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**CHRISTMAS
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NO. 3

Artaban, Fourth Wise Man of the East

By John Dickinson Sherman

BALTHAZAR, Melchior, Kaspar, who followed that bright Christmas star---

You know the tale of the Wise Men, who came bearing gifts from afar,

Here is the tale of Artaban, the Fourth Wise Man of the East,
Who saw not the Babe in the manger, but not of the four was the least !

He stopped to succor one dying and lost his companions and way,
But ever he pressed his quest onward in hope, though alone and astray.
And ever he nursed the ailing and ever the hungry he fed,
And ever he clothed the naked wherever his wanderings led.
One after another vanished the gifts he had brought for the King--
To save a slave girl from torment he cast down his last precious ring.

At last a tile struck his temple; Artaban then knew he must die.
Lying there, stricken and helpless, his ears heard a Voice from on High
Commending his deeds and service. "Not so, Lord!" he cried in amaze,
"Long have I sought Thee to serve Thee, but sought Thee in vain all my days.

When have I clothed Thee when naked? And when wert Thou
hungered and fed?

When gave I drink to Thee thirsty? Or homeless, gave Thee a bed?"
The Voice replied to his mourning: "As thou hast done it unto one
Of the least of these, my brethren, so unto me it has been done."

This is the tale of Artaban, its lesson as strong now as then:

"To God ye do only service as ye may do service to men."

True Christmas Spirit

THAT if, as a Scrooge-like cynic intimates, the Christmas spirit comes to us but once a year, not even he will attempt to assert that we are not the better for it. Think what it would mean if that period of good will and kindly thought for others were dropped from our calendar. No blessed interruption to our too generally self-centered lives; no yearly oasis of brotherly sentiment to purge us, however temporarily, of selfishness and cause us, if only for a few days to think of making others happy.

Pre-eminently the children's festival, as of right it should be since it commemorates the nativity of the Christ Child, it transforms us all, whatever our years, into children of larger growth. We experience anew the glad expectancy of childhood, the thrill that far surpasses any realization, and find our greatest pleasure in the simple childish emotions of love and joy.

And this is the noblest Christmas gift, the gift of the true Christmas spirit that captures and takes possession of each one of us, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Use of Christmas Stocking

THE custom of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve comes to us from a land far across the ocean—from sunny Italy.

In the city of Padua, long ago, good old St. Nicholas used to go about the streets after dark and throw through the windows of the homes of the poor people long knitted purses, tied at both ends, and containing much needed coins. These purses were made of yarn, and when untied looked not unlike a footless stocking.

Finally, as time went on, the poor people hoping thus to remind the more fortunate of their needs, used to hang these empty purses out of the windows on the night before Christmas, so that a gift might be placed in them.

In the north country, where the weather is cold at Christmas time, the purses were hung by the chimney place in the hope that St. Nicholas would drop his offering down the chimney.

When the purses went out of fashion stockings as the thing most like them were

used in their stead, and that is why we to-day still observe the practice and the custom—*The News*.

Fathers' and Mothers' Christmas

Going home for Christmas, men? Going back to mother? Going to spend a day with Dad? If there IS a mother better strike it for home. Better sit down right now and write her a letter. Better say: "Save me a big place at the table, dear mother, for I'll be home for Christmas!"

When you DON'T come, mother and dad do not say much. They try to excuse you, and to make excuses for you. But, O, son, and daughter, too, you don't know how parents miss their children on Christmas Day—that day of all days. You little know of the lump that comes in mother's throat, nor of the tears that silently drop as she reads the hasty note: "I fear I can not come." You may weigh 200; but you are still mother's "baby." Next Christmas may be too late.

Are you going home for Christmas?

Have you written you'll be there? Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care? Going home to greet father in a way to make him glad? Just sit down and write—it will make their heart-strings hum with a tune of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.—*Louisville Herald*.

Why not Christmas

AT this time the civilized people of the world are talking of Christmas and its joy. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Christ.

A long, long time ago there crept into the English language an abbreviation for the word Christmas, that many feel ought to be eliminated. It is the abortive "Xmas." Why not write it out, "Christmas?" It is only a few more letters, "Xmas" isn't satisfying. It doesn't seem to show the proper respect for an occasion so great.

It is easy to see how the use of the shorter word came about. "X" happens to be the first letter of the Greek word for Christ. The fact that the letter X is cross shaped also lent color to its use in the abbreviated "Xmas." History tells us that in the catacombs X frequently stands for Christ. But things that are old are not necessarily good.

Let's give Christmas presents this year—not "Xmas" gifts.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

The Star Over the Barn

IT HAD been a strange Christmas Eve. The falling snow had changed to sleet and the sleet had turned to rain. The disappointed children had hung their stockings by the chimney with fears that the reindeer and the sleigh of Santa Claus would not be able to bring him over the muddy roads. Their dreams were disturbed by visions of wreckage and bundles scattered about. At the church party there had been a Santa Claus, but when his mask slipped down and he put up his hand to fix it they knew that he was not the real one. There had been three wise men, following a star, too, but their white whiskers and pointed sticks had frightened the girls who were the angels so that they could not sing. And now it seems as though the real Christmas would be a failure, too.

It looked that way to others on that dreary evening. It seemed to two travelers who were making their way towards the farm house that they could not keep their closely wrapped bundle dry much longer and that the night was very dark indeed. They were very glad to pass the sleeping house and find a refuge in the old barn and a bed on the fragrant hay. Their long and weary journey was forgotten in the dreams that came to comfort them with pictured hopes, and they were all unconscious of the peace and brightness that had succeeded the storm.

In the house, however, unconsciousness had been suspended. Ears strained in vain for sleigh bells, but a gentle voice had fallen upon them with a happy Christmas greeting from Mrs. Rosebud (for so they called her) and she had called them to the joy of a beautiful Christmas morning. In the colder air there lay a light snow over all the bareness of the day before and it was all ready to sparkle back the merry glances of the coming sun. But first there gleamed in the pale blue sky and gathering dawn the light of the morning star, and as the children looked out of the window of their room they saw that the star was resting just over their barn.

Perhaps there never was a merrier Christmas morning than the three wise children enjoyed that day. It wasn't merely because the stockings had grown big and bumpy through the night. It wasn't only because they could even smell the Christmas tree through the crack in the parlor door.

It wasn't the new hair ribbons, the Dutch apron, the small pair of scissors tied with blue ribbon and the small pair tied with red ribbon, the angel cake, the box of "Creole" candy, the new skates, the extra doll "Fancy." It wasn't all these or the play house, or the pencil sharpener, or even the writing case that made one of the ecstatic youngsters say, "Next Christmas, when old Sant' comes down the chimney, I'm going to make him kneel down, then I'll whisper in his ear: 'You old Santy Fatcake!'" And it wasn't every blessing of the day that made them thankful enough, for pulling an orange out of her stocking, one of them was heard to say "Santa, you're giving me too much fruit." But it was something sweeter, greater and more beautiful, something that was in the under thought of all their hearts and that was presently to be in their experience, for, as they ran down to the barn, carrying their new treasures along to play with them on the barn floor, they heard a movement and a strange cry behind the barn door. And, when they opened the door, there upon the hay were the travelers, the old man with the kindly look, the lovely one who seemed to be his daughter, and the unbundled baby, smiling so deeply and so sweetly. It was the baby that was the best of all. It was the baby that sat by the table in the high chair, with little gifts before him. It was the baby that made the feast so greatly good for them all and caused them to give thanks for the star that, despite the storm and cloud, had led them to their barn. It was the baby that inspired the prayer of one of the children that Christmas night, when she said, "We know you sent your little baby Jesus for us to love. So merry Christmas, God!"—*By Christopher G. Hazard.*

The Center of Christmas

There was no room in Bethlehem's inn
For Thy nativity,
No thought among the careless crowd,
O Holy Babe of Thee.
Upon that first of Christmas days
The busy town ignored,
Bent on its business and its plays,
The presence of its Lord.
To-day the world keeps Christmas Day,
Yet, lo! the crowded hours
Are filled with laughter and with gifts,
With feasting and with flowers,
Till, as of old, the Christ Himself
Finds neither room nor thought.
Ah! teach us to remember, Lord,
And worship as we ought!

A Christmas Decision

THERE is no better time than at the approach of the Christmas season, for all grown-ups and children to join themselves with the followers of Jesus.

A prince lived up on a high mountain, whose home was more beautiful than the finest house you have ever seen. It was built of gold and silver and bright shining stones of all colors. But the Prince was more beautiful than his home, because he had such a loving heart, with never a bit of hate in it for anybody. The Prince had a great company of servants, ready at any moment to go anywhere, or do anything for him. The good Prince heard of some people living down in the valley who were very sorrowful, and he wanted to make them happy, and bring them to his house to live. He saw little children down there too, and he loved them, and wanted to have them come to his home to live, but he knew they could not climb the steep mountain without his help. So one day the Prince told his servants that he was going down into the valley. He took off his beautiful clothes and his crown, and dressed himself in such clothes as the people in the valley wore, so that they would not be afraid of him. How his servants wondered when they saw him doing that! While I have been telling you this story, have you not been thinking who the Prince was? If you have not, I will tell you that he was Jesus and his servants are the angels. You are some of the little children he saw when he looked down from his home in heaven. He knew that you could never live in heaven with him unless he should first come down to this world, and make a way for you. It was Christmas when he came. And we are so glad he came, we keep Christmas every year.

Let us repeat to the older ones the solemn words of warning uttered by Dr. Maclaren: "Your heart is only a tiny room after all, and if you cram it full of the world, you relegate your Master to the stable outside."

A story is told about how a big package from the South Sea Islands was received in England a short time before Christmas. When the outer cover was removed, a label with large letters was seen with the words:

"Dead Gods." Twenty years before a band of devoted Christians had left England for the benighted Pacific isles. During long years, amid privations persecutions, they labored without a single token of good, but at length numbers of the poor savages were led to Jesus, and the native king joyfully embraced the new faith. The natives gave up their idol gods, and the missionaries packed them in a box like a coffin, and sent them to England, labeled, "dead gods" so that the English Christians might know that the people in Tahiti were now for the true and living God.

It is said that once an artist painted a picture of a wintry twilight, the trees heavily laden with snow. There was a dreary dark house in the middle of the picture. Then the artist painted a bright yellow light in one of the windows of the house; the whole picture was illumined, and everything that had looked gray and sad before grew bright and happy. To open the windows of our soul to let the Lord Christ in will not only make us glad on Christmas day but will make us joyful on every day.

The great Martin Luther once said: Whoever preaches Christ rightly, preaches the Gospel of pure joy. Of what benefit would it be to me if Christ had been born a thousand times, and it were daily sung into my ears in a most lovely manner, if I were never to hear that he was born for me, and was to be my very own?" For generations the South American republics of Argentina and Chile had quarreled over a boundary line, and at times had fought about it. It was finally agreed that they should fight no more, and both sides yielded their cannon to be melted into a statue of Christ to be placed on a peak of the Andes Mountains as a boundary. The figure is twenty-six feet high and stands upon a granite hemisphere. Upon the pedestal has been cut this inscription (in Spanish): "The mountains will crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to keep." That bronze statue is magnificent, but it has not the power of the ever-living Christ to bind men to be his followers.—*Christian Herald*.

Here and There

Mr. F. Bloom has a good position as head fireman at the Harwick Coke and Mining Co., having worked there for 19 years.—*The Western Pennsylvanian*.

Mr. G. G. Barham, contractor and builder at Monroe, La., writes that he has his hands full of work and has plenty ahead for months to come.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

The finest club house for the deaf in the world bought, owned and managed by the deaf themselves is in Chicago located at 5536-38 Indiana Avenue. The Club is known as The Silent Athletic Club. Any deaf person of good character is eligible to membership.

Mr. Melvin Davidson has started another house in North Berkeley. He has during the past year built three houses and one garage. All of them are of stucco and artistic Spanish design. Several other projects await his attention.—*The California News*.

We are wondering how "Our Own" A. G. Bumgardner came to sell his wall paper business and to embark into the hay, grain, feed and produce business. We presume there is more "honey" in handling natural products than in manufactured products.—*The West Virginia Tablet*.

Mr. Ivan O. Davis has sold his shoe shop in Benton, Arkansas, to Earl Grider and has purchased a very nice farm a few miles out of that town on the Hot Springs Highway. After extensive improvements have been completed, Mr. Davis will devote all his time to poultry raising.—*The Arkansas Optic*.

Mr. Charles Schrager, a graduate of this School, who has been employed for several years as a job printer in West Chester, Pa., is now taking a course in the McCarrie School of Mechanical Dentistry in Philadelphia. Our best wishes are extended to him for success in his new vocation.—*The Mt. Airy World*.

Mr. Robert C. Fletcher, one of the 1926 graduates of Gallaudet College, has, through the influence of Bishop William G. McDowell of the Diocese of Alabama, matriculated as a student at the Philadelphia Divinity School. He, if he graduates, will make the 29th Episcopal deaf clergyman to

be ordained.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

As you go up the street up-town from the R. R. station at Waynesville you will notice the sign: "Haywood Print Shop." Why, the owner and manager of this job printing shop is no other than our Everett Camp, one of last year's graduates. Everett was a good printer in our office and we wish him all the success there is for such a deserving young man.—*The Deaf Carolinian*.

The Oelschlager brothers, who have a chicken ranch at Alderwood Manor, recently sent Dr. Hanson two dollars for the E. M. Gallaudet Fund. They also wrote a very interesting letter, containing a good deal about poultry raising. The requirements for success are capital, a real interest in the business, and a capacity for hard work. In another year the boys expect to be in better circumstances, and can sometimes come to Seattle. They express gratitude to Gallaudet for his labor for the deaf.—*Seattle Correspondence Journal*.

The newspapers report that the eldest son of King Alfonso of Spain is an invalid and may be unable to ever occupy the throne. The second son, Don Jamie, is deaf and dumb and therefore according to the Spanish law is not eligible as heir. If this deaf young man had been educated in our American schools and had been sent to Gallaudet College, he could in all probability take the lead in the emancipation of the deaf of his country. There are few schools for this class of children in Spain and they are far below those in this country in every way.—*The California News*.

Mrs. Edith Johnston Larson received the surprise of her life when her father and mother entered her home. They had driven all the way from Kent, Wash., which is near Seattle, in a Chevrolet sedan without any trouble. They had come to see their grandchild, Phyllis Irene, who will soon be two years old, and the house (of about the same age) which Oscar Larson has been building all by himself, even to the plumbing and wiring, during his spare time. The house is a large seven-room affair with a real fireplace, and does credit to Oscar, who is a mechanic by trade. He has only papering left to do, and then it will be complete. Congratulations!—*Los Angeles Correspondence Journal*.

Young People's Page

Stockings Stout



Stockings stout,
Get them out,
They'll be needed now, no doubt,
Hang them so,
While the wild winds blow,
Santa Claus is on the track,
With his jolly grips and packs,
Stockings stout,
Get them out,
With a merry shout.

Look to see
If there be
Any holes, one, two or three,
'T would not do,
You would rue
If a gift slipped through,
Any size or color's right—

Three or ten or black or white,
Stockings stout,
Get them out,
With a merry shout.

Christmas night
There's no sight
Quite so happy or so bright,
In a row
Stockings so,
Bulging top to toe.
Dear kind Santa, may we find,
Gladness too from being kind,
That each day
On life's way,
Seem a Christmas day.

—Alice J. Cleator.

I Wonder

I wonder if old Santa Claus
When he was just a boy
Was very good at Christmas time,
His parents' pride and joy!
I wonder if his stocking hung
Beside the chimney tall!
I wonder if dear Santa Claus
Had any toys at all.

The Old "Beast-Epic" of Reynard the Fox

"Long, long ago," as the story-books say, "when animals could talk just like people"—by which of course, we mean the time when primitive folk were so imaginative that they pictured animals talking and acting like human beings and even gave them names—there first arose this tale which grew into the great beast-epic of 'Reynard the Fox'. In its completed form the poem tells how Reynard—whose name means "strong in counsel" or "keen-witted"—was summoned at different times because of his misdeeds to appear before Noble the Lion, King of the Beasts, to answer charges brought him by Isengrim the Wolf, Bruin the Bear, Chanticleer the Cock, and other creatures whom he had wronged; and how each time Reynard's sharp wits saved him from punishment.

Once when his uncle Bruin, as the strongest of the beasts, was sent to fetch him into court, Reynard bethought him of a way to escape this bailiff. He complained that he was feeling ill from having eaten of a strange new fare—honeycombs.

"Ha!" cried Bruin, "Honeycombs? Why, it is meant for the greatest emperor in the world. Fair nephew, help me but to some of that honey, and command me whilst I live. For one little part thereof I will be your servant everlastingly."

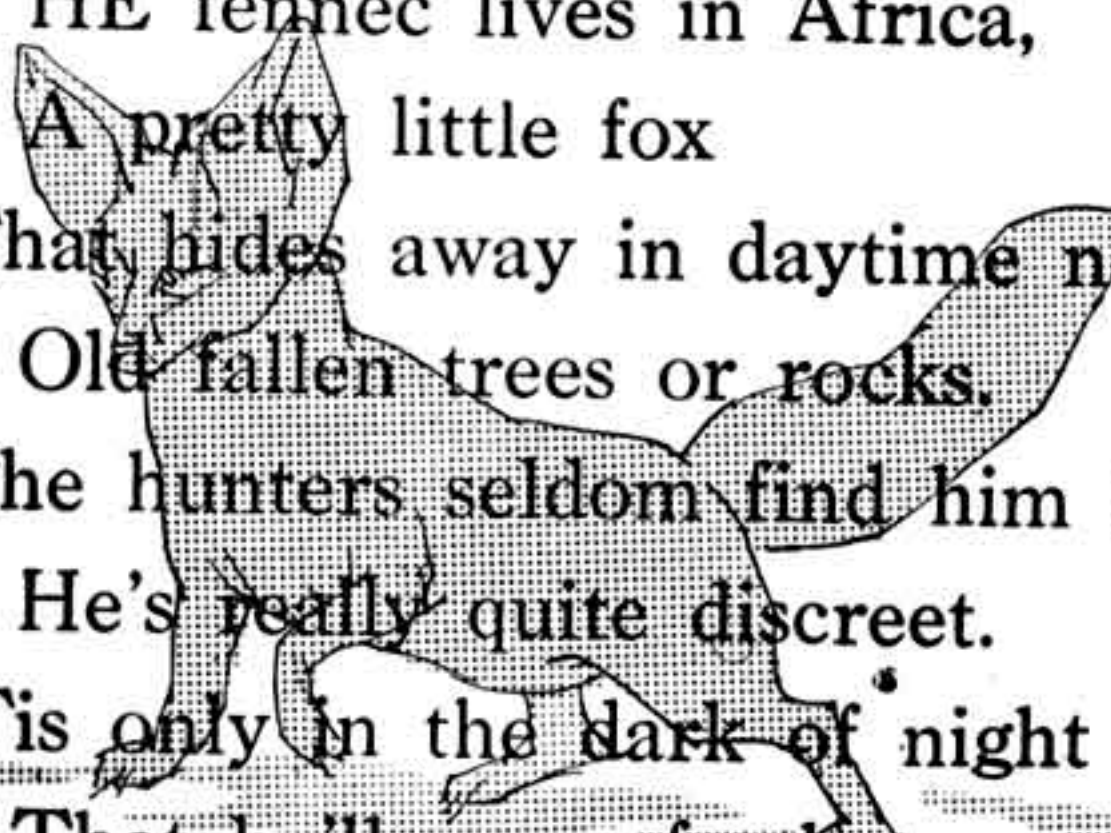
So Reynard promised to lead his kinsman to a place where he could find as much honey as he could eat. Now the fox had noticed that a certain carpenter had brought into his yard a great hollow oak log, which he had begun to cleave and into which he had struck two wedges in such a way that the cleft stood a great way open. To this log Reynard led Bruin, saying: "Behold now, dear uncle, within this tree in so much honey that is immeasurable. Try if you can get into it, good uncle; but eat moderately, for albeit the combs are sweet and good yet too much is dangerous and may be troublesome to your body."

When greedy Bruin thrust his head into the cleft, Reynard pulled out the wedges, so that the bear was locked fast in the log. Leaving his poor victim struggling in vain

ANIMAL STORIES

NO. 12. THE FOX

THE fennec lives in Africa,
 A pretty little fox
 That hides away in daytime neath
 Old fallen trees or rocks.
 The hunters seldom find him for
 He's really quite discreet.
 'Tis only in the dark of night
 That he'll come forth to eat.



to free himself, Reynard started on his homeward way, but stopped to call out mockingly from afar:

"Is the honey good, uncle, which you eat? Eat not too much, I beseech you. Pleasant things are apt to surfeit."

Bruin howled and roared, scratched and tumbled about. He ended by making such a noise that the carpenter came out to see what was the matter and was followed by all the neighbors. Soon all the parish was there, and Bruin was thrown into a terrible fear by this great army that had come against him. He wrestled and pulled so hard that presently he got his head out; but he left behind him part of his skin, his ears, and his claws. Blood covered his face and paws; he could hardly see or move.

Then all the people added to his torment by beating him with weapons of every sort. The carpenter threw stones; others belabored him with rakes, brooms, distaffs, or whatever they happened to pick up. At last poor Bruin, hardly knowing what he was about, leaped into the river, and by the merest chance escaped with his life.

Reynard, in the meantime, had gone gaily on his way. Many more attempts were made before he was finally brought to trail and so great was his cunning that even then he escaped the penalties which he richly deserved.—*Compton's Encyclopedia.*

The Fox

The fox is closely related to the dog and jackal, but distinguished by the sharp muzzle, erect ears, elliptical pupil of the eye and long bushy tail. There are several kinds, common in different parts of the world, with the exception of South America. The one most widely distributed in North America is the red fox. This animal is about 30 inches in the body and head, and the tail is about one and one-half feet long.

The Arctic fox which ranges southward to Labrador and New Foundland has beautiful silky fur, bluish or brown in summer and pure white in winter. The silver fox holds first place among the fur bearers and its skins sell for enormous prices. In this species the hair is jet-black save for the white tips, which give it a hoary or silvered appearance.

All foxes are burrowing animals, though they sometimes make their homes in hollow stumps or holes in rocks. They hide by day and get their food at night. Birds and small animals such as gophers and rabbits are their usual food.

Fox-hunting is one of the favorite sports in England where the animal is carefully preserved for this purpose. In most other countries it is ruthlessly trapped, shot, and poisoned for the sake of the fur and to check its depredations against poultry.

The Maryland Bulletin

Published Monthly

DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

At the Maryland State School for the Deaf
Printed by the Pupils

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Editor—IGNATIUS BJORLEE.

Manager—GEO. H. FAUPEL.

FREDERICK, MARYLAND, DECEMBER, 1926.

Christmas Vacation

Again this year an extended Christmas vacation is being announced. The children will depart for their homes on Saturday, December 18th, to return on Monday, January 3rd. Please do not keep the children at home beyond the opening date. A number of parents may prefer to bring the children back by automobile on Sunday evening, January 2nd., and there is no objection at all to their doing so. Fortunately none of our children will be prevented from going home on account of illness.

We take this opportunity of extending to each and every one of our readers best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Board of Visitors Meet

The Legislative session of the Board of Visitors was held at the School on Thursday, December 2nd., with the following members present: President, Mr. John K. Shaw, Baltimore; Vice-President, Mr. John H. Baker, Baltimore; Secretary, Mr. Ernest Helfenstein, Frederick; Treasurer, Mr. Charles McC. Mathias, Frederick; Chairman of Executive Committee, Mr. Richard P. Ross, Frederick; Mr. Geo. R. Dennis, Frederick; Mr. Richard Potts, Frederick; Col. D. John Markey, Washington; Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, Cumberland; Mr. Palmer Tennant, Hagerstown; Dr. Charles H. Conley, Frederick; Mr. M. Ernest Jenkins, Baltimore; Mr. Frank L. Stoner, Frederick; Mr. Marion T. Hargis, Snow Hill; Mr. Walter W. Mob-

ley, Derwood; Mr. Robert E. Delaplaine, Frederick; Mr. Henry G. Penniman, Baltimore, and Mr. Samuel Marvin Peach, Hyattsville.

The Superintendent's report covering the period since the last session of the Legislature, set forth the steady growth of the school and explained that while deafness in proportion to population is probably not on the increase, the school is yearly reaching out and serving a larger proportion of deaf children of the State. By way of comparison the report brought out two significant figures: In 1917 the average age of pupils at admission was 9½ while the present year's figure was 7. The average age of the entire school during the same period was lowered from 14 to 13.

Chief among the budget items to be presented to the Legislature in addition to increases for salaries and maintenance were:

School Building	\$75,000.00
New Smoke Stack	7,000.00
Repairs to Barracks	1,000.00
Woven Wire Fence	1,000.00
New Cement Walk	1,200.00
Total	\$85,000.00

In view of the fact that a similar amount was deducted from the Budget by the last Legislature which voted funds for the new trades building and gymnasium, the school authorities feel reasonably certain that the program as above outlined will receive the sanction of Governor Ritchie and the Legislature.

During the period covered by the report the following improvements were made.

Purchase of new Ground	\$15,000.00
Trades Building and Gymnasium	54,150.00
Trades Equipment	8,843.00
Underground Conduit	2,800.00
Rewiring of Chapel and other extensions with all Wiring Placed in Conduit	800.00
Exterior Painting and Repairs	1,550.00
Interior Painting and Repairs	1,610.00
312 Folding Seats for Chapel	1,063.00
Tree Surgery and Pruning	400.00
Grading of Ball Field and Repairs to Roadway	250.00
Exterior Painting and Repairs to Grow House	250.00
Total	\$86,716.00

A resolution was passed urging upon the Governor and the Automobile Commissioner to remove various restrictions still being imposed upon deaf drivers. As the report in its entirety will be printed for distribution, no further comment will be made at this time.

With Mr. John K. Shaw, presiding, the meeting was marked by the same spirit of harmonious accord which makes each of the semi-annual meetings of the Board of Visitors a delightful memory and a pleasing feature to look forward to.

Postal Regulations

Sometime ago a box addressed to one of our pupils became unwrapped at the Post Office and was found by a postal employee to contain a written communication to the child. This is a strict violation of postal regulations. In this particular case, however, merely a warning was imposed upon the sender and a postal charge of first class rate made; at two cents per ounce the cost amounted to \$2.22. We know that parents frequently have messages they would like to send to the child along with the parcels and are calling the matter to their attention, feeling assured that the practice will thereby be discontinued.

—•—

Teachers of the Deaf Are More Plentiful—It Did Appear that Standards Were Being Lowered

We have read with much interest the editorial pages of the *Illinois Advance*, and feel certain that these pages under the editorship of Col. O. C. Smith will be read with much interest. We enjoyed the "oyster hunt" and "fish story" in the first editorial, and appreciate the kind sentiments later on expressed in the same article concerning the Conference in Frederick, particularly so the following reference: "The work of the Maryland School is outstanding. The drill of the cadets was far above the average cadet company in schools for the deaf." Col. Smith is competent to speak, for he arrived in Frederick sufficiently in advance of the opening session to spend some time in our class rooms, and as a military man we are more than willing to accept his statement concerning our cadets.

Unfortunately however, we cannot so readily agree with the second editorial in which *The Virginia Guide*, *THE MARYLAND BULLETIN*, *The Canadian*, and *The Volta Review* are taken to task for criticising the summer normal course at the Illinois School, by declaring that this course lowered teachers' standards. Col. Smith seems to make a point of the fact that high school graduates who receive the six weeks' training course are not given a full certificate. To quote—"Our certificates which we grant for the completion of the six weeks' course do not state that the holders thereof are qualified to teach in a school for the deaf, but simply state that they have completed the course." The statement is further made with reference to teachers who have had the minimum qualification: "They understand full well that we did not consider them

qualified as teachers of the deaf when they had completed the course."

In spite of the above we received the following letter from one of the young ladies whom Col. Smith later advised us he was not willing to recommend:

Jacksonville, Ill.
August 22, 1926.

Ignatius Bjorlee,
Secretary, Association Deaf Teachers.

Dear Sir:-

I am a graduate of the 1926 training class for teachers at the Illinois State School for Deaf and I wish to secure a position as teacher.

I will consider a position anywhere in the United States and will be grateful to you, if you will kindly list my name. I will appreciate any assistance you give me in getting a position."

Very truly yours,

Signed_____

In the second place we were criticized for stating that the supply of teachers was greater than at any time since the war. As Secretary of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, we are in charge of a Teachers' Agency and it was because of our experience with this agency that we made the statement. A few years ago it was nothing unusual for superintendents, as late as September first, to write stating that they were still two or even three teachers short and could we not help them by suggesting names of available teachers. Such requests from superintendents exceeded the applications received from teachers four to one.

At the time of writing the June editorial, we had probably thirty applications from teachers for the agency file, and our own staff was filled, with a dozen or more good applications for local positions to spare. Certainly it was not extravagant under such circumstances to make the statement that the supply of teachers was greater than at any time since the war.

Late in the summer one of our teachers wrote that she had decided to get married prior to the opening of school and would we not release her. The vacancy thus created was filled by a teacher of experience and special training. It was however during the correspondence, while striving at the last moment to fill an unexpected vacancy, that we learned from Col. Smith that the young lady who had written the above quoted let-

ter was not a full fledged teacher. Applications for new pupils were at this time coming in with such rapidity that we felt it would be wise to secure an additional teacher. Accordingly we offered the young lady a fair compensation to serve as teacher in training with the assurance that she would receive full salary as soon as we felt she was competent to take charge of a class. This offer was accepted, only to be rejected on the following day with the explanation that the young lady had decided to enter a neighboring college.

We then received from Col. Smith the name of another young lady of same rating. The offer was repeated to her but we received no reply. It is evident that both young ladies were disappointed at not securing positions as fully accredited teachers.

We are glad Col. Smith holds the view, that a high school graduate with but six weeks' special training is not competent to take a class of deaf children.

In common with a number of other superintendents we did not think he held this view, and in the light of the above explanation we still feel that we had arrived at the only logical conclusion until the recent explanation in the *Illinois Advance* appeared.

If our memory serves us right there was not a single superintendent who applied to us for names of available teachers last summer.

Formerly we had each year brought together, through correspondence, a number of superintendents and teachers. It is but a few years ago since practically every school for the deaf in the country lacked one or more teachers to complete their staff. We do not know of a single school where a vacancy on the regular staff exists today.

These are the observations upon which we based the statement that, "The supply of teachers is greater this year than in any preceding year since the war."

Improvements Noted in Exchanges

Many of the exchanges show marked improvement in general appearance. We are partial toward the magazine style and wish some of the papers that are still sent out in large unwieldy form might take on the more convenient size, thereby serving exactly the same purpose so far as instruction in printing is concerned and lend themselves more readily to being marked and filed away for future reference. Recent issues of the

Rochester Advocate and *Missouri Record* being 50th and 75th anniversary numbers respectively, were especially attractive. The *Silent Worker* has severed its connection as the official organ of the New Jersey School, but will continue to have its home in the New Jersey School print shop. A change in the form of the *Hawkeye* is also noted, but the additional title "Midwest News Magazine for the Deaf" merely reminds us of the familiar army slogan "As You Were."

Mrs. Mary D. Ely Passes Away

Mrs. Mary D. Ely, wife of the late Mr. Charles W. Ely, passed away at the home of her son, Dr. Charles R. Ely, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., December 2nd, having passed the eighty-third milestone in the journey of life. Funeral services were conducted at the late home with interment at Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, on Sunday December 5th. Those who accompanied the remains were Dr. and Mrs. Charles R. Ely, Washington, Miss Grace D. Ely, also of Washington and Miss Mabel D. Ely of Cleveland. During their brief stay in Frederick they were entertained at the Maryland School for the Deaf. The boys of the battalion served as an escort at the cemetery. The pallbearers were Mr. Richard P. Ross, Mr. George R. Dennis, Mr. Richard Potts, members of the Board of Visitors; and Mr. Ignatius Bjorlee, Mr. Edward P. Gale, Mr. Harry G. Benson of the Maryland School.

Following the interment a brief memorial exercise was held in the institution chapel. An extract from the tribute rendered by Mr. Gale reads:

A little over fourteen years ago Mr. Ely, the esteemed former Principal of this School for more than forty two years, passed away. Today the body of his devoted wife, Mrs. Mary D. Ely was brought to Frederick and laid to rest in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. I do not feel that I can adequately portray to you in the short time allotted me, the fine and noble qualities in the character of Mr. Ely and of Mrs. Ely. They seemed a unit, one supplement of the other. Neither seemed complete without the other. In his life work here Mr. Ely often looked to Mrs. Ely for council and advise, and they worked together in beautiful harmony, each in perfect accord, one a complement of the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely were married in Columbus, Ohio, where Mr. Ely was engaged in

teaching at the Ohio State School for the Deaf. Mr. Ely had formerly graduated at Yale and had served as a lieutenant in the Civil War. After a few years of teaching at the Ohio School he was called to be Principal of this school which was then small and was conducted in the "Old Barracks" part of which is still standing on our grounds. The new school building which we now occupy, was built under Mr. Ely's direction.

In all her husband's work here Mrs. Ely took a helping hand, lending her aid and council to him whom she was so much devoted. She was the mother and first lady of the school household gave to it the home atmosphere and charm that it had.

I know that if she were here today nothing would please her more than to have this beautiful wreath placed at Mr. Ely's picture, the excellent oil painting and splendid likeness of our departed and beloved former Principal.

Rambling Through Virginia

We have thoroughly enjoyed "Rambling Through Virginia with the Nation's Editors" as the article has appeared through eight installments of the *Virginia Guide* and now that the party has reached Harper's Ferry and is about to Ramble through Maryland we take the liberty of reproducing elsewhere in this issue a part of the sketch for the benefit of our readers.

School had just closed for the summer vacation, when the editors arrived in Frederick (June 1925). Several of the members however paid us a visit. Among these was Mr. Herman Roe, editor of the *Northfield, Minn., News*, a former college mate of ours at St. Olaf. Mr. Roe was at that time Vice-President and has since been elected president of the National Editors' Association. Mr. Paul Scarborough, Editor of the *Tidewater News*, Franklin, Va., and author of these "Ramblings" accompanied Mr. Roe on the visit to our school.

Published Full Report of Conference

Elsewhere in this issue we reprint extracts from an article by Superintendent O. L. McIntire of the Iowa School on the recent Conference. In our November issue appeared an article by Superintendent O. M. Pittenger of Indiana. Of the comments received to date we wish it were also possible to present to our readers those written by Superintendents O. A. Betts of Rome,

N. Y., T. S. McAloney, Colorado; E. McK. Goodwin, North Carolina; O. C. Smith, Illinois and Miss Enfield Joiner of North Carolina.

Hospital Campaign Goes Over the Top

We believe our Conference guests were impressed by the progressive spirit of Frederick. This spirit can probably not be so well exemplified in any other way as by stating that a campaign to raise \$130,000.00 in Frederick City and County for Hospital extension was staged from November 21st to 30th. When the final figures were placed on the large wall slate at a banquet held on the last night, it was found that the drive had gone over the top by more than \$10,000.00. The total amount raised being \$141,880.00.

We had the privilege of serving as chairman of the committee on daily luncheons and also of working on one of the teams. We doubt that many communities with a city population of but 12,000 and a rural population of approximately the same number, could have raised an equal amount for a purely benevolent cause in so short a time. It should be remembered that the amount raised was not toward the erection of a new hospital but to increase the facilities of a hospital which at the present time is serving the community most admirably.

Nine Lessons Worth Learning

1. Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.
2. Learn to attend strictly to your own business.
3. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.
4. Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things.
5. Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything likely to create friction.
6. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.
7. Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.
8. Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have earache, headache or rheumatism.
9. Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.—*Nuggets.*

Mr. McIntire's Estimate of the Conference

From the Iowa Hawkeye

The conference of Superintendents and Principals of the Schools for the Deaf of the United States and Canada met October 25-28, at the Maryland School for the Deaf in Frederick, where a well planned and an impressive program was put through. As this conference was the first which the writer has ever had the privilege of attending a comparison of it with past conferences cannot be made. Little hesitancy is experienced, however, in venturing the statement that the Maryland Conference will rank as one of the best.

Besides the interesting program of the sessions, everybody marveled at the complimentary entertainment accorded the delegates of the conference. In addition to the opening banquet given by the leading business men of Frederick in the banquet hall of the Frances Scott Key Hotel, headquarters of the conference, the Kiwanis Club of Frederick entertained the entire group of visitors at their noon day luncheon on Tuesday. Similarly on Wednesday we enjoyed the genial hospitality of the Rotary Club. The principal speakers at these two luncheons came from the membership of the conference. Mr. McAloney of Colorado and Mr. Laurens Walker of South Carolina spoke at the Kiwanis luncheon and Mr. Frank Driggs of Utah at the Rotary. On Tuesday afternoon a motor trip in busses provided for the occasion, was made to Gettysburg where a first-hand view was had of the famous Gettysburg battle field which marks the scene of the bloodiest battle of the Civil War. Here, too, was pointed out the hallowed ground upon which President Lincoln stood when he gave to the world the immortal words of his famous Gettysburg Speech. The entire trip of eighty miles was of intense interest from the historical viewpoint. On Wednesday afternoon another motor trip was made. This time to Harper's Ferry, a point not only of historical interest but one of great natural beauty which at this particular season was greatly augmented by gorgeous, autumnal coloring. The Potomac and Shenandoah rivers meet at this point as do the three states, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. Wednesday evening we were entertained with a dinner at the Maryland School. By this time we were getting used to Maryland hospitality and Supt. Bjorlee's program. We expected

to be treated royally and nobody was disappointed. And so it was throughout our entire stay in Frederick.

Thursday the members of the conference took up headquarters at the Grace Dodge Hotel, Washington, D. C. While in the Capital City we were taken in hand by Dr. Hall, President of Gallaudet College. Thursday evening we were cordially received at the College and entertained, first with a dinner, second, with a play and style show by students of the College and third by a social hour where the visiting superintendents were given an opportunity to talk with the students coming from their respective schools and otherwise to mingle with friends connected with the College. Friday morning an opportunity was given to inspect the new building, Fowler Hall, and other physical features of the College and to visit classes. Near the noon hour Dr. Hall presented members of the conference to President Coolidge at the executive office at the White House. We then returned to Dr. Hall's home on Kendall Green where we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Hall with a buffet luncheon. In the afternoon a two hour bus ride was given us thru the city.

The various papers presented to the conference assembled in regular sessions were full of interest and one of the most impressive features of the entire meeting was the earnestness manifested by all in listening to the readers and in the discussions that followed. That progress obtains in our schools for the deaf was clearly brought out in the subject matter of the program.

The desire that this spirit of progress be maintained and if possible be accelerated permeated the entire personnel of the conference. The report of the committee on standardization of normal course-work was adopted by an overwhelming majority. The standard has been boosted by the action taken and marks a step upward.

The discussion on the floor warmed up when the question of the Segregate vs Aggregate system of building made its appearance. A "Declaration of Principles" presented to the Conference by Mr. F. M. Driggs of Utah was adopted by unanimous vote. The regular sessions were ably presided over by Dr. Augustus Rogers, superintendent of the Kentucky School and at the time President of the Conference.



CONFERENCE DELEGATES PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

RAMBLING THROUGH VIRGINIA WITH THE NATION'S EDITORS

A GLIMPSE OF MARYLAND

We are soon swinging northward to Harper's Ferry, a rapid descent most of the way, passing down the steep streets of the little town which is unlike anything we have seen on the tour, and reminding one of descriptions of villages in Europe as the small houses, many of them built of stone, closely hug the sides of the street without front yards or porches. On the embankment of the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is a small stone monument marking the site of John Brown's fort, about as ill chosen a spot as one could select with the hills both from the Virginia and Maryland shores of the Potomac offering a hundred vantage points on which to plant cannon and sweep his tiny shelter out of existence. But memories of John Brown and his raid are not the high lights of Harper's Ferry. The natural beauty of this great natural entrance into the Valley of Virginia intrigues the imagination and makes one wish to linger and meditate upon the mighty forces of Nature which tore an opening through the Blue Ridge mountain chain and released the pent-up waters which must, at that remote period, have covered the Valley with a raging, primeval flood. We may go back if we wish to H. G. Wells' million years or to the approximate dates of Biblical history, all of which makes no difference in the telling of our story. A great cut in the mountain range, the silvery Shenandoah flowing up from the south and joining the majestic Potomac on its journey seaward from the west while all about one lie the mountains on the Maryland shore to the north and on both sides of the Valley to east and west—it is a beautiful spot and well worth the artist's brush or the pen of a painter of stately word-pictures. Not only does the Shenandoah River emerge from the Valley at Harper's Ferry here, but the branch line of the Baltimore and Ohio running as far south as Lexington connects with the main tracks of that system and the Valley Pike, crossing the river, goes on and up over the hills of Maryland to Frederick, our next stop.

As we cross the Potomac River at Harper's Ferry over the old Baltimore and Ohio bridge, an antiquated but perfectly safe sort of structure at which a toll is

charged, we see on the northern bank what is left of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. A flood in the Potomac two years ago put the canal out of commission and it will probably never be used again, although it served for many years in that picturesque canal period of American history as an important artery of commerce between Washington and the coal fields of the Cumberlands. It was a favorite stunt of Stonewall Jackson to send a picked squad of men to the Maryland shore to cut the canal banks and dynamite the locks, all of which served to discomfit and embarrass the Federals in bringing supplies of coal to Washington. Following the Erie Canal in New York State, the Chesapeake and Ohio canal along the Potomac, and the James River and Kanawha canal in Virginia were great undertakings in their day, but have long since given way to the more rapid methods and larger carrying capacities of the railroads.

On the 20-mile ride to Frederick we passed through the Maryland county of the same name one of the most fertile and best cultivated sections we have seen. The crops were fine and abundant, the farm homes well-built and freshly painted and the barns, like those in the valley, of prodigious size to the eyes of a man from Tidewater. The same Pennsylvania Dutch settlers have left their thrifty and progressive mark in Frederick County, Maryland, just as they did throughout the Valley of Virginia, and their descendants have an inherited gift for neatness and good farming to which they have applied modern methods and machinery. The words of Whitter's poem strike us with an entirely new force as we approach our destination—

"Up from the meadows rich with corn
Clear in the cool September morn
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green walled by the hills of Maryland."

We ride into Frederick over the same road used by Stonewall Jackson's host of ragged Confederate soldiers and pass the site of Barbara Frietchie's house which had to be torn down some years ago on account of the shifting of the course of the creek along which it was built. A simple wooden tablet on the creek bridge with a small American flag waving over it marks the spot of the flagwaving incident recorded by

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Local

Miss Kent enjoyed a motor trip to Front Royal, Virginia, on November 20th.

Miss Bickford and Miss Surber were recent week-end visitors in Washington.

Miss Evelyn Haight, of Ashland, Ohio, visited her sister Miss Helen Haight November 21st and 22nd.

Miss Ford had as her guest over the week end of December 4th, Miss Mary Dillingham, of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Auld, of Colorado Springs and Mr. A. G. Pack of Washington, spent Sunday November 21st with Miss Cason.

A class in sociology from Hood College, accompanied by their instructor, Miss Northrop, had an opportunity to visit class rooms and see the various other features of our work on November 22nd.

An inter city meeting between the Westminster and Frederick Rotary Clubs was held December first. Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, member of the Board of Visitors, was the guest of Mr. Bjorlee at that occasion.

Miss Henning's brother, Mr. John Henning, of Syracuse, New York, spent November 21st, 22nd, and 23rd in Frederick. Miss Henning also enjoyed a visit from her cousin, Miss Knight, a student at Johns Hopkins, on Thanksgiving Day.

The girls of the Sunshine Band accompanied by Miss Frances McAndrew enjoyed a wonderful day in the country November 27. Provisions were taken along on the hike, a fire built and warm lunch served.

During Thanksgiving week Miss Elizabeth Benson made frequent visits to the school. At various times she was accompanied by the following friends from Kendall Green, Miss Mary Garman, Miss Dorothy Hay, Mr. Sam B. Craig, Mr. Robert Morrow, Mr. M. S. Hester, Mr. Howard Quingley, Mr. G. I. Harris and Mr. Charles W. Phifer.

The older pupils recently arranged a party. All preparations being completed, they invited Mr. and Mrs. Bjorlee to the chapel. Upon entering they were taken by surprise at the sight of a huge birthday cake covered with ornamental frosting and decorated with red candles in honor of Mr. Bjorlee's birthday. Following the cutting of the cake and serving of refreshments a delightful social evening was spent.

Two sessions of the Frederick Monday Musicales have recently been held in the

school parlor. One on the evening of November 22nd, illustrating French Music Before 1800, Mrs. Richard P. Ross, hostess; the second on December 6th, French Music After 1800, Mrs. Bjorlee and Miss Anna Bickford entertaining. Members of the household were invited to attend both occasions.

Our staff has recently had an opportunity to exercise the true spirit of Christmas, which should be that of contributing within the limit of ones means, to various benevolent causes. The Hospital campaign Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Empty Stocking Fund and the Christmas Seal sale have been presented and each has received its share of attention. All educators of children should appreciate the truth of the familiar passage "No man liveth unto himself," and there is always a feeling of recompense that follows the act of cheerfully giving to some worthy cause.

(Continued from page 58)

Whitter. We were told in Frederick that the flag was probably not waved at Stonewall Jackson as he came into the city by another road the evening before and spent the night with friends there, but if old Barbara did wave the flag at her foes, all honor to her memory, say we, for bravery and love of country and fidelity to cause are to be recognized and revered everywhere and under all conditions. The body of Barbara Frietchie rests in Mt. Olivet Cemetery where a monument was erected to her and unveiled in 1914. Near-by is the grave and monument of another native of Frederick, Francis Scott Key who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." This is quite a pretty and pretentious stone, and the people of Frederick have also paid him high honor in naming their handsome, new million dollar hotel "The Francis Scott Key." This is a wonderful hostelry and would be a credit to any city. The National Editorial party spent the night and part of two days there and found nothing lacking in comfort, convenience and courtesy. It is a fine hotel and a great favorite with the thousands of tourists who visit the city and pass through Frederick on their way to the Valley of Virginia, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Washington, Baltimore and other places reached by the almost perfect system of Maryland highways radiating out of Frederick.

Our Thanksgiving

What a happy day it was for the children! Of course, there were no school sessions nor shop work.

And the weather, how beautiful it was with the sun shining benignantly beckoning us all into the great outdoors. Our spirits rose in response,—one reason in addition to the many others for our thankfulness.

Boxes big and small packed with toothsome goodies from their homes came to gladden the hearts of many pupils; others were made still happier by the visits of their parents and immediate members of the family as happened to come.

Chapel Services

Promptly at nine o'clock in the morning the pupils assembled in the chapel for Thanksgiving services. An appropriate program, participated in by the children as well as officers was rendered. It follows:

Prayer Mr. Benson.

Hymn: "O, Sing a Song of Thanksgiving"
Edna Brewer.

Bible Reading: Deuteronomy, Chapter 16,
Verses 10 to 15 Mr. McVernon.

"Why I am Thankful" { Bill McCanless.
Regina Zaslonka.

Reading: "The Pilgrims" Bertie Sheffield.

President Coolidge's Proclamation J. Ross.

Address: "The Meaning of Thanksgiving"
Mr. Faupel.

Recitation, "Thanksgiving" { F. Semler
H. Hopkins

Doxology: By all after Mr. Faupel.

After the services the boy's crack soccer team which, in previous contests with hearing teams of the city during the fall, had shown itself invulnerable to defeat met its match on the home grounds in a game full of interest and witnessed by the school. The opponents put up a stiff fight, however the game ended in favor of the deaf lads.

The Thanksgiving Feast

The pupils dressed up in their nicest clothes filed into the school refectory at one o'clock and partook of a dinner that did honor to the occasion. The tables were attractive in white napery and loaded with dainties. The menu follows:

Roast Chicken	Dressing	Gravy
	Mashed white potatoes	
	Candied sweet potatoes	
Bread	Cranberry sauce	Butter
	Pumpkin pie	

How the Afternoon Was Spent

The afternoon was spent in various ways according to the bent of the children. Most of them patronized the moving picture theatres of the city where excellent reels were shown. Others with no desire for the movies spent the time strolling about the city streets their thoughts undoubtedly anticipating Christmas as they feasted their eyes on the holiday toys and presents with which the store windows were filled. Some of the larger boys saw a football game at McCurdy field.

Evening Parties

The children spent a most delightful evening in the chapel. The entertainment committee composed of Misses Radcliffe, Stonebraker, Surber, Mrs. Merrill, and Mr. Faupel had decorated the hall tastily.

First the Primary grade pupils had their party beginning at 6.30 o'clock and lasting an hour during which they played such games as drop the handkerchief, going to Jerusalem, and others. Refreshments consisting of ice cream and cakes were served.

Then followed the party of the intermediate and advanced classes. To pass the time games were played and contests for prizes were held. The winners, Bernard Goldberg, Billy McCanless, Minnie Ettlin and Milton Friedman received pound boxes of candy. Refreshments were served after which the pupils bade each other good night and retired to the dormitories. Thus the gladsome day passed into history.

Thanksgiving

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandmother's house we go,
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow,
Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first rate play
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-aling-ling!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day,
Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate
We seem to go
Extremely slow
It is so hard to wait,
Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—Lydia Maria Child

S o c i e t i e s

Before the Ely Literary Society at its meeting Saturday night, November 13th, Mr. Gale gave a very interesting program of readings: "The Cheap Jack," by Charles Dickens; "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare; "The September Gale," by Oliver W. Holmes.

The first one was a story of an auction. Mr. Gale was dressed up like an auctioneer of the old time and his acting was so funny he kept us laughing almost continuously. In the second Mr. Gale acted the part of Shylock and Antonio in Scene I, Act II, Part I. The last one was a poem of some length. A rising vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Gale for his entertainment.

Saturday evening, November 20, Rev. D. E. Moylan gave an interesting address before the Ely Literary Society on the subject, "Embracing Opportunities," which was very appropriate.

After the address, there was an installation of a new Boy Scout troop No. 16. It was in charge of Mr. C. T. Westman, Scout Executive. The candle ceremony was beautiful and the exercises on the whole impressive.

John Ross, Secretary.

On November 27, the Ely Literary Society had one of the best programs ever presented in the chapel by its members. The presiding officer was Regina Zaslonka. The program follows: Reading, "Joel and His Sail Boat" by Coyle Smith; Recitation, "Thanksgiving" by Harold Hopkins and Freddie Semler; Essay, "Nuts" by Anna Clayton; Current Events by Theresa Herold; Stories, "Bear and Bee Hive" by Marie Meyd; "A Snake in a Watermelon" by Willie Cutchin; "The Wall of Snow" by Josephine Fannelli; "How Two Kittens Went Fishing" by Bill Taylor; Dialogue, "Professional Dentist" by Joseph Korycki and Henry Ross; Debate on the question: Resolved, that Steam is more useful than Electricity, upheld by John Ross and Ernest Reeb on the affirmative side and Irvin King and Fred Henklein on the negative side; Reading, "Pep the Wonderful Dog" by Billy Williamson; Declamation, "The End of a Perfect Day" by Dorothy Myers. Mr. Faupel who spoke as critic said that the program was a very good one.

Billy Williamson, Sec'y Pro.Tem.

Sunshine Club Takes Hike

On November 20th the older members of the Girls' Sunshine Club, accompanied by Miss McAndrew, went on a hike. They started at 10:30 in the morning. When the hikers arrived at Gas Pike Bridge, they started right in to make a fire. Then each girl prepared her own meal over the fire. When the girls had eaten their frugal but delightful meal of "hot dogs," baked potatoes, bread and butter and coffee, they continued on their hike beyond the bridge.

It was a typical winter day and the hikers made a picturesque appearance in their heavy sweaters, knickers and close-fitting caps, with knapsacks thrown across their backs. The Boy Scouts very kindly loaned the girls the knapsacks for the occasion.

—By one of the hikers.

Boy Scout News

Another new troop was added to the ranks of the Frederick Scouts Saturday night November 20, when Troop 16, the second troop of the Maryland State School for the Deaf, was installed. The installation service took place at the regular weekly assembly of the Ely Literary Society. Twelve scouts of Troop No. 8 took part.

The scouts were told their responsibility and were urged to live close to the Scout oath and law. The true meaning of the Scout oath and law was impressed upon them by the Executive and the twelve scouts.

The scouts were then presented with their registration cards and badges. The officers were also presented with their certificates. The charter of Troop 16 was presented to Geo. H. Faupel, chairman of the troop committee and representative on the Council.

William McCanless, formerly assistant Scout master of Troop No. 8 and Ira Teeter Merit Badge Scout of the same troop are Scout master and assistant Scout master respectively of the new troop.

Other members of the Troop Committee are Edward P. Gale, and Jas. A. McVernon, Scout master of Troop No. 8.

The charter members of the new troop are Howard Amberg, Lawrence Brode, Bernard Goldberg, Harold Hopkins, Melvin Kelly, Thomas Miller, Mitchell Pumphrey, Walton Stanciff, Norman Rothman, Brooks Russell, Roscoe Houpt, Francis McFaul, and Otto Seibly.—*Frederick News*.

Alumni and Other Deaf

The following alumni visited at the school on Thanksgiving: Mr. and Mrs. Milton Woolford, and child, Messrs Lester Miner, Herman Matthews, Howard Hood and Lester Brown.

Mr. Lester Miner was one of the throngs of visitors at the Sesqui Centennial recently. While sightseeing in Philadelphia he beheld the famous Liberty Bell, a fact of which he is very proud.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson had the pleasure of entertaining their daughter Miss Elizabeth, of the faculty, of Gallaudet College, together with Miss Garman, a teacher of the Kendall School, over the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. McVernon was the only representative deaf from Frederick to attend the ball tendered by the Silent Oriole Club on Saturday, November 27 in Baltimore. The ball turned out to be a successful affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliott have just moved into their beautiful new residence built during the past summer and fall in Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C. Mrs. D. E. Moylan is going to spend the winter with her daughter as usual.

Mr. Henry Bernac who is an instructor in shoemaking at the Overlea, Md., School for Colored Deaf, and Mr. Vincent Serio, of Baltimore, motored to the city Sunday afternoon November 27 to spend a couple hours at the school and to meet the deaf of the city at their weekly rendezvous, the Faupel residence, in the night.

Mr. Carroll Ruhl remembered his former superintendent with a letter recently in which he described his activities at Kent's Hill Seminary up in Maine, at which institution of learning he is in his Sophomore year. He seems to enjoy life at the seminary. He sent in a dollar for a two year's subscription to the BULLETIN.

Rev. D. E. Moylan conducted church services for the deaf of the city on November 21. The sermon he preached about God fighting with us against the fever of sin was well delivered. The services were attended by a number of older pupils of the school. In the afternoon he made a brief lecture in the assembly hall on "Salvation". Saturday evening he was the prin-

cipal speaker at the regular meeting of the Ely Literary Society. "Embracing Opportunities" was his subject.

Mr. W. W. Duvall, Jr., spent the night of November 27, and the following day in the city, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Faupel. He called at his Alma Mater before returning to Baltimore.

Mr. Duvall resigned his position at the Government Printing Office to devote all his time to the upbuilding of the printing business in which he and Mr. James Foxwell, the founder, are partners. The business is conducted under the name of "The Liberty Press" and their office is located near Catonsville, Md.

On Nov. 6th, Mr. Frederick Schuman, of Baltimore, a brother of Mrs. William S. Tyre, of Salisbury, Md., died. Mrs. Tyre expected to go to the funeral, but unfortunately after she received a telegram, she slipped on the wet leaves and fell on the pavement of Salisbury, and broke her right arm. She was carried to the Providence Hospital, Salisbury, for treatment. She has our double sympathy.—*Contributed by Mr. Trundle.*

Basketball Schedule for 1926-1927

Athletic Director Harry Benson presents the following schedule which will be the hardest ever attempted by our Senior basket ball team:

December 11—Washington Central High School, here.
 December 14—Westminster High School, away.
 January 14—Westminster High School, here.
 January 19—St. James' School, away.
 January 20—Washington Central High School, away (pending)
 January 28—Hagerstown High School, away.
 February 2—Shepherd College, away.
 February 18—Western Maryland Freshmen, here.
 February 22—Western Maryland Freshmen, away.
 February 25-26—Tournament at Trenton, New Jersey.
 March 4—Shepherd College, here.

This year's team will be built around Downes, Deluca and Smith. New players to be seen in the line-up are: Lowe, King, Cramer, Korycki, Knode, Teeter, Barthlow and Drinks.

It has been announced that our Silenteers have games pending with LaSalle Institute in Cumberland, Hanover High School, Maryland State Normal School and Handley High School, of Winchester. They also contemplate signing with local amateur teams.

Pupils' Items

Girls' Items

We shall go home December 18th on Saturday. We will be very glad to see our parents. Mother and I will go home on Sunday morning. I am anxious to see the presents from my parents.—Frances Dashiell.

I got a letter from my sister yesterday morning. She sent one dollar to me. My sister told me that she will send me a pair of stockings for my birthday. I will write to her soon and thank her. She is always kind to me.—Yetta Summerfeld.

December 9th was Mr. Bjorlee's birthday. The boys and girls gave him a party. He was surprised. I think Norman Rothman draws wonderfully well. He drew Santa Claus, a girl in bed and a fireplace with two stockings hanging at the fireplace.—Mary Russell.

I almost finished my beads. I will give the beads to my mother for Christmas. I will go to town to buy Christmas presents with Elsie Hobson and Edith Watson on Saturday morning. I will buy a present for my mother. My mother will be surprised.—Mary Saylor.

Last Sunday I went coasting at home. It was a good hill to coast on. I wanted to borrow my brother's ice skates, but he would not loan them to me. He said that there was not enough ice. I hope more snow will come soon. What fun I always have making snow-balls and a snowman!—Virginia King.

Last Tuesday Regina Zaslonka asked Mr. Bjorlee to let us go to the movies. He said, "Yes". She told Miss Nannie what he said so we went to the Opera House. The picture was called "La Boheme." It was very sad. John Gilbert and Lillian Gish played. Some of the girls cried over it.—Dorothy Myers.

Mrs. Bjorlee and Miss Bickford belong to the Monday Musical Club. Many people in the town are members. They came to Mrs. Bjorlee's apartments last Monday night. The teachers were invited too. Some of the members sang and played the violin and piano. After the musical we served sandwiches, olives, and cocoa. They all enjoyed the musical.—Edna Brewer.

Last Tuesday evening, we girls went to the movies with Miss Nannie. I went

with Frances Dashiell. Lillian Gish and John Gilbert played in "La Boheme". It was very exciting. Virginia Brushwood and some of the girls cried because it was very sad. We shall have examinations next week. We must be studious to get good marks.—Bertie Sheffield.

Last night the Reading Room boys invited the Reading Room girls to a party in the chapel. The Reading Room boys gave a surprise party to Mr. Bjorlee on his birthday. Leo Deluca lighted forty-one candles and then Mr. Bjorlee blew them out. There were only two candles left. We played different games. We surely enjoyed everything. We went to bed at 10 o'clock.—Hazel Speelman.

Yesterday Miss Haight took our class down town to do some Christmas shopping. We saw many things. Arietta DeGrange, Edna Hall, Tracy Knott and I bought many Christmas presents. We went into Williamson's Drug Store and had some chocolate ice-cream. After we finished eating, we went to Shipleys' store. On the second floor there were many toys. We enjoyed our trip.—Edith Watson.

On December 8th the Reading Room boys gave Mr. Bjorlee a surprise party because his birthday was on Dec 9. We would have given a party that day but he was going away on business so we changed the date. He was surprised as he knew nothing at all about it. The girls were invited to his party. We had a beautiful big cake with forty-one candles on it. He blew all of them out except two. I thought he couldn't do it but we simply opened our mouths in surprise to see him blow so hard. We played several different games and had a lot of fun. I know Mr. Bjorlee enjoyed the party with us. The refreshments were ice cream and delicious cake.—Virginia Brushwood.

Boys' Items

Jacob Hahn gave an old sled to me. It was broken. I fixed it and have been using it to coast.—Nelson King.

Bernard Goldberg went home last week. He enjoyed going very much. He came back to school Monday, Dec. 6th. He brought a box of candy with him and he gave me some.—Byard Wootten.

We are very happy because we shall go home Dec. 18th. We shall come back to

school Jan. 3rd. My brother will come to school with me. I hope he will like it here. He is 12 years old.—Melvin Kelly

Miss Cason came to our room Friday morning. She gave Miss Haight some Red Cross posters and a calendar. Miss Haight showed them to us and told us about them. We shall join the Red Cross.—Walton Stancliff.

We shall have examinations from December 13 to 17. We are studying very hard. We all want to get good averages. If we study every day in the year, we will not have to study so hard at examination time.—James Gneisco.

Wednesday night Dec. 8th the Reading Room boys and girls had a birthday party. They gave the party in honor of Mr. Bjorlee. He was surprised. The Reading Room boys and girls had cake, and ice cream.—Otto Seibly.

My class will give a play for the Christmas entertainment on Dec. 17. We practice every day in our school room. The play is called "The Bird's Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin. I like to act. I think everybody will enjoy it.—Leroy Amberg.

The first team will play basket-ball next Saturday. They will play the High School for boys of Washington D. C. They will play in the gym. We hope we will win the game. Miss Radcliffe and Miss Kent are coming to root for our boys.—Ernest Reeb.

When we go home we will be very glad to see our parents. We will stay home for two weeks. That is our Christmas vacation. I think my parents and I will visit our friends and relatives and will have a great deal of fun together. On Jan. 3 we will come back to school to study our lessons.—Victor Krohn.

I received a letter from my cousin, who lives near my home. He said he had been out hunting and had seen only a few rabbits and did not even get one. Our farm is a large farm and there are a good many rabbits on it. When I go home I expect to do some hunting and trapping.—Herbert Hush.

I received a letter from my father recently. He told me that I will go to Smith Island to hunt. I will carry my double barrel gun. My friend and I will go in my motor boat. We shall hunt wild geese and wild ducks. Hunting is a great sport.

My father has a new oyster bed at home. He hopes to gather many oysters after Christmas.—Norris Lowe.

I have had my sled for five years. A boy broke it the other day. He told me that if I could not fix it I was not a carpenter. I said I could do it all right. I took off the part, which was broken and repaired it. It is as good as new now.—Fred Henklein.

We will go home on December 18th to see our parents and stay home for two weeks. We will come back to school January 3rd. I will be very glad to get back. My mother told me that she wants me to go home for Passover. I am always glad to see my mother at Christmas and Passover.—Milton Friedman.

The girls went to the movies last Tuesday. They told the boys that it was a fine picture and the boys believed them. The boys of course wanted to go. Leonard Downes asked Mr. Bjorlee if he would let the boys go to the movies and he said "Yes". The boys were very eager to go. After seeing the picture they said the girls had fooled them.—William Cutchin.

Next Saturday night on December 11th the Central High School in Washington, D. C., will come here to play a game of basket ball after seeing moving pictures in the chapel. In the gymnasium Mr. Bjorlee will toss the first ball to open the season. On January 9 last year the first game with the Alumni was held. The gymnasium building was brand new then.—Julian Drinks.

The Boy Scouts of Troops 16 are trying very hard to beat Troop 8. Now we are studying the compass and the signalings. We have to try very hard before we beat them, if we ever do. I am glad I am a Boy Scout, because we go to the country and learn many things about nature. We shall be glad to know these things as we might need them when we are grown.—Mitchel Pumphrey.

Miss Haight's class is divided into two teams. Edith Watson and I are the captains. There are six on each side. Arietta DeGrange, Bernard Goldberg, Byard Wootten, Walton Stancliff and Howard Amberg are on Edith's team. On my team are Nelson King, Lawrence Brode, Tracy Knott, Edna Hall and Melvin Kelly. My team has the most points. The score is 44 to 42.—James Dells.

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“Good Will”

AS THE Yuletide season approaches, bitterness and hatred vanish and we are thinking of the happiness and comfort of those dear to us.

What can we say to the mother who bore us that will bring a smile of joy and satisfaction because of her gift to the world? To the father who by his labor and judgment earned enough to support and educate us and who gave us a name untarnished? What to the wife who shares our joys and sorrows, our successes and our failures? What to the sons and daughters who constitute our contribution to the world, that will make them worthy members of society? What to the friends who surround us and who have had so much to do with our success and who can always be depended upon to lend a helping hand?

Our hearts are so full of love for our relatives and friends that there is no room for malice or pessimism.

The sending of Christmas and New Year greetings, good wishes and presents will warm the cockles of your heart and cause you to visualize once again the great wealth you possess in your friends and loved ones.

Would that the spirit of the season might become perennial and that we might continue to spread the gospel of good will.

---*Harry H. Rogers*
President, Rotary International.