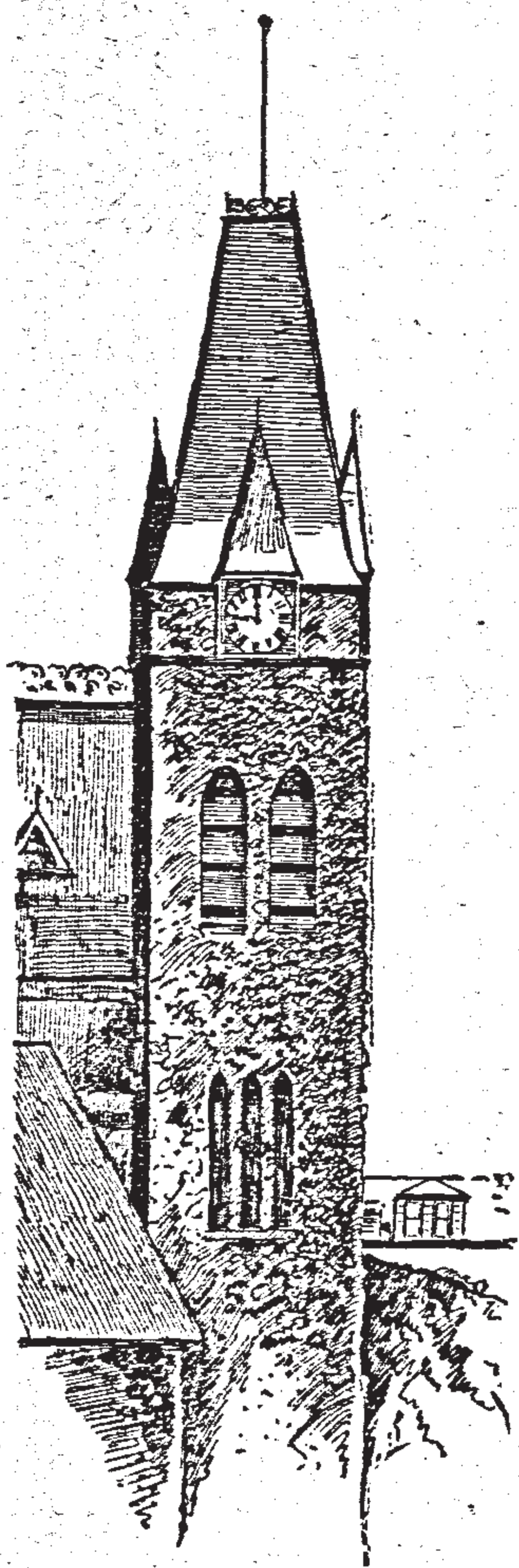


DECEMBER, 1902.



# THE BUFF AND BLUE

**GALLAUDET  
COLLEGE**

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

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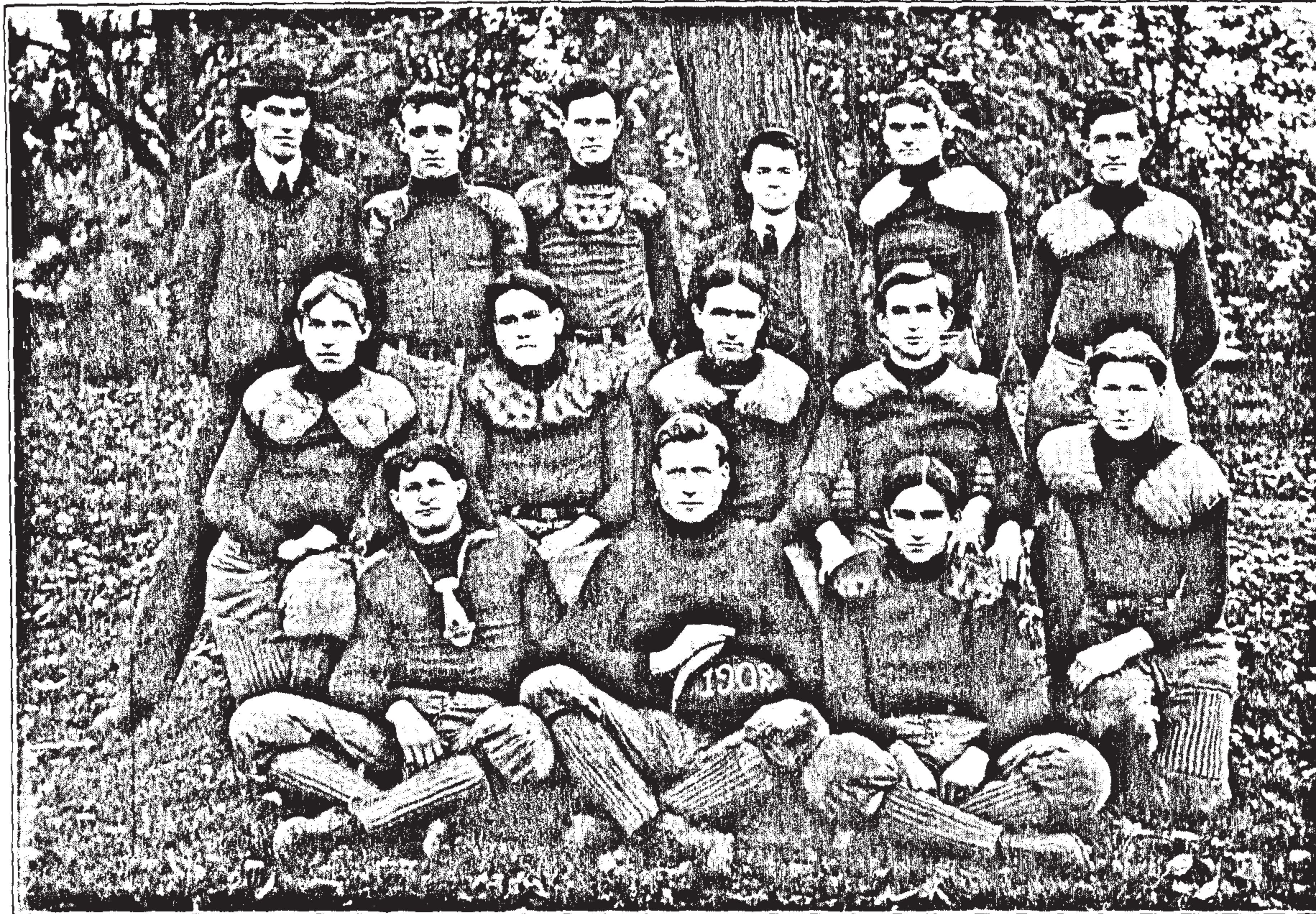
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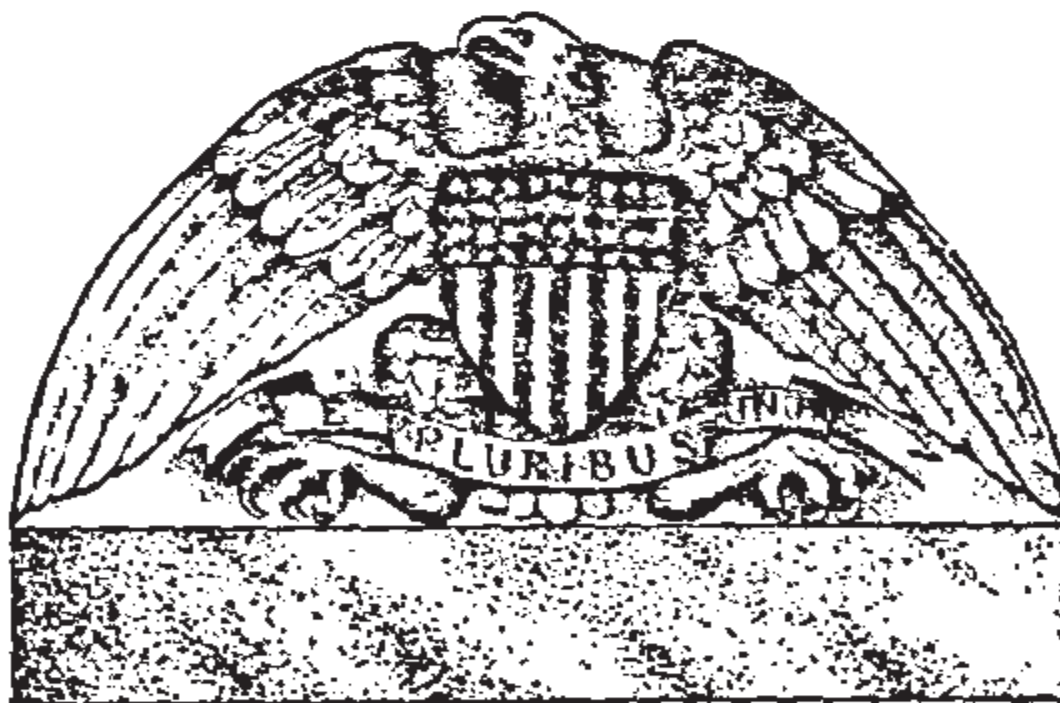
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BY THE UNDERGRADUATES  
OF  
GALLAUDET COLLEGE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.



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## Pro Tempore.

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Full pensively I raise my lyre  
And sing one song for days gone by ;  
For, ere fair future fills desire,  
The past shall have one short-lived sigh  
In mem'ry of the glamour cast  
By youth's first freshness over life ;  
Those halcyon days that could not last,  
Or staying, had but changed to strife.

But now with passion sways the lyre,  
Responsive, as I sweep the strings,  
And breathe, — we're molding as with fire  
The days that swiftly pass on wings.  
No aid from fortune dare we ask,  
But shape the future as we will ;  
And soon complete the moulder's task.  
Look ! was it moulded with due skill ?

*Elizabeth H. Taylor, ex-'00.*

### THE PERVERSIONS OF ARISTOTLE'S TEACHINGS BY THE SCHOOLMEN.

---

**D**URING the Middle Ages, the study of Logic or Philosophy was conducted with a greater enthusiasm and desire for the truth than in any previous age. But, unfortunately, this eagerness and the existence of an orthodox religion caused much of the products to be so distorted and jumbled that they are no longer of any educational value. Had it been otherwise, much good might have resulted from that everlasting dispute which the philosophers kept up so assiduously.

The Schoolmen, for such are the philosophers of that time known, flourished from A. D. 843 to about the 14th century. They were numerous; several of them attained to eminence, while their works were various and without number. Their chief subject for discussion was Aristotle's conclusions concerning "universals," or the nature of genera and species and their relation to the individual. Their frequent misinterpretations of Aristotle shows them not to have been well acquainted with his philosophy. What the Schoolmen of the first period knew had been imperfectly handed down from antiquity. Anyhow, they went to work and tried to make the heathen philosophy consistent with Christianity, or the doctrines of the Church. They were not aware of the fact that a thing may be true in theology but false in philosophy, therefore it is no wonder that their attempts to prove the soundness of the articles of faith by reasoning finally turned out to be rank failures. The jealousy and suspicions of the Church made their discussions still more absurd. They would spend much valuable time in settling questions like these: "How many angels can stand on the point of a pin?" "What is the nature of angels, and what do they do in Heaven?" "Are all things emanated from a Supreme Being, and will they be absorbed into this Being again at the end of time?" Before these discussions began, the inconsistency of the doctrines of the Church were discovered by many scholars, who



subsequently became heretics. This alarmed the Church and caused the study of philosophy to cease for a time. When its fears were allayed, the study was resumed with greater gusto, and finally led to the separation of theology, or religion, from Logic, or philosophy.

In order to understand the subject more thoroughly we must first know what Aristotle taught. Matter and the forms under which it existed was the chief subject. He classified all individual forms of matter as coming under a universe, genus, or species. He always tried to substantiate his claims by existing facts or experiments; that is, he never attempted to discuss immaterial, intangible forms. John of Salisbury, a renowned scholastic, tells us that nine different views were held by the Schoolmen on the question of universals. Prantl makes it thirteen. Aristotle was a pagan, but he knew something about the infinite, immaterial world. He spoke about the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, but not in his philosophy. This is one of the chief causes that led the Schoolmen to speculate on Aristotle's beliefs.

Among his numerous works are enumerated the "Categories," and "On Interpretation." It is, however, doubtful whether these were really written by Aristotle or not, but none were more widely and extensively commented upon. In the "Categories," the "first essence" is the individual, and the class genus or species is the "second essence." This is unlike Aristotle, for, in his "Metaphysics," he treats universals, genera or species as "first essences."

The Schoolmen of the first period agreed with Plato in his theory of ideas. Boetius, one of the earliest representatives of these sages, declared that species existed only in thought which was produced by the "substantial similarity of dissimilar individuals." He goes on to repeat with arguments that genera and species only exist in thought as universal, but they can exist independently of the mind, because they were obtained from individuals on account of assemblances. Boetius, however, does not pretend to determine between the relative merits of Aristotle's and Plato's arguments.

Boraventura and William of Auvergne also defended Plato against the attacks of Aristotle. Plato's theory of *universalia ante rem* was accepted, while Aristotle's eternity of the world was

rejected. Moreover, they could not agree with Aristotle that individuals are mere substances. The Church and the Bible continually speak of the existence of angels, spirits, souls of men, and the Supreme Being, so they concluded that individuals are also immaterial things. They soon fell to discussing this and some absurd remarks were the result.

Abelard, who was first the pupil of Roscellinus, and then of William of Champeaux, appeared in the 12th century. He did not agree with either of his teachers, both of whom held different views, but sought to find a *via media*, or, in other words, sought to reconcile these two doctrines. In so doing, he returned somewhat to Aristotle's position and has nothing to say concerning Plato's theory of *universalia ante rem*. As regards the Tri-theism of Roscellinus, Abelard would not agree with him, but originated a singular theory in his own brain concerning the Trinity; the three Persons, he says, are only three aspects, viz: Power, Wisdom, Love. This produced a discussion of no short duration.

William of Champeaux's singular arguments were vulnerable; Abelard and others immediately fell to puncturing them. According to Champeaux, the essence and entirety of substance is present in each individual, which is a part of the whole. The difference between individuals lies in the variety of accidents. For example, "Socrates" is an accident of the substance "humanity." So also is "Plato." Both have similarity of forms and nothing that belongs to the species man that is found in Plato is absent from Socrates.

Abelard says in derision of this that since the species man is found in Socrates it is contained wholly in him; where he is not, it cannot be, hence it is not in Plato.

We are not sure, however, that Williams arguments were exactly those given above, for his works are lost. The writers who quoted him may have twisted his meaning, for Uberweg says that William acknowledged the similarity of Peter and Paul as regards the species man, and denied their identity. But in the persons of the Trinity, he professes identity.

Gilbert de la Poree, in arguing about substance and genera, maintains that God is pure, eternal form without matter. He disagrees with Aristotle's categories, and says that none can agree with God, hence they are not exhaustive. He puts the first four in

one class and the remainder in another. This was agreed to by other logicians till the 16th century.

Now we proceed into the second period of scholasticism. After the complete works of Aristotle had been translated from the Greek at the beginning of the 13th century, a new impetus to the study of Logic resulted. In the attempts of the logicians to found the doctrines of the Church on, or to make them agree as nearly as possible with, the deductions of Logic, they got hopelessly mixed; many were accused of infidelity, and some bishops forbade the circulation of Aristotle's works. After a time, however, the fears of the Church were allayed; new and more literal translations of Aristotle's works followed until finally all scholars acknowledged him to be "the philosopher" *par excellence*.

Some of the Schoolmen who appeared after the 13th century began to attack the doctrines of the Church, such as the transubstantiation and the Trinity. These they considered inconsistent with the teachings of Logic. In regard to the Trinity, St. Anselm says: "How shall he who has not arrived at understanding how several men are in one species one man, comprehend how, in that most mysterious nature, several persons, each of which is a perfect God, are one God."

Two of the greatest Schoolmen, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, together did no longer question the existence of universals. They decided that universals existed *ante rem*, *in re* and *post rem*. They also left out of this philosophy the "mysteries" of the Trinity and the Incarnation over which former scholars had wrangled so much. But they wasted much time in discussing the existence of God, angels, spirits or souls, and the eternity of the world. They emphatically denied that souls return to the universe. The following was vigorously combatted:

Individuality, as shown by Aristotle, depends upon matter. If the body dies, individuality is extinguished and only the universal remains. This is the soul.

They said that the soul is immaterial, and include in it the *animal rationalis* of Aristotle. It is created by God and it is natural for it to remain a part of the body while it is an individual. When the body ceases to live, it cannot affect the soul because it is immaterial, therefore it remains an individual. This



argument does not vindicate Aristotle's statement that individuality depends on material things.

Duns Scotus, who lived in the latter half of the 13th century, disagrees with Albert and Thomas on the question of reason. He says that philosophy cannot prove by means of reason "the creation of the world out of nothing, the immortality of the soul, and the existence of an almighty divine cause of the universe." These declarations and the discussions following led to the decline of Scholasticism, for the unprofitableness to all in general, became apparent.

William of Occam, a pupil of Duns Scotus, decided that philosophy and theology are two things and must be divided. In adhering to his decision, he ends the age of Scholasticism.

Those who appeared after Occam clung mostly to his theory, re-iterating that faith and the other doctrines of the Church cannot be mixed up with philosophy. Gabriel Biel, the summarizer of Occam's doctrine, is known as the "last of the scholastics." A few stragglers appeared afterwards, but they produced nothing new.

The age or revival of learning began in the fifteenth century when men busied themselves in humanism, art, science, discovery, etc. Scholasticism was therefore quickly relegated to oblivion, and a way was paved for a new and modern philosophy, which is now doing full justice to Aristotle, the "Father of Logic, or Philosophy," and perhaps the wisest man the world has yet produced.

*W. F. Schneider, '02.*

### THREE DAYS IN A HUNTING CAMP.

---

IN the "good old days," as some are wont to call them, when I was a duck, four of us developed a mania for hunting. Christmas vacation was fast approaching and we could think of no better way to spend it than to go out into the woods and live with nature. There at least we would be safe from the visits of those omnipresent freshmen, who had done their level best to make things interesting for us, though I don't say they succeeded.

Now the account of this trip has been grossly exaggerated and so twisted about that it would make that little bit of work done to the British Lion's tail by the Boers of the Transvaal look like the work of a novice in comparison. I will attempt to make every thing straight.

As I have said, there were four of us: "Cholly," "Babe," "Swiss Joe" and myself. We held pow-wows in the ducks' headquarters, historic room 44, first having taken care to lock the door, not forgetting to close the shutters of the little window in the south wall, for we had no intention of receiving uninvited freshmen guests either from the front or the rear.

The trend of our conversation augured little good to the wild inhabitants of the forest we were going to visit. Swiss Joe was sure he would bring home a "bar," as he called it. Cholly talked of the great things he would do in the gunning line, and Babe talked about camps and camping as if he were a veteran camper.

We armed ourselves by raiding a down-town sporting goods store, borrowed the seniors' tent, and started out on the morning of the 23rd of December. Having rode on a trolley car as far as Cabin John Bridge, we struck out on foot for the unexplored wilderness beyond Great Falls. Swiss Joe carried the tent, Cholly and Babe the blankets, while I served as pack-mule to the "grub," which we were to use till Swiss Joe shot his "bar" or Cholly performed his wonderful feats with a gun. We journeyed on thus till about noon when we stopped to inspect the contents of the grub-

pack. The wants of the inner man satisfied, we moved forward once more, till the level bicycle path on which we were travelling suddenly changed to a rough and rocky trail along the side of a hill and in a few minutes we were enduring all the fatigue attendant upon a mountain climb. Swiss Joe remarked that it made him think of mountain climbing in his native land and straightway began to extol upon the difficulties of Alpine mountain climbing, and the glory of ascending some rugged peak that had for ages defied man's attempt to scale it. He soared upward with his oration and there is no guessing to what heights he might have reached. However he stepped on a loose stone and not having calculated for the shift given to his center of gravity by the heavy pack on his back found himself suddenly and unexpectedly reclining at full length on mother earth. After this he was quite ready to accept our statements that the glory of mountain climbing was well enough, but for the present a more level route would be preferable as our packs were getting heavy. Luckily before we had gone much further, we came to a lock in the canal, which we crossed and then proceeded up the tow-path. This though a more prosaic method of travelling was much more comfortable. Coming to a more level country we crossed the canal again and went into the woods, where after considerable discussion we selected an opening among some firs which would serve to shelter us from the wind.

Here Babe straightway began to show his knowledge of camping by selecting the most gnarled and knotty sticks he could find, not forgetting to see that each had ten or twelve sharp spines about an inch long.

Swiss Joe and I, however, decided that, no matter how much Babe knew about camping, our bones would not rest comfortably on such a bed and so we kicked them out and substituted leaves.

Then we started a fire between two flat stones, over which we placed two others and on these set the coffee pot allowing the flames to run up between the stones around it. Supper was soon ready and though our bill of fare may not have been equal to that served at the Waldorf-Astoria, we voted it superior to any thing that had ever graced our board in the college dining-hall.

After supper we assembled in the tent and spent the evening telling stories. When we had burnt a candle nearly up (none of



us had a watch) we decided it was time to go to bed and accordingly turned in, Swiss Joe not forgetting to lay his gun beside him so he would be all right if his "bar" should make a mid-night call.

After taking cat-naps all night which seemed to be prolonged into eternity, I got up at five o'clock to find it raining and the tent soaking wet, but it shed water well so we were dry inside. My movements awakened the others and they got up and peered out in the gloom. Cholly was of the opinion that it was nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and that the darkness was due to the heavy clouds for he said that it seemed to him that he had been in bed half of his life time.

While the rest of us set about getting breakfast, Swiss Joe took his gun and went out alone. In a little while he returned and said that he had seen two large pheasants but owing to the thickness of the bushes he had been unable to get a shot at them. As we had seen two turkey-buzzards fly up from where he had gone we had no difficulty in guessing what sort of pheasants he had seen.

Breakfast over Swiss Joe and I set out loaded for bear. The only thing we got, however, was a squirrel. With this we returned to camp to find that Cholly had gone off in an opposite direction. We went after him and in a short time espied another squirrel which to Joe's opinion Cholly had overlooked. We shot this, thus making a grand total of two squirrels as the results of a day's hunt.

Joe was of the opinion that the "bars" had lit out when they heard that he was coming, while Cholly was quite sure that his fame as a hunter had preceeded him and scared all the game away.

The next morning we found that a cold wave from the Northwest had swooped down upon us, and that we were in great need of a fire. We quickly made one and started to fry the squirrel that we had kept over from the preceeding evening's feast. We entrusted this for a while to Babe's care. But he was so solicitous as to the welfare of his feet, which he declared were uncommonly cold, that he forgot all about the contents of the frying pan, and came very near burning the squirrel to charcoal. That portion of our breakfast was, however, rescued before any serious damage had been done.

Breakfast done away with, Joe, Babe and I went hunting but though we saw several rabbits, we returned empty handed after having filled the air, not the rabbits, with shot.

Then we sat down to our Christmas dinner at which the following bill of fare was served:

	Bear	
	(Shot in the realms of Joe's imagination.)	
	Bacon	
Bread		Butter
	Wraith of Plum Pudding	
	Ditto Mince Pie	
	Five Layer Chocolate Cake	
	(Presented by a farmer)	
	Mythical Apples, Oranges, and Peanuts	
Coffee		Without Cream
	Sugar	
Water		Sumach Wine

TOASTS — Omitted on account of Cholly having drunk all the wine.

When we had done away with this epicurean repast, Joe and Cholly set out to hunt, the latter, who was disgusted at our failure to get any thing in the morning, declaring that he would show us fellows how to shoot, and after having followed Joe around all the afternoon like a dog he returned empty handed.

That night we kept a fire in the tent and so were not so cold as the night before. Before rolling up in our blankets for the night somebody moved that owing to the scarcity of game we might as well pull up our tent pegs and make for home. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice.

When morning came we struck camp and having fired a volley over the site, set out for home. On the way back we avoided the former rough path over which we had come by walking down the tow-path till we reached the bicycle track.

Going back to Cabin John Bridge we found the way had lengthened in some mysterious manner till it seemed twice as long as when we had come. However, we reached that place at last and took the trolley car to Washington.

Our appearance with clothes torn and faces none too clean must have created a good deal of alarm but the policemen were looking the other way when we went by so we escaped and got safely to the college and thus ended our hunting trip which is now but a pleasant memory of the past.

*F. J. Neesam, '04.*

## SOCIABILITY.

---

LET one glance at nature, then at the lower forms of animals and he will see on all sides a tendency towards sociability. Trees never hesitate to interlace their branches, fields of grass blades bend together before the breeze; ants working together, build their large cities; and no one can compute the number of insects that toil together in creating a coral reef. Everywhere it can be seen that nature is social, that all the world is gregarious, so why should man be otherwise?

It is undoubtedly well for nature to work together, and in doing so, it accomplishes its tasks, so it must be good for man to live a life of sociability. There is in eternal solitude nothing to make one strong, or wise, or good. What pleasure can there be in taking no interest in others, in giving no sympathy nor love, and then in receiving none?

By sociability is not meant intimacy of soul. The gulf that flows between any two souls is so wide that no bridge can ever reach across it. No matter how friendly two persons may be, no matter how dearly they may love, the gulf exists, and on each side of this gulf there are hopes and emotions which the soul on the other side can never touch — however near it may approach. When we think of this, we can better understand the lines:

“Shall we never fairly stand,  
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Are the bonds eternal set,  
To retain us strangers yet?”

Since unable to stand “soul to soul,” why not stand “hand to hand” as much as possible? Leaving out the benefits gained from mingling with our fellow-men, should we not, by cultivating a spirit of friendliness and sociability, try to make life happier for those about us?



Indeed, sociability seems to be a talent with some people, and those people everyone likes to meet. Ever ready to stretch forth the hearty hand of welcome, and always ready to say the proper thing at the proper time, they have the power to draw out those not sociably inclined, and to make them feel more at ease when thrown into company.

It is upon sociability that all clubs, fraternities and organizations rest. Destroy sociability in man and we should have no Masons, no benevolent societies, no study circles, and the various religious, charitable and social organizations would pass away. The result would be the degeneration of man, both mentally and spiritually, for we must acknowledge that it is love for the society of fellow creatures that keeps hundreds in church and school; and the church world may be regarded as a great social organization whose object is to do good, and whose members are joined together by the links of sociability. The church wherein members lack sociability is quite sure to lack religious enthusiasm, and to do less good than one whose members are united by a warm feeling of friendliness.

It is true that one may be religious, may be well educated and up-to-date, and yet not be sociably inclined, but that person loses much of the happiest part of living, lessens his chances of having friends, is apt to have one-sided views of life, and cannot, try as he will, obtain those delicate finishing touches to his character that result from association with, and thought for his fellowmen.

From lack of sociability a person is apt to become egotistic, and wrapped up in himself. That lowers his character, and injures him in various ways.

Sociability tends to draw together people who differ, for as a rule, the more unlike a soul is to those about it, the more it longs to see itself reflected in them, to be understood by them, to receive their sympathy, and to be loved by them.

Sociability has its demands on people. To enjoy sociability we must be able to trust one another; to put ourselves in thought, in the place of others, to listen to their views, to feel for them, and to think similar thoughts. In short, the promoters of sociability are the virtuous, the tender and the disinterested.

But sociability has also its extremes which should be carefully avoided. One cannot make sociability his aim, else he becomes a bore — or what is worse, a thief, for he steals too much of another's time. Man's life in a healthy state is, in proper proportions, alternately solitude and sociability. One who dwells exclusively in one or the other, is not the happiest kind of person. There is something wrong with him who cannot enjoy both lonely intervals with nature and association with man.

Finally, sociability like all other valuable things, has its limits, and within those limits it should be kept, and while the poet loves his lonely walks, and the philosopher wraps himself in eternity, the majority of men are the better, wiser and happier for cultivating sociability.

*E. F., '03.*



## THE BOW STRING COUNTRY.

---

If there is a Happy Hunting Ground in the great State of Minnesota, a state noted for the abundance and variety of its game, it is to be found in Itasca County.

Itasca County is dotted with lakes of all sizes. Many of these lakes are connected by creeks and rivers, affording delightful canoe trips. One of these chains of lakes is in what is known as the "Bow String Country."

One may embark in a canoe at Little Bow String Lake, paddle from thence along Jesse Creek into Big Bow String Lake and on and on from lake to river and from river to lake, and ocean after ocean to the uttermost extremes of the earth.

This may sound like an exaggeration but it is not. From Little Bow String Lake, one may voyage without lifting his canoe from the water, except to portage around waterfalls, to the Arctic Ocean or to the Atlantic, and by a portage of half a mile may come to the headwaters of the Mississippi and follow the Father of Waters to the Gulf of Mexico. Once launched upon one of these great oceans one may go to Davy Jones' locker or ———.

But I am taking you too far and too fast. We will stay in the Bow String Country. A more beautiful country and one more plentifully supplied with game would be hard to find.

This country is an Indian Reservation, and the great, seemingly endless forests of pine stand as they stood in the long ago when the Sioux fought with other Indian tribes for the possession of the country; as they were when the early Jesuit priests from France came as the forerunners of the pale face invasion.

The shallower lakes and the shores of the rivers are the Indians' grain fields. Manomin or wild rice grows in these still and shallow waters. Some lakes that are several square miles in extent look like, and in fact are, great fields of grain. In the fall the Indian pokes his birch bark canoe through the manomin, bend-

ing the heavy heads over and pounding them with a stick until the grain falls into the canoe and is thus gathered. It has a tough husk, much like that of oats. To remove this husk the Indians parch the manomin in great kettles until the husks become dry. Then the squaws trample it with their feet until the husks drop off. It is next scooped up and allowed to fall back into the kettle, the wind carrying away the chaff. Manomin makes a pleasant wholesome dish, having a somewhat smoky taste.

The few hundred Indians who remain on the great reservation are not able to use all of the manomin. In the fall, ducks flock to the manomin fields by millions. One can have no idea of their vast numbers until one sees them. There are all varieties of water fowl, from the small teal duck and the small but gorgeous wood duck to the canvas back duck, the mallard duck and the wild goose.

Through the forest range deer, caribou and moose. Black bear are plentiful and there are more great timber wolves than a sufficiency.

The scenery is beautiful. It is not the grand rugged scenery of the Lake Superior region with its embattlements of granite, with its storm scared and cavernous cliffs, with its dashing, roaring streams recklessly leaping over precipices on their way to the lake. In Bow String Country nature is in repose. The winds are shorn of their force by the great forests. The streams flow on to their destination in a quiet, peaceful way. In the fall, the red and gold leaves of the maple, the black oak and the birch are set into beautiful contrast by the dark green of the pines and the whole is mirrored on the glass-like surface of the lakes and rivers.

On almost every high bank along the rivers and overlooking the lakes one sees the grave of some mighty warrior who "Abode his destined hour and went his way." These graves are covered over with small houses of cedar boards having an inner protection of birch bark. The houses are surmounted by high poles on which are totems or flags. Midmost this beautiful scenery these good Indians must rest in peace.

Here and there are Indian villages with their birch bark teepees, to-day as when Peter Espri Radisson beheld them in 1659, as they probably were before the great-grand-father of this intrepid explorer was born.



The Indians change their modes of living and their customs very slowly. It has taken them centuries to acquire some of the simplest conveniences of civilization. Here and there the open fire in the center of the teepee has given place to an old box stove with a rusty stove pipe sticking out among the poles at the apex of the teepee. They dress in strange combinations of store clothes with here and there a touch of the gaudy savage.

The Indians are devoted to their little children. All things considered they take good care of them. They believe that if a child dies it may not, owing to its tender age and weakness, attain the Happy Hunting Ground. The Happy Hunting Ground is four days journey beyond the grave, and there is a great river to cross. All who fall into the river are carried back to earth and become fish or animals. It is consequently most grievous if a child dies, and therefore they give much thought and care to their children.

These little black haired, black eyed, copper skinned babies appear more happy and contented in their way of life than is the white baby born with a silver spoon (often of medicine) in its mouth. Theirs is the advantage of having sturdy parents. Parents who seek in "Chase for health unbought," and are unhampered in their physical development by fashions cocked up in Paris. The papooses feed at Nature's restaurant where warm meals are served at all hours of the day and night. Their little stomachs are not forced to wear themselves out digesting food patented and prepared by men who never saw a baby and could not be convinced that they were once babies themselves, nor do they have to digest milk intended for the stomach of a calf. Every little whimper is not the signal for medicine to be thrust down their throats. When the papoose is born, it finds ready for it a tikinagan. This is the cradle that the squaw hangs on the tree so that

"When the wind blows, baby will rock."

The tikinagan is made of a board of poplar wood, poplar being used because it is light and does not splinter. The board is a little longer and a little wider than the papoose. The corners are rounded and the whole board is nicely finished. Around the lower end and running up about two-thirds the length of the board, they bind on with bast a tough piece of bark or a thin piece of wood that extends

three or four inches above the board. They cover the board with a very soft substance an inch or so in thickness. They take the newly arrived papoose and place his feet firmly against the projecting bark at the foot of the board, taking special care that the feet, legs and whole body are straight and in their proper position. Then they take more of the soft substance they first used to line the cradle and pack the body so that it cannot be moved. This soft substance is composed of soft dry moss, dry rotted cedar wood and the soft cotton-like substance found in the seed pods of the milk weed, this latter having valuable absorbent powers. When properly packed, the papoose is bound in position with only its head and, as it gets older, its arms free. At a convenient distance above the papoose's head is a stiff circle of cedar wood fastened to the poplar board with bast. It serves as a protection to the head. It is called the gwin-gweon. The tikinagan can be turned over and over and the gwin-gweon protects the child from injury. The gwin-gweon serves also as a place in which to hang the child's play things where they will be within sight and reach. Hanging on the gwin-gweons are bells to make music and a few other articles that we may appreciate the use of, but the great majority are tokens and omens. A wooden ring through which are drawn leather thongs is an omen against illness; a piece of caribou leather from which hang pieces of stag horn and a small bow and arrow are supposed to insure the child becoming a sturdy hunter; a miniature canoe, a great voyage; tiny moccasins, fleet of foot; and a toy tomahawk, a mighty man of war.

As civilization is encroaching upon the noble pagan customs, we find red, white and blue poker chips that the papoose may become proficient in the great American game of chance and bluff, and small bottles that he may enjoy life

“And drink of wine that mingleth not with heart of man,

But still he barter care for cheer and calls a truce with tear and sigh.”

To the back of the tikinagan is attached a strap that the squaw places on her forehead, the tikinagan hanging on her back.

Indian mothers may not be so beautiful from our point of view or dressed as nicely as the mothers we are accustomed to see. One fond mother was dressed in blue overalls which may have been her conception of the bloomer idea. Nevertheless she was just as loving and devoted a mother as mothers are made.

Among the Indians a large nose is considered ornamental and while the cartilage is still soft a mother may often be seen stretching it.

Indian children catch great dragon flies and make them buzz to amuse baby bunting and baby bunting's beady black eyes fairly shine. What toy would not our white baby turn from to listen to a pair of glittering, buzzing dragon flies?

Out in these beautiful forests, with proper food, an abundance of fresh air, with omens that can do it no harm, instead of the ever present medicine bottle to keep it well, not

" Warped by colic and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears "

and with no starched clothes to be pushed and pulled into, the little papoose grows up as the Great and Good Spirit intended all babies to grow and thrive. Could it be spared contact with "civilization" or whiskey, which mean about the same thing to our degenerate red people of to-day, once more might the noble red man of Long-fellow be a reality, once more might the beautiful legends and poetic utterances of the Indian belong to a people of the present instead of to a people of the past.

*Jay Cooke Howard, '95.*



### PRAIRIE-DOGS AS PETS.

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**D**URING the past few years I have often read articles about prairie-dogs, all refering to them as "pests," and recommending various ways of getting rid of them; but in not a single case have I read anything to their credit, and as I am, as I might say, personally acquainted with them, I think I can give a few interesting facts in their favor.

Almost as far back as I can remember we have annually had a pet prairie-dog. We get them when they are quite young, when they are easily tamed. We keep them as pets all summer, but as they grow older, they become so clever that they usually run away and return to "Prairie-dog Town" where they probably settle down and become honored citizens.

Really, they are wonderfully clever little creatures. In a day or so after getting them they know enough to come at your call, and answer you with their own peculiar bark.

They are very loveable and sociable and take to a person at once. They love to climb upon the lounge, if any one is lying upon it, and nestling up against a person's cheek, will roll themselves into a little ball and go to sleep. When two of them meet, they always appear to kiss each other. I sometimes think it is their manner of talking.

While eating they always stand up like squirrels, and what is peculiar, they will not touch meat of any kind. They are very fond of fruit and all kinds of sweets. They will eat cake with great relish, and will also eat cooked fruit. But their taste is as delicate as your own, and they show it by decidedly refusing to eat bread alone, but first add a little fruit-butter, or jelly and see with what eagerness their dainty little paws close over it and with what satisfaction they dispose of it.

If they are quite a distance away and cannot see you when you call them, they will answer you, then start in the direction of the sound. After going a short distance they stand up and



listen for a second call. In this way they will finally reach you and try to climb to your arms. If you take them up and speak to them, they will show their delight by trying to kiss you. They always answer your call if they can hear it.

They are very inquisitive, but at the same time cautious and wary. If they discover a strange object they are bound to investigate. It is comical to see how warily they approach, starting at every sound or movement. But they never give up and never leave a suspicious object until they have thoroughly satisfied themselves as to its character.

They are as playful as kittens, but are not without their share of temper, and when things do not suit them, or you tease them too much, they get into a regular rage, but a little petting will calm them.

It seems to me that they even have reasoning powers. One day my brother caught an old one in a trap and had to kill him. I always believed he knew his danger for that prairie-dog actually put both front paws over his head as if to ward off the death blow while there was an almost human-like expression in his eyes. The sight turned me sick and faint and I shall not forget it to my dying day.

Just think ! All of these writers speak in a cold-blooded fashion about poisoning these little half-human creatures ! They can perhaps be forgiven as of course not one of them ever had a "Prairie-dog Pet."

*Iona Tade, I. C.*



## BOOKS AND READING.

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Books are the productions of living men, and as there are both good books and bad books, they, like our friends, should be few and well chosen. Most books express more or less the personality of their authors, and when we read them, we come in contact with living men. Good books have a great value in what they contain, by the beneficial effect they have on the character.

If we wish to create a taste for reading we must read, and read with absorbing interest, for what is worth reading at all is worth reading well. If we take an interest in reading, we will find that our books are one of the necessities of life. We will find them to be the best of companions, the most delightful amusement, and certainly a great comfort in dark and lonely hours.

In order to get the most out of our books while reading, we should have some object in view besides that of passing away the time. In the first place, we should gain the habit of attention, and sometimes stop and think about what we are reading. If we come across a striking passage we should make note of it, and store it away in our memory. It is not so much what we carry away with us from the book that is valuable, as the strength and skill we develop in reading it.

There are many persons who, after reading a book, can at any time recall the whole story from their mental store-room, while others read only to amuse and forget.

Daniel Webster was always an earnest and intelligent reader. He read and re-read with great fondness, and could soon repeat all of the book. He had so few books that he thought reading them once or twice was nothing, and seemed to consider that they were all to be learned by heart.

Nowadays when books are so many, we often run from one to another, so do not remember them. We read when we sit, when we lie down, and when we ride ; sometimes when we eat and walk

When we travel we find almost everyone is the car absorbed in a book, paper or magazine, although they know this a great detriment to their eyesight.

Books have decided for many persons their character and destiny in life. A boy reads a book about a sailor's life. The pages fascinate and fix his attention, and the result is, he becomes a sailor. No force or influence can make him change his decision after having read that book.

Books as an element of influence are becoming more important, and reading is the employment of a large circle of persons. We may learn contentment, industry and frugality from them.

A house without books is like a room without windows, and I can say with Channing, "God be thanked for books." What would we do without them?

*E. J. G., '04.*



## EDITORIAL.

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The Literary Society of Gallaudet maintains a library of its own, and seventy-five per cent of its annual income from fees and fines goes to the purchase of books for this library. No better way of expending this money could be found, and all credit is due to those who first suggested and put into practice the idea of investing the society's surplus income in this manner.

But is the library in its present from a credit to the Society itself? Is it a model library? We rather think these questions should be answered in the negative. Nearly seventy-five percent of the volumes that make up the library are devoted to fiction, and that of ephemeral and comparatively inferior quality, standard fiction of the great authors being very scarce, as is also true of history, biography, travel, reference works and all other valuable and instructive literature. This condition of things is brought about in the usual way. The market is scanned for the latest of the so-called popular works. These books by the ad-writers' skill are made popular for a season or two, but after that there is no demand for them and they cease to be of value to the library. We are of the opinion that it is being overstocked with this kind of fiction. The committee charged with the purchase of books caters to the demands of the present time, and seldom seeks for what is good for all the time. In this way the standard works of fiction and all other valuable literature are overlooked.

As it is now about time to make the annual purchase, we would like to call the attention of the students, and of the committee in particular to the fact that good standard litera-



ture is needed more than the latest trash. As the Society will exist for generations to come, a steady income for the library is thus assured, and the students and committee should exert some foresight in selecting books. Minimize the number of volumes of "present popularity," especially in fiction, purchase only good substantial works which will be of permanent value, and we will then have a library of which we can speak with pride. Caustic comments will then no longer be heard.



## THE ALUMNI.

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'88. J. E. Staudacher is wintering in Sibley, Iowa. Dubuque claims his hustling presence in the spring.

'89. On Nov. 20th last, a daughter was born to C. W. Charles. Happy? Oh, that word doesn't express his emotions.

'98. Miss C. M. Reed, ex-'98, is now teaching a little blind and deaf pupil at the West Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind in Pittsburg.

Culmer Barnes, ex-'03, has grown absent-minded: he writes letters, and leaves correspondents guessing as to who "Yours truly" really is.

S. C. Jones, ex-'03, has gone to housekeeping. Friends desiring a genuine Virginia welcome to Staunton, should remember 306 Kalorama St.

'84. G. W. Veditz is again one of the editors of *The Colorado Index*. His chickens will have to scratch for themselves while he scratches on foolscap for the public.

W. H. Chambers, ex-'03, is still teaching in the North Carolina School for Colored Deaf, at Raleigh, and wishes he could have butted the line a little longer at Gallaudet.

'00. Albertus Wornstaff has renewed his subscription like a good boy, and also sends something to "swell the football fund." He is no longer singular, and asks to "remember us kindly" to friends.

'93. Our thrifty friend, C. D. Seaton, spent his summer's vacation in building houses for other people. J. A. Boland, '88, says this is why he is able to marry—Pooh! in some places it doesn't cost more than fifty cents to get married; and, if you are very hard up, they'll trust you for that.

'97. Wm. H. Bartlett, ex-'97, was recently married to a hearing lady in Santa Fe, N. M. Since leaving college he has lived in the far west, for sometime in San Francisco. He is employed as clerk at one of the Indian agencies. His hearing is not sufficiently impaired to render the performance of his duties difficult.

'91. Charles R. Neillie, ex-'91, is now employed in the city nurseries of Cleveland, Ohio, and, with his bees for pets and playthings is a happy man. He recently remembered his old professors and his friends, by sending each two rose bushes, an iris, and a hydrangea. He also sent some plants to adorn the College Campus.

'01. Miss Theresa E. Gaillard has slipped into Miss Rogers' shoes, out of which matrimony yanked the latter, and now teaches in the South Carolina School at Cedar Springs. What becomes of high art? — W. S. Runde has six-bound volumes of *The Buff and Blue* on his book shelves and frequently gazes at them with pride.

'86 and '93. Mr. and Mrs. Olof Hanson have settled in Seattle, Wash., and Mr. Hanson is reaching forth and planning classic buildings for court-house and jail up in Juneau, Alaska. My, it must be strange to see a Greek temple rising amid the barn- and shed-like structures of that town of the frozen north! Or, has the transforming wand of the fairy been at work since we were there in '86?

'95. Arnold Kiene is now general agent for West Virginia of "Lund's Land Agency" — a corporation promoting and dealing in lands in Minnesota and the Dakotas. He and his interesting family now reside in Charleston, W. Va. — Miss Laura V. Frederick, who last summer, gave up the position of supervisor and teacher of sewing in the Kendall School, was privately married on the 22nd of November last to Gilbert O. Erickson of the present Senior Class.

'90. *The Companion* objects to a statement of *The New Era* that C. L. Washburn "pursues art merely for his own pleasure, for he is quite wealthy," as doing "Caddy" much injustice. We can't see the injustice. It may not be "mere-

ly " for his pleasure that he is pursuing art, but he must be getting a lot of fun out of the chase; and the fact, that, notwithstanding his freedom from any driving necessity, he deliberately chose art as his profession, and has, with his characteristic pertinacity and hard work, achieved success, is far more to his credit than if he had been spurred on by the wolf at the door and a large and starving family to feed.

'85. Rev. P. J. Hasenstab recently gave a talk at a meeting of the "Ladies' Aid Society" in Chicago, in the course of which, dwelling on the necessity of constant reading and study, he took occasion to say that card-playing, dancing, and the like, are simply a waste of time, offering nothing at all for the increase of useful knowledge, and the strength and purity of life. He, however, expressed no opinion of the man who in his college days relaxed his reading and study once to attend a progressive euchre party, and when it came to refreshments, put sugar and cream in his beef-tea! — Eric Sampson, ex-'85, has, since he left College, been a prosperous farmer at Norway Grove, Wis. *The Indicator* has evidence of his increasing prosperity in a cut of his threshing outfit. — Rev. P. J. Hasenstab has taken upon himself the task of straightening out some of the late Charles Kerney's tangled business affairs.

'83. T. F. Fox recently delivered a lecture on "Science and the Supernatural" before a New York audience, in which after working his audience up to the point where the "knotted and combined locks do part, and each particular hair does stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpentine," he calmly informed them that there was no such thing as the supernatural — that all was perfectly natural, subject to immutable laws either known or unknown. — Mr. Fox celebrated the Fourth last July, and burned about ten dollars worth of the sputtering, fizzing, snapping and darting stimulants to patriotism, much to the joy of the children. Toward the end, a hot-air balloon caught fire and burning up, let the alcohol-soaked sponge, still burning, fall on the roof of the rear of Mr. Fox's house. On the alarm, our friend



shot up stairs like a rocket, and out of a window onto that roof, and, in a jiffy, had kicked the sponge from the roof and stamped out the fire. Although he went up like a rocket he came down like a hero.

'02. T. Y. Northern plays right tackle on the Colorado School team. If Tommy can get around the ends, he will lead 'em a long chase, for, having been one of the College mile-relay team, he is long-winded.—E. C. Wyand has delivered his maiden lecture, taking "Incidents in Early American History" as his subject. — Miss Elizabeth DeLong edits the Intermediate Page of *The Utah Eagle*. — *The Eye* has been upon our friend, W. M. Strong, and from its report we learn that he has been gratifying that passion of his to paint, and some residences of Council Bluffs have been given a coat by his hand. His father has bought a fine farm near Fulton, Mo., and, in the spring, our friend expects to try his hand at farming. Don't plant your diploma, William, it sprouts best in the study watered with midnight oil, —

"Night is the time for toil,  
To plough the classic field  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield."



## LOCALS.

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"Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in one like me." — Appleby, '05.

Cowley, '03, though one of the smallest students in College, was the most conspicuous figure at the dance.

As a result of the betting on the Harvard-Yale game, Brown, '05, did a rushing business selling chocolate.

So much rainy weather has come us-wards lately that it is a wonder we have not all turned into sponges.

Garrett, '05, can administer a first class shampoo, but it took Phelps several days to get over the effects of one.

Contrary to the usual custom no alumnus will be invited to deliver a lecture here during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Myers, '03, after an absence of nearly two months, has returned to College, much to the delight of her class.

Miss Morse, '05, can tell you a great deal about clams. We have learned from her that they hear with their feet.

The Co-eds have recently come into possession of a ping pong set. The game has therefore grown very popular here.

Gale, I. C., thought he was it until Dr. Gallaudet informed him that he would not be allowed to make his long run.

Phelps, '05, has left College to spend the winter in Arizona with his sister who is in poor health. He expects to return next fall.

Lee, '06, says that the prettiest girl at the dance wasn't there, nevertheless he entirely lost his head over a certain Kendall Green beauty.

Hoffmaster, '06, still wonders why he leaped to his feet during chapel service last Sunday. Perhaps the student who held the pin can enlighten him.

It was an absent minded Junior, deep in her lessons, and eager to recite them, who locked her roommate in. Ask that locked-in Ducky if she exercised her voice.

Instead of Brown's usual chocolate sign, the following recently appeared on the bulletin board: "Hog fudge or ale, pay your money and take your choice. Room 9."

First Co-ed (*to witty roommate*): "Do you know you keep me in a constant roar?"

W. R.: "Dear me! Are you a lion?"

Hewetson, '03, spent Thanksgiving in Philadelphia where he witnessed the Pennsylvania-Cornell and Army-Navy football games. He says none of the above teams are in it with Gallaudet.

The Freshmen boys recently presented the girls of their class with a huge box of apples. The Eves of '06 have all their first mother's liking for that fruit and hailed the gift with glee.

McDonough, I. C., who left College last month not expecting to return until next fall, has returned. His collar bone which was broken in the Franklin and Marshall game is now nearly well.

Professor (*during the Latin recitation*): "What kind of an infinitive do you mean, Miss H.?"

Miss H. (*who has Geometry on her mind*): "A supplementary infinitive."

Two enterprising Freshmen were recently seen warning a horrified Duckie of the awful consequences attendant on drinking H<sub>2</sub>O. She had just drunk a glassful, and instantly made a bee line for the dispensary.

Now that cold weather has really put in an appearance, basket ball has come to the front. Two teams have been organized, Miss Brooks, '03, being captain of the first team and Miss Swift, '05, of the second.

Duck Horton doesn't claim to be in it with Sherlock Holmes, but the shrewdness he displayed in detecting the culprit who tied his clothes in numerous knots while he was at the gym, was something marvelous.

The first of the series of faculty lectures was given by Professor Hotchkiss Friday, November 31st. He chose for his subject, "Some Hints from Ancient History," which he treated in a masterly manner.

The long words that confront the Sophomore class in their "Zoo" are a source of trouble. Not only are they unpronounceable, but also unspellable; and Mr. Day may have to organize a spelling department before long.

Appleby, '05, has decided that cheese as a shoe polish is a failure. He tried it one night and the next morning he found that rats, having a taste for cheese, had gnawed a hole two inches long in one of his best patent leathers.

Overheard at the dance. First Co-ed: "Isn't Cameron like a bird to-night?"

Second Co-ed: "Why? Is he such a light dancer?"

First Co-ed: "O, no! don't you see he has a swallow tail?"

Professor E. (*during the chemistry lesson*): "Once when we were experimenting with this white substance, it turned first blue and then yellow."

The Inquiring One: "Was there any thing green around then?"

Prof. E.: "Yes, a few students."

Half a dozen of the boys of '06, not to be out done by the girls with their numerous clubs, have organized a club that is rather unique. Their insignia is to leave a certain button of their vests always unbuttoned. They call themselves the "Naughty-six," and as the name implies, their object is to be as wicked as possible, at the same time keeping within the bounds of the law. Lo! Yale's criminal club hath a rival.

During the play "Rip Van Winkle," the audience wondered what occasioned the delay between the first and second acts. We hate to say, but as several have asked for an explanation, we give it here. One of the Ducks, fearing that Rip might use his gun on them by mistake, hid that gun in a safe place. Nobody was able to find the gun in time, but every one behind the scenes managed to step on poor Rip's bare toes, so that when the curtain at last rang the venerablesnoozer was bordering upon acute mania.

The Literary Society held the last literary meeting for the present term Nov. 26th. The program rendered was as follows:

Lecture, "Choice of occupation," Mr. Ballard, '66.

Debate, "Resolved, That the power of the United States will eventually decline as did that of other nations." Affirmative, Cameron, '04, and Forse, '06; negative, Friedman, '04, and Lee, '06.

Dialogue, "Going to be an orator," Winemiller, '04, and Brown, '05.

Declamation, "The First Thanksgiving Day — 1622," Mr. Bryant, '80.

On the 15th of Nov. the O. W. L. S. held its second literary meeting of the year. The following programme was carried out:

Lecture, "The Much talked of Canals," ..... Miss Peet

Debate, "Resolved, That Clubs do benefit Women."

Affirmative side..... { Miss Hagler, '05  
Miss Fritz, '06

Negative side..... { Miss Hall, '05  
Miss Anderson, '06

Tableau — "The Legend of the Sleeping Beauty."

The Princess..... Miss Brooks, '03

Maids ..... { Miss Fish, '05  
Miss Henderson, '06

Charades of Book titles,

"Samantha at Saratoga," ..... Miss Goslin, '04

"Evangeline," ..... { Miss Wiedenmeier, '04  
Miss Thornton, I. C.

"Phroso" ..... Miss Marshall, '06

"Les Miserables" ..... { Miss Webster, '03  
Miss Bigley, I. C.

"Three Men in a Boat" ..... { Miss Hauberg, '03  
Miss Hutchison, '03  
Miss Allen, '05

Declamation, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Bala-  
klava" ..... Miss Drumm, I. C.

The dance given by the students Dec. 6th, was reported by many to be the best ever given at Kendall Green. An unusually large number of hearing people were present and they all pronounced the music perfect. Following was the programme:

#### GRAND MARCH

#### AMERICAN EAGLE.

1. Waltz ..... Florodora.

2. Two-Step..... Sunny Susan

3. Waltz ..... Wilhelmina



4. Two-step.....Wedding of Reuben and the Maid
5. Waltz .....Wizard of the Nile
6. Two-Step ..... American Girls
7. Waltz .....Valse Bleue

Intermission twenty minutes.

PROMENADE.....BLAZE AWAY.

8. Two-step.....Foxy Quiller
9. Waltz.....Blue Danube
10. Two-step.....Whistling Rufus
11. Waltz .....Helmet of Navarre
12. Waltz.....Love's Confession
13. Two-step.....Creole Belles
14. Waltz.....To Thee

Music was furnished by Herr Eibner. The committee in charge consisted of the following: P. T. Hughes, '03, A. L. Roberts, '04, E. H. Garrett, '05, and W. C. Fugate, '06.

The S. N. D. C. presented *Rip Van Winkle* Nov. 29th in a way that speaks well for those in charge. The casts of characters were as follows:

#### ACT I. — 1763.

Rip Van Winkle, a Dutchman,.....	Flick, '03
Knickerbocker, a schoolmaster,.....	Cowley, '03
Derric Van Slaus, the Burgomaster,.....	Mueller, '06
Herman Van Slaus, his son,.....	Hendricks, '04
Nicholas Vedder, friend to Rip,.....	Winemiller, '04
Clausen,.....	Mikesell, '06
Rory Van Clump, a landlord,.....	Hughes, '03
Gustaffe,.....	Roberts, '04
Dame Van Winkle,.....	Marshall, '04
Alice, a sister to Rip.....	Forse, '06
Lorrenna, daughter to Rip,.....	Faupel, I. C
Swaggrino, spirit of the Catskills.....	Mikesell, '06
Gauderkin, ".....	Lindstrom, '06
Icken.....	Johnson, I. C.

#### Act II. — 1783 — *Twenty years after.*

Rip Van Winkle, the dreamer,.....	Flick, '03
Herman Van Slaus,.....	Hendricks, '04
Seth Slough, a landlord,.....	Hughes, '03
Knickerbocker,.....	Cowley, '03
The Judge,.....	Reichard, '06
Gustaffe, lover to Lorrenna,.....	Roberts, '04
Rip Van Winkle, Jr.,.....	Mikesell, '06
Alice Knickerbocker,.....	Forse, '06
Lorrenna,.....	Fugate, '06

## EXCHANGES.

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The December Delineator offers many practicable suggestions for Christmas.

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The editorials in the *The Chicago Daily Maroon* are strong, fresh, and vigorous. We, though an outsider, enjoy them.

---

Justice and fairness demand that reprinted matter be credited to its source,—not simply to *Ex.* When will certain magazines learn this lesson?

---

There are good editorials in the *Southern Collegian*, also illustrations of the College that suggest a charming place. Among the best in the magazine may be mentioned "The Unmaking of a Man," "The Conflict of Sense and Soul in The Idylls of the King." "The Maid, the Man and the Red Goatee" is original and amusing.

---

"My Ideal" in the *Tennessee University Magazine* makes us smile. We pity L. G. if he finds his ideal;—we wonder that he has not already found her several times over. What will be the use of all those graces without a mind or a soul to set off their charm? His Ideal is like a diamond in the dark, it needs a light to set off the sparkles.

---

"A Corner in Fife," the first article in *The Mount Holyoke*, pleases us in its simplicity of description. "A Question of Color" in the same magazine is only one of many instances where the thoughtlessness and ill-breeding of a white child have racked the heart of a colored one with as fierce suffering and pain as he will be apt to endure even in later life. "A Good Night Song" is also worthy of mention.

---

The closing words of the editorial, "Unrealized Ideals," in *The University Unit*, ring true: "Have your ideals, but strive to attain them. Work, wait, hope." It is better not to have ideals if one constantly puts off trying to live up to them until a more (?) favorable time. The Editorial, "Physical Development," in the same magazine, says: "It is worth while to

live, and to live well is best of all." The essence of the article is, 'How can one live well, make the most of himself, if he does not take the best care of his physical self?' No matter how busy one may be in the midst of pressing work and duties, it is possible and imperative that a certain time each day be set aside for outdoor or physical action.

We welcome *The Georgetown College Journal* with pleasure. Even the bother of getting its leaves apart when we happen to have nothing but a key at hand, does not materially mar our anticipation. Its exchange editor hits the nail on the head with these closing words in an article on student essays:

"If a man has written something about a great writer which smacks in the least of originality, by all means let us have it; but what possible benefit or pleasure can come from expressing for the public in very mediocre English what life-long students have thought out and expressed in the best of English, we must confess is beyond our understanding. Therefore, we recommend others to follow the example of the *Nassau Lit.*, and to choose subjects slightly modern, not subjects from which all that is in them has been drawn out, and a great deal more besides."

Mr. Arthur F. Duffy's account of his recent tour during the Trans-Atlantic races, is very interesting. This magazine is uniformly excellent both in its subject matter and its use of English.

#### A GOOD NIGHT SONG.

Gwine tow sleep, youh lill' darkey,  
Cuddle down, youh sleepy head;  
Buggah-man an' haunts ken't git youh  
In youh lill' trundle-bed.

Jes a'cause youse brack, ma honey,  
Dat's no sign dat God don't care.  
Laws! He lubs us niggahs shu'ly,  
He am watchin' eberywhere.

In de dark night, still an' lonely,  
Brack an' white am same tow Him;  
He can't see a bit ob diffrence  
'Twix' Marse Tom an' lill' Jim.

Go tow sleep, youh lill' darky,  
Shet youh shiny eyes up tight,  
Stars am twinklin' in de heben,  
Blinkin' tow youh, "Jim, good night."

—Alice Von Stein, '05, in the *Mount Holyoke*.

*The Buff and Blue.*

## A GAME AT FOOT-BALL.

When I behold a foot-ball to and fro  
 Urged by a throng of players equally,  
 Who run pell-mell, and thrust and push and throw,  
 Each party bent alike on victory;  
 Methinks I see, resembled in that show,  
 The round earth poised in the vacant sky,  
 Where all are fain to lay each other low,  
 Striving by might and main for mastery.  
 The ball is filled with wind, and even so  
 It is for wind most times that people war;  
 Death the sole prize they all are struggling for;  
 And all the world is but an ebb and flow;  
 And all we learn whenas the game is o'er  
 That life is but a dream and nothing more.

—*Translated by Henry Francis Cary from the French of Amadis Jamyn.*

## A SONNET.

Before me shines a face, whose tender eyes  
 Beam with a light that sweetens all my hours,—  
 A light grown sweeter, — as when summer flowers  
 Unfold, and turn their hearts up to the skies.  
 I see it now, — the light that in them lies,  
 And deem it better far than princely dowers  
 Of wealth, or beauty; here are powers  
 To do and dare,—with love that never dies.  
 It speaks to me,—this face of wondrous grace  
 That lives within my soul as can no other,  
 And every feature of it I can trace,  
 While tender, loving thoughts around it hover  
 That neither time nor distance can erase.  
 This image in my heart? It is my mother!

—*Bates Student.*

## CHANGEABLENESS.

Sometimes I am inclined to deem all men  
 But scoundrels, thieves, assassins, rogues and such;  
 And then again some man does something good,  
 Which for a time does my opinion alter so  
 That I'm an optimist and deem all men  
 Philanthropists, in whom but good is seen.  
 And thus we think the world is bad one day

And good the next, when's not the world so much  
That does this change so sudden make,  
But more the mind, so prone in all to build  
Vast structures on foundations slight.

—*Southern Collegian.*

---

AN AUTUMN MOOD.

"And what did the summer bring you, my dear?  
And what did the summer bring you?  
The long days of splendor have stolen away;  
The bright sky of azure is fading to gray;  
While the rose is but sorry of hue.

"And what did the summer bring you, my dear?  
The time of the harvest is here,  
The season of reckoning, of counting the cost,  
Of weighing in balance the won and the lost,  
Of doubt and despondence and fear.

"And what did the summer bring you, my dear?  
The spring with its sunshine and shower  
Had blossoms of dreamland whose petal and leaf  
In bud were resplendent past mortal belief.  
Oh came they then never to flower?

"And what did the summer bring you, my dear?  
Fair June of the berry and rose,  
July too and August with opulent store,  
They passed. Are you then just as poor as before,  
And the summer of hope at its close?

"And what did the summer bring you, my dear?  
New courage, new faith and new trust?  
The days that were drunken with perfume and heat  
They could not but whisper you, 'Life is so sweet,  
And divine are His creatures of dust.' "

—*The Cento.*





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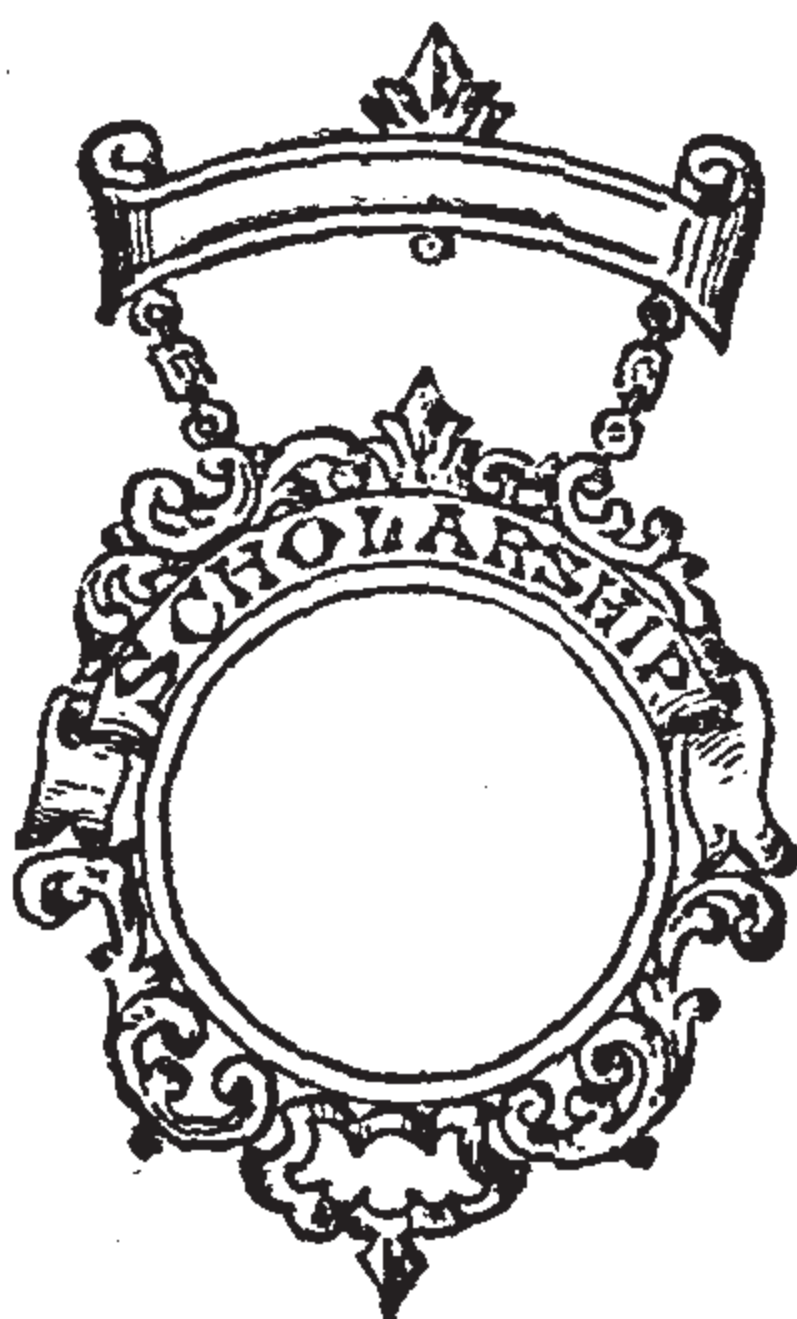
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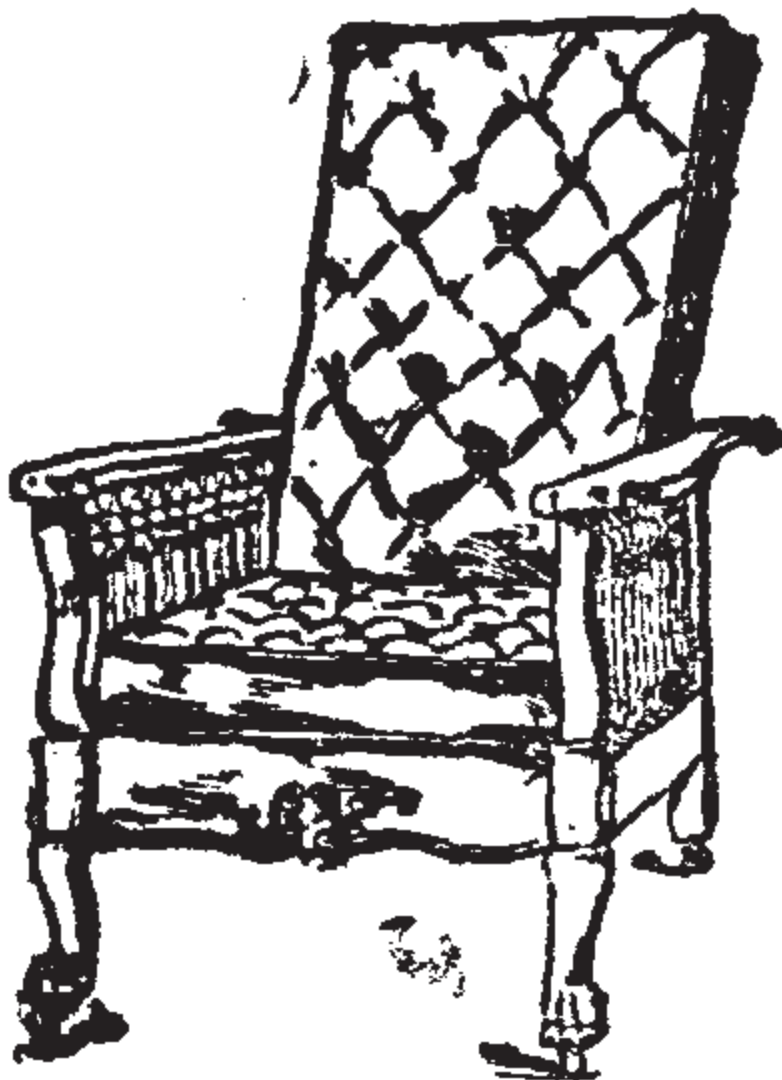
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