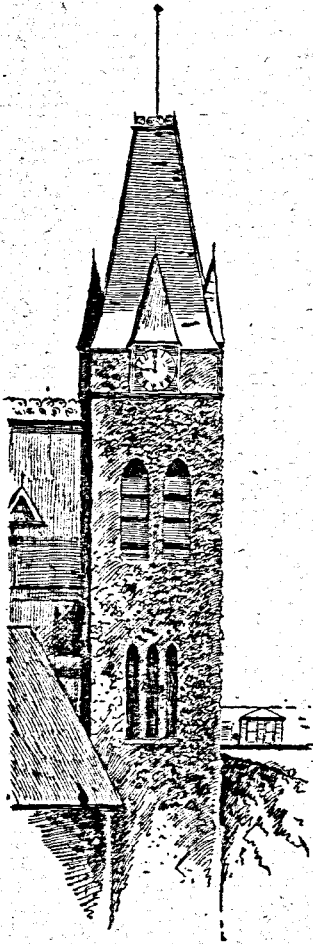


DECEMBER, 1899.



THE BUFF AND BLUE

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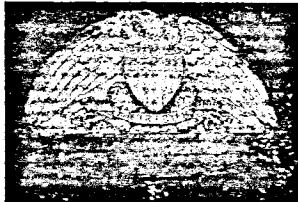
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THO' DARK THE WAY.

Long ago, when I was young and lighter-hearted,
Joy, fair and smiling, passed along my way.
I greeted her with glad surprise, and pleaded
That she would bide a while and with me stay.

But Duty grave, with unrelenting finger,
Showed me the straight, untrodden path before.
I followed her; nor dared a while to linger,
And, when I looked, sweet Joy was there no more.

My heart was sad; the dreary sky grew clouded;
I trembling closer clung to Duty's side;
The stones were sharp; my feet were sorely wounded;
I longed to turn, and feared to trust my guide.

Till, far ahead, the mists and darkness lightened,
And Duty, speaking gently, bade me cease.
While 'neath my eyes fair fields and pastures brightened,
She whispered softly, "Duty leads to Peace."

J. S.

HISTORY OF NEEDLEWORK.

“ Man for the field and woman for the hearth,
 Man for the sword and for the needle she ;
 Man with the head and woman with the heart,
 Man to command and woman to obey.”

So says Tennyson in “The Princess.” In the history of woman the needle has indeed played a part as important as the sword among men. With the needle many a brave mother has fought the wolf from the door, or has rendered possible the education of her children ; and by her ability to use the needle skillfully, every woman may assist in lessening the household expenses. J. Taylor says, “The use of sewing is exceeding old.” And so it is ; for long before the days of the ancient Egyptians, the use of the needle was known, but it was very rude and made of bone or ivory. Probably the very first needles were made of thorns from trees or plants. Some of the needles found in the tombs of the Egyptians were made of bronze, and were from three to four inches long. Pliny says that needles of bronze were used in his day. Some were even gold.

The Comedy “Gammar Guston’s Needle” shows how dear and few the needles were three or four hundred years ago. The loser of a needle would search for it everywhere with great patience and would even be willing to spend all day looking for it.

Our steel needles are much finer and cheaper than needles were in old times, and cost about three cents a dozen.

Needlework is frequently mentioned in the sacred writings, and in the poems of Homer. Full information on the subject is furnished in Lambert’s History of Needlework.

The first piece of needlework of which we have a definite knowledge is the apron of fig leaves, sewed by Eve in the Garden of Eden. The ancient Egyptians cultivated needlework and afterwards the Jews acquired the art. It was introduced from the East into Greece and Rome, and from thence into Northern Europe, where it was the chief education of the women.

Lambert says “we are indebted to the luxury and magnificence of the nations of the East, for the invention of embroidery.” Pliny thinks that the Phrygians invented embroidery, because the Romans called embroiderers “Phrygians” and embroidered garments “Vestes Phrygianae.”

The ancient Egyptians greatly practiced the art, and embroidered the sails of some ships with the phoenix, flowers and various emblems. The Chinese were for a long time celebrated for the beauty of their embroideries. They invented the art of rearing silkworms, and from them it was brought into India and Persia. But it was not known in Europe until the middle of the sixth century when two monks, who had long lived in China, succeeded in carrying some eggs of the insect, concealed in a hollow cane, to Constantinople. There they propagated and multiplied silk worms. Ever since this knowledge has become productive of an industry to the world.

We sometimes find in the Bible that embroideries were worked with gold, silver, silk and precious stones. The greatest work in the time of Moses was that of the tabernacle.

In preparing for one of the highest festivals in Athens, the embroidery of the veil for the statue of Minerva was worked by young virgins selected from the best families in the city. On it were embroidered the battles of the gods and giants, also the names of famous warriors.

The women were ambitious and vied with each other in their needlework. A legend is told which well illustrates this point. Archnæ is the name of the person who figures in the story. She was most skillful in her use of the needle, and challenged Minerva, the goddess of art, to a trial of skill. But Minerva defeated her, and Archnæ, overcome with grief, was changed into a spider by the goddess.

Tapestries were well known among the people of Eastern countries long before they were introduced into Greece and Rome. This art has been generally attributed to the Phrygians, yet long before the Trojan war, the women of Sidon were celebrated for their tapestries and embroideries.

Homer sings of

“The walls through all the length, adorn’d
With mantles overspread of subtlest warp,
Transparent work of many a female hand.”

A custom among the Greek dames in the early times was that they could not re-marry until they had worked tapestries or clothes

for their deceased husbands or their nearest relatives. Penelope, supposing that her husband, Ulysses, was lost in a shipwreck, began to work a shroud for her father-in-law, Laertes, but she did not want to re-marry. So she unravelled during the night what she had done during the day, and continued that for a long time. Her suitors at last became weary of waiting for her to finish the work, and began to suspect her trick. They sent some maidens to watch her. Penelope then finished her work, but fortunately for her, Ulysses appeared in time.

The Bayeux Tapestry is an ancient English relic, and is said to have been the work of Queen Matilda and her maidens. It is a continuous web of cloth with the borders at the top and bottom, two hundred and fourteen feet long and twenty inches wide. It is formed of grotesque figures of birds, animals, and the like, some of which represent the fables of Aesop, and the Battle of Hastings. The lower border shows the bodies of the slain, and also represents various events connected with the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans.

Needlework was greatly practiced by the nuns, and even the monks, during the few hundred years between the eleventh century and the Elizabethian time; and their skill was wonderful. They embroidered the priestly garments, and the curtains of the altars of the churches. Many of these remain hanging in churches for Europe. Even at the present day in some convents are found nuns who do most beautiful needlework.

Lambert says, the products of animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom are required for the services of needlework. They are silk, wool, cotton, flax, hemp, gold, silver, feathers of birds, scales of fishes, wing-cases of insects, and even insects themselves, barks of trees, skins of serpents, furs, mosses, straw, grass, sea-weeds, stones and even the human hair. This latter was first used in 1783, when three Germans at Hanover, invented a mode of doing embroidery with the human hair.

History has proven that the art of needlework was as much admired in all ages as was the art of painting. Because of this, it is regarded as the sister of painting. The needle artists of the present day strive to produce as true a picture of nature as possible and make the embroidery of to-day rival that of the ancients.

English history frequently tells how the imprisoned queens and princesses found amusement in needlework.

Mary, Queen of Scots, kept her hands busy with the needle while listening to the discussions of her superiors during her imprisonment at Tutbury Castle.

But to-day most all embroidery is made by machinery. This is done so well and cheaply and with such saving of time that it, together with the progress of education, has caused the women to give up their extensive love for fancy work. But there are grandmothers and school mistresses who still teach young girls plain sewing and fancy-work to some extent. And so needlework is not becoming a lost art so fast as some would have us imagine.

L. V. F. '95.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A
SUMMER GIRL.

July 6th.—I don't want to look even you in the face, dear diary. My face is so red and my eyes are so swollen from crying. Papa and I have just had a row about Jack, and, as brother Joe would say, we fought it to a finish. Really I did not think papa could be so unpleasant. He always did everything he could for me; but that is just the way with parents; you never can tell when they are going to turn against you, no matter how careful you are. Papa never denied me anything in my life before, and now just when I want something with all my heart and soul, he will not even hear of it. He was stubborn, and I would not give in, which was as much as a declaration of war on both sides. You know I did not say a word about going away this summer. Of all things it ought to have pleased papa, because he always grumbles when we go away to spend the summer. But it didn't: it seemed to make him suspicious. So after dinner we went out to sit on the front porch. We talked a few minutes and then he turned to me and asked me where I intended to go to spend this summer. I told him nowhere, that I had grown tired of Grand Traverse Bay and that the endless pleasures at Charlevoix made me weary and—

"I suppose you are in love with that young counter-jumper who is always hanging around here. I have always noticed that when a woman does not care about going away she is usually in love."

"Did you ever hear anything in your life so unjust? But that started the battle royal."

Papa asked me if I intended to marry Jack, and I told him I did. You see Jack is young and oh, so handsome. He is so loyal and true to me; but he is poor. He is long on good qualities, and short on cash, and papa thinks it will be a deliberate suicide for me to marry him.

"He has nothing but his salary," says papa.

"He will have me," I put in.

"What will you do?" asks papa.

"We will work and make a fortune as you and mamma did before us," I reply.

"Bah!" says papa with scorn, "What can you do? You don't even know how to cook a dinner, or mend your own clothes. A great help you would be to him, eh!"

"The more shame for you that you did not have me taught something useful, so I would not be a burden to the man I marry," I sobbed.

Then papa began telling me how ambitious he was for me, and how much he wanted me to make a good match, as if marrying the man she loves and who loves her, is not the best match a woman can make.

I could not think of anything more to say that would strengthen my side of the argument, so I buried my face in my hands and made papa believe I was crying.

I dare say papa now thinks he has shown me my mistake in loving Jack.

July 8th.—Papa has a great head on him. He is going to try a little diplomacy on me. This morning he announced that he had decided he needed a rest, and was going to Mackinac for a month, also that he was going to take me with him. It's just to get me away from Jack, and try the effect of the attractions of other young men. I guess I'll take a hand in this, and do a little scheming myself.

July 15th.—We are now here at the Grand, with its crush of guests. The veranda is always alive with gossiping women whose tongues keep time with the swaying of their rocking chairs. They are always anxious for the details of a new arrival. I carefully let one extract the information from me that papa was enormously rich. I did not specify any particular amount, but just talked in a large way. The next time I swept down the veranda I had the satisfaction of hearing one say,—

"That's Miss Banks, the heiress. They say her father is one of the richest men in Michigan."

Papa would be raving mad, but it suits my little scheme to pose this way at present.

July 18th.—Every thing is going along finely now. I have apparently forgotten all about Jack, and am devoting all my wiles to the enslaving of the star guest of the hotel. He is a simple looking dude with a head on him like a tack with the harp end

up. He began life as a Smith. After a few years abroad, he returned as Mr. Reginald Van Smythe. He speaks of this country as the "States," and affects surprise at the natives. I never heard anything so amusing as his drawls, and the way he talks of "dear old Lunnon." The other day he asked papa if he didn't spend most of his time abroad.

"No," said papa. "This country is good enough for me, sir."

"Oh, beg pawdon, a'wm suah," replied Mr. Van Smythe, "But you mawnus doncherknow."

"Well," snapped papa, his face as red as fire, "and what is the matter with an American's manners being as good as any one else's I'd like to know?"

That afternoon when papa and I were alone I begged him not to let Mr. Van Smythe know he was in business because he had such a horror of business men. I wish you could have seen papa. I thought he would have a fit.

The idea of a girl being ashamed of the honest work of her father! If he had ever thought I would have been such a snob he would have strangled me in my cradle, and so on.

"But if I should marry Mr. Van Smythe," I said innocently, "of course we would live abroad and they think—," but papa stopped me by saying he did not care—a—a—rap (only that was not quite the word) what they thought.

But I am letting the idea of a Mr. Van Smythe son-in-law sink into his head.

July 25th.—I don't think I ever enjoyed myself more in my life, and, to say the least, I'm making things lively for dear old papa. I have introduced him to more summer young men than he thought ever existed.

There is Mr. Sissy for one. He came with a half dozen trunks and he can't walk out into the sun without "me man," to carry an umbrella over him. He changes his clothes half a dozen times a day, and each time appears in flashy colors. He doesn't talk much, as conversation is not in his line.

However, one day he roused himself from sucking the end of his cane, to say that some other man was a cad.

"And why?" asked papa.

"Aw, he wears a straw hat with a frock coat," replied Mr.

Sissy. "It's something a gentleman couldn't do. Impossible! Fellows at the club would cut him," and he once more fell into silence.

I have affected a liking for Mr. Sissy's society very much for the last few days, and Mr. Sissy has nearly lost his head over it.

Last night I asked papa if he did not think Mr. Sissy just lovely.

"Lovely!" he yelled, "that blubbering idiot with no more brains than a cigar store Indian!"

"But he is so elegant and refined," I persisted, "and then too his nails are so clean and so evenly trimmed, and his hands are so soft and white."

"They are not as soft as his head," roared papa. "But that's just as much sense as you girls have now-a-days. You will pass by a good, honest, hard-working man for a giddy dude who does nothing from morning till night but suck the head of his cane."

July 27th.—Papa is so hard to please. I have gently called his attention to Mr. Links as a possible son-in-law. Mr. Links is a college athlete. He spent four years of his past life at one of our leading universities, and distinguished himself at foot-ball. Now he is devoted to golf, and spends all his time pursuing that popular and fashionable game.

"Say, what is the matter with that fellow?" asks papa. "I can't understand a word he says. He is always blating about drives, and brassies, and cleeks and foggles and stymies and puts, and the Lord only knows what all. Can't he talk plain English? Say, what does he do for a living?"

"Nothing," I said, "golf is a career in itself, it doesn't leave you any time to think about business."

"But I hear his mother is a poor widow, and made sacrifices to send him to college."

"Oh well," I replied, she must feel repaid to have him turn out so successfully and have his name in the papers among the amateur players, and—"

"Good heavens," papa broke in. "and do you call that thing a man? Look here, Fanny Banks, don't you think for a moment that I'm going to support an able-bodied man while he knocks little balls around the holes in the fields, and if he is trying to

marry you under any such impressions, you just tell him different. I won't have it and that's all. I won't have any distinguished amateur ornamenting my family."

July 29th.—The last string to my bow, strictly speaking, is young Perotte and I tried him on papa to-day.

"Surely," I said, "You can't object to him. He belongs to the smart set in the city."

"Smart fiddle-sticks!" roared papa.

"And he leads at the balls," I continued.

"If you want to marry a jumping jack, why don't you do it?" growled papa.

"He is also very aristocratic," I said, "his people came over in the Mayflower."

"What do I care what kind of a tub they came over in? I don't care who they were, I want to know who they are. No back numbers count with me."

"They have their own coat of arms," I continued.

"This young fool ought to make a good bass-wood hobble on room floor," replied papa angrily.

"They haven't any money now," I went on, "and of course Mr. Perotte could not be expected to work like an ordinary man—"

"Great Caesar, Fanny," fairly shrieked papa, "are you seriously telling me you would marry a man who depends on his old name to get into society and dances for his dinners like a trained bear? Why a fellow like Jack Graham who has the grit to begin at the bottom, and work his way up is worth a thousand of these brainless caddies with all their fine clothes and old names. And I wonder why a child of mine has not got enough sense to see it."

Then with my heart playing a march against my side, and a twinkle in my eye I said, "Papa for once your head is dead level, and I'll take your advice."

Aug. 1st.—We leave for home to-day, and papa has wired Jack to meet us at the station. Papa has also consented to let me name the date for our marriage.

G. A., '02.

THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY.

THE death of a student at Cornell, while undergoing initiation into one of the College Fraternities, has once more brought these organizations into public notice, and most persons, having vague ideas as to just what the Fraternities are, naturally misunderstand the affair. As only the escapades of the Fraternities are given much notice in the newspapers, it is not at all strange that most people regard them as hot-beds of iniquity and wonder why they are not abolished. Quite a considerable quantity of Fraternity Literature has accumulated in all of the leading libraries of the country, but it is not read to any extent, except by those directly interested in such matters.

The College Fraternity, as it is today, has practically grown up since the Civil War. Of course many of the Chapters were established before that time but they all were more or less shattered during the War and had to be rebuilt.

The first Greek Letter Society was established at William and Mary College in 1776, and was called Phi Beta Kappa. It was a secret organization with both social and literary aims. This society must not be confused with the Phi Beta Kappa of the present day which is purely honorary, the members being elected to it toward the end of their college course, because of moral and mental fitness for membership. It stood alone till 1821 when Northern Kappa Alpha was established, and then one by one the other Fraternities were founded, until now there are about eleven hundred chapters, with a membership of one hundred and sixty thousand.

The Fraternities may be roughly divided into three classes. *First.* The National, which have chapters scattered about in every section of the country, as Phi Delta Kappa, Beta Theta Pi, Phi Gamma Delta and Delta Kappa Epsilon. *Second.* Those which are particularly strong in some one-section of the country, or the Sectional. In the East are, Delta Phi, Alpha Delta Phi, Theta Delta Chi, Sigma Phi, Psi Upsilon and Northern Kappa Alpha. In the South and West may be mentioned, Southern Kappa Alpha, Phi Kappa Alpha, Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Sigma and Sigma Alpha Epsilon. *Third.* The Local Fraternities like the Xi Phi Sigma here at Gallaudet. This class perhaps decreasing rather

than increasing as they are oftentimes absorbed by one of the general Fraternities.

Each Fraternity is usually named by taking the initial letters of some Greek motto, which is known only to members of that particular Fraternity, and indicates briefly the aim or purpose of the organization. Just what the objects of each of the Fraternities are, would be impossible to discover, but it is safe to say that the following definition would fit them all more or less accurately. A College Fraternity is a secret organization of students for the purpose of securing mutual aid in carrying out their social, literary and athletic aims. Delta Upsilon, one of the strongest Fraternities, is an exception, being non-secret. However simple and harmless such an organization as this would seem to be, nevertheless Fraternities have always been opposed more or less by college professors students belonging to no organization, (often called *Oudens*, meaning nothing) and persons not members of any College or University.

Their *secrecy* has frequently been a subject for public criticism, but it is yet to be proven, that a secret society with such high aims, and sincerity of purpose as the College Fraternity is harmful to either the college or outside communities.

Again, the Fraternities are accused of being the center of all the wickedness in the college world and of many times causing the the ruin of their members. A student, however, who is ruined by Fraternity life would doubtless fare but little better in any other environments.

In looking over the alumni membership of the various secret societies we find that about fifteen percent are clergymen while many others prominent in business life and the professions are proud to be numbered in the membership of some Fraternity. James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison and many of our Senators and Representatives have responded to the roll-call of some chapter.

It is claimed that the Fraternities exercise a bad influence on college politics, as by combining, they often can control affairs in any College. Such combinations, however, are rarely made and according to my experience, whenever they have been, the results were advantageous to the best interests of the University. Fraternity men are not "Ward Heelers" or "Bosses."

Some think that the Fraternities often encourage their members

The College Fraternity.

to antagonize Faculty rulings but on the contrary they usually are helpful in maintaining order. Many of the College Faculties have seen the futility of opposing secret societies, and by adopting a passive policy, have succeeded much better in regulating college affairs than they could have done by continually antagonizing them.

Membership in any of the chapters is attained, not by application as is the case in the Masonic and other great orders, but by invitation. Most of the chapters admit Freshmen but some wait until the Sophomore year and there are a few that wait as late as the Junior year, in order to find out whether a man will be a desirable member or not. The percentage of the students belonging to the different societies differs in the several Colleges, as in some Colleges only a small per cent attain the honor, while in others as high as seventy-five per cent are members of some Fraternity. As a rule all of the best men are members of Fraternities, but of course some are overlooked. Again some students of good attainments refuse to join any society because of poverty or through ignorance of the real value of such an organization.

The unsuspecting Freshman arrives at his future College home at the beginning of the fall term. He is oftentimes somewhat verdant, and as he has been a leader in his preparatory school, he is not at all surprised at the amount of attention he receives. If he is a very desirable man, he is quickly approached by members of several chapters and asked "to come around to the room tonight and meet a few fellows." The "rushing season" has commenced in earnest. He is sought on every occasion and his opinions on various subjects are gravely listened to by dignified Juniors and mighty Seniors. The amount of ice-cream and cake at his disposal is simply fabulous. He is delighted with every thing. He did not expect to find such pleasant surroundings or such genial companions. This may go on for several weeks until he agrees to join some one of the Fraternities and therefore is pledged. Suddenly the whole atmosphere seems to change and he is sternly bidden to be prepared for initiation at a certain time and place. His valued opinions are no longer sought and he begins to realize that he is not at the head of the University, but only a Freshman.

Initiations differ widely. Some Fraternities do all of their work indoors while others have some outdoor work. In any Uni-

versity town or city it is not an unusual sight to see some strangely clad individual patiently fishing in a river where no fish were ever known to live. Sometimes the poor victim is taken to the house of some friend and made to perform all sorts of marvelous feats. An arrangement can often be made with a policeman to arrest him and roughly carry him to the nearest station house. Such things as these, harmless in themselves, are often very beneficial in reducing aggravated cases of swelled head and showing the Freshman his proper sphere of action.

Before closing this paper I wish to mention a few of the benefits of Fraternity life.

Fraternities have doubtless in many cases driven out and superseded literary societies, as they have a literary side this does not appear after all to be a dangerous tendency. The knowledge of public speaking and debate gained by many students has proved very useful to them in after life and these very things are emphasized very strongly by many of the Fraternities. I cannot begin to count the number of men I have seen enter upon Fraternity life, naturally diffident and lacking confidence in themselves, yet when they reached their senior year they became leaders in the college community.

The social value of the Fraternity cannot be overestimated. A band of men intimately related with each other and meeting together frequently, certainly derive a great amount of pleasure and mutual enjoyment from such association. Fraternity men look back upon their Fraternity life as one of the pleasantest features of their college course and all seem to agree that a student who graduates without having had this experience has sustained a severe loss.

One of the strongest arguments, to my mind, in favor of Fraternities is the influence which they bring to bear on the daily life of their members who oftentimes live together in chapter houses and thereby secure an atmosphere that is very home-like. When the members of a chapter live in a house together, they are like a large family and thus the barrenness of dormitory life is avoided. Many chapters own their houses and some rent them. The importance of this point ought not to be overlooked by any College Faculty and the building of chapter houses should be encouraged, whenever it

is possible, as the students live better and more economically.

Many associations of the alumni members of the different Fraternities have been formed in the cities and it is easy to see, that these organizations are beneficial as they bind the members more closely to their colleges.

In conclusion there is no doubt but that the College Fraternity has come to stay, despite all opposition, and such being the case let us hope that all concerned will recognize its value in the development of character and strive rather to strengthen its weaknesses than to expend energy in a useless opposition.

F. R. W.

FOR AMUSEMENT'S SAKE.

IT WAS Christmas Eve at Miss Tinsley's college for young ladies. The wide halls were brilliantly lighted and the gaily dressed girls flitted here and there, making a happy picture with their smiles and bright faces. This was one of the grand occasions of the year at the college, when the students from a neighboring university came over and "tripped the light fantastic" with Miss Tinsley's girls till the "wee sma' hours" had passed.

Miss Madge Lee sat in one of the pretty nooks in the conservatory after having gone through half her programme, and now she sat thinking of the past and how much had happened since the last Christmas eve in those classic halls. She wondered if she would be as care free and happy now as the other girls if she had never met John Wells. He had treated her cruelly, but why should she care? It had been only a summer's dream. At first he seemed to be interested in her, but she knew that it was only in a way to pass the time. She had not dreamed of meeting anyone from the city when she went to spend her summer vacation with her aunt in the country, and she had to make the best of it when she found that Mrs. Lee had a boarder who sought the air of the country to build up a broken down constitution.

Ah, how well she remembered that first evening on the wide piazza, when the air was sweet with the smell of roses, and the twilight faded into deeper hues. They sat there and dreamed in the deep silence of the evening. She had been looking at his profile and thinking how like her ideal he was, as he leaned back in the reclining chair, his eyes half closed, and the dark hair brushed away from the white brow. Then he had turned and spoken to her and she well remembered the low tones of his voice and how they had harmonized with the evening and surroundings. They had spoken of many things; and she had delighted to talk to one who was so well informed on current topics.

Then came the evening when she found out that he was only amusing himself with her, and would forget her as soon as she was out of his sight. She sighed deeply as she recalled one afternoon when he had spoken to her in soft, gentle tones: "Little girl, may I hope for a spark of remembrance from you after you go away

tomorrow? I should so like to have the assurance from your own lips that I will not be forgotten when you are back at college in the midst of its joys and sorrows."

She had replied: "Ah—I did not know that men of the world cared to be remembered by girls they meet in the various stages of their lives.

"Tell me what you mean by 'men of the world,' " he had questioned her.

She had laughed and told him he should know better than she, of how men, tired of the fascinations of the city, go to the country to seek new pleasures, and think nothing of it if they break a heart or two.

Then last of all came the remembrance of her last ride with him through the green roads. How beautiful life had seemed that afternoon, how musically the birds had sung, and how sweet had been the smell of the new-mown hay.

The roads were shaded and they had seemed to be all alone in the bright afternoon. Then his voice, low and deep, had broken the sweet calm.

"Do you remember that this is my last day with you?"

"Of what consequence is it? I shall go back to college and soon forget you. You have made my summer pleasant, but college life is exciting, you know."

"Do you mean to say, that you really do not intend to think of me after I am gone?" And, little fool as she had been, she had thought she detected a shade of pain in his voice.

"Why should I remember you? You have merely amused yourself with me for a time, and favorite toys are in time broken and cast aside."

He had laughed and urged his horse on faster as he spoke. "So you are determined that I have made a toy of you! Well—well, if you knew what my feelings for you are, you would not speak so."

"I have no desire to know, for I heard you say that you really were only taking notice of me as you would of some pleasant book."

"Ah—you know a little too much, and to reward you for your farsightedness I will tell you a secret. I shall be married next month and your congratulations would be welcome."

She did not remember what she had answered. She only knew that she was urging her horse to a faster gait to escape his jarring laugh.

Then she had recalled the dull days that she had spent trying to forget that she had a heart and she sighed heavily as she thought of the days to come.

"Miss Lee," called the footman, "A gentleman to see you."

She arose and went down the broad stairway wondering who it could be that called on her at such an hour on Christmas eve. Entering the parlor, she saw the figure of a man and on closer inspection recognized her aunt's summer boarder. With a fluttering heart, but a cold and calm face she asked him what he required.

"Miss Madge, can you ever forgive me?"

"My name is Miss Lee, sir. I don't forgive such offenses as yours."

"O surely you cannot mean to turn me from you without forgiveness, on this night of all others, when mankind forgives its brother's sins; this night on which God gave to earth a child, a child who died that humanity might be forgiven."

"You offended deliberately, therefore your punishment shall be meted out in kind."

"Oh, Madge, Madge, my heart is breaking, my great love for you has made my life intolerable until I should have gained forgiveness from you." And even as he spoke he wondered why he had never before noticed the perfect outlines of her figure. She seemed doubly dear to him now that she was slipping out of his grasp.

"Do not be so cruel, at least spare me one kind word, I ask no more—ah listen to the bells, the chimes that ring for universal forgiveness—surely, surely, you forgive me now!" He saw her lips tremble and lose their scornful curve, her eyes were dropped and her cheeks were changed to a scarlet flush. The silvery chimes of the bells had fulfilled their mission.

GHOST STORIES THAT I HAVE HEARD.

IT WAS a cold, drizzly, rainy day in the early fall of 18—. In the village of A— a crowd of men had gathered, as was the custom on such days. They were mostly laboring men, with a few well-to-do farmers among them. The attraction which drew them to the store was, perhaps, the fact that it was always a warm and comfortable place on such days; and, besides, there was always a chance of finding agreeable company there. It was to the interest of the store-keeper to have them come; for the larger the crowd, the greater his sales, and so he welcomed and made comfortable alike those who came to do business and those who came simply to listen to the talk.

On this particular day the crowd was unusually large. This was due to the fact that several men of local reputation as story tellers were present, and the callers lingered expecting some good story to be told. Some of them also had reputations for "stretching the truth." There was one in particular, a man much given to horse swapping—a business in which he invariably got the best of the bargain; or to use a local phrase, "skinned his man." However, he was a crack story teller, and on that account was popular. Then there was a man called "Fiddlin' Bill," because he fiddled more than he worked. He was also a good dancer, of the old break-down style peculiar to such sections. His reputation as a story teller was also good; and it was often hinted that he and the horse-swapper were jealous of each other's reputation in this direction. So when they both happened to be at the same place it was expected that each would try to tell a more taking story than the other.

So on this day the crowd waited expectantly for the story telling to begin. The talk had gone on for some time, on all subjects from the weather to crops, and from religion to politics, and had ended with an account by a man over in the corner—a stranger in the neighborhood—of how the horse swapper had "skinned him." This caused another to remark that he had heard that "Cal,"—that was the horse swapper's name,—had seen a ghost one night the previous week. Few believed that he had seen anything, but all saw a chance to start the story telling. So the store-keeper, who generally took it upon himself to be prompter, said, "Tell us 'bout hit, Cal."

"O 'twa'n't much uv a ghost, jes' a sort of a 'hant p'r'aps," said Cal.

"Wall, tell us 'bout hit anyhow," urged several of the crowd.

"Wall," said Cal, "bein' es you all want to hear 'bout hit, I s'pose I mout es well tell ye. T'other night es I war gwine hum from town hit war purty dark 'cause we had no moon es you all know. But I never thought 'bout the moon when I lef' town an' took the short cut th'o' the big woods. Howsumever, 'twa'n't no matter with me 'bout hits bein' dark. I hed been that away afore many o' time, in my co'tin' days, when hit war jes' es dark, an' I wa'n't thinkin' o' havin' any dif'culty in gettin' th'o' safe this time.

"I war awalkin' es my hoss, which thet feller over thar jes' sed I skinned him outen, are so tarnel poor and spavined I thot I'd 'low him a spell to res' an' pick up afore I tried to swap him.

"But thet haint havin' much to do with the ghost. Es I war a sayin,' I war walkin' an' war makin' purty good time. I had 'mos' got th'o' the big woods an' war calc'latin' thet I'd soon be hum, which wa'n't an oncheerful thot to me, for my stumic war gettin' purty empty an my legs wa'n't es lively es in my co'tin' days. So I begins to whistle a chune to cheer myse'f up when sudden like frum out the woods thar come some kind o' beast—leastwise I thot that war what the critter war. Hit war all white like an' 'bout the size uv no cow an' I thot that war what hit war at first. The critter made a halt right in the middle o' the road 'bout fifty yards afore me.

"Howsumever, I keeps on tel I gits alongside o' him; then I seen it t'wa'n't a cow. Fer es I'm livin' fellers thet critter hed no mo' head than thet stove. When I sartined this, I shore war skeert, but the critter made no move an' I tried to pass on, when the onearthly thing jes' ups an' takes a posishun longside o' me an' keeps me comp'ny fer 'bout two mile. If I walked faster hit 'ud walk faster, too; an' if I slowed up, or stopped, hit 'ud do the same.

"I put out my han' to try an' git onto the critter, but hit moved outen the way an' sorter growled like. Then I gits skeeter than ever an' faints away. When I comes to the critter war gone, an' I gits up an' makes tracks purty fast for hum."

This story made the crowd rather low spirited and none spoke or made any comment for some moments. Fiddlin' Bill mean-

while appeared to be particularly restless, even grinning and winking his eyes at the crowd now and then. Those that saw this believed that he knew something about the ghost in question and that he would soon make it known. And sure enough he presently remarked :

"Thet are p'r'aps one o' Cal's made up tales."

This was what the crowd thought also and Cal knew it and looked around from one to another rather sheepishly but said nothing. Fiddlin' Bill continued with :

"Howsumever, hit 'minds me o' the time when I seen a ghost myse'f. Hit war 'bout twelve yer ago on a night jes' like this, only a little colder p'r'aps. Thet war afore I got married you know, an' I war on my way hum from ole man Bowden's whar I had been to a frolic. I spose hit are 'bout four mile from our place, but, howsumever, I never minded the distance when hit came to a frolic. Fact is, I war once mighty stuck on the old man's gal Sal, what Cal married. He war es bad stuck on her es I war, but had no chance long es I war thar, 'cause he couldn't fiddle nor dance neither, an' you all know thet's what makes a feller spank with the gals, an' I s'pec' if hit hadn't o' been fer|what happened thet night she'd o' had me 'stid o' Cal."

Here Cal, in turn, appeared very restless and winked and smiled and nodded to the crowd, but Fiddlin' Bill paid no attention to him, continuing :

"You all know es how my fiddlin' an' dancin' war purty takin' with the gals when we had frolics an' I war alus shore of gittin' an invite. Cal bein' no fiddler or dancer scarcely ever got an invite to any."

This was all true but the crowd failed to see a ghost story in this talk and so several cried out, "O g'long Bill you aint a tellin' us 'bout no ghost."

But "Fiddlin' Bill" was determined to tell the story in his own way, which way was to show his superiority over Cal in every way possible. So he continued with :

"O I'll get to the p'int presently fellers. As I war a sayin' hit war a bad night an' war late, 'cause Cal warn't thar an' Sal war mighty sweet on me thet night an' I stayed late havin' a chat with her arter the crowd hed gone."

"But the ghost," urged the crowd.

"Presently, gentleman, presently, I'm comin' to the p'int. Hit war late es I war sayin,' an' I had got 'bout ha'f way an, war 'bout ha'f mile from Cal's hum an' so I begins to whistle so es to let him know I had him that night, if so es he happened to be awake an' I s'posed he'd be, 'cause he knowed 'bout the frolic but warn't axed fer he warn't of much use at such a place es I war jes' a sayin'."

"Wall the ghost hain't come in yit," spoke up an impatient member of the crowd.

"But hit are presently," said Bill with considerable spirit. "Es I a war a sayin' I war near Cal's hum an' war goin' 'long whistlin' jes' es jolly es I could when I hearn an unyearthly yell ahead o' me an' looked up. An, gentleman, shore es I am a settin' here a talkin' to you, thar war the awfulest ghost in thet old mullberry tree nigh the swamp thet ever war seen. Hit war white an' shaped like a bat, bein' 'bout five feet wide with eyes o' fire, an' hit war a flappin' hits wings an' blinkin' an' howlin' like I dunno what. I didn't faint away like Cal 'cause I warn't es skeert I reckon, but I jes' moved away frum thet place an' I never went thet way agin at night. Thet's how Cal got Sal, for I darn't go to see her at night an' couldn't go in the daytime 'cause the gov'ner kept me purty steady goin' puttin' in the craps and Cal lived nigher her hum, 'sides."

"Well," spoke up one of the crowd, "Cal's 'bout got the best o' ye in yer yarn spinnin' as he did in yer co'tin'."

"'Sides" said Cal, "thet ghost he seen wa'n't nothin' but me with a sheet an' a pumpkin with holes in it fer eyes, inside o' which I put a candle. I wanted to break up his goin' to see Sal an' I done hit, too."

At this the crowd roared at Bill's expense and guyed him considerably. But he showed no concern, presently remarking with a sneer and with a tone of triumph in his voice:

"An' thet ghost Cal seen warn't nothin' but me neither. I hearn how Sal tole my wife 'bout Cal's bein' the ghost I seen an' I lowed to git even with him, an' I shore did skeer him wussen he did me."

EDITORIAL.

WITH the first issue of the *BUFF AND BLUE* for the present collegiate year, our readers were informed that for certain unavoidable reasons we were compelled to issue the paper with simply a make-up cover. But at the same time they were assured that a more appropriate and artistic cover-plate would be secured as soon as possible. Not for once was it our intention to do entirely away with the old clock tower, though we had one or two designs presented for our approval that did not contain the tower, but which were sorely tempting to the "artistic eye." And yet could anything be more surprising than to have a number of our contemporaries and readers comment upon our temporary make-up cover as if it had been adopted as a permanent one? Some, who complained, objected to the unartistic appearance of the cover, others were displeased because the tower was left out. And yet neither seemed to be aware that their cause of complaint was only a temporary necessity and not deserving of notice. This impresses us that most people whose business it is to review carefully and pass judgments upon the work of others form their ideas as to its merits or demerits only from exterior appearances. Then they proceed to mete out their impartial criticisms without once pausing to consider whether there might have existed some uncontrollable conditions which necessitated those imperfections.

But with this issue the objectionable features of the paper have been removed. It is now graced by a new design and one which we feel sure is quite artistic in itself. It is the work of Mr. Murdey, '95, one of our ex-students and speaks well for his talent and good judgment. Those familiar with the old cover-plate of the *BUFF AND BLUE* will at once recognize the new design as an improved modification of the

old one. Some very radical departures have been introduced to be sure, but they are all for the better and serve to make the new cover-plate one possessing both local color and artistic beauty.

THE foot-ball season which has just closed has been a most brilliant and successful one for Gallaudet, and this, too, in spite of many very discouraging prospects which confronted the team at the opening of the college year. Indeed, the team was in what some would call a rather demoralized condition. There were five vacant positions to fill—a no easy thing to do considering the small number of students here at Gallaudet. And, as a fitting climax to the existing state of affairs, the captain elected by last year's team had to send in his resignation because of parental objection to his playing. These obstacles furnish some conception of the extent of the work which confronted the Athletic Board. But they were equal to the emergency and set about to do the best they could for the team. They elected a new captain and recruited men from among the new-comers to fill the vacant places. And, in the course of a few weeks, by dint of hard practice and faithful training, the team had reached a very high degree of excellence, and was able to cope successfully with the strongest colleges of the south.

However, we do not wish to go into any detailed account of the splendid success of the men. Modesty and good taste would forbid this. Besides it would be but repeating what is already known to all who have kept in touch with our athletic department, but we wish to thank each and all of the players who have labored so faithfully to uphold the honor of Gallaudet on the athletic field, and the students who have been so unstinted in their encouragement of the men and have stood so loyally by the team.

GALLAUDET DAY—December 10th, which was fittingly

observed here at our College, is becoming more widely recognized by the intelligent deaf throughout the country as a day to be remembered, and deservedly so. Few men have left such a worthy claim upon posterity for their grateful remembrance as has the benevolent founder of the education of the deaf in America—Thomas Hopkins Gallauet. He was a man of sturdy principles, of a kind and sympathetic disposition—nature's own nobleman. At a very early age his great love for the cause of humanity led him to give up other and more attractive fields of labor, and to devote the best days of his manhood toward the amelioration of the condition of those deprived of the sense of hearing. And their condition was certainly sad enough. For up to his time the nobler promptings of man had not as yet caused them to do anything toward educating and enlightening the deaf of this country. Consequently, they were left to drift about in the world the best they could.

But it was not only toward the betterment of the condition of the deaf that his labor was directed. His great and benevolent spirit sought out all suffering humanity and endeavored to give relief to all. His was truly a philanthropic spirit. And we are glad to note such a growing tendency on the part of those he loved so well to keep alive the memory of his deeds by properly observing the anniversary of his birth.

THE ALUMNI.

'79. Hermann Erbe, of Waterbury, Conn., formerly of this class, had a son born on the 8th. of October last.

'92. G. T. Sanders has at last settled down in his new home in Mt. Airy, Pa., and the household machinery has ceased to *croak*.

'73. John Wilkinson has a son, and that son has a bicycle, and that bicycle and our John do sometimes collide, —a clash of authority, eh?

'91. Harry Hart, of Chicago, when out wheeling and attacked by a billy-goat, entrenches himself behind his bicycle as a sort of *cheval-de-frise*.

'82. J. G. Saxton, the artist, recently had some of his work on exhibition in Troy, N. Y. Oh, why couldn't he exhibit himself and his pictures on the Green?

'90. H. C. White is nominated by G. C. Sawyer for New England delegate to the Paris Exposition, who thinks him well fitted for anything in the French line. We second the nomination.

We have an alumnus whose invincible modesty prevents him from selling the following pun to the funny papers for \$5.—“The British Lion is growling, and the Boers are rushing the growler.”

'89. J. S. Long puts his hand to the sermon now and then. A recent effort of his in the pulpit of Chicago usually filled by Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, '86, is highly recommended for effective common sense.

'75. Wm. M. Allman has recently had his oldest son graduate at the Chicago High School, and thereupon, feeling more independent, resigned his own position in a banking house to go farther west,—to Nebraska.

'97. Miss Josephine Daly has been visiting her class-

mate, Mrs. J. C. Howard of Duluth, Minn. We can confidently aver that she charmed the West more than the West charmed her, and as that was much, she, therefore, had a charming time.

'99. Edmund Price, once of this class, is now in Seattle, Washington State, and is the best ground-gainer and formation-smasher of the Seattle foot-ball team. He plays left-tackle and his work is highly commended by the local papers. The leopard cannot change his spots.

The interesting fact has not yet been here chronicled that Miss Bessie Taylor, formerly a member of the present Senior Class, acted as bridesmaid at the marriage of her classmate, Miss Titus to J. M. Stewart '93. According to all accounts, she was, in the phrase of Hosea Bigelow, "Sum."

'76. W. G. Jones has been having a "time" getting his household goods into new quarters, and the heart of the editor goes out to him in an acute, long-distance thrill of sympathy; for that has been his case, also, and the only consolation we have is that we resemble the "Chambered Nautilus."

'01. E. E. Hannan, once of this class, is still in Washington helping his father in his extensive building and plumbing business. He has also been agent for the Yale Bicycle. He has so much faith in this mount that he recently tried to leap an open sewer-ditch, but, alas! his steed was not up to his expectation as a jumper.

'97. R. E. L. Nicholson, former energetic manager and later editor-in-chief of the *BUFF AND BLUE*, keeps his hand in by publishing a paper called "Our Government." 'Tis intended mostly to keep all who are or who hope to be government employees well informed as to the state of the civil service. Friends will be glad to know Mr. Nicholson has nearly recovered from the effects of his clash with the fire-department.

'00. Our former stonewall guard, A. D. Hodges, and the Saturday Night Club's great cow-boy manipulator of the pistol, W. P. Souder, are both in government employ in Washington. Mr. Souder has induced his mother to make

her home with him, and is, therefore, surrounded by home influences and well coddled. Mr. Hodges now and then bucks the literary line, and lets the outside world know that some one is pushing.

'85. We see by the *Evansville Journal News* that Charles Kerney was in that town early in November, taking a long breath preparatory to that projected cold-water plunge of his into the sea of journalism. The billows are rough, Charlie, and many a sore buffet you will get, especially in unsympathetic Washington where every one is scrambling for himself. Take another long breath, Friend, and think it all over again.

'98. Miss C. M. C. Reed was at last accounts in Freeport, Pa., taking a private course of study. She has been ambitious to teach the deaf but thinks the advance of Oralism has closed that door to her, and now aspires to other work. She made herself helpful while in Pittsburg by teaching the Bible Class of deaf people. She also had the pleasure recently of taking tea with Mrs. Logan, the mother of J. H., '69., and incidentally of meeting that incorrigible bachelor himself.

'86. The 'gators down in Florida will smile without competition this winter. Bre'er Babbitt is too busy this season to go down—J. H. Dundon of the American Book Co., spent much of last summer roaming over the mountain regions of New England and the Lake Chaplain portion of New York. We can picture him as of yore, "Cleaving with pliant arm the crystal wave."—P. J. Hasenstab passed the minister's examination in October, and his elevation to an eldership in the Methodist Episcopal Church is thus assured.

'95. H. W. Peter writes to inform us that it isn't our James Purvis who has gone and got married, and incidentally tells us that he (H. W.) is still in Slatington, Pa., in the coal business, having sold about \$300 worth in two months. He is far from satisfied with his daily diet of coal-dust, however, and aspires to higher things.—During the recent visit of J. C. Howard to Council Bluffs, there was a small reunion of

members of this Class and other Alumni. Just think of the talk of a crowd including F. C. Holloway, Howard, Ryan, Brinckman, Rotherth, Barrett, Mrs. Barrett, and Miss McDill.

'93. Mrs. Olof Hanson has found that teaching the heathen Chinese, and the recalcitrant Filipinos is not, despite her youthful visions, the mission to which she was called. The yearning of her heart is satisfied with a cosy six-room home and "Olof." We acknowledge with thanks a cordial invitation to come down and occupy three of their rooms and all of their time. Out of mercy we are firm in declining.—J. M. Stewart, the first editor-in-chief of the *BUFF AND BLUE*, and therefore venerable, is a new-fledged Benedict, and, therefore learning some new tricks. 'Tis reported that he is learning to wield a broom as well as he can a pen or a bat, and that he is equal to a whole conflagration with the water-bucket. We hope that in his assays at housekeeping he does not use the broom as an extinguisher when his beef steak is on fire—as the Alumni Editor is said to have done.

'69. There appeared in the last number of *THE BUFF AND BLUE* some verse by "J. H. B., '69," which naturally piques the curiosity of the Alumni Editor, as he is a sixty-niner. Not being a member of the ring that edits the other parts of the paper, he is only allowed to use his guessing powers. To the best of his memory and belief there was no J. H. B. in the class of '69. They were all Jays, however, even to the lamented Cross: indeed in their day they were facetiously called the "Blue Jays," because they were such a glum looking set. This poet then must either be an impostor, or is trying to hide his indenty, or the printer had his case mixed. We are inclined to the latter belief, and the simplest and most probable solution of the riddle is that "B" was meant to be "L" and the great crime is thus brought home to our eminent mathematician and scientist, J. H. Logan. Fie, James, forsaking your luxurious couch of triangles and paral-

lelopipeds for the poet's thorny rose-bed at your time of life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

NORMALS.

'95. Miss May Greener spent her summer in California, a part of it at the ranch of J. M. Park, '75, at Santa Barbara, and by her presence sweetened the lemon crop. In Dickens phrase it was a sort of "lemon-jolly," or in modern phrase a "jollying" of lemon growers.

'99. 'Tis said that the War in South Africa is being carried on bitterly between those Boers, Shreve and Pope, and that good rooibatje, Payne.

LOCALS.

Junior (*in Astronomy*)—"The day at the equator is six months long."

There were many things to be thankful for—especially that victory.

The pony may know his latin but the rider may not.—Proverb of a Co-ed.

Prof.—"What gives the color to leaves?"

Fair Soph.—"Why, carbon!"

Prof. (*in Botany*)—"Have you learned anything?"

Fair Soph.—"Yes! I should think so."

Student:—"Non est mihi equus."

Prof:—"Poor fellow! When did it die?"

Allen and Erickson, '03, star vaudeville dancers, give exhibitions every evening in the main hall. No admission fee.

A—'02, makes the startling announcement that, when the temperature of our blood sinks to 94 degrees, we become cold-blooded.

"Duck" (*making an attempt at translating Virgil*). "*Quæ religio, aut quæ machina belli.*" What is religion or what is the machinery of the belly."

Prof.—"What is the temperature of the blood of a cold-blooded animal?"

Soph.—"Zero!"

Prof D.—"Why do consumptives go to high altitudes?"

Soph. No. 1—"To get *more* air."

Soph. No. 2—"To dry their lungs."

Prof. (*in Zoo*)—"Describe a monkey."

Eager Co-ed—"Monkeys are much like ourselves. They are very fond of peanuts. Miss—— is very fond of peanuts and——"
Miss—— interposed "I am no monkey."

The "Duck" Division were studying adverbial interposition. "To be good is to be good," wrote one fair maid. "What!" said the teacher with a look of surprise. "To be good it is necessary to be good," said the "Duck" and the recitation went on.

The Co-eds took a street car ride on the new suburban trolley line through Brookland sometime ago. Prof. Draper acted as guide, and at the same time proved himself such an agreeable companion that the ladies go in ecstasies describing the ride.

The students gave a dance on Saturday eve., December 2nd., and a most enjoyable occasion it proved to be. The only lament heard was that there were not enough ladies and that the hall was not large enough. The committee deserves praise for the admirable way in which the affair was conducted.

"The Mariner's Compass" was the subject of a lecture by Prof. Draper Friday night, the 8th. The title did not arouse any interest, but the lecture was very different. It was handled in a way that we rise to strong suspicions that the professor is an "old salt" himself, thus rendering it doubly interesting.

The most interesting part of the last meeting of the Literary Society was a lecture on "A Few Suggestions on Reading," by Rev. J. B. Becker, of New York. There was a great deal of sound advice in the speaker's remarks, and he particularly impressed the members about the influence which books exert upon their readers.

A bowling tournament has been decided upon for the Christmas vacation, and the officials chosen. A great deal of interest is attached to the contest as the winning class has its name placed on a magnificent bowling trophy cup and holds the same till it is deprived of the championship by another class, and also becomes the social leader *ad interim*.

She had invoked the Muse and was spelling out the lines of a poem to the other occupants of a room —

A maiden shy and sweet,
With pretty golden locks,
A maiden fit to eat —

Here she paused and looked heavenward, when a mischievous Co-ed suggested *with holes in both her socks*.

"The Philippines" was the subject of a very interesting lec-

ture given Friday night by Dr. Gallaudet. After a review of the situation in which he spoke of interviews with the members of the Philippine Commission, all of whom were opposed to a policy other than that which we are now pursuing, he gave reasons for the retaining of the islands. "It is our duty, not only to ourselves but to all nations and especially to the Filipinos themselves, to retain the islands. Our policy is justified by the law of nations but more so by the ends to which we aim. Further, the uprising is an unprovoked rebellion of a few ambitious spoilsmen against the principles of good government. Despite the pusillanimous cry of a few of our countrymen, 'expansion' and 'imperialism' will come to be used expressive of good government and will bring to us the brightest jewel in the crown of our national glory."

She was only a Sophomore and it was the first few days of actual experience in the laboratory. She was deeply interested in the various changes that took place in substances acted upon by acids. Once the professor stood near her and gave some directions orally. It was the first time she had ever heard and understood his voice, and the voice made such an impression upon her that she dreamed of it the same night. The professor standing near said, "Take me, put me in your porcelain dish and apply the flames, and see what becomes of me." Without demurring she lifted him and placed him in the dish. Slowly he melted and disappeared, leaving only a few drops of clear water in his place. "Now —" She looked around to see where the professor was. "I'm here in this bowl, don't you see? Now take nitric acid and HCl and pour it into this dish and see what happens." She did so, and behold the professor arose slowly from the bubbling fluid and stepped out upon the floor.

Instead of the regular Sunday School concert, memorial service in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, was held on Sunday, the 10th. Quite an interesting program was rendered. Prof. Draper opened the service with a few remarks. Mr. Sowell, '00, followed with a well chosen oration on "Friend, Teacher, Benefactor," explaining the truth of the inscription on the front of Gallaudet statue. Miss Brizendine, '01, signed a poem entitled "To Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet," and Miss DeLong, '02, spoke

on "Philanthropy," bringing forth Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet as the most noble philanthropist who has ever lived. Mr. Taylor, '01, spoke shortly upon "Reasons for the observation of Gallaudet Day." Miss Brooks, '03, signed a beautiful hymn and Prof. Porter, an old friend of the "Father of the Education of the Deaf," gave a description of him as he knew him when the school at Hartford was yet an experiment, enumerating some of his noble qualities, and especially his kind and philanthropic disposition, and self-sacrifices. Miss Bauman, '02, rendered a poem "Gallaudet Monument," and then Dr. Gallaudet closed the program with a few additional remarks concerning his father's motives for founding a system of education for the deaf. Prayer was offered by Dr. Gallaudet.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT-BALL.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, 0 ;

GALLAUDET, 30.

At Kendall Green, Oct. 25. The Gallaudet eleven played a practice game with the Central High School team. Two fifteen-minute halves were played and Gallaudet had no difficulty in running up a score of 30 to 0. Considerable punting was indulged in but Gallaudet had much the best of it in the line.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, 0 ;

GALLAUDET, 42.

At Kendall Green, Nov. 7. Gallaudet met and easily defeated the University of Maryland team, which held Georgetown down to a score of 17 to 0, by the score of 42 to 0. The Maryland boys put up a plucky game and fought hard for the honor at stake, but the fierce aggressive work of Gallaudet was too much for them.

Long runs by Andree, Waters, Wheeler, and Jones were very much in evidence throughout the game. The ground gaining of Andree was particularly brilliant. Twenty and fifteen minute halves were played.

Andree and Waters each scored two touch-downs in the first half and Geilfuss kicked four goals. Score, Gallaudet, 24; University of Maryland, 0. Touch-downs in the second half were scored by Wheeler, Andree, and Waters and Geilfuss kicked goal from each. Score, Gallaudet, 18; University of Maryland, 0.

Line up:—

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

Brown	center
Hare	right guard
McGuire	left guard
Lewis	right tackle
Matthews	left tackle
Whitaker	right end
Walker	left end
Roers	quarter-back
Brosher	right-half-back
Barrow	left-half-back
Harper	full-back

GALLAUDET.

Hemstreet
Jones
Wheeler
Carpenter
Barham
Kurath
Geilfuss
Carrell
Andree
Rosson
Waters

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, 5;

GALLAUDET, 18.

At Annapolis, Md., November 18. Gallaudet played and defeated the St. John's College team, which had hitherto been counted one of her strongest rivals, by a score of 18 to 5. The St. John's team put up a plucky defensive game but was too slow on the offensive to make any headway against Gallaudet's masterly defense.

Touch-downs in the first half were scored by Wheeler and Kurath in 6 and 10 minutes respectively, and Geilfuss kicked goal from each. Another touch-down would undoubtedly have been scored in this half had not Gallaudet been penalized for holding when she had worked the ball down to St. John's 5-yard line, near the end of the half.

In the second half, each team scored a touch-down, but Mac-kall, for St. John's, failed to kick goal. St. John's opened the half by a kick-off to Gallaudet's 10-yard line. After three trials and no gain, Rosson punted to Gallaudet's 25-yard line. St. John's got the ball and worked it down to the 10-yard line but lost it on downs. Chambers fumbled and St. John's secured the ball again. Three trials carried the ball over for a touch-down. Time, 4-minutes. After changing hands several times the ball was in Gallaudet's possession on St. John's 35-yard line. It was given to Barham who plunged through the line for 35 yards and a touch-down. Geilfuss kicked goal. Time, 8 minutes.

Line-up:—

ST. JOHN'S.		GALLAUDET.
Wyatt	center	Hemstreet
Spates	right guard	Jones
Hutchins	left guard	Wheeler
Baker	right tackle	Carpenter
Mitchell	left tackle	Mather
Wisner	right end	Kurath, Rink
Herman	left end	Geilfuss
Melvin	quarterback	Chambers
Talley	right-half-back	Andree
Hill, Devon	left-half-back	Rosson
Mackall	full-back	Barham

Y. M. C. A., 0;

GALLAUDET, 12.

At National Base Ball Park, Nov. 30th. The Gallaudet team closed a very successful season by defeating the Washington Y. M. C. A. team by a score of 12 to 0. Fully 2,000 people wit-

nessed the game and the popular verdict is that a finer exhibition of foot - ball has not been seen in Washington for many years. Both teams had been worked down to the finest possible condition, and every man played his best. The teams were about evenly matched in weight and team work, but the superb defense of Gallaudet won the day. Twenty - five minute halves were played.

Snell opened with a kick - off to Waters on Gallaudet's 5 - yard line. He brought it back 25 yards. Then began a series of short, fierce rushes which carried the ball up to the center of the field where it was lost on downs. After one trial Andree secured the ball on a fumble, and after a series of short gains over stubbornly contested ground Andree was finally sent over the line for a touch-down. Geilfuss kicked goal. Score, Gallaudet, 6; Y. M. C. A., 0. Time, 11 minutes 5 seconds. The rest of the half was spent in battle royal between the 25 - yard lines, neither side gaining any material advantage.

In the second half Wheeler kicked-off to Weaver on the Y. M. C. A. 20 - yard line, who brought the ball back 15 yards. The Y. M. C. A. team started off with a rush and had reached the center of the field when the ball was lost on a fumble. Gallaudet worked the ball down to the Y. M. C. A. 5 - yard line and fumbled. A series of short gains and a punt sent the ball out of danger. Gallaudet started for the goal line again and had not gone far when a foul cost her the ball. Y. M. C. A. kicked to the center of the field and Gallaudet again fought her way to the Y. M. C. A. 5 - yard line where she had to give up the ball on downs. Four downs and the ball was hers again on the opponents 12 - yard line. This time after some hard work the second touch - down was scored by Waters. Geilfuss kicked goal. Score, Gallaudet, 12; Y. M. C. A., 0. Time, 23 minutes 40 seconds.

Line up:—

Y. M. C. A.		GALLAUDET.
McGowan	center	Hemstreet
McConville	right guard	Jones
Stewart	left guard	Wheeler
Bonlay	right tackle	Carpenter, Hewetson
Harding	left tackle	Mather
Shaw	right end	Kurath
Bynn	left end	Geilfuss
Redington	quarter - back	Carrell

The Buff and Blue.

Weaver
Mills
Snell

right - half - back
left - half - back
full - back

Andree
Barham
Waters

EMERSON INSTITUTE, 0 ;

GALLAUDET RESERVES, 50.

At Kendall Green, Nov. 14. The Reserves played 20 and 15 minute halves with the Emerson Institute team, and as usual shut out their opponents from scoring a single touch-down. The visitors were but poorly organized and had none of that "work-together" so necessary to a foot-ball team, while the Reserves were in fine condition and had no difficulty in running up such a score as the above.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, 0 ;

GALLAUDET RESERVES, 28.

At Kendall Green, Nov. 17. The Reserves again shut out the Central High School eleven. During the first half the game was close and interesting, neither side being able to score, but in the second half the High School boys weakened and the Reserves ran up a score of 28 to 0. Twenty-minute halves were played.

PICKED TEAM, 6 ;

GALLAUDET RESERVES 21.

At Kendall Green, Dec. 2. The Reserves played a game of 25 and 20-minute halves with a team composed of picked men from Eastern and Business High Schools and defeated it. But this time they were not able to prevent their opponents from scoring against them as has hitherto been the case. The Reserves had scored their first touch-down and the visitors kicked-off. Chambers caught the ball on the 20-yard line and advanced it to the 30-yard line where he was tackled so hard that he fumbled. McMurtie, for the visitors, gathered up the ball and made a 30-yard run for a touch-down. This stroke of adversity seemed to put new life into the Reserves; for, during the remainder of the game, they played faster than usual, and when time was called the score was 28 to 6 in their favor. The features of the game were the tackling of Bradley, McMurtie, and Speake for the visitors, the team work of the Reserves, and Rink's 50-yardrun for a touch-down.

This closes the season for the Reserves, and we feel justified in saying that never before has a Gallaudet Reserve team earned so remarkable a record as this year's team.

EXCHANGES.

In the Alumnae department of the *Chisel* we find, besides the alumnae notes, a good story, "Elone Withers." But we consider the literary department as the proper place for it no matter whether it was written by an alumnae or not.

Some exchanges make a mistake when they print most, if not all, the contributed poems after the prose articles. Why could they not place a poem after an article or two? Would it not look better and be pleasanter besides to the reader? Such is, and always has been, the case with the best literary magazines, and the sooner our contemporaries, who insist in doing otherwise, realize it the better it will be for them.

The *Morningside* which failed to pay us its regular visits some time during the previous year has again found its way to our editorial sanctum. In size and general make-up it bears a close resemblance to the *Bowdoin Quill*, one of our best exchanges, and like its prototype is of a purely literary character. The cover design shows exceptional skill and is very attractive. "Three Duets and a Chorus" and the third installment of "The Associate Somnambulists" were two cleverly written pieces of fiction.

The *Athenæum*, of the University of West Virginia, appears to have undergone a change for the better in its general make-up. In the literary department we found some quite entertaining reading. One poem, however, we deem out of place since it was extracted from the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* and hence ought to be in the Exchange department. The mixing of advertisements with local items is an eyesore, a thing contrary to good taste. This is the case with several of our exchanges and does not speak well for them.

In the *University of Virginia Magazine* we have an old visitor and heartily welcome it to our table. The number just reviewed speaks well for the literary attainments of the students. Cleverly written essays, stories and poems are well sprinkled throughout the magazine. "A Cross Road's Romance" is a pretty, quite touching love story and while "A Critical Study of 'The Seven Seas'" and "Is 'The Raven' the Most Original Production in American Literature" are good reviews of these works of Kipling and Poe respectively. The writer of the former marvels at the skill and beauty of expression that are so apparent in all the poems of Kipling in "The Seven Seas." As to the latter the author proves that "The Raven" is the most

original poem that Poe ever penned or that can be found in American literature.

It is seldom that we see exchange editors so pessimistic as the one of the *William and Mary College Monthly*. In a short introduction he announces his intention of exercising the strictest impartiality in commenting on the contents of exchanges, either favorably or adversely. But who is there, after reading his exchange notes, that does not perceive the hostile nature he displays. Fault-finding seems to be his prominent trait or else he seeks to convey the impression that he is doing his duty right. If this is the case, he is sadly mistaken. The exchange editor should try to discover the merits of his exchanges and bestow his comments accordingly, rather than seek out their faults or shortcomings. To refrain from commenting on articles that do not merit it is proof enough that they are not appreciated. We do not believe in criticising adversely all the time. It is more of a discouragement than a stimulus to young writers. The fact that they are young and barely out of their teens is enough to show that they are not, nor can they be, the peers of great essayists, poets or story-writers.

The first number of the thirteenth volume of the *Tennessee University Magazine* with a cover design embracing the college colors is before us. All the contributions except the editorials are set in solid type, which, however, is not pleasing to the eye. Most of the reading matter of our exchanges is either leaded or set in larger type than that used in this magazine, hence the difference is very conspicuous. The contents, on the other hand, are of a pleasing variety. We wish to commend the story "The Lady of the House." Although it stops abruptly, the sequel can easily be guessed. The essay, "The Bible's Love Story" is of special interest as it speaks quite pathetically of the love of Ruth and Naomi. The writer has undoubtedly studied this part of the Bible very carefully for he recounts, in a pleasing style and a knowing way, the deep and sincere attachment of Ruth to Naomi. What the writer calls the "sweetest and richest expression of love in all literature" is taken from the book of Ruth and runs thus: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for, whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Such were the words of Ruth to Naomi after she had been urged to return to her native land. They "become rythmical and musical with the burden of love—a love which solves all difficulties and removes all obstacles," says the author, and we can fully agree with him.

"LOVE THAT NEVER TOLD CAN BE."

No bird hath ever lifted notes so clear,
Or poured so prodigal his lyric breast,

But carried still some music from the nest
When winter laid the seal of silence there.
No sea hath ever woo'd the shore so fair
But turn of tide left something half-expressed ;
Nor true love ever burned so strangely blest
That words could hold it all, or hearts could hear.

And yet the tide will turn again, and tell
Its sweet persistent story o'er and o'er —
The bird take up the cadence where it fell,
And pipe it towards the ending more and more —
And only love be inexpressible,
The endless song, the sea that hath no shore.

—*John Erskine, in Morningside.*

—
WILLIAM MORRIS.

When earth was only less a paradise
Than that whereof you wrote in words of gold ;
When life was ever a new, sweet surprise,
And all the happiness of what you told
Seemed but my own, by love made manifold ;
You were my guide on Fancy's errant way —
"The idle singer of an empty day!"

But now when winter holds the streams in check ;
And cruel north winds have slain the tender flowers ;
Now, when my chill imagination cannot deck,
As once it could, the world with lovable bowers ;
I turn to you ! and still your magic dowers
My heart with strength ; and still you guide my way —
"The idle singer of an empty day!"

If I could match Erato's love refrain
With mortal melody but half as sweet ;
If, though but as an echo, the glad strain
Of fair Calliope I might repeat ;
My pride 'twould be to lay them at your feet,
Although no gifts your songs can e'er repay —
"The idle singer of an empty day!"

—*R. S. Thompson, in Nassau Literary Magazine.*

BOOK REVIEW.

Great Words from Great Americans. By Paul Leicester Ford. A. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. Price \$1.50

Great Words from Great Americans is a volume containing the *Declaration of Independence*, the *Constitution* and addresses by Washington and Lincoln. It appears with an introduction by Paul Leicester Ford, an historical student of note.

Perhaps Mr. Ford gives us the *Constitution* in this attractive form, because he fears that we are not so familiar with it as we should be. Shall we not confess that we found it a little dull, as it was doled out to us in school, article by article, to be committed to memory, recited, and forgotten forever? But the words of Washington and Lincoln add a commentary that makes it really interesting. These addresses were not originally intended as a commentary, of course; they were speeches to the American people, dealing with the vital questions of the day.

Washington's Circular Letter of Congratulation and Advice to the Governors of the Thirteen States, sent out at the close of the war, shows a deep insight into the political situation. It makes us feel ashamed of the petty jealousies of the different states, which rendered the task of the national government so much harder; and we become angry with the people who suspected Washington of plotting to become king, when his real desire lay towards a quiet retirement from public affairs. His two Inaugural addresses show us how little he desired the responsibility of the presidential duties, which he would never have assumed except at the call of duty.

Washington's Farewell Address at the close of his second term contains a warning against party and sectional selfishness, which the country should have ever before its mind.

Lincoln's first *Inaugural Address* is a wise and vigorous statement of his policy towards the Southern States. He speaks to them in a conciliatory and soothing tone, but says distinctly that he will allow no secession. His proof of the folly of secession is convincing.

Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* is a noble tribute to those who on that field sacrificed their lives for their country. It is short but powerful. In its simplicity and directness it is model of style.

The keynote running through all these selections is true patriotism.

Mistress Content Craddock. By Annie Eliot Trumbull. New York: A. D. Barnes and Co. Price \$1.00

In *Mistress Content Craddock* Miss Trumbull has given us a most pleasing sketch of early colonial days. Her heroine, Content Craddock, is pictured as a beautiful maiden, dignified and serene, with a keen sense of humor restrained by the Puritanical idea of propriety.

Roger Williams is the strongest character in the book. Miss Trumbull portrays him as a man impetuous in speech and action, unable to control his tongue, but withal, as one to be admired, faithful to his own idea of duty, and as one who always lived up to his own convictions. The story pictures his bitter experiences after his banishment from the Bay Colony to the time of his departure to England. The author has given delightful pen pictures of Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, showing his torable character and his devotion to his chosen work.

As a whole the book is a sweet, wholesome story of the early life of the Bay Colony, in which the love tale itself is subservient to the historical account of the religious life immediately succeeding the death of Charles the First.

For Love's Sweet Sake. Edited by G. Hembert Westley. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price \$1.50.

This charming little book of verse with its tasteful arrangement, dainty designs, and pleasing cover cannot fail to bring joy to the eyes of the book-lover. And not only to his eyes, but to his heart and mind as well; for the collection has been made with great care and judgment.

While many well known authors' names appear, the name of the poet has not counted too much, and we find many charming bits of feeling and description well worth reading and remembering that come from unknown or almost unknown writers.

Nothing long or tedious is included, only short but telling lines that come straight from men's hearts most strongly.

One of the most pleasing things about this collection is the inclusion of several of the old English love songs,—songs that were household favorites many years ago, whose simple and direct words and charming music should make us out of patience with most of the popular love songs of the present time.

The editor has arranged the book in four parts.

- I. "Love has morning—light and glad,
- II. Love has noontide—fair;
- III. Love has evening—sighing, sad;
- IV. Love has night—despair."

The tone conveyed in the selections is in harmony with this division, the lightest and gayest coming first, and the saddest last.

In the opening of the second part—love's noontide fair—we find this sweet thought from which the book takes the title:—

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

Because you have no golden hoard,
Or broad and fertile lands to show,
Or wealth in glittering caskets stored,
You fear to whisper what I know.
You think 'twould be a grievous wrong
Me from my smoother paths to take,
Nor understand how brave and strong
My heart could be for love's sweet sake.

Because you are a man, you seek
To hide the tender pain you feel ;
And I, a woman, should not speak
One word your secret wound to heal ;
Yet, knowing well that each for each
Life's fullest harmonies could wake,
I fain would place within your reach
The gift of love for love's sweet sake.

Because the ways you tread are rough,
Shall we two always stand apart ?
Nay, let me own 'twould be enough
To share your weal and woe, dear heart !
If you must bear a daily cross,
Why I will half the burden take.
And what you choose to call my loss
Count truest gain for love's sweet sake.

The majority of the selections show this simple and direct style—the straightforward language of the loving hearts. Others show more lightness and fancy, as this one from the Arabic :

"Thy witching look is like a two-edged sword
To pierce the heart of whom thou art surveyed ;
Thy rosy lips the precious balm afford
To heal the wound thy keen edged sword has made.
I am its victim : I have felt the steel ;
My heart now rankles with the smarting pain ;
Give me thy lips the bitter wound to heal—
Thy lips to kiss, and I am whole again.

To the mind of the scholar pleasure comes on finding bits from the old song writers even back to the beginning of the 17th century, and also later ones like Thomas Love Peacock and Barry Cornwall. Selections are also taken from Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and from our own Longfellow.

The impression made by the book as a whole is a good one. The tale of the heart is always interesting ; it was in the 17th. century and it is now : its tale loses nothing by being told in simple words. It rather gains strength by simplicity and brevity. So it seems that this book of simple love songs will find a place in the hearts of all lovers—and that means all men.

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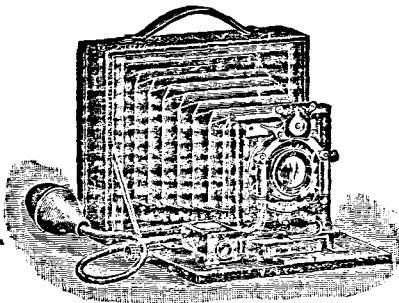
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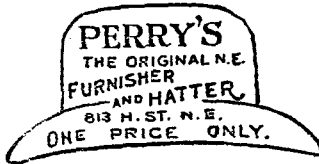
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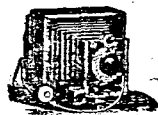
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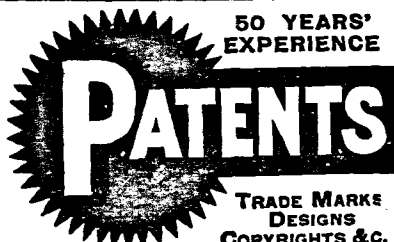
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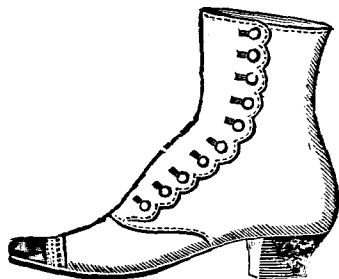
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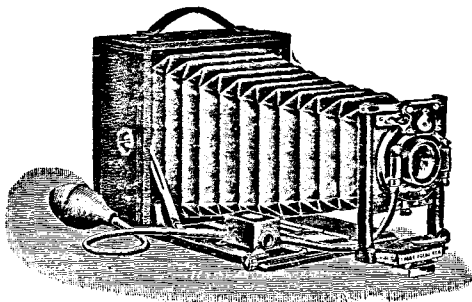
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