THE BUFF AND BLUE

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THE BUFF AND BLUE,
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“NINETY-SEVEN.”

Louise Hancock was young and pretty—most girls who get into stories, are—but Louise was vivacious: way beyond the ordinary; sometimes to the point of shocking her more decorous mother, who had a higher regard for what others said or thought than what her own conscience dictated. Mother was a butterfly in the flame of Washington’s smart set, so that was very natural.

Not even a pretty head is immune to certain ills of the flesh. Louise found it hard to sleep. Insomnia, they said she had. She didn’t care what they called it; she knew it was a horribly uncomfortable thing to have, and would rather have been sick in bed for a time and have it over with. That persistent tossing and turning in bed, till long after everybody had fallen asleep, when one was tired, so tired, was intolerable.

Whether it was from a disordered nervous system or long continued keeping of late hours during the dancing season, we don’t know. The Doctor had said to run around, take lots of exercise and fresh air. Anyone who knew Louise knows this was superfluous. Nevertheless, that day she wore herself out “taking exercise” and that night slept still less. Her thoughts would
persist in jumping from one subject to another, in a way that reminded her of those water bugs that dart over the surface of the water from one point to another.

She conceived a host of these bugs all darting over the water in different directions, then, one by one, disappearing till only the water was left, and she thought she was going to sleep. But the water lapped and lapped a boat into shape. There were two people in it. Then she began to think of the good time she had had with that Harvard fellow, that summer, at Roanoak and of everything that took place on that day, if not the whole summer.

And so it was, night after night. She couldn't remember having fallen asleep before the big clock down in the hall, had struck twelve, for three long torturous months.

Once she had counted the half hours till three o'clock, and thoroughly exasperated, got up and dressed. Taking out her wheel she rode and rode, way across the city, not knowing or caring where she was going. The stillness of the night was so impressive: the air so fresh and exhilarating. Not a soul abroad; she felt a delicious sense of freedom and of possession over everything.

She came finally to where there were great white tents spread out on the ground; big bonfires gave light to hundreds of people busily employed. Buffalo Bills show had come to town in the night and were getting things in readiness for the street parade and afternoon performance.

She left her wheel and went over to a tent where an Indian squaw was vainly trying to quiet a squalling papoose by jigging the cradle on the ground. She begged the mother to let her take it, and in five minutes had it sound asleep while the mother made rapid steps in the direction of the mess tent.

The noise of the bustle of preparation, champing horses, the ring of crow-bars, driving stakes and the rattle of knives and forks on tin plates, got into her blood. A sense of the unconventional overcame her so that when a fellow in buckskin leggins and a sombrero, probably taking her for the lady sharpshooter, mentioned that breakfast was ready, she accompanied him, and now boasts of having eaten breakfast with a circus troupe, and in every way seems a very superior person when the conversation trends to the saw-dust ring.
This has nothing to do with the story only it was that which served to teach her the taste of stolen fruit.

Waking up one morning at four o'clock and not being able to to get sleep again she dressed and went down on the front steps, to “usher in the day,” she called it. It was lots of fun to watch old mother Earth shake herself out of her slumbers with the approach of dawn.

It was still too dark to distinguish more than the outlines of objects when she was startled by a voice:

“Can I help you: are you in trouble?”

“Oh, no. I merely couldn’t sleep, and came out to watch the sun come up,” she said.

“Pardon me, then. It is so unusual to find anybody but serv—er, ah, to find young ladies,—nice young ladies, up at this time, that I was afraid something was the matter. To be frank I was rather disappointed that there wasn’t.”

From his voice and manner of speech she rather liked this chance diversion Fate had allowed her for a few moments. What matter if he was the milk man? She encouraged him to talk;

“You were? Why?”

“From a sense of the romantic,” he said. Most things of a startling nature happen when nobody is around, I have grown to expect something, and, well, because it’s so beastly dull for me at this time of the morning.”

“Yes,” she said to herself, “this must be the milk man. That’s what he meant by ‘this time in the morning: he comes every day.’ What harm, though? She could go in the house before her scandalized mother would catch her talking to the milk man. He seemed such a nice sort of milk man.

“So you were in hopes the house was on fire or there were burglars, and that you could gallantly turn in the alarm or offer protection to a poor defenseless maiden, is that?”

“But at least, that you had the tooth-ache and I could offer you some peppermint.”

“Oh! have you got some peppermint?” eagerly.

“No.”—and their laughter swept away any reserve, she might have felt.

Try as she would, she could not make out his features.
very interesting, talking so informally with a fellow she had not yet ever seen. She wondered if all milkmen offered such interesting diversity for sleepless small hours.

"But sleep" he resumed "I'm afraid I haven't any more of that than peppermint, I utilize every bit that comes my way. My trouble is oversleeping. You see, I have to get up at three."

"Oversleep. I wish I knew what the word meant. Can't you give me a formula? Up at three o'clock: milk a dozen cows: deliver so many quarts before breakfast, I suppose."

"What the dick—Oh, you thought I was the milkman. No not quite. I am carrying the morning paper—the Post, till"—

"O-oh, so you're the paper carrier?" with more emphasis on the "paper," and he became visibly embarrassed despite the dark.

"Well, I don't care what you are, you're nice, she thought. She remembered the fellow who used to carry the evening paper and stopped to talk to her over the fence, at home in the West, before father was sent to Washington, when they hadn't as much money, were more democratic, and happier, she remembered.

"Um, well, er, not—just—yes, I carry the papers." Then a pause during which she dimly discerned his paper bag under his arm, and noticed he was dressed in knickerbockers.

"I wish I had known you lived here, all along" he continued "I have been weaving romances for each of these houses for weeks. I had no way of telling in which house Cinderella lived, you know. I believe I had a crusty old couple, at your house, for whom the sun rose that they might read their paper. Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, direct descendents of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, no children, one servant, lots of dogs and cats, probably a parrot. Chippendale furniture, cellar and garret full of antiques of all sorts" he recited.

"My, but you are frank! Do you speculate that way with each of your subscribers?" and to herself she wondered what a paper carrier could know about Chippendale furniture.

Well, not all. You see. I go by what the name suggests, but Miss,—Somebody Hancock comes suddenly into the life of this old couple and upset all my theories."

"You were right however about father and his paper, but mother is the crusty one. You know my name. It is not chivalr-
ous to hold a lady at a disadvantage."

"Oh, call me ninety-seven. That's the number of my route, you know."

"Very well, ninety-seven, I—I wish I could see your face, won't you light a match?"

"I was just thinking of some ruse to get to see yours. No, I'm not as handsome by artificial light. Couldn't I call"—then he bit his lip, forgetting that Mr. Hyde never let Dr. Jekyll personal-

ity out of bounds.

She did nothing to ease the situation but wondered if there really wasn't some way by which such an odd acquaintance might be extended. Must it be put away and forgotten with the coming of dawn? She was sure she wouldn't forget his voice.

"I must go on: here is your paper." She felt it shake as he handed it to her.

"Please don't, ninety-seven. It's fully two hours till anyone gets up, and I'll be,—so lonesome."

"But your father would be very angry if he knew—"

"Oh, you've proven you don't know Mr. Hancock."

Couldn't you walk around a little? There isn't much more of the route and the exercise might help you to sleep" he ventured. "What a lark! I'll do it!" The unconventional attracting her again. "I'll get my hat,—if—"

"Oh, we'll be back before light, so no one need ever know you associate with your father's paper carrier," he said with a forced laugh.

"I con't care a thing about that," showing pique. "I'll get my hat, if you will just,—wait!" and was gone.

In a moment she joined him. He felt a thrill as she brushed him in the dark and together they started off.

He taught her to roll papers, while dimly he noted that she was graceful and had what he called "some style."

He tried to avoid the lamp posts, but happening to pass a short distance from one, they caught each other stealing glances and shamefacedly gave their attention to the matter of rolling papers, but in that time she saw that he was well groomed, and marveled more at the strangeness of paper carriers.

When she became proficient he pointed out the houses to her.
and told her to try to hit the porch. She tossed one tightly rolled, which hit the floor with a bang. Someone came to the door, and with a peal of laughter she grabbed him and ran.

He showed her some milk bottles on a ledge. "I aim to knock those off, every morning: it's lots of fun. I have broken three, see if we can hit one."

Together they both threw. A dull thud, then the sound of gurgling milk.

"Number four!—'and another Indian bit the dust!'

"No sir! that was mine. NUMBER ONE," she said.

"All right," resignedly, "I only wanted to shoulder the blame. We might get arrested."

"Do you really think there's any danger? I'm having such a lovely time, ninety-seven."

Further on he gently appropriated two buns from a bag left on a door-step and before these were gone, they came to a market and traded an early farmer, a paper, for a couple of apples.

She claimed nothing ever tasted so good, especially the buns, since they were stolen.

"Oh, there's a cat! Can I throw this paper?"

"Certainly!"

The cat escaped, unharmed, but coming to the end of the route they found he hadn't enough papers to go around so they had to go back and hunt for the one they had thrown at the cat.

Milk wagons and ice wagons began to proclaim the approach of day so they returned and he left her on the door-step with a short "good bye" and fled. It was getting light.

In the days that followed she couldn't get him out of her mind, which played great havoc with her sleep, so one morning within the month, found her on the steps at four o'clock again.

The boy that brought the papers, said that he had only started in that week. He didn't know anything about the previous carrier.

* * * * *

It was at the annual indoor meet of Georgetown University. Louise had gone with one of the Georgetown boys and her mother. She had shown an indifferent interest in most of the races: the trial heats bored her, until it came to the relay runs between the big
colleges. At the first lap, she was on her feet. Georgetown ran second, with Yale. Then she was on her feet, and yelling like the rest. Everybody around her was acting like mad. Around they went: two laps then a new relay. Ahead; then hopelessly behind. Georgetown was yelling itself hoarse at the fourth relay. It all depended now on these men and they were very close together. For Georgetown there was still hopes. If only Yale stumbled at the turn! The hall had quieted down. The heavy breathing of the runners could be heard trying to keep time with the clatter of their spiked shoes on the floor.

With set teeth and big blue veins bulging from his forehead Georgetown's man forced a burst of speed and stumbled across the tape a half second before Yale rolled over after him.

As he fell Louise caught his number. It was ninety-seven. Pandemonium had broken loose, but Louise was thinking!

Presently she heard her friend talking to her mother: "Most extraordinary fellow; Roberts. He was set on winning the pennant for Georgetown. Trained harder than anybody.Got up at three o'clock every morning, carried a paper-route in town, then rode out to college like mad, on his wheel, and took a cold shower bath before breakfast. Do you care to meet him, Louise? Roberts! There you are: just a minute please. My friend, Mr. Roberts, Miss Hancock:

"How do you do, ninety-seven. Then aside, "This is my crusty old mother," Mr. Roberts, Mother: we have been friends sometime.

Bert L. Forse, '06.
Beginnings as we all know, are small things, and there was a time when there was no literature, and the world's fiction consisted only of simple songs. Then myths grew and epics rose. In these, the leading characters were always gods, but as memory and imagination grew, metre and rhythm developed, and men of great achievement, such as warriors, kings, and rulers were added. With the invention of letters the world's fables became more numerous, but always still, the principal characters were mighty heroes, so that the word "hero" is still applied to the chief actor in the world's transcript of today.

Roughly speaking, Chaucer was the first to introduce the low-born hero of contemporary life into English fiction, but he did it sparingly. Shakespeare is greatest when he tells sad stories of the deaths of kings. The romance of kings died out with feudalism, and with democracy grew the first democratic hero, Robinson Crusoe. With the ascendency of the middle classes rose the middle class romance of Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, and Miss Austen. With the broadening of social sympathy came the noble hero of ignoble birth, of whom Charles Kingsley, and George Eliot, are the chief painters.

Thus fiction began and grew, and now we may truly say that we are living in an age of fiction. Never before in all the history of the world has so much fiction been read as in these days, and never before has there been so much fiction to read. Every day some new works of fiction are brought out, and there is always an unceasing cry for more. One can imagine the number of busy pens that are daily writing of imaginary doings of imaginary people, of their hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, vices and virtues. However, with all this increase we are wont to say that the quality does not improve with the quantity.

All sorts and conditions of people read fiction nowadays; the busy, the idle, the learned and ignorant, wise and foolish, rich and
poor, old and young. The diffusion of the rudiments of learning and the multiplication of the common schools, has much to do with the great increase of readers, especially among the young.

If we consider the matter, we find that the craving for fiction is one of the elemental instincts of the human race. This is shown in childhood when children are always demanding a story, or always inventing one. Nothing seems to be its plain self. The small mind appears to contrive a world, and fashion some character of its own.

Many people think that this increase of continual novel reading and writing is an evil sign of the times. They say that poetry is less read and valued, and this truly is a bad symptom for literature, if poetry is being excluded from its periodicals. Others say that such literary merits as style and form are no longer perceived, and that this rapid rise of novel writing and general lavish book production is putting literature on a low plane.

In our public libraries, books of poetry, philosophy, science, travels and history remain most of the time upon the shelves, seldom opened and with leaves unsoiled. But notice the works of fiction. These are always in the people's hands, finger-marked, greased, and almost read to pieces.

However, the reason for this is obvious. The great majority of the readers are of the hand-working, and middle classes, and they do not desire to read such works on philosophy and art which are not so refreshing. Such people at the close of the day's toil want something to refresh themselves with; so they resort to fiction.

Thus fiction has its uses and advantages in providing a large number of the people with a harmless amusement. It is not the tired hand and body worker alone, but the weary brain-worker also that is often so tired that nothing but a story can amuse and interest. There are also hours of pain that have been soothed and solitary days of weakness filled and lighted by the silent magic of fiction.

Novel reading like all other amusements can be abused, but unlike most amusements, it may be enjoyed both in society and solitude, and the pursuit of it is accompanied by no inconvenience to others. Finally, far from cramping the intellect, it often expands it, and inspires a taste for culture and information.

Effie Goslin, '04.
A QUEEN OF THE DESERT.

Northeast of Damascus, in the middle of a lonely desert, there stood, in ancient days, the city of Palmyra. It had been founded by a band of roving Arabs, who had settled on a large green oasis, which stood alone in the midst of the scorching sands.

Looking from the walls of Palmyra, nothing was to be seen save the yellow desert sand and the cloudless skies, but in the city, itself, the grass was fresh and green, sparkling streams sang through groves of palm; orange and citron trees abounded, and the air was sweet with the spicy odor of eastern flowers.

The inhabitants of Palmyra were worthy of their surroundings. They were a courageous, intelligent race, and had a worthy queen in Zenobia. It has been said that her beauty was only equalled by her understanding, and her virtue by her valor. She stood foremost among the women of Palmyra, who were noted for their courage, fortitude, and prudence.

The daughter of an Arab chieftain, who claimed descent from Cleopatra, Zenobia, during her girlhood, lived the wild, free life of the desert. She married Odenathus, who was an ally of the Romans, and governor of Palmyra. He was a great hunter and warrior, and on such expeditions was always accompanied by his wife.

Odenathus was a very ambitious man, and cherished dreams of some day freeing himself from the Roman yoke, and becoming an independent ruler. But before his ambitions were realized, he was assassinated by his nephew, Maeonius. Zenobia, however avenged her husband in true eastern fashion.

Palmyra had become so rich and important a city, that the Romans now determined to take entire possession of it. Zenobia, who was as ambitious as her husband had been, had taken the reins of government into her own hands, and so an army was sent against her. But the fearless woman led her gallant soldiers against the Romans, and completely defeated their far-famed legions.

After the defeat of the Romans, Zenobia was proclaimed
"Queen of the East." She gathered about herself a brilliant court, and persuaded Longinus, author of the "Treatise on the Sublime," and a very learned man, to take up his residence in Palmyra and become her prime minister. Zenobia was a very accomplished woman and spoke with ease, Greek, Syric, Egyptian, and Latin. She naturally encouraged the pursuit of knowledge among her subjects, and welcomed men of learning to her court.

The ambitious queen was not content with her possessions, and started out on a career of conquest. She succeeded in annexing Egypt, and part of Armenia and Asia Minor. Her dominions extended from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, and among her cities were Jerusalem, Antioch, and Damascus. She, however, preferred Palmyra above them all, and made it her capital. It was her delight to improve the city. Fountains, aqueducts, baths, and public buildings were built, many at the queen's own expense. Under her fostering care, Palmyra became a city fit, in its splendor and beauty, to vie with Athens and Rome.

In her domestic life, Zenobia set a good example. She attended to every detail of her children's education, and so much time did she devote to her family, that it is surprising how she managed to do her duty as a ruler.

The queen was like a mother to her people. Her rule was firm but mild, and the very humblest of her subjects were sure of receiving justice. It was a custom of hers to make a tour of the city on her birthday, accompanied by her court. Then it was that the love and patriotism of the people burst beyond all bounds. The loyal city wept and cheered, and children ran to the side of her chariot, their little hands filled with flowers.

But the Romans were not likely to let Palmyra flourish in peace under the wise sway of Zenobia. It was a bitter thought to that proud race that their armies had been defeated, and defeated by a woman. Moreover, in order to show their defiance to Rome, Zenobia's sons had appeared at a circus, arrayed like the Caesars. The people had cheered them to the echo, and the name of the Roman emperor had been banded about the arena, and insulted.

Therefore Aurelian, the emperor, led an army against Palmyra. Zenobia, not to be daunted, set out to meet him. She rode at the head of her soldiers in armour of polished steel, embossed with di-
amonds, "like an angel of battle clothed in flame." Many of the brave women of Palmyra, also clothed in armour, rode with their queen.

The two armies met at Antioch, and a desperate battle ensued. The queen fought like an Amazon, but neither her genius nor her bravery availed. The Palmyrians were overwhelmed by superior numbers, and fled. At Emessa they rallied, and turned on their pursuers. Zenobia urged them on by both word and deed, but in vain. They were defeated a second time, and retreated across the desert to Palmyra.

Aurelian sent a message to Zenobia, promising to be very lenient to Palmyra, if she would surrender that city, but she scornfully refused. Palmyra was strongly defended, and there was abundance of food and water within the walls. Moreover she was sure that the Romans would suffer greatly on the hot sands of the desert, beneath the scorching sun.

Aurelian, however, determined to lay siege to the city though he knew that he would labor under many disadvantages, and though he had the greatest respect for Zenobia's prowess. He once said that those who made light of the war, because it was waged with a woman, knew nothing about the power and character of the Palmyrian queen.

The Romans now laid siege to the city, which Zenobia desperately defended. They failed to break down the gates, and when they attempted to undermine the walls, boiling pitch was poured down on their heads. Aurelian finally determined to starve the city into surrender.

Another proposal that she surrender was sent to the queen, but she replied that the day when Palmyra surrendered would be her last on earth. Soon after that, finding that things were going hard with her people, she decided to go to Persia to get help. She fled in the night, but was betrayed to the Romans by one of her own kinsmen, who pursued and overtook her. She was brought back to Palmyra, and when her despairing people saw their queen a prisoner, they surrendered the city. Aurelian was very kind to the Palmyrians, though he executed Longinus and other counsellors of the queen.

Rome witnessed a grand triumphal procession when her em-
peror returned. All the wealth of plundered Palmyra passed before her eyes, and in front of her own chariot walked Zenobia. She wore her diadem and her robes of state, but was loaded with golden fetters. Though humiliated before the eyes of a hostile people, and exposed to the shouts and gibes of the brutal populace, she still bore herself with majestic queenliness.

Aurelian was too generous to persecute further his vanquished foe. According to one report she was given a house on the banks of the Tiber, and there lived peacefully with her children till she died. Another report says that she starved herself to death.

Palmyra soon met with a sad fate. Its inhabitants found the Roman yoke intolerable, and rebelled. Aurelian, in his anger, ordered the city to be destroyed, and the people to be put to the sword. His commands were carried out, though afterwards he bitterly repented of his hasty decision. A few ruins in the desert are all that now remain of Palmyra.

_Helen Garrity, '06._
THE REBEL AND THE FEDERAL.

Weary of the science and philosophy of books; of the hustle and noise on the streets, it seemed for the moment, even of life itself, I wandered away into the cool, shady forest skirting the rear of the college grounds. Here was rest and solitude: what could be more delightful!

I sat down on a large oak which had recently been cut. Glancing at its stump I began counting the rings. “Over a hundred and fifty years old, what a pity such an old veteran of the forest should have been thus thoughtlessly cut down!” I said to myself. Then I must have fallen into a deep reverie for I heard a low moaning sound. It grew louder and louder till it seemed as if some human being was trying to address me. Yet I saw no one. I found myself gazing at the heart of the stump. It was there the voice came from! Filled with wonder, I listened.

“Alas, that this should be my fate”, it said. “I who have withstood the winds and storms of a hundred and fifty years, I who saved the life of that valiant hero and have given shade to hundreds. Is this the realization of my dreams in which I fancied myself being made into a chair for one of the distinguished personages yonder in the Capitol! Here I am left to rot and crumble away!”

“Tell me of that hero!” I cried forgetting myself.

“Listen then. It was in the time of war and many were the gallant soldiers that passed under my wide spreading branches.

“The looks of admiration they threw me filled me with pride.

“You remember the time Washington was threatened and all that took place then. Your histories tell you. Well, now and then I saw what I presume was a spy, sometimes in blue and again in grey picking his way cautiously through this woods. I became especially interested in two blue-coats one day. They stopped right under my branches and began talking of some one.

“I soon made out that they were tracking or laying in wait for a spy. At least that was my inference. They went off in differ-
The Rebel and the Federal

ent directions saying they would meet again where I stood. Towards evening I saw a person coming along. Though he wore no uniform I knew by his bearing he must be a soldier. This was the person whom the two Federals were after. How I longed to warn him of his danger! To my delight, though, also alarm he stopped right under me. Taking off his hat he wiped his hot brow and looked up at my sheltering branches.

"Hesitating only a moment he drew a rope from a bag he carried. Throwing it over my lowest limb he drew himself up and climbed to where four of my largest branches forked out forming a comfortable seat far from the ground.

"Here he was safe enough while it was dark.

"True to their word the two blue-coats returned. I was not a little alarmed to see them prepare to spend the night at my foot.

"They sat talking long into the night of their plans for the morrow and of the late events of the war.

"The Rebel, as I shall call him, seemed very much interested in all they said. I trembled to think what his fate would be if those below should hear him.

"Daylight came all too soon for me. My Rebel seemed anxious to get away. In fact he became so restless I was thoroughly alarmed. Why, he even tied his rope to one of my limbs and seemed ready to drop down.

"I wondered why he did not put a bullet into the hearts of the two men sleeping at my foot. He was well armed and could easily do it.

"Impatient to be off he was just climbing out on the branch where he had tied his rope when suddenly one of the men below moved and sat up. He roused his companion.

"With a light spring the man on my branch got back to his hiding place.

"What's that?" exclaimed one of the Federals. "I am sure I heard something'.

"Looking up, he saw the rope dangling from the branch and the next moment spied my Rebel.

"'Ah! that must be our man. Shall I fire?'

"'No, we had better take the slave beater alive. It will be better to have him strung up like the sneaking spy he is than to
shoot him like a squirrel. Come down and surrender sir! It's the only thing to do.'

"'It is, is it? If you take me dead it won't be my fault but alive, never!'

"Inconvenient as was his position I saw he was ready to defend himself. The determined look in his fine face and flashing eye showed plainly he felt no fear.

"Suddenly a shot pierced the still morning air. The Rebel dodged it just in time. The ball rent the bark from one of my limbs, leaving a ghastly scar. Quick as a flash he returned the fire and one of the men below lay stretched on the ground apparently dead. The other fired but the ball lodged in a neighboring tree. Seeing the formidable weapon of the Rebel aimed at him the Federal dodged behind a tree just in time to escape.

"Shots were fired and returned in quick succession till the man behind the tree had exhausted his supply of bullets.

"'Come now', said the latter, 'this racket has of course been heard, for there are others besides my unfortunate companion and I in the neighborhood'.

"'I have but one ball left. I will surrender, not as a spy, but a prisoner of war, or not at all'.

"'You have shown yourself too much of a man to be treated like a dog. Come, I accept your terms!'

"'Why this man is not dead!' exclaimed the Rebel as he helped raise the unconscious form from the ground.

"'We'll take him to the first house we see and leave him there'.

"Years have passed by since then but the memory of these two men, the Rebel and his captor, has never faded from my heart. But this is not all! Only a few years ago on a beautiful afternoon in June, I saw a young couple coming down the path to my right. As they came near I was struck by the appearance of the young man. He was the very picture of the Federal I have just told of. They stopped under me. The young lady looked up after studying me closely for a moment and exclaimed: 'Why this must be the very same oak in which my father so nearly met his fate during the Civil War!'

"'Your father! why he must have been the same that mine captured. He has told me the story often'.
"'How strange, and we did not know!'\n
'No we did not know', said he taking her hands and drawing her to him. 'Now you little Rebel, what shall be your fate?'

'The fate of the other Rebel', she whispered softly."

E. C. Anderson, '06.

OYiJRCSOMIlSKI.

The chemist's skillful hand transforms for use A substance that seemed worthless to reduce; He changes harmful products into food, And opens up to us a store of good.

So I by cheerfulness may turn a day Inwrapped in gloom to one in gold array, Dispelling thus the mist that mars my view Of beauties that the sunbeams glad bestrew.

And nature's adverse force the engineer Brings into service, learns its course to steer: Against the royal man no wall should stand Within the realm that's given to his hand.

So I by courage true may utilize The force of trials as like waves they rise: Their pressure, useful steam, will faith control To help me onward to my final goal.

Our treasures to be won are hid in soil That we may use our tools and learn by toil; So more and more the truth is understood, That all things work together for our good.

J. H. McFarlane, '07.
The Assassination.

It is midnight at the college, the great tower clock has tolled off the hour of twelve. The students have retired. The stately old halls are deserted and silent.

A dark shadow passes down the main hall and enters the basement another shadow soon follows.

An hour passes, the gloom has increased, a drizzling rain falls.

A side door leading from the engine room opens and a draped figure emerges. It reaches the sidewalk and pauses. A moment later a second black shadow appears. A few words are exchanged between them and they move cautiously away in the direction of a cottage situated in a clump of trees across the campus. As they near the house they proceed slowly and with great care. They pace back and forth before the house, now walk around it, all the time drawing nearer and nearer. At length, trembling, they stand beneath a window. Two gleaming daggers thrust under the sill causes it to yield several inches with a loud creaking noise. Simultaneously the two dark forms turn and flee in terror from the spot. Both faces are deathly pale but the fact is concealed by dark masks.

A clump of bushes swallows them up and they pause breathless and ashamed of their mad panic. They timidly retrace their steps and stand again beneath the window. It raises a few inches higher, then the space is sufficient, but which shall enter first?

One draws back and beckons the other to follow indicating he wishes the project abandoned. But his companion stands steadfast, with a gesture which plainly means "avaunt coward," he awakens himself noiselessly through the window. He has scarcely disappeared before his companion slips through the window and stands by his side.

A bull's eye lantern flashes its light about the room and the gleam shows a gaunt form stretched out in the corner. Keeping the light playing on the sleeper they move towards him with the greatest care. A chloroformed sponge is held to his nostrils while
his limbs are secured with strong cords. Gathering the limp body between them they bear it through the window and away in the darkness.

At the arched door-way of the gymnasium they pause, and place their victim on a barrel head. The noose of a rope is slipped about his neck, drawn tight and secured to the vaulted roof.

All in readiness, the barrel, impelled by two kicks, flies out the door-way and rolls down the steps.

The rope tightens; a few convulsive twitches and a lifeless body sways to and fro above the polished hardwood floor.

Two dark forms turn and flee in terror from the spot.

All is quiet again as the gaunt figure in the door-way sways back and forth, growing cold and rigid.

Morning dawns, oh, horrors, the sight that greets the students as they pass the gymnasium. There hanging cold and lifeless in the door-way is the body of the watchman's old, blind, and deaf grey-hound!

*Clyde Stevens, '05.*
EDITORIAL.

This is anniversary year and the College has reached its 40th milestone. There will be appropriate exercises to commemorate the event and it is proposed by the Board to get out a special or anniversary number of the Buff and Blue in June. It will be their aim to show in a nutshell the history of the College and what it has done in the way of higher education. Further particulars concerning this issue will be given in our next issue.

A PLEASING CUSTOM.

It is a source of much gratification to note that this year's graduating class has decided to continue the several customs in connection with Presentation day and Class day. Nothing could be more pleasing than these customs adding, as they do, a charm to the events, and seem to recall the past few years of earnest endeavor towards gaining a higher education as well as being a guiding stone to those in the lower classes, pointing out the way to them and showing them what has been accomplished, and encouraging them on to the goal.

The planting of a class tree is one of these customs, and one which each succeeding class should not be tardy in "keeping green." There is abundant room left about the Green for a tree or a shrub, and ivy will still cling to the walls of the buildings in many places. The class of 1902 revived this custom after it had lain dead for almost twelve years and it should not be allowed to languish again. It may not be generally known that all the ivies that now cling to the college buildings were planted by different classes with the exception of the one covering the terrace which was set out by Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. There is a beauty and charm in the custom. While the class will
be scattered everywhere and severe its connection with the college, a growing tree will always be a living representative of that which has been and is no more. And the class can feel that although they have taken away much with them, they have added at least a little to the beauty of the Green, and left something to grow for succeeding generations of students.

Another custom which will be continued is the wearing of cap and gown on Presentation day. This puts all the class on an equality and the poor student can look as well as his more fortunate brother which would be impossible otherwise unless at a great sacrifice. Some have always objected to the wearing of cap and gown, but their reasons appear to be very meagre and are based mostly on individual preferences. We think that which is for the best of all should be the dominating spirit, and that petty personal whims should be cast aside. It adds dignity to the occasion and places the exercises at which they are worn in a class wholly different from other exercises; and, furthermore, it helps to separate the class from the crowd, so much that a Barnabas need not climb a tree to show that he is one of those who has about finished his college work.

The Porter Memorial. In the May issue of last year it was announced that a committee had been appointed to take up contributions from among the Alumni for the purchase of a suitable memorial to the late Professor Samuel Porter. The expectations of the committee have been more than fulfilled and in this issue, in the Alumni department, will be found a statement showing that more than the required sum has been subscribed and that the dedication of the memorial will be a part of the exercises of Presentation day. All this speaks well for the Alumni who were quick to respond and to "give honor to whom honor is due." Professor Porter was connected with the College for many years and always wanted to be doing something for its welfare and progress.

The memorial will take "the shape of a presentation to
The undergraduates of a set of the New International Encyclopaedia in seventeen volumes, handsomely bound, placed in a separate case, both the case and each volume suitably inscribed." In this first bulletin it was proposed to place the memorial in the Library, as at his death Professor Porter was librarian, but since then the committee has reconsidered the plan and it will be placed in the Co-eds Reading Room until next fall, when it will be transferred to the students Reading Room. But one disadvantage of placing it in the students Reading Room is that it cannot be used by the Co-eds or other non-members; but it is hoped that in time there will be funds at hand to purchase a new set for them, or it can be transferred to the Library when a place can be found for it there.
The Alumni.

'95. Arnold Kiene has about concluded that the one place on earth for him is Dubuque, Iowa. For several years, like a good husband, he has been trying to acclimatize himself in West Virginia, the native state of Mrs. Kiene (ex-'99), but his health has repeatedly given way and compelled him to throw up West Virginia business and plans and return to Iowa, where he is now. Mr. Kiene finds fault with the "Aluminum" Editor for dubbing his home in West Virginia, a "palace", saying that "he never thought he lived in anything but a decent house." Well, well; this is always the way with royal natures, we believe,—they never think of their palaces as aught but decent houses; and, if Mr. Kiene will go and build houses that dazzle and obfuscate the unsophisticated West Virginian correspondents of the deaf-mute press, our shiny metallic pride promptly throws back any imputation that we are to blame. If Mr. Kiene wants our unbiased opinion of his houses, he'll have to pay our fare to West Virginia and back: until then our opinion must, perforce follow public opinion, as represented by the "jab"berers of the deaf-mute press.

'78. Frank C. Holloway has recently joined the growing caste of "farmer-teachers", having purchased a farm of twenty-five acres about one-half mile east of the Iowa School at Council Bluffs, where he has labored so long and so well. Meanwhile the "Aluminum" Editor's agricultural longings are restricted to a twenty-five-square-yard back lot.

Harry G. Long, ex-'05, is now doing well and getting good pay as a clerk in the offices of The Woodmen of the World in Omaha, Neb.

'97. Rev. Franklin C. Smielau has a parish covering
about twenty-five thousand square miles in Pennsylvania, and containing a deaf population of about two thousand. The reverend gentleman has to be as ubiquitous as the fly and as lively as a cricket. He is honored and popular everywhere, even the people outside his parish seeking to do him honor, as in Baltimore recently, where the deaf people gave a reception to our genial friend and his wife (Miss Parkinson, ex-'04.)—Miss Minnie E. Morris is now teaching a deaf and blind pupil in the Mississippi School at Jackson. Her patience and enthusiasm will do their perfect work.

'92. Eagle-eyed friends have of late detected the fine hand of Martin M. Taylor in the editorial columns of The Hoosick Valley Democrat.

'96. A. H. Sessoms of Waycross, Ga., is in town. He thinks Waycross is too much like "Wayback", and, during his visit to Washington, is trying to transplant himself into a government position. Under the circumstances, he feels deeply his misfortune in being born a Southerner and a Democrat. But the Republican administration could go very much farther than Waycross and fare no whit better if it wants a competent, faithful, and intelligent worker.

'02. Lester G. Rosson, ex-'02, was expecting to play professional base-ball with the Wheeling, West Va., team, but they cut his salary and he refused to report. Nashville, Tenn., gave him a trial, and was so well satisfied with his work that she promptly paid Wheeling the sum asked for his release, and engaged him for a year at nearly one-and-a-half times more pay than he had received in Wheeling. So all things work together for Lester's good.—R. C. Carpenter has come to Washington to pursue his studies under Sculptor Dunbar of the Corcoran School of Art. So while E. E. Hannan, ex-'01, goes from Washington to Chicago to study sculpture Mr. Carpenter comes from Chicago to Washington for the same purpose. Mr. Carpenter is engaged on a memorial bas-relief of Rev. B. M. Fay, father of our Professor Fay, who was for many of the early years of the Michi-
gan School its efficient superintendent. Mr. Carpenter wishes to avail himself of the criticisms and suggestions of the relatives and others who knew the elder Fay.

'76. J. W. Michaels, now teaching in the Arkansas School, has organized a Baptist mission to deaf-mutes in Little Rock, and preaches at the First Baptist Church every Sunday afternoon.

J. E. Purdum, ex-'05, is doing well at farming and gardening near Little Rock, Ark., his skill being remarked by his neighbors. He has recently had the sorrow of losing his mother.

Cline Nisbet, ex-'06, is now a citizen of New Orleans, La., being employed there in a large tailoring establishment. He is said to be trying to absorb the philosophy of Carlyle’s *Sartor Resartus*.

The annual encampment of Gallaudet boys at Great Falls, Md., is becoming a national institution, and each year an increasing number of alumni make a pilgrimage thither to sate their hunger for the camp-flapjacks, and to slake their thirst at that glorious mountain brook that comes splashing and laughing down the hillside. This year, Hewetson, '03, coming down from Cornell, was there with the first, bunked with the boys, and was the last to tear himself away. Carpenter, '02, was also there as much as his art-studies would permit, and Ballard, '66, Hotchkiss, '69, Merrill, '96, and Erickson, '03, were there from one day to three, while Escherich, ex-'07, ran down from Pittsburgh to get a taste of former joys with a taste of camp “grub.” At this rate we shall soon have an alumni meeting in camp, and learned papers will be read around the camp-fire on the proper composition and treatment of the deaf flapjack, the correct thickness and rigidity of the “geological cake,” and the just proportion of canal water to that of the mountain brook in the “qualitative stew.”

'03. P. T. Hughes, having borne the heat and burden of the year, is now taking a short rest from his work in the
Stephenson Car Works, Elizabeth, N. J. He is looking prosperous and is well satisfied with his treatment and prospects in New Jersey. "Jersey lightning" and Jersey mosquito have no terrors for Peter.

J. T. McDonough, ex-'07, has been coaching the College nine this Spring, but has now departed for Albany, N. Y., the scene of his future "benders" and "twisters". These words are to be taken only in their base-ball sense; we would not have his friends think of him as living a tortuous life in any other sense.

The Chicago Alumni of Gallaudet ate their annual toothsome banquet on the evening of April 9th, in commemoration of the signing of the act creating Gallaudet College by President Lincoln in 1864.

'89. Daniel Teller, ex-'89, of Kalamazoo, Mich., receives $4000 from his father who died recently.

'90. O. H. Regensburg has, at the beginning of this glad new year received over one thousand and one calendars. He will have no excuse for not knowing that it is Sunday.

'88. Henry Gross has been obliged by the pressure of class-room duties to resign as editor of The Missouri Record, to the regret of his brethren of the quill and scissors.

'90. We observe that correspondents are sending congratulations to H. L. Tracy on the arrival of another "bouncing" boy, and we add our own. His name is Wilmer. Mr. Tracy objects editorially to being called a Baton "Rogue", and we do not blame him. Who wants to be called a rogue?

'80. Signs of Spring : F. W. Bigelow, ex-'80, was seen in Boston last week hurrying to catch a train with a new pitchfork in his hand. We hope he carried it with the tines pointing backward.

'86. E. S. Waring, ex-'86, is still proprietor of a printing office in Grinnell, Iowa. He has for some years published an independent paper for the deaf, The Indicator. By independent, we mean that it is not printed at a school for the
The Alumni.

deaf and does not have most of the work on it done for nothing by the pupils of the school. Many have been the predictions of the early failure of Mr. Waring's paper, but he keeps it up year in and year out, and has made it of value to the deaf people of the middle-west.

NORMALS.

'03. Miss Elizabeth F. Freeman has verified the predictions of the Kendall Green prophets by getting married. But then, prophecy in her case was only commonplace guess-work for her attractiveness of person and character was such as to make it a certainty that she would not long remain unmated. She is the daughter of S. M. Freeman, '78. The gentleman's name is Simmons. The couple will make their home in Anderson, Indiana.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, TREASURER'S NOTICE.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.,
April 10th., 1904.

As required by the constitution and by-laws of the association, on the first of April, I sent out notices to the members reminding them that their dues became payable on the first of May. Owing to changes in addresses, some of my notices failed to reach their destination. So far those addressed to the following have been returned, unclaimed: Messrs. Harry White (Boston), A. H. Sessoms and Misses Minnie E. Morris and Elizabeth DeLong, and Mrs. Erickson (Laura Frederick) and Mrs. Kavanagh (Baltimore). I should appreciate the kindness of any one furnishing me with their correct addresses.

This is convention year and those in arrears are earnestly desired to even up and become members in "full standing". It is easy to send in the small amount of dues (fifty cents) each year, but when neglected, the amount grows by accumulation of dues and fines until it becomes quite a formidable sum.

Many of the graduates of the College have not yet become members of the Alumni Association. They should feel, that, in this matter, no special invitation is necessary but the older members of the Alumni are always happy to receive the younger generation into the fold, and the latch string to the door of the Association always hangs out to them. The strength and useful-
ness of the Association increases with its numbers. The initiation fee is but one dollar, and surely, every graduate whose heart still beats warm for his alma mater will feel his purse strings loosening when he reads the following words from the constitution expressing the object of the Association:

"The object shall be to preserve and increase the influence and prestige of the College; to extend the sphere of its benefits among those for whom it was established; to oppose all influences tending to restrict those benefits; and, secondarily, to perpetuate the friendships formed in College, and to promote relations between graduates of different College generations."

In compliance with action taken at the Buffalo meeting, the Executive Board of the Association are arranging for the manufacture of alumni pins and buttons and these will soon be ready. The prices have not yet been fixed but will not likely exceed $1.50 for the plated ones and $3.00 for those of solid gold.

Fraternally yours,
J. Schuyler Long, '89.
Treasurer.

THE PORTER MEMORIAL.

The following belated subscriptions have been paid during the month:

[Through S. G. Davidson, Penna.]
Miss May Stemple, $1.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Smielau, 1.00

[Through Winfield S. Bunde.]
James M. Park, Cal., 1.00

[Through B. R. Allabough, Penna.]
Frank A. Leitner, 1.00

[Through C. W. Charles, Ohio.]
A. B. Greener, 1.00
A. F. Wood, 1.00

Also, from
James W. Sowell, Neb., .50
Mrs. James W. Sowell, Neb., .50
Earle L. Appleby, Ia., 1.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stafford, Michigan, 1.00

Total, $9.00
Reported in March Buff and Blue, 254.00

Grand total, $263.00

All the volumes of the encyclopaedia have now been published.
The Alumni.  

The preparation of the memorial set and the accessories that will accompany it is in progress.

It has been arranged that the presentation of the set shall be a part of the exercises of next Presentation Day, May 4. The presentation address will be delivered by Samuel G. Davidson, '85, formerly editor of the Mt. Airy World, now associate editor of the Association Review, and long a leading instructor in the Mt. Airy school. While a separate date for the presentation would in some respects be preferable, it is believed that the above date is on the whole the best, because the incident will be of genuine interest to the hearing public as well as to the deaf, and a greater number of the latter—especially of the alumni and of the contributors—is likely to be present than would find it practicable at any time during the school year. All, especially graduates, former students, and contributors, are cordially invited to be present.

Amos G. Draper,
Chairman.

ALUMNI NOTICE.

The Sixth Convention of the Alumni Association of Gallaudet College meets Aug. 22nd, at the Schuyler Memorial House, 1210 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., at 2:30 p.m. Members expecting to attend are requested to notify the chairman of the local committee, J. H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis.

F. R. Gray,
President.

J. H. Cloud,
Secretary.
How do you like the Blue Books?

Who said that Cod Liver Oil was made from plants and roots?

Now that Hewetson, '03 has left, Johnson, '07 comes to the front as the Beau Brummel of Kendall Green.

"I feel safer walking on a R. R. track than when standing on those East-front steps" sagely remarked "Duck" Kutzleb. Verily, Experience is a dear teacher.

Sunday School Teacher: "For what are we indebted to the Jews?"

Mikesell, '06: "For reducing the price of clothing."

The last Sunday School concert of the year given by the student body had the subject, "Soul—Spirit," for discussion. The next one will be led by the Senior class.

Prof. (in Sunday School)—"What effect did the feeding of the five thousand have on the multitude?"

Fair Soph.—"The people were filled."

"Oh, I'm all bawled up" said little John Gaw after having cried thirty minutes over something about which he forgot before the time was up.

Peyton, '07 claims that he is a stranger to all the fair ones in Willard hall. Whether his tone was one of satisfaction or regret remains unknown.

It seems that the Alumni have not yet forgotten the Co-eds. Messrs. Carpenter, '02, Hewetson, '03, and Stewart, '99 have been pleasant visitors on their side.

"What's all that noise about upstairs?" "Oh, That is Hoffmaster, going to class, who wants to impress upon you that he has the right to make a noise."

A miniature bit on the wall in Room 28 is the subject of much
Locals.

curiosity. Some one offered the suggestions that it was kept in readiness for the night mare!

Three boxes for the Palace of Education will be sent out to represent Gallaudet at the Exposition. One of the students will follow later on, but he will not go in a box.

The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club has made changes in the by-laws which now permit friends of members outside of the student body to enjoy the same privileges as members.

Brown, '05 having gone out of the candy business, now dispenses hot air. Philology 13— (which at Gallaudet, means Room 13) bears the burden, for the most part.

Dr. Gallaudet had to handle a “measley” paper after the examination, but the result was that it was not “measley” after all—i.e., the student passed though he had the measles.

Mrs. Day and Mrs. Fay are down in Kentucky visiting their relatives for a month or so. Prof. Day and Prof. Fay accompanied them there but returned just before the Easter vacation gave way to the usual “grind.”

Fair Freshman to Co-ed— “I have something like an abscess in my mouth.”

Wise Senior— “You had better have it cancelled (lanced) as soon as possible!”

Miss Allen, '05 and Miss Fish, '05 were the hostesses of a delightful “Pit” party given to the girls of their class on Saturday evening, April 9th. Their Charlotte Russe has made them famous and will be a rage by and by.

He:— (after the S. S. concert) “You have my congratulations for the part you took in the concert.”

She:— “Oh, it was nothing worth mentioning.”

He:— “Never mind that. You have them all the same!”

In following the principle that it always pays to leave a good impression at the last moment, a certain Duckling suffixed “Pax vobiscum” to her examination in Latin, and indeed she passed. This may be a hint to future generations.

Miss Bowden, Normal, and Miss Kimball, I. C. have been confined to the hospital on account of the German measles that made
victims of them. The former has gone to Philadelphia where she will remain for several weeks.

Quite a number of the "Old Boys" spent the Easter vacation with the undergraduates. Hewetson, '03 and Carpenter, '02 with Escherich, ex-'07, and a brother of John Friend, ex-'05 were familiar figures during the week.

Ernest Mather, '04 evidently wants to keep those German measles in the family. He no sooner got well than his brother Earl came down with them so we suppose they were smuggled. His brother at home in Indiana, also has them! Strange?

Soph.—"Have you heard about the exams?"

Fresh. (misinterpreting his signs)—"No I didn't hear any thunder".

Soph. (equal to his occasion)—"Well, you probably will when the result is announced".

"Stick-to-it-iveness" is the name for it. Wys, '04 didn't invent the word, but he and his party helped to more firmly establish it. They decided to go camping and undaunted by the loss of their tent, the antics of J. Pluvius, the obstinacy of their stove "and some more" held out till the last stake was pulled.

Judging from what the Co-eds bring down to Camp Gallaudet on Ladies' Day, it is evident that they are trying to draw the campers back to civilization. Luxuries spoil half the fun of that outing, so ladies, if you still want to enjoy the exodus out there, better not load yourselves with Jello or any such things on that special day.

Several of the boys, carrying operations into the opponents' territory, broke all precepts by entertaining a number of the young ladies in the matron's parlor. Those present were the Misses Ellis, Peet, Patterson, Bowden, Fay, Marbut, Goldstein, and the Messrs. Neesam, Winemiller, Manning, Stevens, Drake, Cooley, and Bruns.

What they took to camp: Sayles, '06, Flinch; Winston, '07, A Chinese Puzzle; Wys, '04, A Hoodoo; McFarlane, '07, Tracts; Hewetson, '03, His "Poipe,"; Roberts, '04, His razor; Hendricks, '04, His girl; Friedman, '04, His tapemeasure; Horton, '07, His boot-trees; Faupel, '07, Celluloid collar; Cameron, '04, A "biled shirt"; The visitors, A healthy appetite.
We know that evolution turns small things gradually into great things, and whenever a good thing starts, we wish it to develop into something better. This was the case with the little trip in a boat on the canal at Great Falls that some of the Co-eds enjoyed. So we hope that the little boat will take a longer run next year and bring the ladies down to Cabin John from camp by way of the canal.

Soph. (in selecting study for irregular course)—“I wish to take up English Words.”

Prof.—“It is all very well, but it may be too easy for you and you need something hard to make you more studious.”

Soph.—“Well, what shall I take then?”

Prof.—“Philology is the thing for you.”

And he accepted the advice innocently.

A party comprising all the double-jointed, nimble footed denizens of the Green accompanied Mr. Bryant out Bladensburg road to the duelling grounds last Sunday. Hendricks, ’04 under the influence of the fifty or more duels that have taken place in the vicinity, challenged Friedman, ’04, who chose his kodak for a weapon and shot him full length on the spot. Pictures may be had for 15 cents. Ladies free.

For Freshmen composition one of the subjects was about the gatekeeper at the railroad crossing. A couple of Freshies to be foxy, stole a march on the rest of the class and went down to talk to the 7th Street tender, expecting to get some personal reminiscences, “from an eye witness” as it were. This is what the gentleman wrote for them: “Dear sir I can’t tell R R co Binness to any one please excuse me yours truly.

CLUB NOTES.

The following officers will preside over future meetings of the clubs named:

LITERARY SOCIETY.—President, H. D. Drake, ’04; Vice-president, O. C. Meunier, ’05; Secretary, W. C. Fugate, ’06; Treasurer, W. W. Sayles, ’06; Librarian, C. L. Clark, ’06; Valedictorian, H. D. Drake, ’04; Respondent, E. H. Garrett, ’05.

READING ROOM CLUB.—Seniors, F. J. Neesam and D. Fried
man; Juniors, E. H. Garrett and H. C. Cooley; Sophomores, D. M. Reichard and C. L. Clark.

O. W. L. S.—President, Miss Goslin, '04; Vice-president, Miss Hall, '05; Secretary, Miss Fritz, '06; Librarian, Miss Dickson, '07; Treasurer, Miss Marshall, '06; Chairman Executive Committee, Miss Morse, '05.

Young Ladies' Reading Room.—Chairman, Miss Peet; Secretary, Miss Ren, I. C.; Treasurer, Miss Dickson, '07; Librarian, Miss Fish, '05; Ass't Librarian, Miss Christal, I. C.
GALLAUDET 5.

At Annapolis, Md., March 19.—Gallaudet opened her baseball season by a game with the Naval Cadets. Meunier pitched the first four innings and Curtis the remainder. Curtis, a new man was rather wild at first, but showed improvement in the next innings. Gallaudet's fielding was ragged, thirteen errors being marked against them. The work of Leitch for Gallaudet was a feature. He made five put outs of as many chances.

Score:

GALLAUDET.

| Meunier, p, cf. | 2 2 0 2 1 |
| Cooper, lf.    | 0 1 0 0 1 |
| Hunter, ss.    | 0 1 2 1 1 |
| Leitch, rf.    | 0 0 5 0 0 |
| Curtis, cf. p. | 0 0 2 5 4 |
| Winemiller, 2b.| 1 0 2 2 4 |
| Jackson, c.    | 1 0 1 2 0 |
| Cooley, 1b.    | 0 0 11 0 0 |
| O'Donnell, 3b. | 1 1 1 1 2 |

NAVA.

| Spafford, lf.  | 2 0 1 0 0 |
| Gulp, rf.      | 0 2 0 0 0 |
| Hughes, cf. p. | 2 1 0 2 0 |
| Pegram, 1b.    | 1 1 10 0 1 |
| Theobold, 3b.  | 2 0 2 2 1 |
| McWhorter, 2b. | 5 1 1 2 0 |
| Hall, ss.      | 4 1 0 1 1 |
| Stiles, c.     | 1 1 9 1 1 |
| Needham, p.    | 1 0 0 1 0 |
| Van Auken, p.  | 0 0 0 0 0 |
| Sym'gton, c.   | 1 0 2 0 0 |
| Cohen, cf.     | 2 1 2 2 0 |

Totals 5 5 24 13 13

Summary:—Earned runs, Gallaudet, 1; Navy 4. Two-base hits, Meunier, and Hall. Three-base hits, McWharter. Left on bases, Gallaudet 5; Navy 8. Stolen bases, Hall 3; Needham, Pegram, O'Donnell. Struck out, by Needham 7; by Hughes, 1; by Van Auken 1; by Meunier 2. Bases on balls, Off Meunier 3; Off Curtis 7. Passed balls, Jackson 2; Symington. Wild throws,
The Buff and Blue.

Symington 2. Hit by pitched ball, Jackson. Umpire, Mr. Bernard Wefers, of Georgetown.

GALLAUDET 7. B. H. S., 7.

At Kendall Green, March 26.—The second game of the season was played with the Business High School. It was an interesting and exciting game, both teams doing good work. Curtis pitched the first five innings and Meunier the rest. Both pitchers did well, and each struck out 9 and 8 men respectively. Leitch showed up well, both in fielding and stick work.

Gallaudet 2 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—7 11 9
B. H. S. 0 0 1 0 1 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 0—7 7 8

GALLAUDET 4. T. H. S., 27.

At Kendall Green, April 4.—In a very ragged game, Gallaudet lost to the Technical High School. Both Curtis and Meunier, who pitched for Gallaudet, were batted all over the field. Gallaudet's errors were numerous.

Gallaudet 0 1 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—4 8 14
T. H. S. 2 4 4 2 0 5 3 7 x—27 8 3

GALLAUDET 9. GUNTON-TEMPLE 15.

At Kendall Green, April 6.—The Gunton-Temple team crossed bats with the Varsity on the home grounds. Harper, a new man was given a trial in the box, but his place had to be taken in the fourth inning by Meunier, who pitched an excellent game, considering his poor support.

Gallaudet 5 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 0—9 8 8
G. T. 1 0 4 2 0 4 2 2 x—15 9 8

GALLAUDET 8. B. H. S., 7.

At Kendall Green, April 9.—Gallaudet won a very close and exciting game from the Business High School by the score of 8 to 7. Curtis in the box for Gallaudet pitched a steady game. The fielding and stick work of Gallaudet was good.

Gallaudet 4 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 x—8 12 6
At Kendall Green, April 13.—The Gallaudet Reserves and the Holmead Manor teams crossed bats on the Garlic Field. The visitors started well but soon gave way to errors, while the Reserves played steadily throughout. O'Donnell, a boy-pitcher did the box work for the Reserves.

**Gallaudet Reserves 18.**

**Holmead Manor 11.**

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<th>R. H. E.</th>
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EXCHANGES.

We note in certain of our exchanges a tendency on the part of the ex-man to criticize his exchanges for what they are not, rather than for what they are. Now, it of course goes without saying that the aim of every editorial board is, or should be, to turn out a well-balanced magazine of consistent quality from month to month. We suppose the ideal college monthly is one which contains essays, stories and verse, in such a proportion that no one kind of work shall seem to predominate. Now it often happens that, for obvious reasons, some issues suffer from a paucity of contributions in one or another of these lines. Essays may be conspicuous by their scarcity, hence the editors must perforce content themselves by running an extra story or two instead. Or the case may be the reverse of this, or perhaps the "sacred well" has stopped flowing, the muse is dumb, Pegasus has gone lame or has turned balky. This is especially apt to be the case at a small college. Now this is unfortunate, but is it a state of affairs to call forth criticism, criticism which will not mend matters in the least? For our part we think it would be more helpful, and more in the line of the ex-man's legitimate function, to comment on what is in the magazine, to praise what he deems commendable and point out what is slipshod or faulty,—in short to give his honest opinion, to the best of his individual judgment and ability, on the contents of the various exchanges he receives. We do not mean in saying this to imply that we do not think the ex-man has a right to criticize lopsidedness of make-up, or to urge that a little more attention be given to a wholly neglected field. But we are rather tired of reading exchange columns which are made up in large part of such comments as the following: "The Yellow and Green contains no essays this month"; "The Solferino runs wholly to fiction in this issue"; "The Vermilion would be the better off for some verse"; "If The Chinese White had more solid matter in it, it would be a real good magazine," etc. All which may be quite true, but when the ex-man confines his observations on certain exchanges to remarks like the above, it seems to us that he is not fulfilling his proper functions.

In The William and Mary Lit. for March we have an essay entitled "The Philosophy of 'The Ancient Mariner'". It is rather labored, both in thought and expression, and is not very convincing. "James Barron Hope: Poet," is a tribute to the memory of one, who, though not a great poet, was yet no mean one, whose verses "for occasions" are admirable of their kind, marked by polished simplicity of style and diction, and imbued with
Exchanges.

patriotism. This essay is to our mind the best piece of work in the magazine. As for the rest of the number, it does not rise very far above mediocrity. The same thing may be said of the majority of our other exchanges. In fact we cannot recall a month when there has been so little that is worth commenting on. Formerly, where one magazine took a temporary slump, the others would contain something to average up with. But this month the exchanges make pretty dull reading on the whole.

The Nassau Lit. is on hand, however, with three or four others, to redeem us from utter pessimism. There is a very readable estimate of "Howells, the Interpreter of American Life." It is mature in thought and grasp, and the English is easy, clear and fluent. Although our own opinion of Howells does not coincide with that of the writer, we took much pleasure in the reading of this essay. This number also contains a story called "The Dosewallips Jump-off" which reminds us somewhat of Stewart Edward White. It is short, but good. "St. Anne de Beaupre" is an excellent piece of descriptive narration. The departments are of even more interest than usual, which is saying a good deal. There is an incisive editorial, which goes straight to the mark, and states very baldly some disagreeable truths concerning a "college education," and the culture of the average student on graduation. It has pleased the Exchange Editor to write about the college magazine, as a whole, and to give us his ideas concerning it and its making. Our friend writes entertainingly and his dicta in the main have reason on their side, though we ourselves are inclined to put a higher value on the essay, as a feature of the college magazine, than he seems to; still, since, like the little girl we all know, the essay is good when it is good, but when it is bad, it is horrid, perhaps it is often necessary to rely chiefly on stories to make the magazine readable and interesting. One statement of our friend rather amazed us, namely that: "College magazine articles are as well written as those of professional magazines." Without wishing to seem too carping or hypercritical; and with a most enthusiastic faith and pride in the products of college journalism, we cannot think that this assertion could pass unchallenged by any careful reader. Why, we do not think this statement holds good of The Nassau Lit. itself! And, for by far the greater number of college magazines, such a claim is nothing less than a joke!

The Wake Forest Student is one of the most uneven in quality of all our exchanges, varying from poor to excellent. This month it is much more like what we think we have the right to expect from our friends down in North Carolina. The essay, "Humor in Shakespeare," is an excellent treatment of an almost threadbare theme; both the "storiettes" are good, especially "A Midsummer Phantasy," though the language is rather too unrestrained. We should like to know why the other storiette was called "The Man Who Forgot"; nothing is said in it about forgetting anything.
The Bu^ and Blue.

We wish to correct an erroneous statement which we made in our criticism of this magazine last month. Commenting on the essay entitled “The Personality of Dr. Samuel Johnson”, we remarked that part of it was taken bodily from Edmund Gosse, without so stating, and without the use of quotation marks. This was a mistake on our part, as the critic’s name was given and the first pair of quotation marks were used. Our mistake was due to the length of the excerpt, omission of the marks at the close, and, not least, to our own carelessness and “too-quickness” in jumping to conclusions. We are glad to make the correction, and much regret our inadvertence. In conclusion, we would say that we did not suspect, nor intend to imply, that our friends’ contributor had “swiped” the quotation, but merely that there had been carelessness about acknowledgment thereof. As it turns out, the carelessness was ours. Well, “to err is human, to forgive, divine”, and we trust our Wake Forest friends will exercise the divine virtue towards our weak humanity.

The Columbia Monthly is a new comer to our den, arriving just too late to be reviewed in last month’s issue. It is very attractive in appearance and its contents are cleverly written and entertaining. The new monthly has indeed made an auspicious beginning, and we drink to its long life and prosperity; Prost!

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