo, teacher of articulation; Miss Adah Saunders, teacher of articulation; Mrs. Mary Pope, matron; B. Duchien, M. D., physician; Miss Sarah Hereford, supervisor of girls; Usiler E. McArtor, supervisor of boys; Frank A. Dobson, supervisor of boys; Miss Sarah Hereford, instructress in plain and fancy sewing; H. L. Tracy, instructor in printing; U. E. McArtor, instructor in cabinet making; F. A. Dobson, instructor in shoemaking.

"Prof. James Goodwin took great pains to show me over the workings of the school, and is a generous and genuine gentleman, apparently much loved by the pupils of the second class, whom he has in charge.

"The dairy is one of the sights of the place. It is run by the school, and every animal shows the care taken of it, and the milk and butter served in the large and beautiful dining room is enough to make any man wish he was an inmate of the school.

"Another feature, which I nearly forgot to mention, is the schooling given the blind deaf mutes. When you add to the misfortunes of the deaf mute the terrible calamity of blindness you can imagine how difficult the task of teaching is, yet it is accomplished, and the results are startling indeed.

Prof. Goodwin has charge of the blind mutes, and it is to his efforts that their progress is almost wholly due.

"The school is the largest in the United States devoted exclusively to the education of the deaf and dumb, and, as a whole, is doing a great work, one which reflects credit on the State and on those who have the institution in charge. In my opinion, no State institution has better deserved the support it has received in the past than this one."—Times-Democrat.

REPORT

FOR THE MONTH OF JAN.

P. stands for Punctuality; L., Lessons; C., Conduct; H., Health.

1st Class—Mr. H. L. Tracy.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Daniel, Amanda	10	10	7	10
Farrell, Katie	10	10	8	10
Goss, Willie	10	10	8	10
Hennigan, L.	9	10	7	9
Knight, Evelyn	10	10	7	10
Larrieu, Henrietta	5	10	4	10
Marx, Leon	10	10	6	10
Middleton, Walter	10	10	8	10
Miller, Teary	10	10	8	10
Pettit, Arrenah	9	10	7	10
Pilat, Maria	10	10	7	10

2nd Class—Mr. James Goodwin.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Berry, Elmer	10	8	8	10
Desormeaux, Evela	10	10	8	10
Daron, Louis	10	10	8	10
Geraci, Lena	10	7	8	10
Jones, Florence	10	10	8	10
Knight, Mabel	10	10	8	10
LeBlanc, John E.	10	10	7	10
Liner, John S.	10	7	7	10
Luke, Mary	10	10	7	10
Marchal, Mary	10	10	8	10
Wise, George N.	10	7	6	10
Wise, Adam J.	10	7	7	10

3rd Class—Miss Nellis Cornay.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Aucoin, Aurelian	10	6	7	10
Berry, William	10	6	6	10
Crassons, Rufus	10	7	7	10
Drake, Frank	10	9	8	10
Elender, Adam	10	7	7	10
Farrell, John	10	7	7	10
Falteman, Amanda	10	8	7	10
Haydel, Thomas	10	8	8	10
Landry, Marie	10	9	8	10
Laiche, Marie	10	8	7	10
Tate, Edna	10	9	9	10
Wise, Lela	10	8	7	10
Zimmerman, Anthony	10	6	6	10

4th Class—Mr. P. H. Brown.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Aucoin, Pierre	10	9	6	10
Aycock, Sidney	8	8	7	8
Barbier, John B.	10	9	8	10
Braud, Emile	8	9	7	10
Broussard, Edmund	10	8	8	10
Buras, Genevieve	9	8	5	10
Buras, John	8	9	7	8
Cabaniss, Estella	10	9	8	10
Covington, Daniel	10	9	6	10
Conger, Floy	10	10	8	10
Elender, Julian	10	10	9	10
Englestein, Mami	10	8	7	10
Falteman, Mary	10	10	8	10
Friday, Lucinda	10	8	7	10
Farrell, Lena	10	10	9	10
Morgan, Otie	8	10	7	8
Morgan, Fuiton	8	10	6	8
Reardon, Mary	10	8	7	10
Smith, Carter	10	7	7	10
Sharpless, Clifford	10	7	7	10
Toups, Renie	10	8	6	10

Oral Class—Miss E. S. Rambo.
Miss A. Saunders.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Barham, Grey	10	10	9	10
Braud, Butler	8	10	4	10
Davidson, John	10	10	8	10
Dee, Cora	10	6	6	10
Dee, Loretta	9	8	6	10
Heard, Alma	10	6	8	10
Laiche, Dennis	10	10	8	10
Lindsey, Floyd	10	10	9	10
Mathews, Lillian	10	10	9	10
Morrow, Dionese	10	8	6	10
Mount, Willie	10	9	9	10
Murphy, Dora	10	10	7	10
Nunnery, Annie	10	7	6	10
Scarborough, Ethel	6	6	5	10
Trichei, Ethel	9	8	4	10
Villorot, Charles	10	10	8	10

Lip Reading and Articulation class.

Farrell, Katie	10	10	9	10
Jones, Florence	10	10	8	10
Larrieu, Henrietta	5	10	5	10
Marx, Leon	8	10	8	10

OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTION:

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JOHN JASTREMSKI, Secretary of the Board.

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P. H. BROWN, " "

JAMES GOODWIN, " "

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MISS SARAH HEREFORD, Supervisor of girls.

USHER E. MCARTOR, Supervisor of boys.

FRANK A. DOBSON, Supervisor of boys.

MISS SARAH HEREFORD, Instructor in plain and fancy sewing.
H. L. TRACY, Instructor in Printing.

U. E. MCARTOR, Instructor in Cabinet-Making.

F. A. DOBSON, Instructor in Shoe-Making.

This is an Institution supported by the State for educating gratuitously all deaf children, or those whose degree of deafness is great enough to preclude their receiving instruction in the public schools of the State.

Pupils are provided for by the State in all respects, except in the matter of clothing and traveling expenses.

Any person desiring to enter a pupil at the Institute should write to the Superintendent, stating:

1st. Name, age and sex.

2d. Name and postoffice of the person in charge.

3d. Whether the parents are able to clothe the pupil and pay traveling expenses.

Pupils are received at any time except during vacation, but the proper time for the child's good is the beginning of the school term on the first day of October.

Pupils should not be under eight nor over twenty-one years of age. Parents should get the pupils in school as soon after they are eight years of age as possible.

Pupils must be sound in MIND and BODY.

This Institution is NOT an asylum, but a SCHOOL for the sole purpose of education.

The course of study embraces the branches usually taught in the public schools subject to such changes as the wants and conditions of deaf children require.

Speech and lip-reading are taught when children show the requisite ability for permanent improvement.

The older pupils are instructed in such trades as are taught in the Institution, such as Printing, Car-

pentry, Shoe-making, and Sewing.

The government is that of a well-regulated family and careful attention is paid to the health and comfort of the pupils.

Each pupil entering should be provided with sufficient clothing.

The buildings are located on a high, commanding picturesque and healthful site, in full view of the Mississippi River.

Of this site and the buildings, it was said: "The building never fails to attract the attention of every traveler that passes the Capital, and in its unadorned beauty towers with simple grandeur over the laborious details that deck the Gothic structure of the State House."

Visitors are welcome every day, except Saturday.

All applications and letters, and all packages should be sent to the care of

JOHN JASTREMSKI,
Superintendent.

DAILY PROGRAM.

RISE	-	-	6:00.
INSPECTION	-	-	7:00.
BREAKFAST	-	-	7:20.
SCHOOL	-	-	8:15-10:15.
SATURDAY SHOP-WORK	-	-	8:00-11:00.
SUNDAY CHAPEL	-	-	9:00.
RECESS	-	-	10:15-10:30.
SCHOOL	-	-	10:30-12:15.
DINNER	-	-	12:40.
SCHOOL	-	-	1:30-2:30.
SHOP-WORK	-	-	2:30-4:00.
SUPPER	-	-	5:30.
STUDY	-	-	6:30-7:45.
BED TIME	-	-	8:00.

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We pay interests to our depositors.
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Worked To The Limit.

A man walking along Wrightwood avenue saw a bright dime lying on the sidewalk, says the Chicago Record.

He picked it up. Only a short distance ahead of him were two boys. He called them: "Boys, did you lose anything?"

They turned around, and after looking at each other and then at the friendly man they shook their heads. "Have you any money?" he asked them.

"I've got six-five cents," said one of them.

"What kind of money is it?"

"I got a half-dollar and three nicks."

"No dimes, eh?"

"No, sir."

"I just picked up a dime back there, and I thought perhaps one of you might have dropped it."

He walked on to the corner, and as he stood there waiting for a car he felt a pull at his coat-tail, and a small boy with a streaked face said: "Mister did you find a ten-cent piece?"

"Yes, I found one."

"Well, I lost it honest. Ma sent me for bread, and now she'll lick me."

"Well, here's your dime."

The boy grabbed it and ran.

That evening when the man alighted from the car at the same corner a boy with a derby hat too large for him halted him and asked: "Say, mister, did you find a dime? 'Cause I lost one on the way to the butcher's, and I'll catch it when the old man hears about it."

"Look here, I gave that dime to another boy. He said he was going to buy bread with it."

"He was stringin' you."

"I don't know what that means, but maybe the money belonged to you. Here's ten cents."

Next morning another boy, with the proud evidence of a hole in his pocket to back up his claim, met the honest man at the front gate and asked for the dime. The man knew that some one must have lost the money, and as he didn't want to overlook the right boy he gave up another dime. That evening two more were lying in wait. He handed them ten cents apiece on condition that they should notify all the boys in the neighborhood that he had been "worked" to the limit.

Stamps.

Philatelic circles in Europe wonder what may become of the valuable collection of postage stamps of the late Czar Alexander III, for his successor is anything but an amateur in the line. Some think that Grand Duke Alexis Michailovitch, a passionatist will inherit it. A good story is told of a Wisconsin boy who sent to Czar Alexander a complete set of uncanceled Columbian stamps. The Russian Emperor upon receiving them was highly pleased, and in return for this boy's attention and polite letter ordered a complete set of uncanceled Russian stamps from the first to the last issue—an acquisition which very few, even of rich collectors, can boast of.—Times-Democrat.

A Political Attack.

Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. Gen. Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave."