National College for the Deaf.

The Buff and Blue.

Washington, D. C.,

November 1, 1892.

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THE BUFF AND BLUE.

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THE BUFF AND BLUE.

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Salutatory.

With this number, THE BUFF AND BLUE launches upon the sea of college journalism and goes forth on its voyage.

The editors, without claiming any previous experience, are fully aware that many a similar enterprise has foundered. But it is not with a feeling of discouragement that they begin the labor they have been appointed to undertake. With firm resolution to do their duty and advocate what they deem to be best and right, they engage in the struggle to gain for THE BUFF AND BLUE an honorable record in the arena of college journalism.

THE BUFF AND BLUE will be a college journal—a journal devoted to the interests of the college from which it is issued. While only asking sufficient pecuniary assistance for its maintenance, its purpose is the fulfillment of a long-felt want—the affording of an opportunity for our students to train themselves in the art of composition and develop whatever literary abilities they may possess. Its columns will be open to the alumni of the college with the view of giving students and alumni an equal opportunity to make it a worthy representative of their *Alma Mater*.

The first efforts of the editors to present a creditable paper to the college and the alumni at large may not meet the expectation of the majority. But it will be their aim to make each subsequent issue an improvement on its predecessor. In so doing, they will count on the generous support and hearty co-operation of the students and the alumni.

It will be the constant aim of the editors to keep THE BUFF AND BLUE within the province of college journalism, and all articles and contributions intended for publication—whether literary, scientific, philosophical, historical, religious, narrative or imaginary—should be conformed to this idea. The views and opinions of students and alumni on subjects or questions that may have any bearing on college matters will be welcome, provided they are void of petty vulgarities and personal attacks.

To the end that the college may continue to possess so valuable an educational aid, bind her scattered alumni closer to herself, and unite her students with the outside college world, let every loyal, public-spirited son and daughter of the college lend a helping hand in making THE BUFF AND BLUE a worthy and enduring exponent of the culture, the sentiment, and the spirit of the institution it represents.

WHAT the management of THE BUFF AND BLUE desires is the cordial support of every individual student in the college. The purpose of the paper is not to benefit a select few, but to afford to all alike an opportunity to develop their literary talents. With so valuable an opportunity now before the students, we trust that THE BUFF AND BLUE will have a decided influence in awakening a deeper interest in the literary and educational work of the college. It is this very work that lies at the foundation of its existence, and it will be deplorable to see the old time interest and enthusiasm in such work on the decline.

WE send out a number of sample copies of this issue with the hope of securing more subscribers. By increasing our subscription list, it is not our aim, as some might think, to make THE BUFF AND BLUE a catch-penny affair. What we wish is to provide better facilities for its publication, and offer cash prizes to students for the best literary contributions.

WE desire to remind all those who have pledged their names as subscribers that their subscription is due on the receipt of the first number. Henceforth, subscriptions to THE BUFF AND BLUE will be invariably in advance. Any subscriber failing to receive the paper should notify the Business Manager.

To Every One.

Stript to the BUFF, braced for long-lasting strain,
This would-be champion steps into your sight,
Eager to swell the nobly generous train
Of all who bless their kind with service bright.

With eyes straightforward, lit with hope's own BLUE,
And brow uplifted, calm with conscious strength,
He yet one glance, beseeching, turns to you
Ere in the fray he thrusts his lance's length;

One aid he craves to nerve his willing arm,—
A kindly eye bent on him 'mid the throng,
A word to stay him when the fight grows warm,
To keep his heart resolved, his armor strong.

See-er, can you refuse it?—but to deign
A mien of cheer while he the struggle true
Himself essays forever to maintain
For learning's sake, for character,—for *you*.

August 25, 1892. A. G. D.

The Growth of Poetry.

The Greeks, ever fond of attributing to their nation the invention of all sciences and arts, ascribe the origin of poetry to Orpheus, Linus and Musæus. We will not dispute this fact, although it is known that poetry existed among nations long before such names were heard of. If historians allow the Greeks' claim to the invention of the letters, which really belongs to the Phœnicians, and the elements of architecture and the mathematics and many of the arts of life, which were left undeveloped in Egypt, on the ground that they were scattered fragments, which the Greeks recast and improved with the assistance of home material, there is no just reason why the Greeks should be denied their claim to the origin of poetry, for they were the first to introduce the regular structure and the connexion of parts. We all look upon Athens as the seat of learning and as a standard for imitation. It is impossible to treat of literature without mention of the Greeks by way of introduction, or as a starting-point, so thoroughly founded is our mental culture upon the system of these people. The best writers and orators always refer to the illustrious past. The mental culture of the Greeks was self-developed and wholly independent of the refinements of other countries. So everything in literature or art may be said to have originated with the Greeks.

But to trace the real origin of poetry, let us go back to the shepherds and hunters—to the first ages of mankind. There the unlettered mind must have been struck with sublime conceptions at the world's grandeur. The people must have viewed with admiration and awe the rising and setting of the sun, the changes in the circuit of the moon, the canopy of Heaven, bespangled with stars, and must have expressed this feeling in some way in such lines as: O, glorious luminary! great eye of the world! Source of that light, which guides my steps! Of that heat, which warms me when chilled with cold! Of that influence, which cheers the face of Nature. Whither dost thou retire every evening with the shades? Whence dost thou spring every morning with renovated lustre and never-fading glory? and so forth. These expressions which are poetic in form would be improved by practice, and by repetition would naturally grow regular and finally fall into measured cadence. Here is poetry in its simplest and rudest form. It will strike you that poetry is older than prose. This is undoubtedly true. Man is both a poet and a musician by nature. There were occasions on which these people met together to celebrate feasts and sacrifices and on such occasions music, dance, and song were the principal amusements. Cool reasoning and plain discourse had no power to attract such people who were addicted only to hunting and war.

During this infancy of poetry, all kinds of it lay confused and mingled in the same composition, but in the progress of society and art,

they began to assume different forms. All expressions of exultation, resentment, love or any other warm sentiment were classified as Odes; all lamentations over deceased friends were placed under the head of Plaintive or Elegiac poetry; the recital of the achievements of heroes, as found in Homer's Iliad and Virgil's Æneid, were called Epic poetry. In this way poetry passed into an art, and became confined only to such subjects as related to the imagination and passions. What was left after this separation was taken up by the historian, the philosopher and others. Having given you briefly an idea of the origin of poetry, I will now treat of poetry as an art.

There are two chief divisions of poetry as an art—energetic and artistic. It is impossible to deal minutely with each here. I will only name a few of the leading poets who typify each. In classic literature, Pindar may be taken as a type of the poets of energy; Virgil, of the poets of art. Coming nearer home, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in English poetical literature, typifies the poets of energy, while Keats is mostly taken as a type of the poets of art. In French literature, we find Hugo a type of the poets of art. In some literature poetic art is the dominant quality, but in the writings of the greatest authors as Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Goethe, Shakspeare, Milton, the two qualities are about equally dominant. Some critics claim poetry as a sort of handmaid to painting and sculpture. This would, if correct, imply that poetry does not exist as an independent art, but looking over Greek literature we find nothing beyond Simonides, who is reported to have said that poetry is a speaking picture and painting mute poetry, to justify their claim. The Greeks never recognized an affinity between poetry and the plastic and pictorial arts. They understood artistic methods more profoundly than the moderns, and far too profoundly to suppose that there was any peculiar affinity between an art whose medium of expression is marble and an art whose medium of expression is a growth of oral symbols. Every art has its own special function, has a certain work which it can do better than its sister arts, hence its right of existence. So poetry is an independent art beyond doubt. Of it Bacon says: "Poetry is an art, and the chief of the fine arts; the easiest to dabble in; the hardest in which to reach true excellence; it has its technical secrets; its mysterious lowly paths that reach to ærial outlooks; and this no less than sculpture, painting, music, or architecture but even more."

Painting, sculpture, music and architecture cannot be perfectly attained without long practice of manual operation. Contrast these with poetry, which, although the chief, arises from ease. This probably gave rise to the well-known phrase: "*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" Poetry is passion—the throb of a sensitive and aroused nature. Lord Byron owed his fame to his passionate nature. He wrote at one time a forty-page poem in printed form in a single night. Of this, he said: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The best poems are ont written at will, but on the contrary they are mostly the productions of an aroused nature. Tennyson's poems written at the command of the Queen are not as much admired as those written unbidden. When the independence of Greece was menaced by the Persians led by Darius and Xerxes the Greeks' valor so famous in history was aroused by old songs and memories reminding the Greeks how the Grecian heroes leagued together to avenge an insult and in a fierce conflict wrested Troy from Asiatic hands. The battle of Thermopylæ and the many victories on land and sea aroused a national feeling and this produced several great poets and writers. Pindar survived the war. Æschylus, himself a soldier, fought in some of the glorious battles. Herodotus, then a young man, was busy recording the events.

A similar event occurred during Queen Elizabeth's reign, which is sometimes called the "Golden Age." The repulse of the Spanish Armada, the successful voyages, and the revival of learning served to stir up a national feeling, which is distinguished by such poets and writers as Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, and others of great ability. Both instances show that poetry is the throb of an aroused nature, as I said before.

The question, "What is the essential part of poetry?" has occupied the attention of critics for some time and has produced much dispute. Aristotle assumed that invention is the indispensable basis. One group of critics agrees with Dryden, who says that "a poet is a maker" as put forth by Herodotus in the Greek word

ποιητης and adds that "he who cannot make, that is, invent, has his name for nothing." Another group contends that emotion is the basis of all true poetic expression and this emotive expression demands style and form. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says that substance and not form is the indispensable basis. Hegel says that metre is the first and only condition absolutely demanded by poetry. Plato considered poetry to be only an imitation of the dreams of man. It seems to me from comparison that *form* is the essential part. Poetry is artistic in form, whether it be a Welsh *triban* or a *stornello* sung by an Italian peasant girl, whether it be an ode by Keats or a tragedy by Sophocles, it is equally a work of art. "L'art est une forme." Therefore we may assume that form is the true basis.

Martin M. Taylor, '92.

The Turning-Point of a Life.

At the period when the Roman Empire, its strength and glory laid low by luxury and dissipation, was beginning to decline, there dwelt at Rome a youth, Marcus by name. There is no need to enter into details of his lineage, wealth, and position, for what are baubles and gewgaws in comparison with the greatness of a human soul! Therefore suffice it to say that he was a young man with all the passions and impulses, both high and low, characterizing the stage of life at which he had arrived. Possessing a gentle and refined mother, who had tenderly watched and guided his growth, his soul could not but contain many noble and elevated aspirations. In contrast to the effeminacy of the youths of his time, he gave promise of developing a manhood not unbecoming the son of his mother. Yet with his better nature was mingled a certain daring. This daring urged him to sudden, and oft-times erratic, action, in which his will seemed the slave of impulse, and sober deliberation was cast to the winds.

This latter trait in his moral make-up led him to tempt fate and consult a foreteller of the future. This seer inhabited a ruined building in the immediate neighborhood of Rome. He smiled in pity with a faint tinge of contempt as the youth stood proudly before him, and defiantly repeated his first request to have the veil of the unseen lifted.

"Knowest thou," said the seer, "that those who really invoke what is so mercifully withheld from sight and knowledge are often struck with madness at the dread revelations made? I would warn thee, fair boy, for I see on thy brow the foreshadowings of greatness, and would spare thee needless pain."

"I thank thee, thou votary of the future, but I want not thy compassion. To hear what fate hath in store for me am I come, and, if thou wilt consent to speak, so am I still resolved."

The dark beauty of the flashing eye and the erectness of the lithe form caused the seer to gaze at him with a look in which admiration predominated over the contempt. Then, unmoved by the above speech except for an added gentleness in his tones, he drew his long robe closer about him and said:

"Thou art young, and much is forgiven youth. Hear, since so thou desirest, the gloomy experience that awaits thee in the beyond. Thou shalt at no distant day behold the being in whom thy existence will be centred. Thou shalt love, but another will win the object of thy love. Madness and murder will be thy lot, if thy will and thy tenderness are not sufficient for thy rescue."

Clearly and slowly the words fell from the lips of the old but still vigorous man, whose manner resembled that of a person repeating what is said by an unseen speaker, and whose gaze into space was rapt and searching. The youth started, turned pale, and cried reproachfully:

"And is this the greatness foreshadowed on my brow? Such greatness is truly to be desired!"

"I speak but as I know. Thou hast had thy wish. Remember well my words."

As he spoke the seer vanished into his abode, and the youth returned thoughtful to the city.

The following morning, a beautiful and bright one, found the effect on his naturally gay spirits much lessened. He was too brave to allow himself to be long harassed by a knowledge he had sought of his own accord. As time went on, and the weeks lengthened themselves into months, what he had heard was becoming misty and dim in his memory, when fulfillment began.

Marcus was strolling in one of the public walks, when he saw a face that fired his heart at the first glimpse; it belonged to a young girl, who passed him hastily, as though anxious to reach her destination. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, and drawn by an irresistible attraction, he turned, quickened his pace, and followed her. The damsel, unaware of the fact that she was pursued, continued her way, and steadily kept up her rapid step. It was not long before she reached a dwelling to which she had evidently been directing her course; at the entrance she stopped a moment to speak to a slave. The youth, at a respectful distance, silently admired her. Beautiful she was, with all the majestic beauty of the Roman women. The large dark eyes, the wavy hair, the delicate skin, were all characteristic. The bearing of the maid was dignified, and served to set off to the best a slight figure. Having uttered a few words and received a submissive inclination, she entered the house. She left the youth rooted to the spot where he stood, and resolved, at all hazards, to know more of the one who, he intuitively felt, was to influence his destiny.

It does not take a young man who is very much in love long to overcome any obstacles which stand in the way of meeting the object of his affection. Soon Marcus and Octavia were as well acquainted as it was possible to be in so brief a time, and as soon the acquaintanceship ripened into something tenderer. The young man seemed treading on air; the sky assumed a serener blue, the fields a greener verdure, and his days and nights were passed in pleasant dreams. Interwoven with these dreams were numerous manful resolutions of what he would be, and dare and do, all for the one lovely image in his heart.

Ere many months, the betrothal followed. Truly, fate was working out its unchangeable plan!

A few weeks afterwards, Marcus was resting a moment at the threshold of his future bride and waiting for her to make her appearance, when the low murmur of voices caught his ear, quickened to the silvery tones of Octavia. Those tones had not now their usual calm, sweet flow and ebb, but were, by turns, mournful, impassioned, fervent. Insensible of his act, and held to his seat by a magnetic chain he could not sever, he listened. As he heard, his head drooped on his hands, and a dazed and bewildered expression overspread and settled on his features; but he never stirred from the spot, because powerless to do so.

"And thou, Octavia, art thou indeed faithless?" exclaimed the deep, strong voice of one whom the unfortunate listener recognized as being among the foremost men of his time, and disdainful of the gilded weakness and sloth which disfigured the grandeur of his adopted land.

"Faithless! and what art thou? When we had plighted our troth in the olden time, and thou badest me farewell, I mourned thine absence long and truly. Time went, and no word from the distant clime whither thou hadst gone to support the last days of thy mother. Then came whispers of that other thou foundest fairer than I. I disbelieved and I resisted long; but still wert thou silent. What could I do? Then Marcus came, with his great love; and I like and respect him enough to accept him for my life-mate. What return I can I shall give him. Thou hast come suddenly across my path again. What hast thou to say to me ere our ways divide forevermore?"

"Not forevermore, Octavia. Nay, hear me. The roads were too unsafe and the distance too great to send thee word with certainty; yet thrice did I essay, and how it comes that not one of the three missives has reached thy beloved hand I know not. After my mother died, I journeyed hither again with my sister, alone but for me. Rumor delights in misrepresentation. I have never found one fairer than thou, the star of womanhood." The steady earnestness carried conviction to the hearts of both the hearers.

At last the bond was loosed. Marcus rose slowly and stood motionless, oblivious to everything except the words rung like a knell into his ears and soul—"Like and respect!" Then he walked straight on and on for miles, and all at once his bewilderment and calmness left him; to them succeeded a wild rush of misery and poignant despair impossible to describe. It drove him to dash madly along and fling himself down among some huge stones, which, unknown to him, towered above and sheltered him from the sun and from all observation. Of the latter, though, there was little danger, as the whole place for leagues around was rugged, barren, and deserted.

He writhed there alone in his anguish. The sun went down and the stars bent soft and pitying glances upon him, but unheeding he lay prone on the ground, and crying that his sorrow was greater than he could bear.

Night wore on, and still there he remained. Morning came: the day waxed and waned. Motionless still! Who can measure the greatness and the bitterness of the tumult in that soul?

The fallen and vanished life-hopes rose again and grouped themselves before him; they seemed like some shadowy and far-away vision seen ages ago. In black and frowning contrast stood up the desolate vista of the future, bereft of love, of hope, of all he had yearned for and believed essential to render existence endurable. A paroxysm of madness seized him. Why should he not arise and avenge the blighting of his life by taking that of the woman who had caused it, and afterwards put an end to himself? The thought occurred to him and would not be put aside. It clung with a weird persistency to his laboring brain, and returned again and again, till finally he half-moved to put it into execution. Perfect stillness would take the place of this intolerable pain, and Octavia would never survive to be happy above his ashes. This and other things came into his mind, and then disappeared, but to show themselves again. For another day he lay and fought with himself and with a thousand hideous promptings. The gloomy nature about him was in harmony with his heart.

Towards midnight his pain and sorrow seemed to have somewhat spent themselves, and he grew quieter; as morning approached he was something of his old self again, and at last, in the grey dawn, he sat up and held different commune with himself.

And wherefore, he asked himself, should he struggle and rave? Wherefore should he strive against what was so plainly unalterable? Was his love so selfish that it could seek only his own bliss, and not that of the object beloved? Indeed, was it worthy the name? Should he not further the union of the two lovers he had so unexpectedly discovered, rather than oppose it, and so put himself out of the question?

For hours he remained thus pondering, and, when the sun was high, a glance at the grave and sweet expression his face now wore would have told that his decision was taken. He rose, for the purpose of returning to the city, and as he started a rush of memory, like an echo, seemed to whisper in his ear: "If thy will and thy tenderness are not sufficient for thy rescue!"

Agatha M. Tiegel, '93.

My Impressions of Ben-Hur.

This esteemable book was written by Gen. Lew. W. Wallace, and published in 1880. I am sure that my morals are none the worse for the reading, but were strengthened by the ethical tone of the tale.

A peculiar feature of this author is that he has the faculty of making the beginning of his story an outburst of dry fiction sprinkled copiously with historical facts equally as dry. Though the beginning of this work be irritating to the majority of its readers, the irritation soon gives way, as one proceeds, to genuine enjoyment; and when it is finished one feels that he has read a book worth reading. And more, a lasting impression of chastity is left upon the mind, also a profound admiration for the manner in which the author has robed each character.

The avaricious and cruel characters of Messala and Gratus, the love of Ben-Hur for his mother and sister, his aspirations, his intense hatred for his persecutors, his inordinate desire for revenge, his patient endurance of servitude in the galleys, combined with his noble desire to serve the coming "King of the Jews," and the feats of extraordinary athletes, the crafty arts of a perfidious woman, Egypt or Iras, the fidelity of slaves, the patience of the mother and sister of Ben-Hur while suffering from a loathsome disease and imprisonment, the coming of the Christ, and the description of his miraculous acts in healing the lepers and raising the dead, the crucifixion, the rewards of sin and love, are all portrayed in a style most exquisite and fascinating. Each character is supposed to represent the true state of affairs at that time and to be true to life.

There is a trait in the make-up of the principal character, Ben-Hur, which to me seems to be over-drawn. The Jews are not prone to

harbor such intense hatred or cherish such an overwhelming desire to wreak vengence upon their enemies as the author would make us believe from his description of Ben-Hur. I can not recall any passage in history that tells us the Jews are a revengeful race. It seems to me this undesirable portion of his character overbalances his better and more noble qualities. Still I must admit that this dark background of his character shows the better part in a bold relief, pleasing to many, rasping to a few, of whom I am one.

The qualities of a good picture are more noticeable when hung beside an inferior work. Thus it should be with the principal character in the author's tale, but to me in this case the order is the reverse of the rule, though the rule applies both ways. It is however customary to look on the bright side of perceptions.

To me the growth of the different stages of this story is like the natural development of the peach. The forepart of the book is dry and irritating like the green peach, but as the fruit advances in its development the hard dry material changes to the rich juicy meat of combined flavors, with a nucleus or seed of an aromatic taste—Ben-Hur.

Louis A. Divine, '94.

Alumni Corner.

Revs. C. O. Dantzer, '86, and J. M. Koehler, ex-'83, were recent visitors at the college.

Rumor has it that Barton, '92, will be the first of his class to renounce single blessedness.

Olof Hanson, '86, is at present employed in the office of Traphagen and Fitzpatrick, leading architects of Duluth, Minn.

Any one having items of interest concerning the alumni will confer a great favor by sending the same to the alumni editor.

Miss Gussie Kruse, ex-'95, having obtained a position as teacher in the Iowa school, will not return to college this year.

The position of boys' supervisor in the Michigan school having been vacated, Fred M. Kauffman, ex-'91, was appointed to fill the place.

Charles Kerney, '85, who resigned the principalship of the Evansville Day School, has accepted a position as teacher in the Indiana Institution.

George Layton, '82, spent the summer hunting bear and deer in the Rocky Mountains, and is reported to have brought down several fine specimens.

Thomas S. Marr, '89, who completed his course in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last June, has secured employment as a draughtsman in Nashville, Tenn.

We are in receipt of a circular of the World's Congress Auxiliary in which appears the name of George T. Dougherty, '82, as President of the World's Congress of the Deaf.

George C. Williams, ex-'91, who was recently appointed Penman and Director of Penmanship in the Hogarth Business University of New Haven, Conn., was in the city during the G. A. R. encampment, and in the meantime called on his many friends at the college.

Henry Gross, '88, former editor of *The Missouri Record*, but now a teacher in the Missouri School, and Miss Annie Halley were married in Sedalia, Mo., Oct. 3. THE BUFF AND BLUE extends to the newly-married couple its best wishes for a life of unalloyed happiness.

Gerald McCarthy, '87, state botanist of North Carolina, was struck by a special train at a way-station near Raleigh, N. C., October 11, and received a broken leg and several injuries about the head. It is said that while waiting for a train he had wandered along the track botanizing when the above accident occurred.

All of last year's Normal Fellows have secured desirable positions in leading schools for the deaf. Ely is instructor of mathematics in the college, Vaught is at the head of the Chicago Day School, Wilcox, Scott, Tillinghast and Hare are teaching in the Minnesota, Texas, Colorado and Fanwood schools respectively. Miss Annie Jameson, who was a Normal student, is also teaching in the new Pennsylvania Institution at Mount Airy.

In Christ's Church Cathedral, St. Louis, on Oct. 4, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives, was performed the ceremony which united the lives of Rev. J. H. Cloud, '86, and Miss Lulu O. Herdman, ex-'93. The groom is one of the college's most prominent graduates. The bride was for four years connected with the class of '93, leaving college last May. Their many friends at the college wish them *bon voyage* across life's ocean.

All of last year's graduates are at present earning a comfortable livelihood. Lange is principal of the Evansville Day School; Taylor is teaching in the North Dakota School and is also editor of *The Banner;* Miss Lowman is also a teacher in the same school; Whildin is boys' supervisor in the Florida Institute and foreman of *The Institute Herald;* Long is in Iowa with his magic lantern; Barton is somewhere in the wilds of Maine doing yeoman service, and Round is farming in the windy northwest.

Locals.

Vol. 1, No. 1.

The Preps. number nineteen.

The next issue of THE BUFF AND BLUE will appear in December.

Prof. Fay's second son, Sidney, has entered the Freshman class at Harvard.

Prep., (examining Hill's Psychology) to Senior: "Did David B. Hill write this?"

The Imp's Club is the latest addition to the list of our college organizations. Its membership is limited.

The Saturday Night Club is preparing a farce comedy to be given some time during Thanksgiving week.

A game of foot-ball between '96 and the Preps, on Columbus day, resulted in favor of the former by a score of 22 to 6.

Stafford, '93, has presented the Athletic Association with two Oxford footballs which he purchased while on his European trip.

Prof. P. (to Soph. standing near the entrance of Ducks' recitation room:) "What's your errand?" Soph: "To visit the 'Zoo.'"

Drought, ex-'94, and Wright, ex-'95, have returned to college after one year's absence each, and have entered the Sophomore and Freshman classes respectively.

During vacation the chapel underwent a thorough renovation, being tastefully frescoed and painted. It now presents a marked contrast with its former dingy appearance.

Owing to illness, Principal Denison, of the Kendall school, has not yet returned to his duties. Mr. Ballard is acting principal, and Divine, '94, has charge of the latter's class.

We are sorry to state that Kiene, '95, who in company with his parents went to Germany last June to have a cataract removed from his eye, returned to college without having his sight improved.

Prof. Hotchkiss was prevented from resuming his duties at the college until three weeks after the opening on account of an attack of bilious fever. The venerable Dean Porter took charge of his classes during his confinement.

Two members of the Introductory class have left college and returned to school in their respective states. As their entrance examinations were not satisfactory, the Faculty deemed it best for them to take an additional year's preparation.

The twenty-ninth Annual Conclave of our honorable order, the H. O. S. S., is now recorded as an event of the past. The festivities were celebrated on the evening of October 7th, at which time seventeen new members were initiated into its mysteries.

Kiesel, '81, and Stafford, '93, who spent their vacation sojourning in Europe, arrived at the Green, October 6th, fortunately having been detained at quarantine only one day. Ryan, '94, filled the former's position as teacher in the Kendall school during his absence.

The re-examination of the new students, who failed to make the required mark in the entrance examination, was conducted by the Seniors as usual, and it is gratifying to state that the result on the whole was most satisfactory. The Juniors had charge of the physical examination in the gymnasium.

The Columbian anniversary was appropriately observed at the college. The morning exercises consisted of devotional exercises, brief speeches and remarks. Mr. Tilton, representing the Senior class, made a brief address, after which President Gallaudet and Dean Porter made a few remarks. The exercises closed with the rendition of the beautiful poem "America" in signs by Misses Tiegel, '93, Frederick, '95, and Whitelock, '96.

This year the Normal Department is composed of Messrs. Percival Hall, Harvard, '92, a son of Prof. Hall of the Washington Observatory; Andrew McKean, Williams College, '92; J. F. Bledsoe, Howard College, Alabama, '92; T. V. Archer, Hanover College, Ind., '92, as Normal Fellows, and T. S. McAloney, for some time a teacher of the deaf in Belfast, Ireland, and Miss Delia Bartoo, formerly supervisor of girls at the Illinois School, as Normal students.

One of our esteemed professors has an unparalled record for absent-mindedness. It is said that one time recently on leaving his pew he so forgot himself that he made strenuous efforts to make his hymn-book serve for a hat. Another time, he attended a reception and was all the while unmindful of the fact that he had

his trousers rolled up. Again one morning he put on three shirts and wondered why he found it so difficult to make the two ends of his collar meet.

At the last concert of the Ephphatha Sunday School, Prof. Draper, as treasurer, made the following statement which shows how the contributions have been expended since its organization:

Missions in foreign lands	$ 87 14
American S. S. Union	52 28
Benefit of poor on Pacific Coast	55 50
Indian Missions in Alaska	25 00
Indian Missions in the U. S.	25 00
Gallaudet Home, N. Y., and Home in Pa.	145 77
Education of the Deaf in Turkey	350 29
Women's Christian Association	86 70
Benefit of Washington poor	76 57
Yellow fever sufferers of New Orleans	17 18
Y. M. C. A. of Washington	7 11
Family of painter killed by falling while painting the gymnasium	19 00
Fresh Air Fund, Washington	25 00
Former Janitor, during sickness	20 00
L. M. Larson, for deaf in N. M.	25 00
Earthquake sufferers of Charleston, S.C.	23 78
Education of deaf in India	11 55
" " " China	43 10
Flood sufferers, '89, Washington	34 13
Student of Pueblo Indians	15 00
Famine sufferers in Russia	20 00
Total	$1175 10

The College World.

The Harvard freshman class numbers 415.

Germany has twenty-one universities, with 28,515 students.

Chapel attendance at the Chicago University is compulsory.

Cornell offers a course in the Russian language and literature.

Columbia has summer schools in surveying, geodesy, and mining.

Yale's old gymnasium is being remodeled and will be used as a commons.

The Chicago University is to erect a gymnasium costing $200,000.

The New York Law School has an enrollment of over 300 this year.

Williams College will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary in 1893.

Wellesley College has 733 students this year, the freshmen numbering 221.

The undergraduate course at Brown University has been thrown open to women.

The Harvard Memorial Hall furnishes board for 900 students at $4.00 per week.

In the class championship base-ball series at Princeton '93 won, with '95 second.

The senior class of Cornell is to build an athletic club-house as a memorial.

The three centre men of Wesleyan's football team weigh over six hundred pounds.

Wesleyan is to have a $75,000 gymnasium, work upon which will commence shortly.

Work has commenced on Lehigh's new physical laboratory. It will cost $200,000.

There are 700 men in all departments of the freshman class at the University of Pennsylvania.

Two Bible classes have been formed at Princeton. One numbers 115, the other 60.

Amherst has a freshman class of one hundred and fifty, which is the largest on record.

The Wesleyan students have pledged $5,240 toward the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building.

The expenditures of the Princeton Base Ball team of the past season amounted to $11,428.-71.

At Princeton the freshman class numbered, in '85, 132; in '86, 186; in '89, 201; in '91, 268 and this year 361.

The University of New York has abandoned the system of free tuition, and now makes an annual charge of $100.

Women are admitted to the Yale gymnasium. Last year there were forty who availed themselves of the privilege.

H. L. Williams, Yale's famous half-back and hurdler, has entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

James Lee, Harvard's famous half-back, has returned to the Law School. He will coach, but not play with, the team.

Yale will play six games in and near New York; Princeton, five; University of Pennsylvania three; and Wesleyan, one.

Hereafter, the Harvard eleven will practice all their signals on a piece of ground enclosed by a high fence, called Soldiers' Field.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have a new dormitory costing $125,000. It will be the largest in the United States.

The Harvard *Crimson* is twenty-one years old; the *Princetonian*, sixteen; the Yale *News*, fifteen. THE BUFF AND BLUE has just been born.

Colonel Amos F. Parker, of Fitzwilliam, N. H., is the oldest college graduate in the country. He graduated at the University of Vermont in 1813.

Statistics of the classes graduating at Harvard from 1885 to 1892 inclusive, show 498 per cent. were Republicans, 25.5 per cent. Democrats, and 24.7 per cent. Independents.

A graduate of Cornell, David Starr Jordan, who worked his way through college by hard, constant, untiring labor outside of school hours, is president of Stanford University at $15,000 a year, the largest salary paid to any college president in the United States.

Yale College began its 193rd year Sept. 29th. During the past year half a million dollars have been expended in the erection of new buildings. Two million dollars have been received during the past two years, and another million has been pledged. The total number of students, it is thought, will exceed two thousand this year.

Athletics.

In the October number of *The Outing* appears an article by Walter Camp in which he reviews the work of the crack teams of last fall. In it he shows that Yale acted wisely in devoting all of November to perfecting her team work and coaching the individual play of each man on the team instead of traveling all over the country playing weaker teams. To this month's work he ascribes, in a large degree, her success. It will be well for the Kendalls to profit by this example.

***

A good deal of misunderstanding seems to exist as to the duties of the manager of our foot-ball team. From the constitution of the Athletic Association we extract the following: "The manager shall, with the advice of the captain, assign positions to the players. * * * He shall order them to practice whenever he sees fit, provided such order does not conflict with existing rules. * * * He shall designate the team, or teams, which are to play on any specified day. *He shall have power to arrange for playing games with other clubs.* He may refer any challenge to the Board for advice, but any game involving expenditure of money, for traveling expenses, etc., must be referred to the Board before it is arranged."

***

The official foot-ball guide this year, published by Spalding Brothers, has an introductory chapter by Walter Camp which every beginner should read. It is a masterly article on foot-ball and not a point escapes the writer. Besides this article, the book contains ten photographs of the most prominent players. We notice a few important changes in the rules. Now a rule and not a referee insures a *bona fide* try at goal. This rule provides that when a touch down has been made and the try at goal has failed the ball shall be brought out to the centre of the field instead of, as formerly, to the 25-yard line. This means a gift to the hard pressed team of 30 yards, and should they punt off from the centre they are liable to increase it to 70, thus placing the ball way down in the opponent's territory. If a punt-out is fumbled twice the ball goes to the centre of the field. It is safe to say we shall see many difficult goals kicked this year that would have been missed last year, and the steadiness of the punt-catchers will perceptibly increase.

***

The gymnasium opened November 1st. Instructor Adams has so arranged the exercises that they will be progressive both in regard to the apparatus and to each series of exercises. For the Introductory class, which exercises from 4:15 to 4:45 P. M., the design of the course pursued may be briefly stated thus:

1. To make the carriage as erect as possible.
2. To render the gait and carriage regular and steady.
3. To impart mobility to the thorax by which an increase in the capacity of the chest is obtained.
4. To promote a full and harmonious development of the muscles.

The chief object of the course prepared for the college students, who exercise from 3:45 to 4:15 P. M., aside from the attaining of health and strength, is the training of the muscles by the performance of feats of skill on different pieces of fixed apparatus, and in wrestling and boxing. These exercises are so selected as to employ the muscles of all parts of the body and at the same time afford variety. The Seniors have a general review in the capacity of class leaders.

The aim of the entire course is health, strength, better physique, self-control, self-reliance, and grace. The order of progression is setting up drill, chest weights, balancing-beam, Indian clubs, jumping, vaulting, wrestling, horse (1), parallel-bars (1), boxing (1), horse (2), parallel-bars (2), boxing (2) to leadership.

***

The Kendalls played their first game of the season Wednesday, Oct. 19th, with the Columbia Athletic Club at the National Base Ball Park. Though the average weight of the team was from 15 to 20 pounds less than that of the C. A. C., they played a strong, aggressive game and surprised even their most ardent supporters. It took the C. A. C. fifteen minutes to score their first touch down, which they ultimately succeeded in doing only by sheer weight. The try at goal was successful. The C. A. C. scored their next touch down just at the close of the first half. The try at goal failed. Score 10 to 0 in favor of the C. A. C.

During the second half the Columbias succeeded in scoring one more touch down from which they kicked a goal, making the final score 16 to 0.

For the Kendalls Ryan, Williams, Odom, Brown and Cusack did the best work. Ryan did most of the running, making 10 to 15 yards several times and at one time he made 40 yards. The tackling of Williams, Ryan and Odom was low, sharp and sure.

Though the Kendalls did well for their first game, there are many faults that must be corrected, the most noticeable of which is the tendency to fumble the ball. Their interference is also rather weak. The quarter-back is slow and inaccurate in passing the ball for a kick. With a week or two more of proper training it is hoped that the team will, in a measure, remedy its defects and play a much better game. The two teams lined up as follows:

Kendalls.	Positions.	C. A. C.
Hubbard	right end	Burritt
Odom and Ely	right tackle	Darby
Cusack	right guard	Church
Brown (Capt)	center	Wade
Robbins	left guard	Rainer
Hall	left tackle	Wells (Capt)
Williams	left end	Weaver
Ryan	right half-back	Lewis
Cowan	left half-back	Catlin
Ely and Odom	full back	Shields
Howard	quarter back	Burroughs

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 first term are: President, H. D. DeLong, '93; Vice-President, J. A. McIlvaine, '93; Secretary, C. D. Seaton, '93; Treasurer, E. Bingham, '95; Librarian, C. Murdey, '95; Critic, J. M. Stewart, '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 first term: President, Agatha M. Tiegel, '93; Secretary and Librarian, May Martin, '95; Treasurer and Critic, Laura V. Frederick, '95; Executive committee, Agatha M. Tiegel, '93, Lily A. Bicksler, '94, May Martin, '95.

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 first half: H. D. DeLong, '93, Chairman; P. H. Brown, '93; T. Sheridan, '94, Secretary; D. Ryan, '94; R. W. Williams, '95, Treasurer; A. H. Cowan, '95, Librarian.

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 present committee: W. I. Tilton, '93, Chairman; M. Madden, '93, Treasurer; J. Kershner, '94; T. Sheridan, '94; J. C. Howard, '95; R. Williams, '95; J. Brenan, '96; P. Hubbard, '96; C. Boxley, '97; F. Smileau, '97.

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 first half are: President, W. I. Tilton, '93; Vice-President, J. A. McIlvaine, '93; Secretary, J. C. Howard, '95; Treasurer, L. A. Divine, '94; Manager, C. R. Ely, Yale '91; Captain, (First Eleven,) P. H. Brown, '93; Captain, (Second Eleven,) P. D. Hubbard, '96; Scorer, J. C. Howard, '95.

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, J. C. Howard, '95; Captain, J. M. Kershner, '94; Committeemen, H. D. DeLong and P. H. Brown, '93.

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.

Holds conclaves on announced occasions. Its membership is limited to men in the college. The officers for the ensuing year are: Grand Mogul, J. M. Stewart, '93; First Consul, P. H. Brown,'93; Second Consul, L. A. Divine, '94; Grand Scribe, A. Odom, '93; Skrifvar, J. F. Brenan, '96; Stors Marskalk, D. Ryan, '94; Grand Donnerkeil, A. J. Sullivan, 96; Herald, T. Sheridan, '94; Trustees, M. Marcosson, '95, and P. D. Hubbard, '96.

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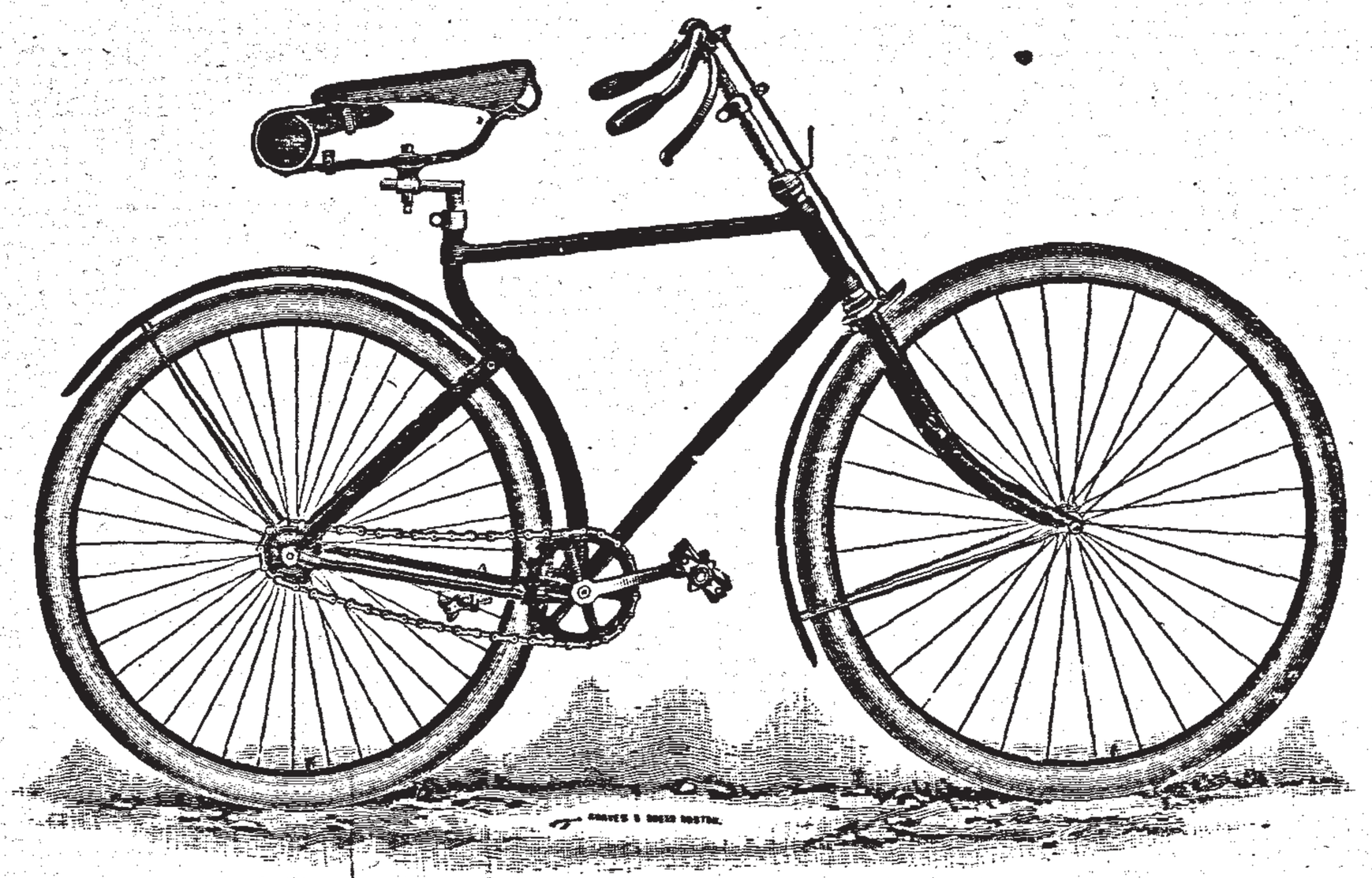

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