Mational College for the Deaf. Washington, D. C., April 12, 1893.

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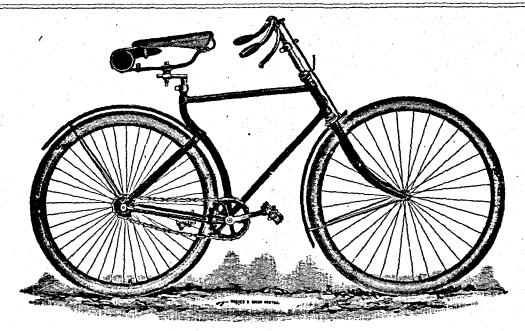
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THE BUFF AND BLUE.

Vol. I.

Washington, D. C., April 12, 1893.

No. 5.

The Buff and Blue.

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Editorial.

In accordance with the rules governing the management of The Buff and Blue, the present corps of editors will soon retire from active control. And as this is the last issue which it will be our privilege and pleasure to edit, we take occasion to bid our readers and friends farewell before we step down and out.

While not unconscious of the honor our constituents have rendered us, we feel especially thankful to those who have given us their unselfish support, and aided us in making The Buff and Blue interesting and readable. We also desire to express our gratitude to those of the students who have so kindly shared with us the work of printing the paper—a thing that we have found to make imperious demands on our time and patience, but which has not discouraged us. We have every reason to believe that the support given us during the past year will be extended to the new editorial board, and fully trust that the success of the paper is now an assured thing.

We can truthfully say to our successors that we have found college journalism a benefit as well as a pleasure. But we wish none of the ambitious aspirants to the new board to commit the error of regarding an editorship a sinecure. The work of editing and printing a college journal throughout the year is no joke. In saying this, we do not mean to discourage any one, for the paper is now the happy possessor of a snug sum in its treasury, and with the income of next year will be able to pay for the work of printing, and in so doing would render pecuniary aid to worthy students.

We who have watched and toiled and cared for The Buff and Blue during the hours of its uncertain and helpless infancy shall ever hold it dear. And, in commending it to the care of our successors, we fully trust that they will safely guide it through another year of prosperity, and even raise it to a higher standard of literary excellence than it has been our ability to do.

THE advent of spring, the nearness of Presentation Day, and the coming Farewell Hop forcibly remind the prospective graduate that his college career is nearing its close. No one but those who have actually experienced the pleasures and the trials of college life know what kind of feelings and what thoughts possesses the student who stands on the verge of the stormy sea of life. They are feelings of mingled joy and sorrow, but for what, he hardly knows; they are thoughts of the future life before him, acts that he should have never done, and words that should have remained unsaid. But "it is too late." Within the volume of his college career is to be written Finis. He is to say farewell to those with whom he has been associated, and with the education he has so long been laboring for he is to step into the world-that larger sphere of honor and duty-to seek his fortune. The only remedy for what his carelessness found cause to neglect is for him to

"Resolve, and to be a man aspire.

Let God-like reason, from her sov'reign throne Speak the commanding word: I will! and it is done.

THE annual election of members to the editorial board of THE BUFF AND BLUE will take place immediately after the close of spring vacation. The number of editors to constitute the new administration will be ten instead of seven as heretofore. The new offices created are those of alumni editor, exchange editor, . and assistant business manager. These changes were made because the retiring board believes that by each department having an editor of its own, who can give it his undivided attention, it will materially benefit the paper. But this alone is not the only good it will do. The increased number of editorships will extend the advantages of college journalism to more of the students. And by doing this, we hope that they will more fully appreciate the value of having THE BUFF AND BLUE made a decided and permanent feature of the college.

faith.

'Tis joy to know that God knows best: Oh! beating heart that yearns for rest, Whatever burden we may bear, However hidden be our care, From out the soil some flowers will bloom, To give forth fragrance through the gloom; And silently through the still air Perfect God's influence everywhere. So, groping blindly day by day-A wanderer o'er an unknown way-Forgetting things which are behind-And reaching forth (as do the blind) Who try to cross the furrowed land With docile step and clinging hand; Guided by trials unto rest By one who knows which way is best. My human heart strengthened by prayer The flower of faith shall ever bear, Amidst a thousand perils blessed--Why do we fear when God knows best? J. M. D., '97.

The Material versus the Intellectual.

OHE tendency of our age and nation is largely materialistic. It is exhibited in the undue haste to acquire riches, and in the worship of the "almighty dollar"; in the phenomenal progress of invention toward cheapening the cost of labor and production, and the consequent increase of creature comforts among the masses; and the same tendency is deplorably evident in our Congress, more especially in the Upper House, where Mammon is usurping the place that should belong to states manship alone.

In the educational field the same spirit pre-As evidence of this is the popular demand for less training of the mind and more of the hand. There is a disposition, on the part of the multitude, to contemn classical studies as unpractical and antedated. The modern "college spirit" is expended more on the campus than in the lecture room. Thirty thousand people go wild with enthusiasm over a contest of brawn and muscle on the foot ball field, when the finest orator, the profoundest scholar of the day, could not attract a fraction of such The Greeks crowned with laurel a concourse. the victor in the Olympic games, and presented Socrates with a cup of hemlock. But the laurel faded with the fame of its wearer, while the world has crowned with immortelles Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Euripides, Æschuylus, and other champions in a nobler competition.

A thoughtful person, one who loves his country and desires to witness her moral and intellectual superiority over other nations, can not view with indifference this materialistic tendency of the times. History is replete with warnings. The wealth and luxury of the Jewish nation under Solomon corrupted the race and brought about its humiliation; Rome entered upon the downward path when the nobler virtues of the people, as exhibited in Cato the Censor, Cicero, Brutus, Cæsar, were corrupted by the greater material prosperity of the Empire.

When we consider the rapid advances toward wealth, luxury, and power, made by our Country during the past decades, the question naturally arises whether intellectual progress has been in a like ratio. On whatever side we consider the question, the answer must be in the negative. With the passing away of Hawthorne, Prescott, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, who are coming forward to take their places in American literature? Where shall we look for the successors of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner, in the halls of legislation and statesmanship?

It was the design of the Creator that the

mind of man should rule, else why did He place it at the very summit of the physical structure? The strength and glory of a nation are not in its wealth of natural resources, not in the number of its people, not in the value of its real and personal property, not in the size and discipline of its armies, but in the education and intelligence of its people,—in its men of brain and not of brawn.

Let not the youth of to-day be led astray by the false sophistry that would persuade him that classical education is little to be desired. If there were nothing else to be gained, the feeling of self-reliance, independence, and manliness that a thorough education gives a young man, would be a sufficient incentive. there is more. The day has not yet arrived when a thorough education, a liberal culture of the mind, is a drawback in life. The influence of the educated man, whatever his occupation, is an influence tending to elevate those with whom he comes into contact. And the more thoroughly the mind is trained, the greater is the prospect of the highest attainment in whatever one chooses as his life work.

The ideal of every youth in our land should be a cultured mind, a strong and vigorous physique, and a skillful hand. Not one of these is incompatible with the others. Let not one commit the error of supposing that manual training is more important than mental.

To the young man or woman in any of our state schools for the deaf, who has the chance to obtain a college education, I would say: Go to college, by all means. Choose the highest course and give it as thorough study as you The habit of careful application, of close reasoning, the researches into science and literature familiarizing one with the words and thoughts of by-gone scholars, will all tend to make you more fit to cope with the world. The progress of mankind during past ages, and -ts progress in ages to come, has been, and will continue to be, due to the men of intellect. It is the triumph of mind over matter. He who has his intellectual powers well cultivated may feel the proud consciousness that he is on the side of all true progress and enlightenment.

The following eloquent words of Professor David Swing are quoted as bearing on the subject:

"It would be sad indeed if our young men

should slight the perfect health of the body, but it seems evident that all our schools should have less of the foot-ball and boat race, and more of that kind of learning and study which filled up the past with poets, essayists, historians, and orators.

"All literature is one and the same thing, namely: The utterance of the human heart. Let its name be Greek or German or English, it abounds in religion, pathos, sympathy, loving-kindness. It always has been, and always will be, the portrait of man's inmost feeling. Those studies were not great because they were Latin and Greek, but because they were literature; that most divine throbbing of the nobleest hearts. The modern student should travel through it until he shall have become as sensitive as the noblest ideals who adorn its pages. Literature proper is the gallery of spiritual ideals. There we meet Antigone and Hypatia and Evangeline; there we meet all the dream faces that have ever stood before the soul of genius: and there we meet such blessed realities as Christ himself." J. L. Smith, '83.

flowers.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous God hath written in those stars above But not less in the bright flowers under us Stands the revelation of his love.

Truly spoke Longfellow. Few read wondrous truths in the stars above, but what love the many see in the flowerets under us! The little child quickly sees the many colored eyes peeping out of the grass, yet would not notice the stars afar off. The boys in the field tenderly pluck the flowers and take them home to mother or sister at dinner, yet never think of the distant orbs.

Flowers grow everywhere. We find them in the wilds. We find them on the prairie. We find them on the mountain and in the valley. We find them in the oasis of the desert. We plant them in the garden. We harbor them all winter in conservatories and in the windows of our homes.

Go to a ball and there you see flowers. Go to a party and you see flowers. Go into the sick chamber and you see flowers. Go to a funeral and there you see flowers.

We smilingly give flowers to our living

friends. We tenderly place flowers on the coffins and the graves of those we once knew and loved. We compare the living to a flower. "Grew and bloomed like a flower." We compare the departed ones to a flower. "Drooped and withered away like a delicate flower."

"How much memory dwells amid thy bloom, Rose! ever weaving beauty for thy dower! The Bridal day—the Festival—the Tomb— Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!"

The love of flowers induces persons to tramp up and down hills in search of favorite blossoms. This is a source of pleasure which gives, not only pure and healthy thoughts to the mind, but health to the body, by affording inducements to exercise, and adding to the latter that excitement which gives it a tenfold value.

Few pursuits in which the mind can engage are purer or have more tendency to induce innocent and happy thoughts than the study of flowers generally. Show me a man who is a true lover of flowers, a man who loves to be among them and bring them into bloom and beauty for their own sakes, and I will show you a man of character. It was Jean Paul Richter who made himself famous and touched many hearts by saying out of the depths of his own sunny, kindly and generous nature: "I love God and little children." He ought to have included flowers, but I have no doubt that he did love them too, and the man who does love children and flowers is the man to be trusted. There are rare elements of good in his nature and you do not often hear of such men doing wrong.

Flowers have been a part of life from the beginning. Milton pictures Eve with the most pleasant of all occupations, that of naming the flowers. He also ascribes the origin of flowers to heaven.

** Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold Immortal amarant, a flower which once In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life Began to bloom, but soon for man's offense To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows.

And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of
heav'n

Rolls o'er elysian flowers her amber stream; With these that never fade the spirits elect Bind their resplendent locks inwrath'd with beams;

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off; the bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

Solomon carved the cedar of the temple with knops and open flowers, palm trees and flowers of lilies. Christ took note of the flowers. Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Throughout the ages, history, poetry and fable have attached to flowers particular associations, and made them emblematical of the affections of the heart and qualities of the intellect. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."-Shakespeare. Plutarch calls the iris "the eye of heaven." In the Wars of the Roses the Yorkists chose a white rose for their emblem, and the Lancastrians a red rose. In ancient fable we find the honeysuckle, a feeble plant, rapidly shooting into the air, aiming to overtop the oak, the king of the forest, but finding its efforts unavailing it soon recoils, and with graceful negligence adorns its friendly supporter with elegant festoons and perfumed garlands. Flowers always have a high place in poetry.

Flowers belong to no particular season or class of plants.

"Trees themselves are ours; Fruits are born of flowers,

Beech and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring.'

The once despised cactus is now a valued plant. It produces beautiful flowers. Every weed if properly studied will prove a precious flower. The daisy, the emblem of innocence, lowly and modest, has enough mystery in its wonderful structure "to confound the atheist's sophistries."

I have always loved flowers. In childhood I gathered the graceful lily and beautiful lady's slipper in the unsettled country. At school the numerous flower pots and flower beds of my teacher were always admired. At college the gay parks with their costly flowers and shrubs and harmoniously blended colors were a perpetual source of pleasure. Kendall Green, with its stretch of soft verdant turf dotted with lovely blossoms will always dwell in my memory. I will not forget the blushing arbutus that the students loved to gather in the surrounding woods. I once spent a few months in the sunny south. It was indeed a flowery land—roses in December and January. To-day my

most pleasant hours are spent with the flowers Sometimes I give them to the children. How they glow with pleasure at sight of the lovely blossoms in the depth of winter.

"Blessed be God for flowers,
For bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
From out their odorous beauty like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours."

Stephen Shuey, '90.

The Blue House.

(From the French of Emmannel Arene by A. M. T., '93.)

OHIS is the story as my uncle Jean, whom we have just lost, so often recounted it:

"You know," he said to me, "that my affairs always called me to the four corners of France. In one of my journeys I noticed near a little station called Blaisy-Bas, lost in the environs of Dijon, a little house of quite fantastic aspect and still more fantastic color.

"It was blue, a pale blue still further dimmed by rains and snows, which ended by melting gradually into the grey of the roof and Venetian blinds.

"The first time I noticed it,—it is fully forty years since that,—was at a stopping of the express train. In the small garden at the front was playing with her doll a young girl, a blonde and rosy child of about ten years with a fresh little spring dress and a blue ribbon in her hair, pretty, pretty! I was not sat. isfied that morning; business had not progressed well, and I was returning to Paris gloomy and preoccupied. This swift vision in the little garden rested me. Was it the agreeable day's travel, the charm of this little girl, the beautiful landscape I had under my eyes? I said to myself: 'One must be happy to live here! No vexation, no weariness!' and I envied the little girl, her carelessness, and her infantine gaiety.

"But the train was putting itself in motion again; at the same instant moreover one of the windows of the house was opened.

"'Laurine!' cried a voice-

"And the little girl re-entered. Laurine! this name appeared pretty to me, and an hour later, in the idleness of the way, I was still thinking of it, and I saw again the child, the doll, the garden, the blue house. Then all grew overcast, was effaced and lost in

my mind, so much the more from the length of time during which I had no transaction in that direction. I was acting rather in the north or east of France, sometimes at Lille, sometimes at Nancy, and, you understand, I had many other subjects to think of. Thus about ten years passed, then one fine day I set out again for Marseilles, and on the return, my old memories having come back to me, I took the evening express to pass Blaisy-Bas during the morning. It was still there, the blue house, now of a well-faded blue, and, as it seemed to me, a little less cared for, less well-preserved. But in the garden a tall blonde young girl was seated, a rose colored ribbon in her hair. It was Laurine! I recognized her immediately; beside her a handsome, very prepossessing and very attentive young man, without doubt her betrothed, and around them that same smiling calm, that peace of the heart.

"I was positively quite happy, quite moved myself, and when the train started anew, I placed myself at the coach door and cried, waving my hand and bowing:

"'Au revoir, Mademoiselle Laurine?

"Astonished, the young girl looked at me, then the young man. They burst out laughing, and I, still at my coach door, saw them also salute me and wave their handkerchiefs. I was delighted!

"Years and yet years passed. I was nearly always upon the way to Marseilles, but hurried and very busy; to gain an hour or two I was forced at each trip to take the quick train, which passed Blaisy-Bas in the night without stopping. At last one day I took again, when less pressed, the evening express which stops in the morning at Blaisy-Bas. How many years were elapsed since the little garden-scene on the day when I saw Laurine with her lover? A dozen, perhaps fifteen; I no longer knew.

"When the train stood still this time before the little station, there was in the garden only a disheveled little boy who was playing with a large dog extended upon the grass. Would I not see Laurine? I was already mournful when the small boy began to shout:

"'Mama! mama! the railroad!'

"Then a lady came from the house. It was she, evidently! a little larger, less blonde, but still I knew her at once, and while tenderly regarding her I discreetly carried my hand to my hat. A little surprised, she replied to my salute. She was indeed still the same, as amiable and simple as her life. To mark my passage by a little souvenir, on departing I threw into the garden to the child an orange which rolled on the turf pursued by the large dog.

"Then was the most venturous epoch of my It is shortly afterwards that I made my great journey to Turkey, so stirring, so full of events, that to-day after so many years I seem to speak of a dream. What ups and downs I traversed before making my little fortune! It is down there, you know, that I was wrecked in the Black Sea. You must wonder whether, with the existence I then led I ever thought more of Blaisy-Bas or the blue house. upon that vessel which foundered, at that ominous hour when I was separated from death only by a plank, it is still this memory, clear and exact as on the first day, that crossed my thought. I said to myself: 'My poor Jean, behold what will teach you to run through the world; if you had desired to dwell tranquilly, like your friend Laurine, in some blue house under the sun of Burgundy, these things would never have happened!'

"Yet I escaped, and I have often related to you how; you know well the Dutch brig which passed after two days, when I was at the end of my strength,—almost a miracle, that!.... At the end of fifteen or twenty years,—at my age, you see, one loses the exact dates,—I returned to France, and, after some days spent at Marseilles, I took for the last time the train to Paris. I never was very ambitious and the little money I was bringing home sufficed for my latter days; that was therefore my last journey, the end of all my adventures.

"At eleven o'clock in the morning we arrived at Blaisy-Bas. Can you believe me? My heart beat to bursting, and I confess I was not so moved on re-finding my own family some hours after.

"Near the station the blue house still turned its profile to the sun. By a reminiscence singular enough, I thought at once on seeing it of my shipwreck in the Black Sea. On that day she must have been calm and indifferent, while there at my last hour I was thinking of her. But the train had just stopped exactly opposite, and in the garden under an arbor I saw surrounded with children, with little chil-

dren, a woman advanced in years but not yet quite old, with silvery bands of hair and tall cap.

"It was Laurine! No one but myself would have known her. In less than a minute, I am positive, I saw her again in a flash as a child playing with her doll, as a young girl, as a wife, and now as a grandmother, always different and always like herself!

"This time I experienced a bitter regret at leaving. I thought that I would never pass by there again, and I wished to tarry a little, to speak at least once to this old friend of forty years whom I did not know. Chance favored my desire; a slight accident happened to the machinery; we were informed that we had at least an hour to wait. That decided me.

"I advanced, almost trembling, to the railing. I tell you, never have I been so affected. Yet I was not timid, and had just come from seeing some violent things in Turkey! In short—I knocked. The gardener came to open to me; I told him that I wished to speak to the aged dame yonder under the bower. He made me enter and went to inform the lady, who came.

"The next minute Laurine was beside me and I did not know what to say to her. It was she who broke the silence:

"'To what, monsieur, do I owe the honor of your visit?'

"Timorously I asked:

"'You do not recognize me?'

"'No, monsieur-'

"'Ah! but I recognize you well! Think! It is so long that I have known you! I saw you as a child playing with your doll in this garden; I am the gentleman, you know well, who greeted you from the coach-door, when you were bethrothed, and then, a little later, much later, threw the orange to the little boy.'

"The good dame regarded me aghast; at first she recoiled several paces, doubtless taking me for a madman, then, reassured by my goodnatured old face, she responded gently:

"'You are surely making a mistake, monsieur; it is for one year at most that my family and myself have been installed in the blue house.'

"I was thunder struck. 'You-are-not-Laur-ine?'

"'Laurine? I do not know what you mean,

monsieur; we have no person of that name here!'

- "It seemed to me that I was dreaming. As she was about to depart, I said to her:
- "'Pardon me, madame. One question more. Who dwelt here before you?'
- "'Before us? An old gentleman, a bachelor. He remained ten years.'
- "And bowing ceremoniously, she led me again to the gate and closed it. I found myself wholly stupefied in the little streets of Blaisy-Bas, my heart wrenched as after a misfortune. Notwithstanding, I wished to know, to inquire. Truly, there was some incredible misconception, a strange chance.
- "I questioned the station-master. He knew nothing, being new to the country, but directed me te a good old man, the most ancient in the village, who lived right beside the station and opposite the blue house.
- "He collected his remembrances. 'Laurine-let us see, Laurine-I do not remember-.
- "'But the lady I saw in the garden about fifteen years ago,' I cried, 'a little stout, her hair light brown, and with a little child and a large dog.'
- "'Ah!' said he, 'with a large dog, wait, with a large dog. . . Yes, it was the controller's wife, a woman of Macon, Madame Gilamet. But she was not called Laurine. I remember well, I was all the time with them. Her name was Frances.'
 - "I was astounded.
- "'But, monsieur, recollect well. Still fur, ther back, about a dozen years, a tall young girl, blonde also and with a blue ribbon in her hair, who was there with a dark young mansurely her lover.'
- "The old man sought, sought. . . At last he called his wife, a little old woman with vivacious eyes and sprightly step, who seemed to have a good memory. We informed her of the discussion.
- "'Oh! that was Mademoiselle Stephanie, the contractor's daughter—a tall girl with a ribbon-Certainly it was she! She married a merchant of Dijou, poor girl! and they separted. Very unhappy, she is at Tombernon with her parents.'
- "I felt my wits leaving me . . . And time pressed and the train was about to start.
 - "'But Laurine!' I cried; 'but Laurine! I

saw her, notwithstanding this, when quite small, I heard her name. It appears to me that I see her yet playing with her doll in the garden.'

"'Ah! monsieur,' said the old woman again,
'You should have told that at once. You speak
of a wife and then of a young girl—a little girl,
well and good! Yes, yes, I remember—I have
still all my faculties,' with pride. 'Laurine,
that is it—but how long a time it is, my good
monsieur, you talk of at least forty years ago!
A little fair girl, the apothecary's daughter.
She was related to us. Alas! we lost her, poor
little one, in such a year, in the month of May,
when she was completing her tenth year.'

"At ten years, in such a year, in the month of May! The exact year, the exact month, in which I remarked the blue house for the first time, and scarcely several days after my passage. And I during more than forty years, had followed her through life!"

At this stage of his recital, uncle Jean always became very sad. After two or three attempts at continuing, he passed his hand across his brow and said to me slowly:

"You see, my boy, my story seems unimportant... Yet it is all existence! Lo live happily among our chimeras, we must never explore them, nor open our eyes too widely, nor descend too deeply to the bottom of things!"

Nature's Gift to the Deaf.

N every deaf child are latent undeveloped possibilities. And the power to bring out these hidden happenings is the essential acquisition for a teacher of the deaf. The dull and listless minds need to be stirred and inspired. The sprout contains the possibilities of the tree, the blossom those of the fruit; so it is with the deaf boy and girl, who—though deprived of certain senses—are possessed of the innate and as yet untrained forces of the man and woman.

Noble as the duty of an ordinary teacher may be, yet he who successfully substitutes the eye for the ear, the fingers for the lips, who touches that impeded intellect with the magic wand of knowledge and causes those dormant and retarded faculties to be practically utilized does a miraculous and a charitable deed.

Of unknown powersth at lie sleeping in "Nature's prison walls of clay," needing only the

scientific touch of the sympathizing teacher to wake them, and turn them to practical pursuits, who can fortell the results of such an awakening? Ah! that question cannot be definitely answered as yet, though, if we may judge from partial attainments, it will not long be in doubt, as old methods of teaching the deaf are retiring before the advancement of new and better ones.

The inclinations of a deaf child are—on account of his infirmity—limited and influenced, in the main by his surroundings while at school; therefore these surroundings cannot be too various. The period of school life is the formative period, and especially so to the deaf. And while attending the state school, his special aptitudes, tastes, and tendencies take shape; and if these endowments of nature had been judiciously moulded by his instructor, and rightly used, we are certain that there would not be so many humiliating failures in the deaf community.

"Improvement of different sense-perceptions is attained by their exercise. The eye or hand is trained to perfection by employing it as an instrument of discrimination. Sailors whose seeing powers are remarkably accurate, do not have better eyes than you or I, but they know how to use them better as a means of knowledge. Our sense-organs become proficient to whatever use we choose to put them." And their value depends upon the individual; but witht he deaf child, the responsibility rests, at the beginning, in the hands of the teacher. And when parents and teachers universally concede the serious responsibility of educating and expanding these hampered powers, and acknowledge that every deaf child has a natural personality, and possesses concealed talents capable in the main of wonderful amplification, then will the eminently isolated cases of educated deaf cease to be prodigies.

Only to carry to the zenith, the latent abilities of the deaf will insure them success in life. Therefore to rouse and exercise the gifts within him should be the prime object in the life of every young man; and if his teachers have done their duty to him at the beginning, he will undoubtedly do his.

The deaf, as a class, are not prone to earnest thinking, consequently it is of the greatest importance that the teacher should specially develop this faculty, and the young deaf man and woman should endeavor to form habits of broad and earnest thinking on any and every subject; it is the true end of all education, and without it all efforts to develop are fruitless.

That every deaf boy has a characteristic bent in some direction is certainly granted by all observant instructors, and necessarily it must be acknowledged that the deaf as well as the hearing attain permanent success in proportion to the unfolding of their particular genius.

No man can attain prominent success in more than one vocation. A jack-of-all-trades never yet has become a prominent or useful appendage to society.

The natural abilities of the deaf vary in amount and fineness, but if justice has been done in the beginning, and they be properly invested, a steady income is assured and with constant attention will, in time, become a source of wealth and happiness.

Poverty is no disgrace. Skilled mechanics and laborers are respected in our day. All honest work is honorable; man is not the evolution of circumstances, though the development of his inborn faculties may be retarded or assisted by them.

All children get a certain amount of common training in their lives, and at certain ages their inherent propensities assert their rights, and if encouraged each seeks its congenial walk through the halls of learning; and here as in the flour mill, the unsound grains soon pass over with the screenings while the sound wheat goes to the stone and comes forth as bran, middling, and flour; so it is with the young deaf man and woman, who are conscious of their natural gifts; some go over with the screenings, others barely get through; the half-hearted never amount to much while the conscientious worker is as pure flour, the world's staff. All can be forced through the same mill, but all cannot come out as flour. Two brothers grow up and expend their youthful energies together, but one makes a statesman, the other a street sweeper. Character tells. L. A. D., '94.

Pride often guides the author's pen; Books as affected are as men; But he who studies nature's laws From certain truth his maxims draws; And those, without our schools, suffice To make men moral, good, and wise.

CALENDAR.

April 11-30—Senior Vacation.

- " 13-17—Easter Vacation.
- " 22-Re-examinations.
- " 22-St. Johns vs. Kendalls, at Kendall Green.

April 26-Presentation Day.

" 28-Farewell Hop to '93.

May 6—Kendalls vs. Episcopal High School at Alexandria.

May 13—Kendalls vs. St. Johns, at Annapolis, (a. m.)

" 13—Kendalls vs. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, (p. m.)

Locals.

The first June-bug, yesterday.

Let us rejoice—no crinolines yet!

Bingham, '95, was favored with a visit from his brother, inauguration week.

Miss Mickle, '97, is enjoying several days' visit from her mother and sister.

Mueller, '95, has left College, and is at present located in Harriman, Tenn.

The Literary Society has chosen Brown, '93, valedictorian, and Divine, '94, respondent.

W. E. Hoy, the deaf center fielder of the Washington league team, made his friends at the College a short call Sunday.

The fifth semi-quarterly concert of the Ephphatha Sunday School was held last Sunday afternoon. Subject: "Truthfulness."

The game scheduled for to-day between the Kendalls and Washington league team was prevented by rain, and this, of course, caused no little disappointment among the students.

By the resignation of Senator Hawley from our board of directors, Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

By the request of the students, the faculty have postponed Easter vacation in order that the weather may be more favorable for those who intend camping out.

Miss Block, '96, has returned to College after an absence of several weeks which she spent at her home in New York recuperating from an attack of intermittent fever.

The Kendalls were in receipt of a challenge

from the Princeton consolidated nine a short time ago, but were unable to accept it, owing to the heavy guarantee required.

Some twenty students composing six parties leave next Wednesday afternoon for Camp Gallaudet, near Great Falls, where they will pitch tents for the entire Easter vacation.

Miss Essie H. Spanton, a pupil in the Fanwood School for the Deaf, and a prospective candidate for next year's introductory class, was the guest of Miss Price, '97, a short time ago.

The fourth of the series of faculty lectures was delivered by President Gallaudet last Friday evening. The subject of his discourse was "The History of a Distinguished Huguenot Family."

A Mr. Morehead, of Pittsburgh, Penna., was at the Green several times last week, trying to secure a private tutor in speech and speech-reading, although his facility at lip-reading is somewhat above the ordinary.

The engagement of Mr. J. J. Chickering, son of Professor Chickering, and principal of the Columbian University Preparatory School, to Miss Russell, daughter of ex-Congressman Russell, of Boston, has been announced.

A most enjoyable progressive euchre party was given by Fellows McKean and Archer in their rooms one evening last week. Later in the evening the newly polished floor of the Lyceum induced the younger ones present to induce in the "light fantastic."

The undergraduates have unanimously voted in favor of a farewell hop to be tendered to the class of '93 during Presentation week, and the 28th inst. has been selected as the date. Elaborate preparations for the occasion are already being made, and present indications point to an unprecedented success. Sheridan and Divine, '94; Howard and Marcosson, '95; Brenan and Hubbard, '96; and Smielau, '97 compose the committee on arrangements.

Owing to the fact that President Cleveland and other prominent gentlemen will be in Chicago at the exercises attending the opening of the World's Fair during the first week in May, the Faculty have selected the 26th inst as the date on which Presentation Day will occur, in order that these distinguished persons may

favor us with their presence. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, has signified his willingness to be present and deliver an address to the graduating class.

The three months' existence of the "Mutton Chop Club," as agreed upon, expired April 1, and on that day a general harvest of the crops took place, much to the relief of everyone, since the attempts of all the members, with one or two exceptions, turned out to be utter failures. According to the vote of the young lady students, Howard, '95, was the one to profit from his labors, and consequently is entitled to the prize, which is to be purchased with one-half the fines imposed on those who used the sickle before the expiration of the three months-

Since our last issue, the following contributions have been made to the Heidsiek relief fund:

Previously reported	\$115	11
W. B. Smith, England,	2	44
Pas-as-Pas Club, Chicago,	10	00
F. L. Seliney, Rome, N. Y.	1	00
T. H. Jewell, " "	1	00
J. H. Eddy, " "	1	00
S.S. Woodworth, " "		35
T. J. Lounsbury, " "		50
B. R. Allabough, '84, Edgewood Park, Pa.,		00

Total receipts,......\$132 40

President Gallaudet hopes that any person intending to add to the fund, will remit to him at once, as he desires to forward a draft to Mr. Heidsiek without delay.

Alumni Corner.

John O'Rourke, ex-'91, put in an appearance at the Green several days ago, and took his friends by surprise.

In a recent number of *The Good Citizen* appeared a masterly article on "The Value of Elective Franchise," by R. P. McGregor, '72.

E. L. Chapin, '74, was in the city, March 4, attending the inaugural exercises, and on the following Sunday made his *Alma Mater* a short call.

McGregor, '72, has been licensed as lay reader to the deaf of the Episcopal Church. Services are held at Columbus, Ohio, every Sunday at 11 A. M.

Marcus Kerr, ex-72, has finished a handsome portrait of Thomas Hopkins. Gallaudet which is to be placed on exhibiton at the World's Fair. After the Fair, it is Mr. Kerr's intention to present it to the College.

By the closing of the North Dakota School for the Deaf, both Miss Lowman and Mr. Taylor, '92, of the corps of teachers, will be laid off until the re-opening of the school in September. The former has returned to her home in Gaithersburg, Md., and the latter is now connected with the National bank of Fargo, N. D.

A banquet of the alumni of the College is the latest event scheduled for the week of the congresses and conventions of the deaf at Chicago.

Ranald Douglas, ex-'76, has for the past two weeks been taking both exterior and interior views of all the buildings on the Green which are intended to be placed on exhibition at the World's Fair. In justice to Mr. Douglas, we should have stated that the cut of our gymnasium, in our last issue, was reproduced from a photograph taken by him.

A. R. Spear, ex-'79, and Marshal O. Roberts, ex-'82, have secured patents on an envelope and souvenir spoon respectively.

George T. Dougherty, '82, has severed his connection with the National Smelting and Refining company, of Chicago, by whom he has been employed as chemist and assayer for several years, and become a member of the United Door Check company, of which he will act as secretary.

The following is a production of some young college poet back in the eighties, and was discovered in the leaves of a book belonging to one of our alumni. It was entitled, "The Lab." and dedicated to Prof. Gordon:

DIRECTIONS:

You take a few pieces of zinc, And put in your generator, Add water, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂SO₄.

OBSERVATION:

The action was not very brisk,
When I put in H₂SO₄,
So I tried nitric acid to see
If the thing wouldn't bubble up more.

CONCLUSION:

As I wiped up the acid and zinc,
And swept the glass from the floor,
I concluded I'd stick to directions,
And try my own methods no more.

THE PROPOSED ALUMNI BANQUET. Editors Buff and Blue:

Cards have been sent to the members of the College Alumni Association, asking them to subscribe to a banquet to be given in Chicago during the coming summer. The expense will be not less than five dollars per cover. Such a project might well have been discussed a little more generally before it was carried so far.

No one will deny that a banquet such as is proposed would be a most pleasant affair, but would it justify the expense? A visit to Chicago this summer, even a short one, is going to be a costly thing for us all. A majority of the College alumni are teachers living on their salaries. Many have families to support, and not a few probably intend to take their wives with them. Naturally enough, one of the college "boys" would want to take his wife to the banquet, and that would entail the expenditure of ten dollars for a few hours' enjoyment. That ten dollars would be equivalent to two days' additional stay in Chicago for both of them.

In case an expensive banquet is held, some alumni, actuated by the "college spirit," will attend when they can ill afford it; while others, fully as anxious as any one to take part in such a festive occasion, will be compelled to deny themselves. Could not a reunion of a less expensive nature be arranged,—one that could be attended by all?

I understand that there is to be another banquet, in honor of the World's Congress of the Deaf. I have also heard of a picnic, and three or four conventions are on the tapis. Pray, brothers, where is the great Columbian Exposition coming in? For my part, I'd rather take a little less picnic, banquet, and convention in mine, and a little more of the Exposition. The former we can have at almost any time; the latter,—well, not very often,—only once in 400 years.

J. L. Smith, '83.

Athletics.

Physical culture and athletics are steadily climbing to a higher position in our educational institutions. The fact that good physical health is conducive to mental development is becoming more widely recognized. Schools and col-

leges all over the land are building expensive gymnasiums and in many of them attendance is compulsory. At Johns Hopkins University a physical examination is among the requirements for a degree. Emerson's theory that "Archery, cricket, gun and fish-rod, horse and boat, are all educators, liberalizers," and that "foot-ball, cricket, archery, swimming, skating, climbing, fencing, riding, are lessons in the art of power which it is his (a boy's) main business to learn," is being more and more accepted. In "The Lady of the Lake" Scott thus gives a pen picture of an ideal athlete:

"Of statue tall, and slender frame But firmly knit, was Malcolm Graeme; The belted plaid and tartan hose Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose; His flaxen hair of sunny hue. Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue. Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye The ptarmigan in snow could spy: Each pass by mountain, lake, and heath, He knew, through Lennox and Mentaith: Vain was the bound of dark brown doe, When Malcolm bent his sounding bow, And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear, Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer: Right up Ben Lomond could he pass, And not a sob his toil confess. His form accorded with a mind Lovely and ardent, frank and kind."

To this athlete add a developed mind, and we have a man. Colleges have been able to supply this latter quality. They are now prepared to supply the former. When they do they will be doubly valuable. Dryden says:

"The first physicans by debauch were made; Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade. By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food; Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood; But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men, Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten. Better to hunt in fields for health unbought, Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous draught. The wise for cure on exercise depend; God never made his work for man to mend."

Exchanges.

Of the many good articles always to be found in The Wake Forest Student, the one entitled, "The Theft of Thought," in the February number, is one of the best article we have seen in any of our exchanges for some time. From it we extract the following: "Thought moves in a circle, and it is only by degrees that circle is widened, slowly, slowly, like the billows gnawing

away the granite heart of a cliff, and right seldom is it we find a man who can or will venture outside the beaten track. It is so much easier to follow the path trampled by the common herd than, leaving it, to strike out boldly, to push one's way through thorn and bush and bramble outside, that men, like the true lovers of ease they are, do so only as they seem to be crowded out by the throng of their fellow-travelers.'

"Know Thyself," is a short article in the same paper. It is a sermon in itself. The writer says: "If we understand one man well, we have a distinct notion of all. What man may we study so well as self? Then examine self, not only to know others better, but to know our own weakness and strength; our weakness, that we may overcome it; our strength, that we may increase it. No great men of any age have neglected self-examination. * * * * It is not easy to take the outward act that the world applauds into the secret chambers of the heart and lay bare the selfish and worldly motive that prompted it. It is not easy to tear the mantle from the life of outward morality and probe the hidden sins the world does not suspect. But to be true to our souls and our God it must be done, and when done, the doer will reap the reward for duty well finished."

The Occident of the University of California is among the neatest weeklies that come to our exchange table. A recent number contained an article on, "The Origin of the Romance Languages" which was particularly well written.

One or two of our exchanges of late have had advertisments here and there through the whole paper and so intermingled with the locals, exchanges, athletics and alumni notes that one could not read them without reading an equal number of advertisements. Such a policy, though it may prove a pecuniary benefit to the paper, detracts greatly from its good appearance and is very irritating to a reader.

The Carletonia which has been edited by the Seniors and Juniors of Carleton College, recently considered the advisability of having it edited by the four college classes. Whether such a step has been taken we do not know, but it seems to us a paper would necessarily receive better support if conducted by the entire college than by the two higher classes.

The Wellsley Magazine is the latest addition to our exchanges. Its articles are mostly fictitious, of which "A Little Rainbow Maiden" is probably the best. The article on "Bishop Phillips Brooks" gives one an insight into the character of the great divine scarcely to be found elsewhere.

The Bates Student recently made its appearance on our exchange table. It is among the neatest and best edited of our exchanges. "Owldom" is a department we have seen in no other college paper, but which would be a good addition to any. The Georgetown College Journal is as usual filled with interesting matter. "The New Year Fox Hunt" must be appreciated by every lover of true sport.

The Manitoba College Journal comes to us from across the Canadian border. The last number contains an interesting article on "Shakespeare—"Starre of Poets," 'r from which we clip the following:

"To the young collegian, as we see it, the study of the poetic is an absolute requisite for the formation of a high and noble character. Poetry is akin to religion. The loftiest religious feeling finds its adequate expression in poetic numbers. The danger of college life is that it may become sordid and selfish. The college course cannot but contain a vast amount of drudgery. The commonplaces of philosophy, the monotonies of physical science, and the barrenness of mathemathics, cannot well be avoided in a college curriculum, but herein lies great danger to the youthful mind."

Writers in our exchanges, as a rule, when taking some great literary character as a subject, omit his faults, and eulogize his good qualities to such an extent that one draws a false conclusion of the man. The College Rambler deviates from the general rule in an article on "Byron and Burns—Two Magnificent Failures."

The Messenger of Richmond College, one of the leading southern college magazines, was the first college periodical to exchange with THE BUFF AND BLUE. In the February number two articles deserving special notice were "Self Culture as an element in Learning" and "The Influence of Education on Character."

The College World.

Next year Tuft's College will introduce a course leading to the B. A., which will not require Latin and Greek.

A new feature in the English department of Columbia is that each Sophomore is given the life and work of some author to study and lecture upon to the class.

In the last twenty years Yale has gained 1,000 students, while Harvard has added 1,800.

No student at Wesley who has failed to pass his examinations, and is conditioned, can hold a position on any athletic team or take part in any athletic contest.

An annual prize of \$60 is to be given at Dartmouth to the member of an athletic team standing highest in studies.

The Senior classes of Yale, Princeton, Williams, Harvard and Dartmouth have all adopted the custom of wearing the cap and gown.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University is the only American college supplying free tuition in all its branches

The sum of all the salaries of college professors is annually \$80,000,000.

At the University of London, a young Scotch girl, only twenty years of age, carried off the honors against 1,600 male students.

The number of books in the college libraries of the United States has been estimated at 3,000,000.

An Aluminum eight-oared shell of fifty pounds weight has been made in Philadelphia.

At the University of Chicago both students and faculty are required to wear the cap and gown on all important public occasions. Different styles distinguish the several grades of students, fellows and faculty.

The faculty of Brown has decided to wear the cap and gown on all academic occasions.

Only a small fraction of one per cent. of the voters of the United States are college educated men, yet they hold fifty-eight per cent. of the highest offices.

At Yale when the Senior class was considering the advisability of adopting the cap and gown, a member, opposed to the idea, suggested that they also adopt the crinoline.

The youngest graduates from Haruard were Cotton Mather, who graduated at the age of 16; Paul Dudley, at the age of 14, and Rev. A. P. Peabody, at 15.

The Wellesley Shakespeare Society intends to build a club house on the model of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

A mother and two sons have entered the Freshman class at the University of Michigan.

Directory of Graduates and Former Students.

Kinney, Edson L., ex-'81, carpenter, Houlton, Me. Kinney, Ide L., ex-'96, lumberman, Port Alleghany, Penna.

Knædler, Jacob H., ex-'73, miner, Trevorton, Pa.

Kochler, Rev. J. M., ex-78, missionary to the deaf of Pennsylvania, Germantown, Pa.

Kruse, Augusta, ex-'95, teacher in the Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs.

Kurtz, Anna L., ex-'92, Lafayette, Indiana.

Lamme, John H., ex-'76, whereabouts unknown.

Lange, Paul, '92, principal of the Evansville, Indiana, Day School for the Deaf.

Larson, Lars M., '82, principal of the New Mexico School for the Deaf, Santa Fe.

Lathrop, William B., ex-72, printer, Atlanta, Ga. Layton, George, '82, teacher in the Washington School for the Deaf, Vancouver.

Leffler, Harriet A., ex-'92, (now Mrs. H. R. Spahr) Carlisle, Pa.

Leib, John S., ex-'86, compositor on The Columbus (O.) Disputch.

Leib, Joseph W., ex-'84, machinist, Columbus, O.

Leitner, Frank A., '90, boys' supervisor in the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, Edgewood Park.

Lentz, John C., ex-'76, Jonestown, Penna.

Levi, Gustave, ex-'78, clerk in dry goods store, Dubuque, Iowa.

Lipsett, William H., ex-'89, employe in scale factory, Philadelphia, Pa.

Logan, James H., '69, dealer in iron and steel, and microscopist, Pittsburg, Pa.

Long, Ellsworth, '92, missionary to the deaf of Kansas, Oxford.

Long, Joseph S., '89, teacher and instructor in gymnastics in the Wisconsin School for the deaf, Delayan.

Long, Richard L'H., '81, compositor on *The Chicago Herald*, Chicago, Illinois.

Lowman, Alto M., '92, teacher in the North Dakota School for the Deaf, Devil's Lake.

Lynch, Thomas, ex-'86, machinist, Rockford, Ill.

Magill, Margaret K., ex-'96, Atlanta, Ga.

Maginn, Francis, ex-'89, missionary to the deaf, Belfast, Ireland.

Mann, Chester Q., ex. '81, teacher in the Fanwood School for the Deaf, New York City.

Marr, Thomas S., '89, draughtsman, Nashville, Tenn.

Marsh, Harry E., ex-'91, compositor, Wheeling, West Viriginia.

Marsh, Walter M., ex-'87, New Albany, Ind.

Martin, Willard E., ex-'75, farmer, West Randolph, Vermont.

Mattox, Gabriel P., ex-'92, printer, Indianapolis, Indiana.

McCarthy, Gerald, '88, state botanist, Raleigh, N. C. McGinnis, Margaret A., ex-'93, (now Mrs. Charles E. Eaton.) Vose, Penna.

McGregor, Robert P., '72, teacher in the Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus.

McIntosh, William G., ex-'92, farmer, Graymont, Illinois.

McMaster, H. H. B., ex-'77, carpenter, Pittsburg,

Merrick, Charles B., ex-'91, travelling penman, Washington, D. C.

Michaels, John W., ex-'79, teacher in the Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock.

Miles, William A., ex-'86, hat-maker, Manayunk,. Penna.

Morley, Paul S., ex. '85, printer, Sharpsville, Penna. Morrow, N. Field, '85, teacher in the Indiana School for the Deaf, Indianapolis.

Mosnat, Joseph, ex-'76, printer, Topeka, Kansas.

Mueller, T. C., ex-'95, printer, Harrimann, Tenn.

Murphy, James J., '79, teacher in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, Delavan.

Myers, Elias, '75, printer, Chicago, Ill.

Nelson, William A., ex-'82, farmer in Iowa.

Nelson, William J., ex-'72, compositor in The Eagle office, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Neillie, Charles R., ex-'91, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nicholson, George W. P., ex-'77, employe of Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Penna.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

College Organizations.

STUDENTS' LITERARY SOCIETY-

The object of this society is to offer to students an opportunity to improve in the art of composition, oratory, and debate. Regular literary meetings are held in the Lyceum every alternate Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock during the first and second terms, and at 8 o'clock during the third term. Any student of the college may become an active member of this society, the fee being 75 cents a year. The officers for the third term are: President, W. I. Tilton, '93; Vice President, T. Sheridan, '94; Secretary, J. C. Howard, '95; Treasurer, Max Marcosson, '95; Librarian, G. F. Grimm, '96; Critic, C. D. Seaton, '93.

THE O. W. L.

Is a literary society including in its membership only young lady students of the college. Regular literary meetings are held every third Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Following are the officers for the third term: President, Agatha M. Tiegel, '93; Secretary and Librarian, Hannah Shankweiler, '94; Treasurer and Critic, May Martin, '95; Executive committee, Agatha M. Tiegel, '93; Mary A. Gorman, '95, and Bertha Block, '96.

READING ROOM CLUB.

The object of this organization is to keep on file a list of the leading periodicals and newspapers for the use of students. Any student, on the payment of an annual fee of seventy-five cents, may become a member. The following committee will be in charge for the second half: R. M. Rives, '93, Chairman; M. Madden, '93; L. A. Divine, '94, Secretary; J. M. Kershner, '94, Treasurer; E. Bingham, '95, Librarian, and A. Kiene, '95.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

Is an organization having for its object amusement in the form of original or adapted dramatic entertainments. An executive committee composed of two students from each of the college classes has charge of the entertainments. The following named students compose the committee on play: J. M. Stewart, '93, Chairman; R. M. Rives, '93; T. Sheridan and D. Ryan, '94, and F. Smileau, '97. Committee of arrangements: C. D. Seaton, '93, Chairman; M. Madden, '93; R. Williams, '95; A. Sullivan, 96, Treasurer, and F. Grimm, '96.

THE IMPS CLUB

Is a secret society devoted to the welfare of students of the college. Meetings are held periodically. Membership limited to fifteen. New members admitted only when a vacancy occurs. Max Marcosson, '95, Secretary.

KENDALL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this association is to promote and encourage the manly sports of foot-ball, base-ball, and Field Day contests. Its membership is limited to students of the college, who support it by voluntary contributions. Any person not a student of the college may become an active member by a majority vote of the association. The officers for the second half are: President, W. I. Tilton, '93; Vice-President, T. Sheridan, '94; Secretary, R. W. Williams, '95; Treasurer, M. Marcosson, '95; Manager, J. M. Stewart, '93; Captain, (first nine) D. Ryan, '94; Captain, (second nine) A. Kiene, '95; Scorer, G. W. Whitlocke, '97.

VESPERS' LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Any student of the college may become a member of this club on the payment of a fee of 50 cents. The officers for the first half are: President, J. A. McIlvaine, '93; Vice-President, T. Sheridan, '94; Secretary-Treasurer, E. Bingham, '95; Captain, J. M. Kershner, '94; Committeemen, H. L. Stafford, '93, and P. L. Hubbard, '96.

KENDALL BICYCLE CLUB.

Any person on the Green owning a "wheel" may become a member of this club by paying a fee of 50 cents. The officers are: President, Prof. J. W. Chickering; Vice-President, Miss S. Porter; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. E. A. Fay; Captain, J. C. Howard, '95; Sub-captain, J. A. McIlvaine, '93; Club-room-keeper, C. D. Seaton, '93.

H. O. S. S.

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