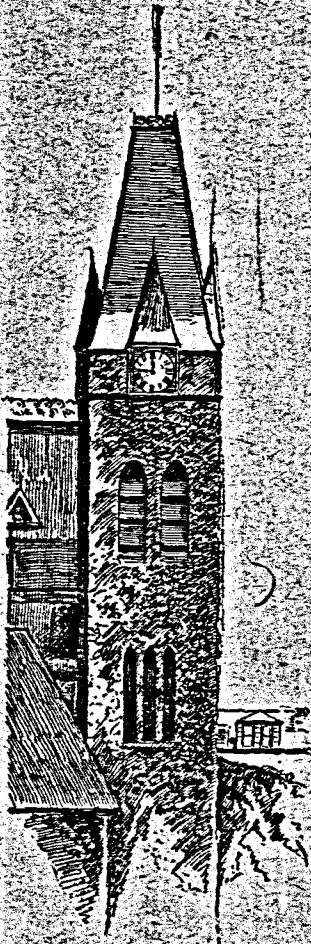


JUNE, 1902.



THE BUFF AND BLUE

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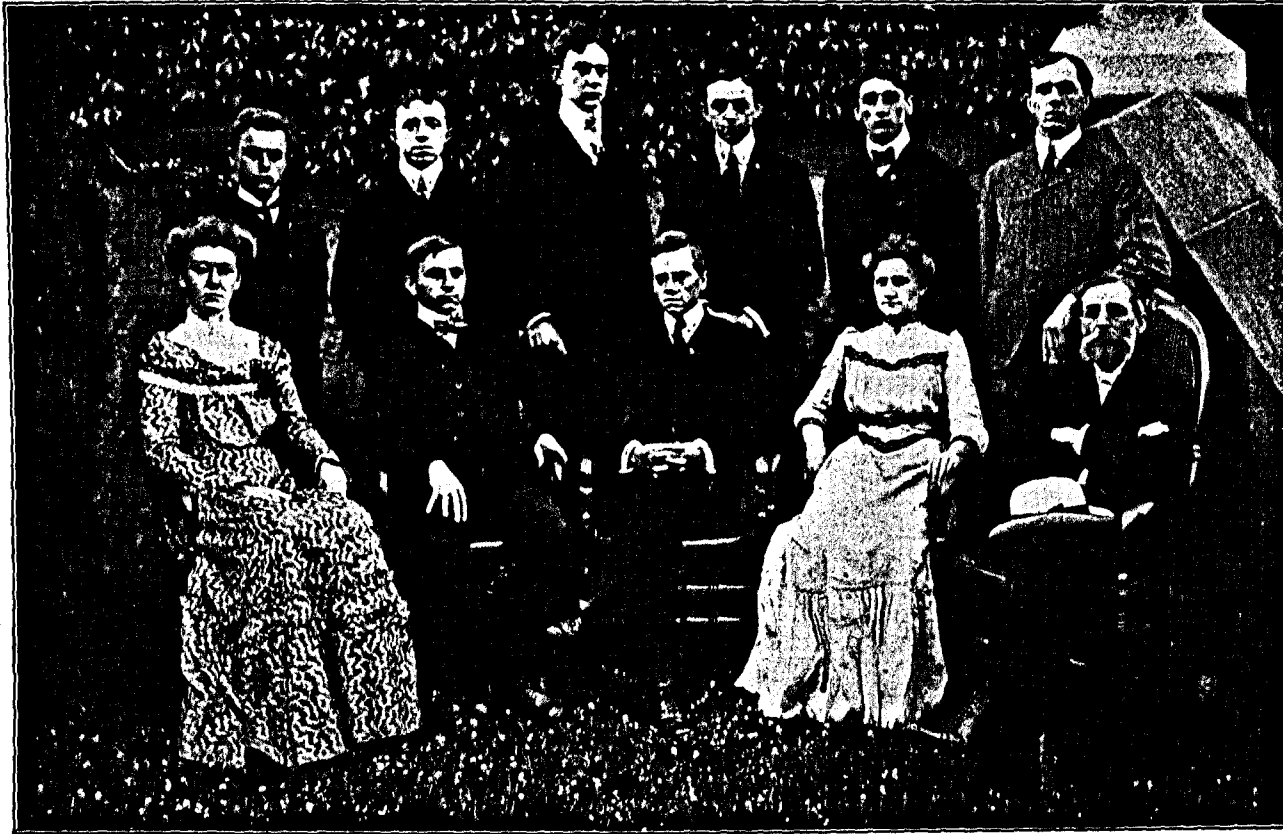
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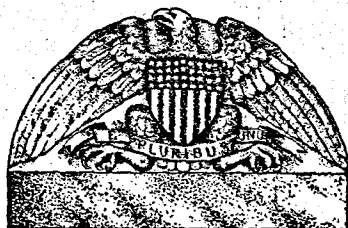
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THE

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June, 1902.



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OF
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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VOL. X.

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NO. 9.

ON THE POTOMAC AT NIGHT.

Ghostly flashes fit and loom
 As the shadows fall,
 Flick'ring fire-flies pierce the gloom
 In the tree-tops tall,
 And the night wind whispers low
 Through the branches to and fro,
 While the night owls call.

On these low and wooded shores
 As states Sundered bars,
 When men felt the flood that stores
 Deep the tide of Mars,
 Fierce the foemen met and died
 And their widows wept, and cried
 Looking to the stars.

Sleep ye spirits of the dead
 'Neath the guarding sky,
 For you sternly fought and bled
 Only here to die,
 And our country has its name
 With the glory of thy fame;
 May ye sacred lie.

Arthur Roberts, '04.

THE LIBERATOR OF HAYTI.

THE recent troubles in Hayti have again brought into prominence the name of a man who seems to be neglected by historians. His life and deeds are worthy of careful study not only for their helpful influence but also because he freed a people and founded a nation, though he himself was as one of them—a full blooded negro. I refer to Toussaint, called L'Ouverture, a man who defied the power of Napoleon and whom Napoleon was only able to overcome by treachery.

The island of St. Domingo or Hayti has a very romantic history. It was here that the Spaniards first established colonies; their frightful cruelties here first began to exterminate the Indians and it was on this island that Las Casas, the Apostle to the Indians, labored and it was here that negroes were first introduced in the New World in the desire to save the Indians. Thus Hayti was the first to suffer from the evils of slavery, the first to rise up against it and also the first to be free.

In the 18th century the island was held by the French and Spaniards, the latter of which possessed one-third. The coasts were mostly barren but the interior was and still is, one of Nature's garden spots. It was taken up with great plantations, held by Frenchmen.

The population was of three classes. There were 40,000 white men; 30,000 mulattoes of mixed blood and 500,000 negro slaves. The mulattoes and slaves were deprived of every civil or political office, and though some of the mulattoes were very rich, the poorest white man despised them. Naturally there was no love lost between the above classes and often resulted in deadly race wars.

When the French Revolution broke out, and social equality was proclaimed, news of course arrived at Hayti. The planters knew at once the troubles that would arise if the mulattoes asked for their rights and they quickly began to prepare for trouble. The

mulattoes were at first very quiet but they were secretly planning whom to best ask for their rights of equality and citizenship. When all their plans for resistance were ready they boldly demanded them of their white neighbors but as they expected, were refused. A dreadful war followed. There are no more horrible cruelties on record than those which the whites and mulattoes exercised towards each other in the war of Hayti.

In a few years the war turned in favor of the whites and the mulattoes, being hard pressed, called upon the 500,000 slaves to aid them, binding them to their cause by threats, bribes and promises of freedom which they never intended to perform. So one night in August, 1791, by the light of hundreds of burning plantations, which had been fired on a preconcerted signal, and which spread a red glow throughout all Hayti, the slaves revolted.

Toussaint was the son of an African king. His father had been taken prisoner in war with another tribe and sold into slavery. A planter, on the northwest coast of the island, bought him and Toussaint was born there in 1743.

The owner of the plantation was kind to him and by some means helped by his intelligence, he learned to read, write and cipher. He was possessed of a great patience, a loving kindness, and great temperance. In 1768 he had married and had several children.

At the time of the slaves' revolt, Toussaint was 47 years old. He would not join them at first because their object seemed to be revenge and plunder; but when he perceived the struggle was of a political nature; and that they were fighting for freedom, he at once joined them. He first provided for the safety of his master, putting him on board an American vessel and shipping with him enough of the plantation produce to enable him to live in comfort on their proceeds. In the army of the blacks, because of his knowledge of medicine, he became first physician and soon after a colonel of their forces.

In 1794, the French committee issued a decree which confirmed and proclaimed the liberty of all slaves in Hayti with equal rights of the whites. The mulattoes never expected this; they thought that only they were to be benefitted. The blacks immediately stopped their war; but as the mulattoes continued it, Toussaint, with many others, went over to the French where General

Laveaux made him a brigadier-general. The power and influence which Toussaint obtained over his countrymen was wonderful. Multitudes were enrolled in his army. He was thus enabled to pick out the best soldiers and his victories achieved by them aided by his strategy made the French exclaim, "This man makes an opening everywhere," and he was ever afterwards called Toussaint L'Ouverture or Toussaint, the Opener. He soon had fresh opportunities to distinguish himself. The mulattoes still continued the war and managed to capture Laveaux with a large part of his army. Toussaint, by a skillful battle released him and in gratitude Laveaux made him the second in command. He was appointed lieutenant-governor of Hayti.

The first use he made of his power was to establish order among the blacks. He commanded them to return to work for wages and so great was their love for him that they actually began working although they thoroughly understood they were free to do as they pleased. The success of his endeavors was soon apparent. The wasted and desolate country began to teem with fertility and all the sad scenes of devastation disappeared.

French commissioners appointed by France soon came to take the power out of his hands and to govern the country themselves. But Toussaint knew the peace and prosperity of the island depended on his keeping the power in his own hands. He therefore had no hesitation in sending them home again. He understood that this high handed action would tell against him in France, so he prepared a letter explaining and defending his deed and sent it in charge of his two sons, asking France to educate them. He thus plainly showed his belief in that country and his trust that the French would treat him fairly. His action touched the hearts of the enthusiastic French and he was publicly thanked by that government for trying all he could to preserve the liberty of his countrymen.

The English had during a war gotten a foothold on the island. Knowing their inability of retaining it, they offered to make Toussaint king of Hayti and to support him as such if he agreed to a treaty of exclusive commerce with Great Britain. But England at that time allowed slavery in her West Indian islands and Toussaint would not make any agreement with a slave holding nation for fear his people would lose their freedom. The word of Tous-

saint was so much respected that the English general, Maitland alone and unarmed did not hesitate to visit his camp although the country swarmed with hostile blacks and he knew the French had been urging Toussaint to make him a prisoner. His belief in Toussaint was not misplaced for he came and went safely. A friendly settlement between Hayti and Great Britain took place although no treaty was made and then the mulattoes raised the cry that Toussaint had sold the island to Great Britain. A war rose again but Toussaint had the love of the blacks and by forced marches and great intelligence, he put down the rebellion in a very short time. The leaders, who escaped, fled to France, where we shall hear of them later.

Toussaint was now at the height of his power. There were no longer any to oppose him. Napoleon was too busy with his European wars, the mulattoes had been crushed, the whites hostile to him had fled and the blacks obeyed him as children. He might have given himself up to selfish enjoyments and pleasures and made himself king but he preferred to govern his people well and devoted himself to their welfare. He was strict and temperate in all things. His levees and evening parties were modelled after those of the United States; he avoided all persons who were not modest or came to him from idle curiosity alone, preferring to see an honest hard working black to an idle, indolent white; he was plain in his food, dress and habits and was accessible to all who wished to see him and it is said no one ever left his presence dissatisfied, for he always managed to please his caller whether he got what he wished or not. His prodigious strength was not suffered to decrease for between the cares of official duties, he managed an estate. His generals and the people obeyed him without question.

His grave error was that he devoted himself exclusively to home affairs, overlooking the forces that might be brought against him from Europe. He managed to unite the Spanish portion of Hayti to his rule and thus controlled the whole island. He employed a council of his adherents to prepare a constitution that might unite the different classes of inhabitants on the island under an impartial and uniform government. He was chosen president with the power of naming his successor. The commerce of all

nations visited the shores of Hayti under the American flag. The treasury was filled, the estates flourished and Toussaint was adored.

In 1801 Napoleon turned his attention to Hayti. Discontented whites and mulattoes, who wished to get rich on slave labor urged him to conquer the island. They told him that Toussaint, "a nigger" had driven out the French and as long as he was not deposed, people would say that a nigger had driven Napoleon's soldiers away. These indolents were powerfully aided by Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, who had brought with her from her native Martinique, a strong sympathy for creoles and an equally strong antipathy for the blacks. Then as the war with England was coming to an end, Hayti would not have its aid and would have to stand against him all alone. So in January 1802, a French squadron bearing 25,000 choice troops of Napoleon sailed to Hayti.

Toussaint knew that the French would conquer in the end and he wished to hold out till his ally—the yellow fever at whose attack white men not acclimated would die like flies—came in August. On the other hand, LeClerc, cousin of Napoleon and the French general in command had a wholesome fear of Toussaint and he wished to try all other means to subject the land before beginning actual war. So bribery was resorted to. Money, promises, offers of high positions were tried in vain on Toussaint. He was told the French just required that he yield to him, but Toussaint knew that was only the beginning for it was an open secret that Napoleon had given consent for slavery to be again established in Hayti. All other things proving unavailing, as a last resort, Le Clerc brought to Toussaint his two sons whom he had never seen after their departure to France several years ago. They had been brought up as Frenchmen and now added their entreaties to him to desert his cause. His wife, now longing for her boys pleaded also. The French just required him to step from the executive chair—that was all. He would have no hand in the farther welfare of the country.

But Toussaint resolutely kept on his course. On one side he saw a peaceful and contented old age, surrounded by his wife and children. He was tired and longed for rest. For ten years had he served his country faithfully and who would blame him if he relinquished it to the French? On the other side if he resisted he would be beaten in the end. But he did not hesitate. In a noble letter to Le Clerc, he declared his intention to serve his nation if need be to his death.

The war was now begun in earnest. He was declared an outlaw and every persuasion possible, bribes, threats, promises and money was made to the blacks to induce them to desert from his army. Their avarice, jealousy, hate and envy was appealed to and Toussaint with infinite anguish saw his army daily melting away. He avoided all open battles and with a small band of 200, of unwavering fidelity, he retreated to the mountains and began a guerilla warfare. Napoleon sent over 4,000 more troops and this small band of 200 blacks, aided by their countrymen, successfully defied for five months an army of Napoleon's soldiers of 29,000 men. But the end came at last, and in May he expressed a desire to negotiate.

The French general, Le Clerc, was only too glad to do so. He had but 12,000 men remaining in fighting condition. Toussaint took the oath of allegiance and was permitted to retire to his estates.

But though Toussaint was thus deposed his incalculable influence remained. The blacks now saw their mistake in not aiding him with all their power as they were slowly but surely becoming slaves; and while Toussaint lived, the French knew that he had only to give the word and the entire nation of blacks would rise to a man and sweep the French into the sea. So Napoleon informed Le Clerc who was now in command of the island, to capture Toussaint in any way and convey him to France. A plan was conceived and carried out.

The district where his estates laid was purposely overcharged with troops. The people complained to Toussaint and he to General Brunet, in command of the French forces. Brunet replied that he as yet knew very little of the country and asked Toussaint to come and help him with his knowledge of the island. Toussaint fell into the trap. With only 20 men and the word of Brunet he went to the house of the General. As he was a man of honor, he thought other men honorable. In Brunet's house, on a signal, his 20 men were overpowered and he arrested.

He was conducted to the sea shore, put aboard a French frigate and conveyed to France. His devoted followers that still lived, and those who lived on his estates, were arrested at the same time, put on board different ships of the French squadron lying near and never heard of afterwards. It is believed they were thrown overboard.

Toussaint was taken to the Temple prison in Paris. Here it is said he was tortured by Napoleon's orders in order to reveal the hiding places of treasures supposed to have been hidden by him in Hayti. Being unsuccessful, Toussaint by his order was sent to a prison in the Jura mountains, where the floor was actually under water and the cold intense. Being allowed no exercise, the cold was fatal to him, a full blooded negro, and he died in 1803 after nine months of imprisonment.

Wordsworth in a beautiful sonnet written during Toussaint's confinement in France, thus laments the cause of the fallen chieftain :

"Toussaint! thou most unhappy man of men
Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;
O miserable chieftain! — where and when
Wilt thou find patience?—yet, die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow,
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies,
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That wilt forget thee; thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

When the outrage on Toussaint became known the blacks everywhere on the island flew to arms. They remembered his deeds for them — how sweet their liberty had been — and all seemed animated by the single desire to avenge his death and to kill every Frenchman or die in the act. Every black that could bear arms flew to standards erected by Toussaint's old generals who had escaped. Napoleon instead of extinguishing the spark of liberty had fanned it to a never fading fire. The French were pressed on all sides, and though reinforcements came and thousands of blacks were slain, for every black killed, two seemed to arise. Forty thousand French soldiers paid with their lives for Toussaint's and finally in 1804, the French forever left the island and the independence of Hayti was formally proclaimed.

But the life of Toussaint was not lost. His name remains and he is regarded by his countrymen as Washington is by us. He did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labor; he did not see his country free but his memory is honored and revered by every true Haytian.

A. O. Steideman, '02.

THE WATCHWORDS OF THE AGE.

[Delivered at Presentation Day Exercises by William J. Geilfuss, '02.]

A little more than two centuries ago, Governor Berkeley said of the conditions then existing in Virginia, "I thank God there are no free schools or printing presses and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

We will now neither consider Berkeley's lack of foresight, and peculiar views of religion and social questions, nor seek the source of the spirit which moved him to pray for the "best government." We only pause to note the fact, which history teaches, that other colonies did not follow the lead of Virginia, and that the state which he hoped to save from printing press and public schools became the "Mother of Presidents."

The two centuries since his days have witnessed in the United States a marvelous development of intellectual life and a wonderful change in educational standards. The policy of two centuries ago of keeping subjects ignorant in order to make them submissive, has given way to one which seeks to educate all people in order to preserve liberty, to enforce laws, to develop manhood and womanhood, and to perpetuate the blessings of good government.

By Education is meant much more than an ability to read, write and keep common accounts. It is intended, by this noble word, to include a training of the body as a protection against disease; a cultivation of the intellect which will discover laws whether material or spiritual; and, finally, a culture of our moral affections and religious feelings.

Common schools are open today all over our broad land. Colleges and universities, high schools and academies, and schools for technical training, offer their privileges to all who seek them. These two glorious centuries of educational growth are not matched or paralleled in the history of the world.

Philosophers and statesmen have recognized the truth that universal education is the basis of national prosperity and real greatness.

Being a great city and leader of the world, Rome fell, not because she lacked brave generals and great rulers, but because her plan of education did not reach to the foundations of her natural life and character. She rated conquest and luxury above learning.

In a republic like ours, the plan of education must not be like that of Rome, but our system of education, to realize its highest aim, must reach the common people. It must be our first duty, or concern, to consider the truest interests of the great masses. Their equipment for life must be received in our common schools and it is the duty of the state to determine the character and the quality of the education which will best prepare them for their life-work as individuals and as citizen of the Republic; or, otherwise, we will be governed by a government of the ignorant. If we would be ruled by intelligence — wisdom, reason and justice, our first thought should be to educate. If we would live under good laws, we must have good men to make them. What the men and women of the future will be, depends upon the kind of education we now give our children. The best education for the masses is an education which will teach boys and girls their capabilities, and which will give them power to grasp opportunities, to accomplish results — an education which will help people to help themselves; which will diminish sufferings and discontent, and increase happiness.

The elements of the best education are two: First, the subject, including the sources of study and their correlations; second, the fitness and influence of the teacher in adjusting instruction to different conditions.

Charles Dudley Warner once declared that "the great trouble with the system of education in the United States is in trying to make the educational pyramid stand on its apex, and the problem of education for our peoples will not be solved until we make that pyramid stand on its base."

We have our methods of controlling religion as well as of controlling the state, and that is by allowing entire freedom. It is our principle, and we alone profess it, and also alone practice it. We have boldly released religion from the control of the state and the

state from the control of the church, and the people from the control of the clergy. This gives us not only the right but the duty to worship God according to our own conscience.

“Civilization such as this is the civilization of peace. It is sown in peace, it grows in peace, and in peace alone it can fully ripen.” War at its best would interrupt such civilization and would obstruct it. But nothing can bring us peace but our own efforts. We love peace, but not peace at any price, — chains are worse than bayonets.

WHAT SOUND MEANS TO THE DEAF.

[Delivered on Presentation Day by Frieda W. Bauman, '02.]

SOUND is to the congenitally deaf just what invisible things are to the hearing. They can give a definition of sound only from knowledge derived from outside sources, and their idea of sound varies with their varying grasp of that knowledge, and the varying power of their imagination, but without this knowledge they have little idea of sound. They are like the blind man, who said he would not give a cent to see, if unable to see around a corner. Yet the congenitally deaf are sensitive to loud noises, not by hearing, for none exists, but by the sense of feeling. This sense is comparatively weak in childhood, but becomes more acute as they grow older.

When a loud or jarring noise is made, something seems to creep along the nerves of the deaf to the seat of the mind. They are often at fault when called upon to distinguish between several noises, for all noises seem alike to them; and they can not tell the location of sounds well, but are likely to think they are below, as their feet touch the floor and the vibrations seem to come from beneath. The deaf are, however, able to distinguish between the discharge of fire-arms and the shriek of a locomotive whistle chiefly because of the difference in duration. If, on a comparatively fair day, there happens to be a peal of thunder, the deaf will think the noise is made by some one near them; but if it is a cloudy day, they will quickly guess it to be thunder.

Semi-mutes having acquired an idea of noise before losing their hearing, are more accurate in judging sounds than the congenitally deaf. Most of them like the born deaf, feel the vibrations—the sensation is presented to the mind and the mind immediately refers it back to the time before they lost their hearing, and the noise they feel is compared with the noises they had heard, and they are thereby assisted in determining the nature of the sound.

Often imagination has something to do with the judgement. For instance, a semi-mute was once standing near a piano to feel the music sent vibrating through the wood by one who played it

rather poorly. This music recalled a time before she lost her hearing, when she had heard the playing of the famous Rubenstein, and, her imagination, supplying the lack of sense, made her feel as if she heard Rubenstein once again, and she cried, "Oh, how divine and sweet!"

But it must not be supposed that all semi-mutes are like this. Indeed some remember nothing at all about the sounds they have heard; often, what they have once heard becomes a blank. This is the case with one, losing her hearing at the age of seven. She found herself in a new world as she expressed it. Although she had often sung pieces at a kindergarten and associated with hearing children, she could not now remember that she had ever heard a sound. When she grew stronger, other memories came back, but never those of sound,—no, not even when her habit of speech returned to her without training.

People frequently leave out of account altogether this vibration sense in the deaf. Being told that the deaf cannot hear, these people sometimes test them in this way: standing behind them, they stamp their feet, or drop some heavy weight. The jar is easily felt by the deaf, and consequently they look around to see what causes the noise. The suspicious experimenters thereupon think them imposters, saying that if they were really deaf, the noise would not attract their attention.

So with deaf mothers. People wonder how they know when their children cry at night. No child of a deaf mother has yet cried itself to death, for a baby never cries without kicking, unless it is very ill, and this acute sense of feeling will awaken the mother at the slightest movement that her baby makes. Possessed of three things, instinct, love and this acute sense of feeling, the mother may say:

"I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers."

By this same vibration sense do the deaf overcome the difficulty presented by the ringing of the ordinary door bells. The wire is attached to some contrivance by which a weight is released and a heavy jarring noise is produced.

The deaf man's door bell is in use in this college and consists of a narrow box about three feet high placed against the wall in each room. The box contains an iron window-weight to which a rope is fastened. This rope passes over a pulley at the top of the box and is then fastened to an ordinary door-bell-knob which projects into the hall. When the knob is pulled the weight is lifted

several inches from the floor, and being suddenly released, descends with a thump, which is sure to be felt by the occupant even if in a communicating room.

The loss of sound does not interfere with the pleasure of deaf people to any great degree. This is the testimony of a gentleman who, having mingled much in society, once happened to be thrown into the company of a party of deaf people. He was heard to make this remark: "What a jolly crowd these people are in spite of the fact that they can not hear a single word. Though they laugh and talk, yet they scarcely make any noise. It is, indeed strange but interesting."

There are doubtless some who brood over their misfortune, and we know one girl, who, losing her hearing at the age of twelve, was never known to laugh again. She led a melancholy life and died four years later of a broken heart.

But this is an exception, the deaf generally are happy, for the majority of them are philosophers, and have learned to accomodate themselves to a world without sound, and very far from the truth is the poetic conception of the life of the deaf expressed in these lines:

"As one apart in mellow shade
In silence, sadness she doth dwell,
No sound, nor harsh, nor sweet,
Invades her ears invibrant shell."

People often do not understand how the deaf enjoy the theatre, since they cannot hear the conversation on the stage. The eye takes the place of the ear. By watching the actors closely, the deaf see many things which escape the notice of those depending on their sense of hearing. The deaf make up the story from the action, just as the hearing do when they guess the meaning from the action of situation in charades. But those who read the play beforehand can enjoy the performance much better. There are often plays whose action is easily understood by the deaf, and their case is aptly put in the following:

"When America's Barrett on the stage appears,
Who charms all eyes, and (I am told) all ears,
With ease the various passions I can trace,
Clearly reflected from that wondrous face,
Whilst true conception with just action joined
Strongly impresses each image on my mind.
What need of sound when plainly I decry
The expressive features and the speaking eye?
That eye, whose bright and penetrating ray
Doth Shakspeare's meaning to my soul convey
Best commentator on great Shakspeare's text
When Barrett acts no passage seems perplext."

INITIATION OF A GREEN HAND AT A MICHIGAN LUMBER CAMP.

As the boys at Loud's Camp on the northern branch of the Ausable river in the north eastern part of Michigan, sat around the card table after the evening meal, the foreman entered and announced that a new hand fresh from the East would arrive at camp next day. The card players at once ceased their game and all entered into a discussion as to the best method of initiating the green hand from New York.

The two principal methods of initiation at Michigan camps are the Alger and "Longtimber" Smith initiations. The latter is the severest and it requires a great deal of patience to go through it without losing one's temper. The good points of both methods were discussed and it was finally decided to employ the system used at the camp of Ex-Secretary of War, Alger. A boss of ceremonies was chosen and preparations for the reception of the New Yorker were soon in progress. All arrangements were completed in a short time and the boys turned in after each one had related his experience on being admitted to the Lumberman's fraternity.

The next afternoon a swell young dude with all the airs of the metropolis put in his appearance at camp. The hands were all at work several miles away in the woods, only the cook and his assistant were about the camp busily preparing the evening meal. They made the young man feel at home until the crew returned from work, then the fun began. The new recruit was surrounded, his muscle was felt of, remarks were made on all sides on his appearance, probable success as a woodsman, and capability to get outside of pork and beans. "Ain't he a stunner," says one. Another replied, "He don't look as if he had enough backbone to lick a spring chicken." At that moment the supper horn put an end to further remarks. The dude was placed at the head of the table at which forty of the crew were soon seated. Everybody except the newcomer began to "shovel their chuck" in a lively manner. He

called the cook and asked for a plate, cup and saucer. The cook pointed to the tin cup and plate beside him saying they were the best imported china to be found in any camp in Michigan and if they were not good enough for him he was very sorry and would try to serve the next meal on inlaid gold dishes. (Porcelain dishes are unknown in a lumber camp, only tin dishes are used.) The next request the city chap made was for a napkin. A roar went up from the table but the cook withdrew and soon returned with a blanket from one of the bunks which he handed to the young man, who, although somewhat embarrassed, laid it across his lap and resumed his meal, making no more requests. After the meal, as the company was leaving the camp in which they had been eating, a pail of water standing on a shelf over the door slipped, turned up side down and descended fair and square on the dude's head. The crew crowded about expressing the deepest regret at the accident and offered the loan of dry clothes. The offer being accepted he was led to another camp where the clothes were said to be. Here as they were entering the camp for the clothes another unfortunate accident occurred. As the green-horn stepped inside the door a pork barrel dropped over his head and before he knew what had happened a cover had been clapped on the barrel and it was spinning down a hill. At the bottom of the hill the cover was taken off and the crew again crowded around him ready with their sympathy. "That thar ghost of that old porker that war packed in that pesky old barrel still haunts it and it beats all how she will cut up some times." Several such remarks as this were made by way of explanation and to comfort the victim of this deplorable accident it was decided to carry him back to camp as he appeared too badly shaken up to walk. Accordingly he was lifted on the shoulders of two of the men and the march up the hill began. Purely by accident, of course, as they passed a big feathery snow drift both the bearers stumbled simultaneously and the poor dude had to be fished out of the six foot drift. The two men who had stumbled blamed the roots, but one of the crew said, "Jes as like as not it was that old hog's ghost again wanting to cool him down a few degrees after warming him up by that ride down in the barrel." This explanation was accepted by the crew if not by the stranger and all proceeded on to the camp. On arriving there one of the men asked the city chap if he would like to have the use of a blanket-napkin

explained to him. The unsuspecting victim replied that he would be glad to receive any information they could give him, as his main object in coming west was to pick up information. A blanket was brought and he was placed on it. Then as many as could get hold of it took their places and he was tossed until he shouted that he was sure he understood the use of the napkin and needed no more explanations. Just at that moment a man rode up on horse-back and announced that a horse had been stolen from another camp five miles farther west. The description he gave of the horse tallied exactly with the horse ridden into camp that afternoon by the New York dude. Somebody yelled: "This green-horn is a hoss thief, string him up," and this exciting cry was taken up by the crew. The trembling fellow was roughly seized and his arms tied behind him after which he was told to mount a horse. This was no easy matter since he was unable to use his hands or arms. After he had succeeded in mounting the horse he was led under a tree. A rope was then passed about the young man's neck, and one end was thrown over the limb of a tree and made fast. The poor fellow was then asked if he had anything to say. Now thoroughly frightened he began to whimper and declare his innocence. "That's all hog wash," one of the men shouted, "Say the send off blessing thar Peevy Pete." One of the men, called Peevy Pete on account of his great dexterity with a peevy, stepped forward and began in a very solemn voice: "When in the course of woodmen's rights it becomes necessary for us to remove from our shebang a chicken-hearted skinflint, who has been proven guilty of kidnapping a crow's bait, it behooves us in no wise to shrink from our exalted duty. We moss backs know ——."

Some one behind the horse struck it a sharp blow just then which caused it to spring forward and the young fellow was left not as he expected suspended by the neck, but standing unharmed on *terra firma*, for the rope had been loosened from the limb by a quick jerk as soon as the horse was struck. The next on the programme was a cant-book act, but as they were preparing for it this refrain drifted through the woods:

"I'm so drunk, the road's so muddy;
I'm so drunk thet I can't stan steady."

The camp boys instantly forgot the rest of the initiation programme and all hurried off to meet the singer, whom they knew to be Loud, the proprietor of the camp, returning with the crew's wages for the month and plenty of well filled bottles.

Clyde Stevens, '05.

THE MASTER SCIENCE.

When the farmer begins to sow, other arts flourish. The farmer is therefore the founder of human civilization.—WEBSTER.

THERE was once a time when man lived on the many fruits of the earth, and upon the flesh of his animal neighbors. All he had to do was to reap the grain or pick the fruit when mature. Each season brought its variety. But as the earth became more peopled and animals became more numerous, it was evident that man could no longer receive something for nothing. It dawned upon him that he must work and that Nature, unassisted, could no longer support him. Would he survive he must till the soil.

Even before the great pyramids of Egypt rose up, even before the old Chaldean tablets were inscribed, man had to till the soil in his own primitive way. He has done so ever since and will always continue to do so.

Each period from the beginning had its modes and manners. The development was necessarily slow. Man had to work with the crudest material and both the quality and quantity of the crop was poor. Everything had to undergo a system of evolution, and there are yet little irregularities to be smoothed down.

In these busy days of money making, man gives but little time to Nature study. He hurries and worries around after the almighty dollar until outraged Nature calls upon him to stop. It is then that he gives her some consideration, but in many cases it is too late. He has no time to observe the flowers and other beauties along his path home, so absorbed is he with business thoughts.

But is not farming a business in itself, and a complex one at that? Surely it is a business just as well as the other industries, such as manufacturing, shipbuilding, and the like. It is a business in the fullest sense of the word. If one who undertakes farming or agriculture has no business ability, failure is as sure to overtake him as in any other business. It is upon the man that success depends, just as the fullness of the crops which he grows depends on the heat and light of the sun. Remove the heat and light and the stalk bears no fruit. It is a question of personality and ability. Everything must be carried on by strictly business methods.

There have been scores upon scores of failures and the universal cry is that farming does not pay. In most cases the man himself is to blame, he being deficient in his methods of business, or has not the ability to be his own master. The pursuit of agriculture in its various branches is a necessary occupation, and since all necessary occupations are profitable, it follows that farming is profitable if it is managed right.

To be truly successful on the farm as elsewhere a good education is necessary. Though a great deal may be acquired by experience, still mere experience is not sufficient. The object of education is to improve the farmer, and through him his farm. If the person himself is aroused to his surroundings, it naturally follows that his farm is improved and thus he is doubly blessed. With a good education one is able to enjoy and to appreciate the many beauties and wonders of Nature. The farmer's happiness depends less on bushels of corn and number of head of stock, than on entertaining thoughts which are prompted by a good education. Happiness like success depends on habits of thought.

Farming is a business and a science. In ways it is complicated and difficult. Here, as always, science subserves business, but is none the less essential. Many farms have been rendered unproductive and worthless through careless and inconsiderate handling. Farming of the new order requires a knowledge of physics and the relations heat, light, moisture and soil texture bear toward the successful growing of crops. The farmer must know something of mechanics, for labor and time saving appliances are rapidly taking the place of old time hand instruments. A knowledge of botany and zoology is quite necessary, because he must know the way in which a plant lives, grows, and multiplies, and he must understand the propagation of animals in order to give the world a better product. Besides all these sciences, meteorology and geology claim his attention, since profit depends in a large measure on the condition of the weather at harvest time; and the adaptability of plants to different climates. Through a familiarity with the chemistry of soils, that is, what plants live on, how they procure it, and how it is lost or increased, the farmer has greatly improved all fruits and grains both in quality and quantity. By domestication he has made the vilest weeds and bitterest fruits the most beautiful and the most savory.

How, then, can this occupation be despised and scoffed at when it requires a knowledge of all such things, which tend toward happiness, the real object of life?

In the country one is continually surrounded by Nature with all its wonders and enchantments.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of a man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.—WORDSWORTH.

Nature study is a great factor in the formation of character. It trains the power to actually see things, and then to draw proper conclusions from them. Is not there inspiration in the opening of each little bud when springtime comes, and in the chirp-chirp of the birds? Select a quiet nook where a winding stream flows thro the overhanging branches of the trees and observe the changes when spring covers everything with verdure; in the summer's sweltering heat; as the leaves color and fall at autumn's approach; and in the winter when each little twig wears a snowy gown and the earth is one white sheet. Can anything else be more enchanting and afford better food for thought?

"When the warm sun that brings
Seed-time and harvest has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood where springs
The first flower of the plain."

Some of our most illustrious men were once farmer boys, and their great powers of mind were developed amidst Nature. Unlike the city boy, who is taught from books alone, they observed for themselves and formed their own opinions and conclusions. The strength of their training was the simplicity of it. In their old age they love to return to Nature to spend their last days among trees and flowers.

"And all among my flowers I walked
Like a miser 'mid his treasure;
For the pleasant plot of garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure."

The country man is his own master. He is practically independent and may go and come according to his own sweet will. The fresh and exhilarating air is his; in fact he is a king (in himself.) How much better is he with the earth as a throne and the sky as a canopy, than a king with a golden crown and marble palaces, but burdened with cares! Indeed, his is the Master Science.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.—COWPER.

H. D. Drake, '04.

JUSTICE BREWER'S ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

MR. President, Members of the Graduating Classes, Ladies and Gentlemen :

The closing of college life is always an eventful period to every thoughtful student. It is the end of the days of preparation, and in the future lie the days of action. By a curious habit we call the last day of the college course "commencement," and yet not inaptly, for it is to the graduate the commencement of active life. He realizes that the time which has been devoted to study was simply in preparation, that that being past he looks out upon life with all its possibilities of usefulness and achievement, and says, "Now is my time to enter into its strifes and struggles." And if possessed of a noble soul he feels the inspiration of the thought in the poem of Longfellow :

" In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

It is not an uncommon thing for graduating classes to select one of their number as a prophet, and call upon him to forecast the lives of the various members. Curious are, sometimes, these forecasts. No one can be a fortunate prophet, no one can successfully forecast the future, unless he knows the ideals which fill the soul, and unless he knows also something of the fixity of purpose, the strength of character, each possesses, and which will control through life.

It is a beautiful thing that the soul of the young is full of ideals. We call them the day dreams, the air castles of youth, and sometimes we who are growing old are wont to sneer at them as foolish fancies, but in my judgment they are among the

noblest and most blessed possessions of the young, for the ideals of the boy are promises and prophecies of the man.

No man, no woman, will do or achieve unless in youth the soul is stirred with ideals of doing and achieving. And he who keeps his ideals beyond college days and carries them through life is one whose life will the most certainly be filled with achievement, and one who will the longer preserve his youth.

In thought's still world, some brother-tie which bound
The Planets, Kepler saw,
And through long years he searched the spheres, and there
He found the answering law.
Men said he sought a wild ideal,
The stars made answer, "It is Real!"

Thine early dreams, which came like "shapes of light,"
Came bearing Prophecy;
And Nature's tongues, from leaves to "quivering stars,"
Teach loving faith to thee;
Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights
Where golden splendors play;
And trust thyself unto thine inmost soul
In simple faith alway;
And God will make divinely Real
The highest forms of thine Ideal.

So it is that the one who achieves is the one who starts with the high ideals and carries them with him to the last. He also remains young, for he always occupies the position of one who is looking forward for something yet to do and sees before him no waste of solitude or idleness. I have passed far beyond the meridian of life and the shadows are lengthening toward the east, but I hope never to be so old that I shall not be building air castles, that I shall not be planning something to be done in the future, something which will make my life worth more to my country and humanity.

These closing hours, my young friends, are filled for you with especial significance. You are of those who, deprived of one avenue of communication between the soul and the world around you, have toiled to overcome the isolation springing from that barrier. What you have achieved will bring your souls into closer touch with all that makes life worth living.

You have had disadvantages which do not fall to the lot of most, and you have struggled and triumphed over them. Such a triumph is prophecy and forecast of a strenuous life, a life of usefulness and success.

Now by all means cling to your ideals; never end your purposes of acquirement, because, if you give up your ideals and fancy that there is nothing more for you to do, you will sink into uselessness and loneliness far sooner than one who possessed of all his senses ceases all effort. For by the very power of his senses he will be thrown into constant contact with the outer life, while you are deprived of much of that contact.

It is wonderful that for the first time in the history of the world within the last century there have been such grand achievements in the way of enabling those deprived of one or more senses to come into almost full possession of so many of the bright and beautiful things of life. It seems to me almost a miracle that Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, and by reason thereof shut out from the great world around her, should nevertheless through the help and teaching of sympathizing friends be enabled to learn something of the meaning and beauty of life, to enter into the great temple of knowledge, and that she no longer lives imprisoned in darkness, isolation and pain.

You are bereft of but one sense, and so have some blessings which she has not had; and both you and she have advantages which a hundred years ago were unknown. And the beauty and glory of life have been brought nearer to you. So there comes to you the great duty of helping each imprisoned soul to reach and touch and know the outer world. It is your inheritance of duty. It is brought home to you by the fact that within these walls you have had the assistance of these able and faithful teachers who have made so many things clear and easy. May it be your privilege as it is your duty in the lives now before you to do something to help every imprisoned soul bereft of any of the senses into the life and liberty which you possess, for so you will do an act of kindness to your fellows, you will be an honor to this institution and be numbered among the benefactors of the race. And perchance it

may be that some future poet may write of your life words as sweet and beautiful as these written by Leigh Hunt :

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and, said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

EDITORIAL.

Dialogues in the "Lit."

Last year as in several preceding years it became quite evident that the quality of the dialogues rendered before the Literary Society, was of inferior order. Nothing, however, was done except that the critic of the society called attention to a few of the most notorious exhibitions. This year a change for the better was evident. It seems that the prevalent idea of dialogues is that they should be merely horse play. A few of those that have been rendered would have been just cause for a reprimand before the society. We wish to state that it was the original intention to have the society represent some scene from history or from some famous play. It is a comparatively easy matter to secure such and they are more interesting and certainly more dignified than those which smell of the vaudeville stage and hotel corridor. Students should remember that they are expected to keep up the dignity of the organization and not bring it into disrepute.

A Decade of Amateur Journalism.

With this issue the BUFF AND BLUE completes the tenth year of its existence—an existence replete with the trials of amateur journalism. It will be remembered how many obstacles were first encountered and most of them overcome; how ideas of form and matter have changed with the advance of time. Yet it can be said that the plans of the original Board are still followed in the main, a distinct compliment to their foresight and good judgement. It is still evident that it was a hazardous undertaking to launch upon the sea of journalism a magazine secured by the patronage of a college where there are never over 125 students and whose history does not date back far enough to promise the paper the support of a large alumni. Patience and hard work, however, have kept up both the literary and financial standing of the magazine and it bids fair to live much longer. At times clouds, ominous with ruin, have risen above the horizon but the

storm has not come, those few alumni who have always been so unswerving in their devotion have come to the rescue nor must we forget the students for it is to them we really owe the existence of the BUFF AND BLUE. While at times backward they have always stood loyally by the paper when called. It is a generally recognized fact that out of the hundred or more students of both sexes not more than twenty-five contribute literary matter, the stuff much more essential to a college paper's existence than financial aid. We will not compare the qualities but heartily thank them. It is to them we owe the widened sphere of influence shown by the comments of various other college papers.

Before this issue has reached its readers the old Board will have stepped down and out, and a new board will have entered to take their places in the vacated sanctum chairs. For the old board we have nothing to say but thanks for their efficient service. Their work will remain their commendation. To the new board whose names appear below we extend the hand of good fellowship as one martyr to a good cause extends his hand to the following one and to whom he leaves work yet undone. The arena is cleared for another year, another decade. Behold they come not to die, not to make a grand-stand play, but to take up the pen for the good of their Alma Mater. They are free from the taint of college politics and are we believe perfectly fitted for the positions they fill. We wish them success.

The newly elected Board: Peter T. Hughes, '03, Missouri, Editor-in-Chief; Edith Fitzgerald, '03, Illinois, Arthur Roberts, '04, Kansas, and Frederick J. Neesam, '04, Wisconsin, Associate Editors; John B. Hotchkiss, '69, Connecticut, Alumni Editor; Clyde O. Stevens, '05, Michigan, and A. W. Allen, '05, Georgia, Local Editors; John C. Wine-miller, '04, Ohio, Athletic Editor; Katherine M. Schwartz, '05, Nebraska, Exchange Editor; Harley D. Drake, '04, Ohio, Business Manager; and Thure A. Lindstrom, I. C., Washington, Assistant Business Manager.

It will be seen that the position of Alumni Editor is again held by Professor Hotchkiss. He has already served seven years on the board and has brought the Alumni Department up to a standard that is the admiration of all. We are always glad to have him for Editor. His exit from the field would occasion a serious and we believe irreparable loss.

We are glad to say the support of the students has not fallen off this year. We wish to thank them for this support and hope that they will continue to realize the value of a magazine to their college. The old Board bids you all good-bye.

THE ALUMNI.

To the Editor of the BUFF AND BLUE:—The Minnesota Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held a business meeting in Faribault, Saturday evening, May 10, 1902. The retiring president, Mr. Hanson, made a brief report of the work done by the committee selected at the last meeting relative to securing chapter privileges, and the result thereof. He read two letters from President Gray, in which official opinions were given to the effect that to be a member of a chapter does not require membership in the general association, inasmuch as the Constitution is silent on the subject. These letters were ordered filed.

A discussion followed on several matters relating to chapter-organization, such as similar rules and regulations to govern all chapters and the members thereof; the question whether members of chapters in good standing should become members of the national association; whether each chapter should pay an annual due into the general treasury, the amount of these dues to vary in proportion to the size of the chapter; whether chapters should be allowed to vote by proxies on any question at any meeting of the national association, such proxies to possess *bona fide* credentials from their chapter-presidents. (It should be understood that the above questions were not acted upon in any way whatsoever, but were merely suggested and discussed in view of the proposed revision of the Constitution.)

The question of pecuniary assistance to needy Minnesota students at Gallaudet came up for consideration at the meeting. While no definite action was taken on the subject—there being no call for it at present—a fund was started for this very purpose.

New officers were chosen as follows: President, Mr. Smith; Vice-President, Mr. Sheridan; Secretary, Mr. Peterson; Treasurer, Miss Vandegrift.

Faribault, May 12, 1902.

P. N. PETERSON, Secretary.

Chicago, May 10th, 1902.

MR. FRANK R. GRAY,

President Gallaudet College Alumni Association, Allegheny, Penna.

DEAR SIR:

By way of protest to your latest ruling, published in the *Deaf-Mute Journal* of May 3rd, 1902, we herewith tender our respective resignations as members of this Association, individually and in a body, the same to take effect when this reaches your hands.

Your ruling was made obviously at the instance and in the interest of a certain irregular and hybrid organization which has never met nor organized as a chapter to this day, nor even has heard any report from its committee appointed to take necessary steps to organize a chapter of this Association, and still retains its original hybrid character as to organization and membership. Your ruling was certainly not conducive to the best interests of the Association which you were elected and trusted to guard, and is not a common-sense

interpretation of the Constitution, and is quite contrary to the known and natural sense of the framers of the Constitution. Wherever the Constitution is at all ambiguous, common-sense or legal rules should be consulted in making a proper interpretation.

According to your ruling, you may as well recognize chapters composed wholly of non-members of this Association, or even composed of alumni of other colleges than Gallaudet should they choose to apply, simply because the Constitution did not add the words, Gallaudet College, after the word, "Alumni," in the chapter-clause of the Constitution. Thus:—"Article VII., *Chapters*. Whenever there is a sufficient number of Alumni residing in any locality to form a working organization, such may be organized and known as a chapter of this Association, designated by the name of the locality in which it exists."

This is a most absurd ruling, and is certainly unworthy of you. If the framers of the Constitution had intended allowing non-members of this Association to join a chapter without becoming members of the Association, they would have taken pains to add the words "whether members of this Association or not," or "whether graduates of this college or not," after the word "Alumni" in the chapter-clause. There can be no doubt of that. Two of the undersigned were a majority of the committee who revised the Constitution the last time, and we ought to be supposed to know what we were doing. Mr. J. L. Smith, the third member of this committee, admits in a letter in the *BUFF AND BLUE* for December, 1901, that at that time, long after this trouble arose, the Minnesota organization was still illegal, but he claims that it will remedy matters at the next meeting. It is hard to see how an illegal organization can make itself legal without first dissolving and then reforming in a legal way.

The Constitution must be construed as a whole. Special articles and sections must be made to agree with others. When it is so read, it is evident that the object was to organize a main body of which all persons of the constituent chapters should be members and pay dues. No other interpretation is legally possible. It is the Gallaudet College Alumni Association by Article I. By Section 1. of Article III., each member is to pay certain annual dues. By Section 3 of Article V., all rights as members are withheld from those who fail to pay such dues. These few excerpts are sufficient to prove that your late ruling is wrong. No deadheads except honorary members were contemplated. But to further corroborate this opinion, the provision made in Article VI., Section 3, of the Constitution, for delegates from chapters to special meetings of this Association, absolutely precludes any supposition that a chapter may be legally composed in part or wholly of non-members of this Association.

We had been goaded almost to the point when patience ceases to be a virtue by the almost constant run of injustice and ignominy meted out to us by you in part, and by the Secretary in particular, and by the decision of the Association at Buffalo, but we had intended to wait for the next meeting of the Association to pass on our rights. But your last ruling has broken the back of our patience.

We hereby declare ourselves independent of your Association henceforth, and shall have nothing more to do with it until it disowns some of your and the Secretary's acts, which border on absurd injustice and unwarranted assumption of authority, and were made without consulting the Board, as required by Section 3 of Article IV., of the Constitution. The Secretary has been guilty of twice disobeying your instructions to him favorable to us, and what is more, of betraying and forwarding official correspondence (while in transit between you and himself) to an unofficial member of the other interested "chapter" 500 miles away, with an apparent view of obstructing your de-

cree in our favor, which decree you were actually induced to withhold by telegram soon after, on receipt of an irregular protest from that outside party. You have since declared that you would never have withheld the decrees if you had known or suspected who had caused the leak which brought on the protest from that Minnesota member. The secretary denied, when first taxed, but confessed several weeks later to having been the cause of the leak.

Now that you have made the ruling, there can be no incentive or feeling of self-respect in us to continue as members, or as a chapter under the auspices of this Association. After acting in good faith as members and as a regular chapter ever since the passage of the revised constitution, we are ignobly robbed of the little credit justly ours, and see belated and hybrid chapters admitted and recognized by blindfolded officers.

We, therefore, retire, though not without good wishes for the Association's future. We will still be as loyal to our Alma Mater as before but without the intervention of the Association. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this by return mail.

Respectfully, we are

JOS. G. PARKINSON, '69.

JAMES I. SANSON, '80.

GEO. T. DOUGHERTY, '82.

PHILIP J. HASENSTAB, '85.

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG, '90.

Chicago, May 14, 1902.

MR. F. R. GRAY.

President Gallaudet College Alumni Association:

DEAR SIR:—

Your ruling concerning chapters that appeared in last week's issue of the *Deaf Mute's Journal* was a surprise to me, being published after you had heard from but one side of the controversy. I had been preparing a statement of my reference to chapters in my last circular-letter to members. I had been consulting the authors of the chapter-clauses both in person and by mail. Mr. Hasenstab, whose letter I herewith beg to submit, was absent from the city and his reply was forwarded me from an Indiana city. As you can see from dates of letters, all that could be done so far as I was concerned was going on, when suddenly your ruling came before me in *The Journal*. It seems that injustice has been shown me, to forward me a copy of Mr. Hanson's protest and then without waiting a reasonable time to hear from me, to publish your ruling, which simply is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, as the following correspondence will show. There was no necessity for extreme haste on your part inasmuch as my next circular was not due until twelve months hence. I have always used the BUFF AND BLUE as the official organ of the Association, and, had you done the same, you would have received my reply in ample time to make public a ruling.

Chicago, April 20, 1902.

REV. P. J. HASENSTAB,

Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I enclose a copy of an official protest forwarded me by President Gray. To quote the Constitution: Art. VI., Section 3:

"In the event of a special meeting called by the Board of Directors of the Association, each chapter (as provided in Art. VII.) shall, when possible, send a delegate to the same. Otherwise regular meetings shall be open to any and all members of the Association.

Art. VII.: Whenever there is a sufficient number of Alumni residing in any locality to form a working organization, such may be organized and known as a chapter of this Association designated by the name of the locality in which it exists."

It is customary in cases of dispute to defer to the author's interpretation. I understand the clauses were written by you, and accepted in entirety at the Alumni meeting in 1899. An explanation from you would, I am sure, be read with interest by the Alumni. I might also suggest that since some doubts have arisen as to the interpretation of other parts relating to the admission and naming of chapters, a complete explanation would therefore be appreciated.

Awaiting an early reply, I am

Fraternally yours,

O. H. REGENSBURG.

Chicago, April 25, 1902.

MR. O. H. REGENSBURG.
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—

Your favor of the 20th. inst., is at hand, asking me as the author of the Chapter-articles in the Constitution of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, to give my own interpretation of the same.

Two ideas occupied a chief place in my mind when I wrote and submitted the articles in question to the Committee, and thence to the Association. Both were to secure the most available service for the success of the Association. The success of meetings, special and regular, depends on the presence and activity of as many members as can assemble. So when a special meeting is called, and when there is a number of alumni residing in any locality, and not one voluntarily goes to attend, at least one of them should be sent as a delegate at the expense of all, to represent them. That was the first idea.

This implies the necessity of uniting alumni residing in a single locality into a chapter, the chapter to be named after the locality. This would then secure strength to the working of the Association. Such a chapter should be a part of and within the Association. So that all that are members of a chapter should be members of the Association also. That was the second idea.

A chapter is supposed to keep in sympathy with the Association, and one cannot entertain that sympathy by becoming and remaining a member of the chapter only, nor can a member of the Association promote its strength and working force by staying away from the chapter within whose reach he lives. This point is implied in the last named idea. Again, a delegate, sent by a chapter to a special meeting of the Association, should be selected by those who are active members of the Association, and, also, be acceptable to the Association by virtue of his own relation to the Association.

In short, the Association is to be a union of chapters wherever chapters can be organized; a chapter, a union of individuals where they are more than two, to form a working organization. Union is possible where common sympathy lies. *An Alumnus not a member of the Association does not truly sympathize with such members in a chapter.*

Fraternally yours,

PHILIP J. HASENSTAR.

The italics are my own. You seem to have known and understood the intention of the framers, and yet to have failed to stick to it. Even the strict wording of the Constitution does not invite your ruling. In short, it is against it. Any single clause must agree with the general spirit and run o

the Constitution. The Constitution works for the Association and its members, and makes no provisions for *non-members*. The framers intended everything for the Association, and such concerns chapters, delegates, etc. And you should see that the intention be preserved and carried out in your ruling. Mr. Hanson in his protest *agrees that chapter-members ought to be members of the main body*. Mr. Smith in a recent letter to me agrees on that point. He also, in an article in the *BUFF AND BLUE*, says that "*at our next meeting those who are not members of the general Association will be disqualified as members of the chapter.*" He was on the committee which had charge of the last revision of the Constitution, and evidently knows what was meant by the framers of the Constitution, and, therefore, promises to carry it out at the next meeting. Mr. Hanson, Mr. Smith and your admission, are damaging, and any judge would throw the case out of court.

It certainly does not reflect credit on the legal acumen of Mr. Hanson or any other fellow to make believe that simply because the Constitution was not more specific about "Alumni" forming local chapters, "Alumni" may not be members of the general association. He can as well argue that a chapter may be formed wholly of non-members of the main body; also that graduates of Yale or Harvard Universities may apply for and get chapter privileges under our own constitution because "Alumni" does not say "Gallaudet Alumni." This is *reductio ad absurdum*. Perhaps Mr. Hanson has found a citizen of Minnesota who is not a citizen of the United States.

I used a common sense interpretation. I cannot reconcile myself to believing that the Constitution intended chapters composed of non-members of the general association could send delegates to a special meeting of the Association and be allowed to vote, pass on appropriations and allowed to transact business to the exclusion of regular members who pay their dues and foot the bills. The Constitution is quite clear on this point—only those who have paid their dues "shall be allowed the exercise and enjoyment of their rights as members."

The author's interpretation of the chapter articles is conclusive. It is a reasonable and honorable view. "*An Alumnus not a member of the Association does not truly sympathize with such members in a chapter.*" No one could have taken exceptions to my circular remarks unless it decidedly affected the eligibility and recognition of some chapter:

In forwarding my circulars to the members for yearly dues with the statement that membership dues in the Association should be requisite to joining a chapter, I was simply trying to build up the Association. I build up, you tear down. Your ruling will afford an excellent excuse for old members who do not care to pay their dues to cease doing so and yet enjoy the chapter privileges. You and I disagree on one point. You scatter by your ruling, and I gather in by mine.

I positively refuse to abide by your ruling, and decline to recognize your authority, or the authority that assumes to confer on you authority always to decide on the *intentions* of the Constitution without previously consulting the Board of Directors. As a member of the Board, I have previously protested against your unwarranted assumption of authority, and was then, as in this instance, ignored. You have not even granted me the opportunity to be heard, when common courtesy requires both sides to be heard.

I therefore resign my office as treasurer, and request you to appoint a successor to whom I can forward the books and money intrusted to my care. My resignation having already been tendered as a member, it is important you name my successor within 15 days, or, otherwise, I will forward the books and money direct to you.

Assuring you and your Association that there is nothing personal in this controversy, and that I bear you all the utmost good will, I am

Very sincerely,

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.

'86 and '93. Mr. and Mrs. Olof Hanson, and that beautiful baby, are to move to the state of Washington, much to the regret of all Minnesota.

'97. Miss Minnie E. Morris has a clear and convincing article in *The Annals* for March on the value of programmes in teaching children. Through it one can see shining clearly her own rare gift as a teacher.

'85. M. D. Lyon, ex-'85, is the subject of an interesting sketch by Charles Kerney in *The Silent Worker*. From it we learn with pleasure that our friend has kept the promise of his youth, and developed into a capable business man and a kindly, helpful, and interesting neighbor and friend.

The Pittsburgh Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held a banquet at Hotel Boyer on the evening of Wednesday, June 4th., and very considerately sent a notice and an invitation to the Alumni Editor. This is the way to do things. Iowa, please take notice, and don't be so "sassy."

'90. Cadwallader L. Washburn had an interesting article in *The Outlook* for May 3rd., on the Spanish Artist, Sorolla, under whom he was a pupil while in Madrid. Mr. Washburn also recently delivered a lecture before the pupils of the Minnesota School, which was much enjoyed both by them and by many teachers and others who were present.

'01. W. S. Runde is contributor to *The California News* of Odds and Ends—interesting paragraphs on various matters more or less related to the California School and its environment. He is also manager of the base-ball team and poses with all his old-time grace in a cut printed in a recent number of *The News*.—R. L. Stuht, ex-'01, has removed from Nebraska to Seattle, Washington State.

Cards have been received announcing the intended marriage of S. C. Jones, ex-'03, to Miss Lottie Parker, a deaf young lady of Spottsylvania County, Va., on the 25th instant. Miss Parker is to be congratulated upon securing the love of a man of such sterling qualities; and, while we know nothing of Miss Parker's merits, the fact that she is attractive to the wise and manly Stephen is the highest praise.

'95. *The Annals* for May has a vigorous article by J. C. Howard, on "Men and Women Teachers," in which he points out the growing evil of too many women teachers. He concludes: "What our schools need is about as many good men teachers as women teachers."—Mrs. May Martin Stafford has a review of the book of a clergyman who is desperately trying to be cheerful under deafness. She enlists our sympathy for the struggling gentleman, and shows how ruthlessly he has been gulled by some conscienceless oralist.

'82. In *The Iron Age* for May 8th., we find an article by George T. Dougherty on iron analysis, in which he enunciates a "Complete Evolution Method for Sulphur in Iron," and gives results of his private experiments which show him an accomplished cook. The three pages of technical verbiage have now and then a gleam of sense even to the Alumni Editor, as when he suggests an improvement on the old-time recipe for roast-pig: "I use 20c. cm. water + 35c. cm. strong HCl on Lebanon pigs on account of their peculiar or coppery nature." We have never met the coppery pig, but are familiar with the peppery kind. We understand that this little evening diversion of Mr. Dougherty, while undertaken for love of research and not for pelf, brought him the neat sum of \$26 from the Editor of *The Iron Age*, and an urgent invitation to continue his contributions at six dollars a column.

'87. We have before us Bulletin No. 181 of the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station, on "Silk Culture," prepared by Gerald McCarthy. He is now Biologist of the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, and an article by him on silk culture was published in the November Bulletin of that department. The demand for this article has been so great that to supply it, the Experiment Station has had Mr. McCarthy revise and make more complete his original treatise. It is a clear and complete exposition of the history of silk production in this country, and of the natural history, food, and treatment of the worm and cocoon, and the proper pre-

paration of the silk for market. After going through its pages we are strongly of the opinion that silk-culture is a very promising pursuit for the deaf, and we advise all those grads, who are looking around for something to do, to send for a copy of Mr. McCarthy's able paper, and study it, and see whether or not it is bulging with almighty dollars. Address Agricultural Experiment Station, Raleigh, N. C.

NORMALS.

'00. L. E. Milligan leaves the Georgia School to go to that of Colorado because offered a higher salary.—Frank R. Wheeler is married, and had a daughter born to him on the 17th. of May last. He is now teaching in Minnesota.

It rejoiceth the heart to see with what readiness and kindliness of spirit the spokesman of the Iowa Alumni acknowledges the error of their ways in neglecting to send a notice of their Chapter-Meeting to THE BUFF AND BLUE, and we trust they will not hereafter treat their alumni editor like a stray-dog. The notice which their representative proposes for the head of the Alumni Column is entirely unnecessary; the alumni know already that, because of the Iowa brand of neglect, they must "for alumni news read the institution or independent newspapers for the deaf." No item appearing in this column is presented as "news"—it is simply a matter of record.

LOCALS.

Whew!

Good bye to 1902!

Where are you going?

What are you going to do?

The collegiate year—*Requiescat in pace.*

The seventeen year locust horde appeared last month.

No inter-class meet this year. Cause: Lack of interest?

Lawrence, '02, has been admitted to membership in the Fraternity.

Cowley, '03, has been chosen Vice-President of the Athletic Association to succeed Spence, '03, who has left college.

Mr. Best, '02, Normal, has received the degree of M. A. in Economics and Mr. Allison the same in Electrical Engineering from Columbian University.

Cramming is the order of the day, especially among the Seniors, who can almost reach their diplomas. Remember the slip betwixt the cup and the lip.

Lee, I. C. did not believe in poison ivy and to show his contempt for such a weed rubbed it vigorously over his hands and face. We will draw the veil over the next few days of his life.

Tennis is all the rage now. On the challenge of Hewetson, '03, a series of games were played for the championship of the Green and Dr. Ely of the Faculty became the holder of the title. The class tournament for the class championship has been played on the Faculty's court near the "observatory." The Faculty has come out first; '03, second; '04, third; and '02, fourth. The Introductory class did not compete.

The swimming pool is the most frequented place on the college grounds.

Twenty-two students will receive degrees at the end of the collegiate year. It is a record breaker.

The class of 1902 will revive the custom of presenting their photographs to the Lit., a custom which died out with 1900.

On the 8th the Sunday School concert was devoted to the Seniors they alone making the speeches. "Aim" was the subject.

The Senior class tree, after languishing for some time seems now to have taken a new lease on life and is doing fairly well.

The asphalt walks are being repaired and the odoriferous asphaltum brings to mind the old familiar smell of the Chemical Laboratory.

It has come out that one of the Seniors had his or her photograph taken sixteen times before he or she was satisfied with the likeness presented.

Miss DeLong, '02, has accepted the offer of a position as teacher in the Utah State School for the Deaf. We all wish her success in her future life there.

The Seniors recently took a peep at Madame Luna through the college telescope, but not a very good view was obtained on account of her modestly veiling her face in hazy clouds.

Miss Patterson, Normal, has been appointed a teacher in the Kendall School to begin work next fall. As she comes from deaf parents and can perform the finger movements as well as any deaf mute, she is well fitted for that position.

The last meeting of the Literary Society for the year was held on May 29th. The valedictory essay "The Liberator of Hayti," was delivered by Mr. Steidemann, '02, while Mr. Erickson, '03, responded with, "Some Marvels in Enterprise of the New West."

Before this is read the third term examinations will be well under way. Owing to the heat, and the excitement connected with the closing of College and home-going, these are the most trying of the three yearly examinations.

Miss Snyder, '02, was surprised by the girls of her class on the evening of May 23rd. Only the Naughty-twos were present, and it is safe to say they had a splendid time, for that particular class has the reputation of knowing how to get all the pleasure possible out of life.

Saturday evening the 7th, a social and entertainment was given by the Kappa Gamma to which the Faculty and Normals were invited. Each member of the "Frat." had a fair partner from the Co-eds and the sexes were thus evenly balanced. Several games were played out; the favorite was a ping-pong set. The following programme was carried out:

I.

Le Grand Chapeau.

Mr. Foughtymilyuns	Mr. Geilfuss, '02
Miss Fashyunplate	Mr. Lawrence, '02
Usher	Mr. Erickson, '03

II.

Stars and Stripes Forever.

Messrs Phelps and Stevens, '05.

III.

Punishment After School.

Dr. Ake		Mr. Drake, '04		
Celia Rosebud	}	Bright pupils	{	Mr. Flick, '03
Polly Freckles				Mr. Clark, '02
Fat Peter	}	School Committee	{	Mr. Roberts, '04
Johnny Slimboy				Mr. Waters, '02
Farmer Hardup	}		{	Mr. Schneider, '02
Miss Scarecrow				Mr. Johnson, '03
Miss Hayseed				Mr. Strong, '02

REFRESHMENTS.

Astronomy lesson. Professor: "What does a comet's tail resemble?"

S—: "Er—something like a horse's tail."

Professor: "What is its average length?"

W—(*bearing in mind the above reply*) "Oh, from—say two to five feet long."

Two more students have left college. Mr. Spence, '03 left in the middle of May to hold down his brother's job while the latter is absent with a surveying party. The second to go was Mr. Nowell, '05, who left two weeks later. No special reason can be assigned to his going except that he wished to find a position and he thought May more advantageous than June.

The last meeting of the O. W. L. S. for the present term was held May 31, when the program was in accordance with the usual farewell meetings. Miss Snyder, '02, gave a talk on "The Influence of children," then delivered the Valedictory, and was followed by Miss Brooks, '03, who responded to Miss Snyder, and told a story, "For the Honor of the Class." Ice-cream and cake were then served, and the remainder of the evening spent in an informal manner.

Mr. Hamar, the French deaf-mute sculptor of the Rochambeau statue, recently presented to the United States by France, was the guest of President Gallaudet for a time during his stay here. The students had the honor of meeting him personally. The advantage of the sign language was apparent during his stay, for while he could not understand English his signs were readily comprehended by all of us.

Surprises have this year been frequent occurrences with the Senior Co-eds, one at a time being the victim, but on the evening of the 29th, the Juniors stole a march on the whole class, and caught them all unawares. So well was it all arranged that not one of them knew what was up until she found herself in a circle of Seniors and Juniors rallying around the '02-'03 banners. The amusing feature of the evening was the presentation of gifts to the Seniors and to Miss Paterson, Normal, each gift being presented with a short speech by one of the Juniors. The speeches were supposed to be prophecies and the gifts suggestive of the recipients' future. Refreshments and games brought the evening to a close, and another class of college girls was tendered its farewell. Besides the seniors Juniors and Miss Paterson, Miss Peet was one of the merry crowd.

ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL.

GALLAUDET 3.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL 11.

At Bloomsburg, Pa., May 16th.—The team played the first game of the two scheduled on its short trip into Pennsylvania. The State Normal School had no trouble in winning. Gallaudet put up a poor fielding game and though our men batted hard at times they were not equal to the occasion when hits were needed. The Normal School boys, on the other hand, hit at the right time and fielded well.

The score:

GALLAUDET	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	STATE NORMAL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Geilfuss, 3b	4	0	0	0	5	0	Hays, 2b	4	1	0	1	2	1
M'Dn'gh, p, 2b	5	0	0	2	2	2	Aldinger, 1b	5	2	2	10	0	1
Andree, c	4	0	1	4	0	1	Newton, ss	4	2	0	1	4	0
Rosson, ss, p	4	1	2	2	2	1	Lewis, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Meunier, cf	4	0	1	2	0	1	Marcy, rf	4	3	1	1	0	0
Lawrence, 1b	3	1	0	10	1	1	Hillner, c	5	0	2	8	1	0
Waters, lf	4	1	2	2	0	0	Reonemus, cf	5	1	2	1	2	0
Burgherr, 2b, ss	4	0	2	1	1	2	Reichard, 3b	4	0	0	3	0	0
Worley, rf	4	0	2	0	0	0	Stevenston, p	2	1	1	0	3	1
Totals	36	3	10	*23	11	8	Totals	37	11	9	27	12	3

*Newton out, hit by batted ball.

Gallaudet	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—	3
State Normal	2	1	0	0	3	2	1	2	x	—	11

Summary: Bases stolen, Gallaudet, 3; Normals, 7. Two base hits, Meunier. Three base hit, Stevenston. Home run, Marcy. Bases on ball, off McDonough 3, Rosson 2, Stevenston 1. Struck out, by McDonough 1, Rosson 2 and Stevenston 2. Hit by pitched balls, by McDonough 1. Passed balls, Andree, Hillner 2. Wild pitch, McDonough.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM.



Wheeler, (scorer). Waters, l. f. Meunier, c. f. Worley r. f. Lovelace, (sub). Painter, M'g'r.
 Lawrence, 1b. Rosson, p. s. s. Burgherr, s. s. 2b. Geilfuss, 3b.
 Escherich, (sub) Andree, c. (capt.). McDonough, p., 2b.

GALLAUDET 2.

BUCKNELL 16.

At Lewisburg, Pa., May 16th.—The team, as in the game the day before, indulged in an error making contest, only this time they managed to make a few more misplays than formerly. They hit the ball hard but in such a manner that little good resulted.

They secured twelve hits, had 6 base on balls and two men hit by the pitcher and yet were only able to negotiate two runs, while Bucknell with fourteen hits and one base on balls were presented with sixteen tallies.

The score :

GALLAUDET	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	BUCKNELL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Geilfuss, 3b	4	0	2	1	2	2	Grinninger, 3b	5	2	2	2	3	0
M'Don'gh, 2b	3	0	1	1	1	2	McCormick, rf	5	4	4	0	0	0
Andree, c	4	0	0	3	2	1	Milligan, 1b	4	0	0	14	3	0
Rosson, p	5	1	4	0	1	0	Weidensaul, 2b	5	0	1	2	4	0
Meunier, cf	3	1	1	1	0	0	Smith, ss	5	0	0	3	3	0
Lawrence, 1b	5	0	2	10	0	1	Tenfel, lf	5	2	2	0	0	0
Waters, lf	4	0	1	7	1	1	Cockill, cf	5	3	2	1	0	0
Burgherr, ss	4	0	0	0	4	2	Stanton, c	5	3	2	3	1	0
Worley, rf	2	0	1	1	0	1	Veil, p	5	2	1	2	4	0
Totals	34	2	12	24	11	10	Totals	44	16	14	27	18	0

Gallaudet	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—2
Bucknell	2	0	1	4	4	0	5	0	x—16

Summary: Stolen bases, Gallaudet 4, Bucknell 5. Two base hits, Rosson, Tenfel, Cockill. Three base hits, Meunier, Weidensaul. Home run, McCormick. Double play, Rosson to McDonough to Lawrence. Bases on balls, off Rosson 1, Veil 6. Hit by pitched ball, by Veil 2. Struck out, by Rosson 2, Veil 3. Passed balls, Andree 2 Time of game, two hours.

GALLAUDET 8.

GETTYSBURG 6.

At Gettysburg, Pa., May 24th.—Rosson was the whole thing in the game with Gettysburg. In the face of the most discouraging support he pitched a magnificent game, allowing but five hits and striking out nine men, and in the eighth inning with the score a tie and two men gone he drove out a home run, thereby scoring what proved to be the winning run.

Lawrence put up a good game at first and Rosson fielded his position splendidly but as a whole Gallaudet made a very poor exhibition in the field and were lucky to win.

The score :

GALLAUDET	R	H	PO	A	E	GETTYSBURG	R	H	PO	A	E
Geilfuss, 3b	0	2	0	3	2	Rowe, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Andree, c	1	0	10	0	1	White, c	2	1	8	0	1
Rosson, p	2	3	5	1	0	Bingaman, rf	1	0	0	1	1
Hunter, ss	1	1	0	2	2	Floto, cf	2	3	3	0	1
Meunier, cf	1	2	1	0	1	James, 2b	1	0	5	2	1
Lawrence, 1b	1	1	9	4	0	Adams, ss	0	0	1	2	0
Waters, lf	0	0	1	0	0	Sieber, 3b	0	0	1	0	0
Burgherr, 2b	0	1	1	3	4	Thomas, p	0	0	0	4	0
Worley, rf	2	1	0	0	0	F. her, 1b	0	1	9	0	1
Totals	8	11	27	13	10		6	5	27	9	5

Gallaudet	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1—8
Gettysburg	2	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0—6

Summary: Stolen Bases, Gallaudet 5, Gettysburg 4. Two basehit, Burgherr. Home runs, Rosson, White. Base on balls, off Rosson 3, Thomas 4. Struck out, by Rosson 9, Thomas 8. Passed balls, Andree 2, White 4. Time of game, 1 hr. 55 min.

GALLAUDET 1-4.

WASHINGTON 1-8.

At Chestertown, Md., May 30th.—The game between our boys and Washington College ended in a row in the tenth inning. In this inning the umpire made several questionable decisions and when Gallaudet protested he put on his coat and sneaked off during the argument that ensued. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 1 to 1. In the tenth both sides had made it 3 to 3 when the game broke up and the score reverted to that at the end of the ninth inning.

Rosson pitched a good game, allowing three hits and striking out twelve men. Gallaudet's fielding showed much improvement.

The score:

GALLAUDET	R	H	PO	A	E	WASHINGTON	R	H	PO	A	E
Geilfuss, 3b	0	0	1	2	0	Massey, 1b	0	1	11	0	0
Andree, c	1	1	10	3	0	Burris, ss	0	0	2	2	0
Rosson, p	0	1	1	3	0	Gunby, 2b	0	0	3	3	2
Meunier, cf	0	2	3	0	0	Marine, c	0	0	6	3	0
Lawrence, 1b	0	1	6	0	1	Powell, p	0	1	1	0	0
Waters, lf	0	0	1	0	0	Crew, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Worley, rf	0	1	2	0	0	Noble, 3b	0	1	0	2	0
Hunter, ss	0	0	0	0	1	Townsend, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Burgherr, 2b	0	0	3	2	0	Jeff, cf	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	1	6	27	9	2	Totals	1	3	27	10	2

GALLAUDET COLLEGE TRACK TEAM.



Phelps.

Erd.

Mather.

Erickson, M'g'r.

Stevens.

Roberts.

Foreman.

Strong, Cap't.

Northern.

Gallaudet	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Summary: Stolen Bases, Gallaudet 2; Washington 2. Two base hits, Meunier. Double plays, Rosson to Burgherr to Lawrence; Burris to Gunby to Massey. Base on balls off Rosson 3; off Powell 4. Hit by pitched ball, by Rosson 1. Struck out by Rosson 12; by Powell 6. Time of game, two hours.

In the second game, played May 31, Gallaudet put up a poor fielding game while Washington hit hard at critical times, thus winning out. On account of Gallaudet having to catch her boat for home, the game was called at the end of the fifth inning.

The score by innings:

					R	H	E	
Gallaudet	0	0	1	0	3	4	5	6
Washington	2	1	3	2	0	8	6	3

TRACK.

Saturday, April 26th, the relay team was only able to secure third place at the University of Pennsylvania's big relay carnival, but the time made was much better than that of any previous team sent out by this college. The time of the winning team was 3:36 1-5, and Gallaudet was close up at the finish.

Strong, who ran the first relay, secured first place. Northern, however, dropped back to a poor third in the second relay. Mather gained considerable ground, drawing close up to the two leaders, so that they all came home in a bunch. At the start of the fourth and final relay Larribe of Westminster College fell down, but quickly got to his feet and regained the distance he had lost, winning out, while Foreman dropped a little behind the two leaders.

How they ran:

FIRST RELAY—Strong, Gallaudet, first; Lindsey, John Hopkins, second; Stewart, Westminster, third; Stansbury, Western Maryland College, fourth; Frazer, Delaware, fifth; Reddington, Columbian, sixth.

SECOND RELAY—Hoffman, John Hopkins, first; Yourd, Westminster, second; Northern, Gallaudet, third; Hurley, Western Md., fourth; Holt, Columbian, fifth; Soper, Delaware, sixth.

THIRD RELAY—Drevers, Westminster, first; Briggs, John Hopkins, second; Mather, Gallaudet, third; Davis, Western Md., fourth; Musgrove, Columbian, fifth; Warrington, Delaware, sixth.

FOURTH RELAY—Larribe, Westminster, first; England, John Hopkins, second; Foreman, Gallaudet, third; Tredway, Western Md., fourth; Albert, Columbian, fifth; Frazier, Delaware, sixth. Time, 3:36 1-5.

Gallaudet's track men made a fair showing in the spring games of the local Y. M. C. A. Most of the events were won by the Y. M. C. A. men who were given liberal handicaps by the management.

Phelps qualified in the trial heats of the 100 yards dash, but in the semi-finals he failed to secure a place. This race was very close; all of the second men going over the line in a bunch, the last man being less than three feet behind the leader.

Erd, who ran in the 440 yard race, failed to obtain a place among a host of entries.

The 880 yard run was reeled off in 2:06 2-5, close to the American Y. M. C. A. record which is 2:06. Northern, who ran in this race, fared barely, coming in near the end of the procession.

Roberts and the relay team saved Gallaudet from disgrace. Roberts ran a steady mile, being game to the finish and all but secured second place, as it was he had to content himself with third place. The time was 4:58.

The relay team had a very easy time of it with the Maryland Agricultural team. Stevens, who ran the first relay, gained about 30 yards on his opponent, and the other men, Strong, Mather and Foreman, who ran in the order named, increased this lead till at the finish M. A. C. was trailing along nearly 90 yards to the rear. The time was 3:46.

EXCHANGES.

So we are to lose that engaging spirit who presides over the Exchange column of the *Georgetown College Journal*. We are sincerely sorry. We would like to doff our own Panama, that is, if we had one. When we were in short pants and brass-toed boots in the long ago, we remember that there were three things which we devoutly longed to acquire but which we had faint hope of ever getting, namely a gun, a watch, and a bicycle. But fortune smiled upon us to the extent of giving us all three. Now, there is one thing which we "hanker" for with no hope whatever of acquiring in this life, to wit, a seven hundred dollar Panama.

Mournful sighs and tear-besplashed pages, especially in the neighborhood of Exchange departments, greeted our weary eye this month as we ran thro the somewhat small pile of magazines on our table. We suppose we ought to join in the general hub-bub and boo-hoo, and mingle our brine in the universal pickle barrel of Exchange men, for we, too, are about to enter into that dolorous and reminiscent realm of the "has beens." We suppose it would be only proper for us to go into ecstasies over the obvious merits of our contemporary magazines, and raise our voice in a great wail at the hardness of fate which decrees that we must forever leave the verdant field of college literary criticism where we have browsed for nine months on such delectables as essays on Socrates, short stories of the times, masterfull odes, and Spring verse. But our eyes are dry and our heart is beginning to resemble flint. Sentiment has apparently deserted us for good. We are weary, weary. We have tried to imagine the joyousness of life while we attempted to read of green valleys and rose-strewn hedges, with the mercury somewhere in the vicinity of the dollar mark and mosquitoes executing Fiji waltzes over overourscantily clad person. Therefore the absence of feeling on our part, except for mosquitoes and the temperature, is, we trust, pardonable.

But, to say the truth, we have had more than the usual allotment of genuine pleasure that falls to the ordinary man. We have indeed felt in close touch with our contemporaries, and in leaving the Exchange chair we feel that we are severing ties with old friends. There are the *Nassau Literary Magazine* which has stood so long for highest and best standards in all it undertakes; the *Georgetown College Journal* with its wealth of short stories and its breezy Exchange editor; the *Brunonian*, staid and serious; the *Morningside*,

diminutive in size but colossal in intellect; the *Notre Dame Scholastic* with its marvelous weekly output; the *Niagara Index*, whose saving light has been its Exchange man who owns a seventeen volume edition of Webster's Unabridged and the Century combined; the *University of Virginia Magazine*, which has approached very near to being an ideal college publication, and whose Easy Chair has contributed much to the enjoyment of its readers; the *Mount Holyoke*, so ably conducted by young ladies who, we dare say, have beauty, and who, we are sure, have brains in plenty; and many others, all of which have proved worthy of a high place in college journalism. Therefore, it is with sincere regret that we lay aside our overworked shears and tend the Chair to our successor.

BRIER-ROSE.

We walked in the mead where the hawthorne blows
 By the sedge-grown river, Mary and I,
 The day glimmered out in the purpling sky,
 The meadow-lark twittered a querulous cry—
 And she plucked me a bramble of brier-rose—
 O the breath of the summer, the scent of the rose
 And the sheen on the sedge-covered river.

We walked in the mead where the hawthorne blows
 By the sedge-grown river, Mary and I,
 And, brimming with rapture to rare to reply
 I smiled at her manner, half daring, half shy,
 When she plucked me a bramble of brier-rose
 O the balm of the summer, the blush of the rose,
 And the haze on the sedge-covered river!

We walked in the mead where the hawthorne blows
 By the sedge-grown river, Mary and I,
 Alas! for the beautiful dreams that must die
 Alas! for the summer, when winter is nigh!
 Yet I cherish the bramble of brier-rose—
 O the bleak, bleak fields, and the crumbling rose
 And the haze on the sedge-covered river.

—John A. Foote, '05, in the *Georgetown College Journal*.

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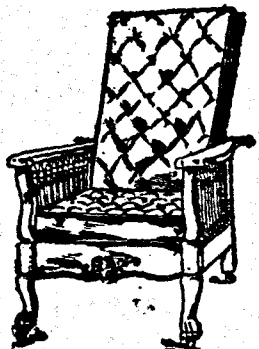
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