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The Maryland Bulletin

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FREDERICK, MD., NOVEMBER, 1918.

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THE COMING DAY OF PEACE

Mine eyes have seen the dawning of a bright and glorious day,
When the war god's reign of anguish shall for'er have passed away,
When the Prince of Peace in beauty o'er the nations shall hold sway,
For truth the day must gain.

No more shall mangled corpses strew the cursed battle plain
While the tears of stricken women fall like floods of scalding rain,
And the nation's hands are branded with the bloody mark of Cain,
For peace the day must gain.

The plow in peaceful industry shall supersede the sword,
And the pruning hook the bloody spear, for so hath said His word;
While the nations trust for safety in the banner of the Lord,
For peace at last must reign.

—*Virginia Journal of Education.*



AN INTERRUPTION TO THE SERMON.

The sunlight of a beautiful November day shone dazzlingly on snow that covered a New England road, as a long procession from Silas Warner's big farmhouse jogged slowly along to meeting on Thanksgiving morning. The men of the family and some of the granddaughters were a little ahead of the rest, having started early in order to walk the two mile trip, but Grandfather Warner had fitted out the huge farm wagon for the women and children and they made a lively party as they lumbered along, seated on the straw, talking over the events of the five years that had elapsed since there had been a real family reunion.

Many causes had combined to prevent a gathering of all of Silas Warner's many sons and daughters in the old homestead. Last year there had been illness in Ephraim's family; two years ago there was a little baby girl in Abigail's home who was too young to be brought on a long, rough journey. Ezekiel, the youngest son, had made a small clearing on

what was the frontier, five years ago, and had taken his young bride with him; to-day he was back to the old home for the first time bringing his wife and little daughter to the family gathering. Seated in the straw of the jolting wagon, the young wife, Patience Warner, with little Elizabeth at her side, made a beautiful picture. The child was full of a sense of wonderful importance as she found herself nearing the meeting-house. With Cousin Patty, three years her senior, she was to sit among the other children near the pulpit steps, to listen to the sermon. Dark thoughts of Roger Morton, who watched closely for drowsy boys and girls, and with his stick brought them back from their dreams, occasionally came to cloud her feeling of childish dignity. But was she not a great girl, four years old? And had she not kept wide awake during the last three or four services at home, when she was seated by her mother's side. Roger would not tap her with the rabbit's foot, which

was reserved for the harder heads of the boys, but she did not mean to disgrace herself by requiring a ticking from the rabbit's tail, that hung, a fluffy bunch of cotton from the other end of Roger's warning stick.

The Psalm was sung, the chapter read, the sermon well under way. Parson Enderby had reviewed the condition of the commonwealth in a most exhaustive, and to the children, exhausting, manner. The sands had run low in the hour-glass on the pulpit platform. Then when the glass was turned and the tiny stream had begun to run through for the second time, a small figure straightened itself to endure with patience, while fifthly and sixthly and seventhly showed the people how to deserve the continued favor of the Lord and to fulfill their high destiny. Alas for Elizabeth! Good Dr. Enderby's face gradually became a blur, and a few grains from the stream of sand seemed to get into the bright eyes that furtively rubbed to keep the heavy lids from closing over them. Very soon, when preacher, meeting-house and congregation had slowly faded away, there came a fluffy, furry touch against the rosy cheek that had begun to droop against Cousin Patty's shoulder. With the soft touch a look of great joy came into the drowsy face. A dearly loved and much lamented kitten had disappeared from the home of its little mistress about a week before. The child's grief had been so intense that Ezekiel, although he gravely reproved her for her bitter tears, had carefully searched the clearing, even hunting thru the woods near by for some sign of the lost pet. Now when the rabbit's tail brushed her face, the rigidly attentive Puritan congregation was started by a sudden cry of delight from among the demure little figures by the pulpit steps. "O kitty! You've come back. The old gray wolf didn't get my dear kitty!" Those who were near enough to see caught their breath with an impulse of pity, as two little hands reached up to cuddle the longed-for kitten against the glowing cheek. Poor little mourner! She was slowly coming back from Dream-land and, her clinging hands were not grasping the lost kitten, but the fluffy end of Roger Morton's dreaded stick. A storm of irrepressible sobs broke out as a feeling of fresh grief and a sense of shame and disgrace came over her. An

older cousin, sitting by her, quietly drew the bright head down on her shoulder, and held the child until the service was over.

Very little was said on the way home about the interruption to the service. A downcast little maiden leaning against her mother's arm took the place of the excited child of the morning. The slow ride was over at last, and the mothers and children were gathered in the big New England kitchen, ready to sit down to the great Thanksgiving feast when the men arrived. Ezekiel, the young father, had lingered over the unharnessing and caring for the horses, fighting out in his mind a battle between his tender heart and his stern New England conscience. He felt that he must reprove and punish his little daughter for disturbing the quiet of the Lord's house, yet his heart ached for the child's grief and shame. At last he could put off no longer, and with the other stalwart sons, he appeared at the kitchen door.

As they entered, Grandmother Warner ushered in Parson Enderby from the big hallway. He seemed to have ridden hard and he brought under his arm the silkiest, whitest little dog that ever delighted the eyes of a playful child. Dear old Dr. Enderby! His gentleness and pity for offenders often disturbed the sterner members of his congregation, but his saintly life gave him great influence even in this rigid Puritan community.

"Good morning, friends," he said, as he smiled on the faces that were turned in surprise to greet him. "I stopped by Neighbor Dawson's, where they had a little dog that they desired to give away. Perhaps Elizabeth will take care of it, and be as kind to it as she was to the kitten that she lost." He glanced for a moment at Ezekiel's face, relieved yet hesitating. "I think, Ezekiel," he said, "that the Master would not chide us for dealing gently with the sorrows of a little child." He held out the pretty animal he had brought to Elizabeth, and the brown eyes of the tiny creature looked appealingly up at the child, while a rose-leaf tongue touched her hand. With a quick gesture of decision the young father put good Parson Enderby's gift into the arms reached out for it, and as the little girl held it lovingly to her tearful face, the interruption to the sermon was forgiven and forgotten.—*Exchange.*

What Does It Mean To Us.

When in some far-off land, amid strange sights and sounds, there suddenly flutters out from building or mast our country's flag of stripes and stars, Americans involuntarily glance at each other, hats are lifted, the heart throbs fast with love and loyalty, and the eyes grow dim.

What does it really mean to us, this great land for whose blessings we express our gratitude in proclamation and song, in prayer and festivity when our national Thanksgiving Day comes? We are proud of its history. Its pioneers, patriots, heroes, statesman make a glorious roll call, and under the folds of our banner have marched a mighty host of those who counted not their lives too dear a price for their country's safety and welfare. We are proud of its beautiful and vast expanse—blood-bought state by state; proud of its marvelous natural resources, of its wealth of industries, of the prestige it has won and the power it wields among the nations of the earth. We glory in its civil and religious liberty. No slave walks its soil, and the bodies and souls of its citizens are free except as they enslave themselves. A land of fertility, of wealth, of intelligence, of opportunities unequalled—we boast proudly or gratefully of all these things, but the question still remains, What does our great land mean to us, to each one of us personally?

The land and all it stands for resolves itself at last into the character of the people and what they stand for, and the people are a mass of units. The history to which we point with such pride was made by individuals, each in his or her place doing the particular task that was set to be done—a tiny part of the great whole. It probably did not look like either glory or history, but only like stern duty, to most of the workers. Because each was faithful in his place the woven whole is what it is. So, when we give thanks for the land and its treasures that are ours to-day, we are expressing gratitude for the great, uncounted host of men and women, for the most part unnamed and unknown, who, in the long past, held right of more value than ease, and did honestly the work that fell to them to do. If we really prize our great inheritance we prize not only its past but its present and our hope for its future. We want its strength and glory to increase, its standards to rise

still higher, its message of hope and cheer to the world to grow steadily clearer, and that is where our personal equation begins.

The head of one of our large universities addressed, not long ago, a notable company of college presidents and others interested in educational work. He told what the aims and purposes of education should be, what it should do for those who came under its influence, and unveiled the faults and shortcomings of the present system in fitting the student for actual life. Then, when his audience leaned eagerly forward to hear what remedy this great scholar had to propose, he closed with a single sentence—a terse bit of Americanism: "Gentlemen, it is up to you!" Each in his place, in his own classroom and ministering to the needs of his own special pupils, must solve the problem as best he could for himself and them; there was no other way. It is the same in the making of our country. We talk vaguely of our great nation, but the nation is just ourselves and our neighbors, and it can be no greater than we make it. It is "up to" us.

We want our flag to symbolize liberty, fair dealing and protection to the weak? Then into our own daily lives must come charity and respect for the opinions and rights of others. Into our shops, offices and homes must come the spirit of fair dealing and the effort to help those weaker than ourselves. Is it consistent to grow eloquent over the statue of Liberty in our harbor enlightening and inviting the world, and then take advantage of the ignorance of the newly arrived immigrant? Have we a right to boast of the enterprise and industry of our people unless our own lives are useful and worth while? We vaunt the power of public opinion, but if it is to be a power for good it must be made so by the justice and purity of the private opinions that combine to form it.

"We are the common people, hewers of wood and stone,

Doing the common duty that may not be left undone.

We are the common people, yet out of our might is wrought

Ever, by God's own fiat, masters of mighty thought."

Just as our national Thanksgiving, if it is a thanksgiving at all, must be the gratitude of the millions of individuals who

make up the republic, so the strength, the integrity, the increasing prosperity and honor of the nation must be the work of its individual citizens. It is not always easy to remember this when the hand grows weary and the heart faint and discouraged, when it seems as though our work counted for little, and our place appears too insignificant to have it matter much how we fill it. But we are always of the many, a part of the whole, and one element of our thanksgiving should be that God has taken us into partnership in the shaping of this great land to which eyes a far turn in hope. Christian America! Yes, but only as you and I are Christians.—*The Forward*.

The Forerunners of Thanksgiving Day.

The Harvest Home of the Saxons and Celts, the Cerealia of the Romans, the Wine Feast of the Spanish Cid and the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacle, were the forerunners of Bradford's Thanksgiving. This holiday awoke not, it is true, the stately songs of Milton as did Christ's natal day, nor the lyrics of Herbert, nor the classic measure of Keble, but it comes as near to the heart that is human, and will remain as green as the mistletoe or holly of Christmas tide. The Puritan governor held the Thanksgiving for a week, and asked Massasoit and his ninety swarthy retainers to participate in its pleasure, who liked it none the less for the liberal supply of "syder and sack with which their welcome was attended." Turkeys plentiful, "ripe from the nut groves," he ordered for them, and these were consigned to the sacred flame of wood from the forest that lent a certain relish that the modern methods of cooking by gas and electricity can never give. Chicken pies were turned over to the tender mercies of the old Dutch ovens while fat apples sung their holiday songs and burst their sides with glee as they turned to the ruddy blaze in the cabins of our pioneer sires. Then across the clearing there was a hog chasing a Devil's High Lane, and gander pulling on Buffalo Trail at the cross roads.

But that was two centuries and ninety-two years ago, and the Colonial inns where the merry makings were held have gone with their creaking signs and their places are forgotten, as well as the rude headstones of many of those who took part in them.

The first national assignment of a day for public celebration of the thank feast, in 1789, by General Washington, met with hearty disapproval by the cavalier element of the South, to whom Christmas and Easter were the only holidays to which they believed honor need be attached and no Chief Executive of the South gave public notice of his will concerning its celebration until 1858, and never has it become of such great significance, a tradition to be beloved by them, as to the Puritan and his descendants.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Who Gives Us Our Thanksgiving Dinner?

On Thanksgiving Day little Dorothy said,
With many a nod of her wise curly head,
"The cook is as busy as busy can be,
And good-natured too; oh, 'tis easy to see,
She gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Oh, no, little Dorothy," answered the cook;
"Just think of the trouble your dear mother
took

In planning the dinner and getting for me
The things that I cook; so 'tis mother, you see,
Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But mother said, smiling, "You are not right
yet;

'Tis father who gives us money to get
The things for our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But father said: "I earn the money, 'tis true;
But money alone not a great deal can do,
The butcher, the grocer, whose things we must
buy,

Should not be forgotten, for they more than I
Will give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But the jolly old butcher laughed long and
laughed loud;

"That tender fat turkey does make me feel
proud;

The one for your dinner; but then you must
know,

The turkey was raised by the farmer; and so
He gives you your Thanksgiving Dinner."

Then mused little Dorothy full of surprise,
And feeling that now she had grown very
wise;

"But yet all the others had something to do;
The miller and butcher and grocer helped too,
And father and mother and good-natured cook;
I never before know how many it took

To give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But what do *you* think? Had she found it all
out?

Or was there still more she might learn
about

Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner?

—Selected and adapted.

CHILDREN'S STORIES

Little Carl.

Everybody likes Little Carl Rosenbloom, he is so cunning and small and fat. He has lived in America just a little while, and he can speak only two English words. But it sounds so funny to hear him say "Thank you!" to whatever is said to him that no one can help smiling; and I think this is the reason that he gets cookies and and slices of gingerbread at every house where he is sent on an errand.

One day Carl was trudging along with a basket of clean clothes, which his mother had just washed and sent home. He was a droll little figure, with his chubby legs in short knickerbockers, and his round, fat arms in sleeves much too small and tight for them.

Some boys playing marbles on the pavement were quite amused at this comical sight, and they began to laugh, and shout "Sausage bags!".

Now Carl did not understand a word, but he saw they were speaking to him, so he turned his dear little innocent face to them with the sweetest of smiles, and said, "Tank you!"

You should have seen how ashamed the naughty boys looked then! One of them smiled and nodded at little Carl, another gave him a nice red apple, while another took his big basket, and carried it for him all the rest of the way.

So the good-natured little fellow trotted off, thinking what kind boys they were, and what a pleasant world this is to live in. And perhaps we should all think so, too, if our tempers were as sweet as his. — *Youth's Companion.*

The Santley's Thanksgiving.

Before opening the door, Rob Santley paused a moment in order to assume an appearance of cheerfulness he in nowise felt. It is no easy matter to look cheerful after a week's unsuccessful search for work, especially when the dear ones are suffering for the necessities of life, and one's meager savings dwindling rapidly toward naught. So Rob must have stood there fully five minutes ere he could summon sufficient courage to enter.

When he did enter at last, with a somewhat noisy greeting, no one but mother discerned that it was forced gaiety, and her heart sank. Two-year-old Marjorie

and little Jack greeted him joyfully, while womanly Mary of ten kissed him as quietly as mother herself. Mrs. Santley asked no questions, waiting patiently till after tea when the children would be in bed.

"Please muvver, can't I have some bread? Just a teenty-weenty piece," pleaded little Jack. "Now Bruvver Rob can get us some butter, can't he, muvver?"

"Here, Jackie, you may have part of mine," said Rob, hastily. In spite of being very hungry, he had almost choked on the bread apportioned to him, after nothing the scantiness of the supply. Now, at hungry little Jack's request, his appetite failed him entirely. He felt that it would be a physical impossibility to swallow another mouthful. So he answered his mother truthfully, upon her warning, "You'll need it yourself, my son," when he replied, "I'm not hungry, mother."

An hour later, when the three younger children were fast asleep, Rob answered his mother's inquiring look.

"No success, mother dear, though I've tramped miles and miles, and inquired everywhere. All the places seemed to be filled. How much money have we?"

"Not a cent," was the grave reply. "I paid the rent to-day in order to secure us for another month. That and the bread took the last cent."

Rob glanced toward the cupboard. "Day after tomorrow will be Thanksgiving," he said, bitterly. "Much thanks we can give."

"Hush, my son," was the gentle rebuke. "I feel that the Lord will help us in some way."

Just then there came a knock at the door. Up opening it, Rob was greeted cheerily by the next door neighbor.

"I brought the evening paper over to you," he said, pleasantly. "It contains a notice of 'Boy Wanted—Smithers' Wholesale House. Knew you were hunting work, so thought perhaps you'd like to try. Wages not big, but it's better than nothing."

Rob's face brightened as he exclaimed gratefully, "Thank you, Mr. Thompson; I'll be only too glad to try."

Rob retired with a hopeful heart, and was up bright and early the next morning. But early as he was, he found five other applicants ahead of him in the little waiting-room at the great wholesale house, and his heart sank. At precisely

eight o'clock, the appointed hour, a clerk entered and remarked, "First come, first served, boys. John Allen," reading from the list of names enrolled as each had entered, and motioning toward the door of the inner office.

At the end of five minutes John Allen reappeared with a crestfallen countenance.

One after another the other four were summoned to the inner office, only to reappear, after, the lapse of several minutes, with a look of disappointment, chagrin or anger.

"Robert Santley," called the clerk. With a loudly-beating heart Rob passed through the door of doom, hoping that no other applicants would arrive in time to witness his disappointment.

The next instant he found himself facing a shrewd-looking, gray-haired man, with a stern mouth and keen eyes.

"Robert Santley?" was the abrupt inquiry, while the keen eyes searched his face.

"Yes, sir."

"Live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

"Just a month, sir."

"Santley—Santley—where have I heard the name?" mused Mr. Smithers.

"It was father that died on the train just before reaching this place," suggested Rob.

"Oh, yes; in the paper, of course!" he exclaimed. "Tell me about it."

Rob told him briefly of his consumptive father, their sacrificing their little home in the East for the trip to Colorado, from which they hoped so much, the sudden death which necessitated stopping at Weston, the father's burial, the failure of the Eastern bank in which they had deposited the greater part of their money, his mother's ill-health from incessant care of the invalid, the heavy expense of all this that had used up the fund brought with them, and his own unsuccessful attempts to find work.

Mr. Smithers, who had listened attentively, offered no remark, but inquired abruptly, as Rob concluded, "How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Smoke cigarettes?"

"No, sir—that is," reddening, "I have smoked a few, but I promised father never to smoke or drink, and I mean to keep my promise."

"H'm!—Ever lie?"

Rob's eyes fell for an instant, then he faced his inquisitor manfully, though he felt he was imperiling his chance for work.

"Yes, I've told a few. I'm no better than other boys, I suppose, but I don't practice lying."

Mr. Smithers shook his head deprecatingly. "H'm! you're much worse than the other five put together," he said, with grim humor. "They are veritable George Washingtons for truth, and wouldn't even think of smoking, though I smelt tobacco on every one of em. One chews, and his face wasn't clean, and all of 'em had dirty finger-nails," with a glance at Rob's well kept hands. "How soon can you be ready?"

Rob stared in surprise a moment, then flushed with pleasure, as he stammered. "Ready? I—I am ready now, sir."

"Here, Jones," Mr. Smithers called to a clerk, "see that Robert Santley is enrolled in our employ, and show him to the sorting room. Three dollars a week to begin with. See that he is kept busy."

At the six o'clock whistle Rob straightened his tired back and passed into the general office to see if he would be wanted after supper.

"No," replied the clerk, "nor to-morrow, either."

Rob felt himself turning white with disappointment.

"Holiday, you know—Thanksgiving," the clerk explained. "Here's your half-dollar, and there's your turkey," pointing to a number of dressed turkeys lying on the table.

"My—my turkey?" stammered Rob. "and my half-dollar?"

"Yes; the 'Boss' gives one to each employee every Thanksgiving and Christmas. And we always pay up the night before, so the men can enjoy their holiday."

"But I've been an employee only a day," explained Rob, as he looked longingly at the turkeys. "I'm afraid one isn't due me."

"Nonsense, boy!" said a gruff voice behind—the voice of his employer. "Take it, and welcome. And go back and get you a peck each of those third-grade apples and potatoes."

Rob thanked him, and hastened to do his bidding, hoping that the two men had not perceived the tears of gratitude that welled up in spite of him.

"He'll do, he'll do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, in his abrupt manner, as he took his departure.—*Sunday-School Visitor.*



"The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland."



Confederate Monument,
Frederick.



Old Barracks
On Institution Grounds.



Barbara Frietchie's House.



Monocacy Breastworks,
Frederick June

Monocacy Breastworks,
Frederick June

An Interesting Letter from General Greene.

During the past four years the student of history has had before him the vivid realization of what actually constitutes a war. The gold braid and brass band idea has been swept away, and the hardships, privations and sufferings of the men in khaki have been depicted in cartoon, rhyme and story. History, gleaned from the typed page, contains little of the fire which is imparted by contact with the original stage and the men who so gallantly acted their parts. In the present war our vision has been somewhat dimmed by the remoteness of the conflict. It is most profitable, however, to reflect the newer light just gained, upon historical events of the past; thereby realizing a truer significance of their meaning.

The Maryland State School for the Deaf is most assuredly located on hallowed ground. Here were heard the roar of guns during the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. Braddock Heights, of Colonial times, loom before us; and here is found the birth place of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley of Spanish War fame.

The letter published herewith tells an interesting story. General Francis Vinton Greene is well known as a soldier, historian, and writer of Military and Engineering Texts. He was attached to the staff of the Emperor of Russia during that nation's war with Turkey; and during the Spanish-American War he commanded the Second Expedition to the Philippines, ranking as Major-General. But it is as a staunch friend of the deaf that we know him best, and as such, we should consider it a privilege indeed to extend to him a most hearty welcome to Frederick.

Ignatius Bjorlee, Esq., Principal,
Maryland School for the Deaf,
Frederick, Maryland.

New York City, New York.
November 18, 1918

Dear Mr. Bjorlee:—I was glad to get your letter and to look over your Jubilee number. I congratulate you on your appointment as Principal of the Maryland School, and wish you a successful career there.

I should like immensely to have you meet me at Baltimore and run me out to Frederick, and then to Leesburg, Monocacy, and Point of Rocks, and then to Berlin, and Harper's Ferry, and then to Gettysburg, to look at my father's statue there on Culp's Hill—for in 1863, on June 27th, my thirteenth birthday, I crossed the Potomac at Lee's Ferry, marching with the Army of and from the Potomac, as a visitor to my father. He left me at Frederick securely locked up in the house of a friend and very rebellious. I was there for three or four years, during which the Barbara Fritchie incident occurred, although I did not know it. The friend with whom my father left me in Frederick was a New Yorker, a certain Doctor connected with the U. S. Sanitary Commission which played much the part in the Civil War that the Red Cross plays now. I am sorry I cannot remember his name. He occupied a house in the central part of the town, on the main street. I think the house was 25 feet wide, three stories high, painted white, with three or four steps at the front door. I kept a boyish diary which was lately resurrected, but now has been mislaid. I read it a few months ago.

On June 28th Hooker was marching towards Harper's Ferry and the 12th Army Corps was a little west of Frederick. Hooker was relieved that evening by Meade who called his Generals together to advise them of his plans. My father attended the conference, which lasted till midnight, and there learned that a battle was inevitable within a few days. It was this which led him to shut me up in Frederick, as we marched through about eight o'clock on the morning of June 29th. My father succeeded in keeping me from Gettysburg, but about July 6th I rejoined him at Berlin and marched (rode) with the army through Harper's Ferry and on to the Rapidan, at Ely's Ford.

You can imagine that I should like to revisit Frederick and vicinity after fifty-five years; but it is out of the question just now, for I am working for the Government nine hours every day, and can not possibly leave here. Another year, perhaps, I may come.

In a few days I will send you the book about my father's Gettysburg statue. If you have not seen the battle field at Gettysburg, you should do so; there is nothing like it in the world. In my "Revolutionary War", pages 127 to 131, you will find something about the "Convention Troops" part of whom occupied your barracks 140 years ago.

Sincerely yours, F. V. Greene.

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DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
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FREDERICK, MD., NOVEMBER, 1918.

Major Markey at the front.

The following clipping from the *Fred-
erick Post*, of recent date, will be of special
interest to many of our readers; Major
Markey being a member of the Executive
Committee of this Institution.

GETS LETTER FROM FATHER.

A letter written by Major D. John Mar-
key, from a dug-out 20 feet under the
ground and which was formerly occupied
by a Boche Major, somewhere in France,
to his son, Master Jack Markey, and just
received by him will no doubt prove one
of the latter's prize possessions. On the
front and reverse side of the envelope ap-
pear pen pictures made by one of the
corporals in the Major's message centers,
and are of novel design. A postman is
shown on the front and, on the back, a
Yank running a Boche at the point of a
bayonet, which, as the Major stated to his
son, "shows just how we are making the
Huns run." From the letter the Brigade,
in which Major Markey is located, captured
2,000 foe the first day of the battle, which
had then lasted to the time the letter was
dated, October 21, just 14 days. He stated
many of the Prisoners were 14 or 15 years
old, and a number of them barefooted. A
shell exploded about 15 feet from the Maj-
or, injuring his French Lieutenant. Dur-
ing most of the battle, the weather was
wet and cold and on some days the men
were without food 24 hours. At the most,
they got two meals a day and slept on
board floors.

Thanksgiving.

If ever there was one time more than
another when our hearts should be filled
with the spirit of Thanksgiving, surely
that time is the present. The Armistice
signed by the Germans is, in everything
but name, an unconditional surrender.
Peace has brought with it a complete
victory; every contending principle is be-
ing realized. True there have been great
sacrifices, but no achievement worthy of
attainment was ever gained without the
exacting of a proportionate toll.

The friends of this Institution have
special cause for Thanksgiving. We have
just passed through the most serious
Epidemic in the history of the School.
On October 17th, two cases of the Spanish
Influenza were noted; and within ten
days 120 cases developed. Deducting the
number of children who were permitted
to go to their homes, all of whom were
reported ill soon after their departure,
there were but seven children who escap-
ed the disease. Two thirds of the teachers
and officers also escaped. The majority
of the cases were mild, but many were
not so fortunate. Great credit is due Dr.
Wm. Crawford Johnson, Miss Gonso, and
Mrs. Redmond for the manner in which
they handled the situation. Of the teachers
and officers, Miss Groves, Miss Griffin,
Miss Radcliffe, Mr. Faupel and Mr. Bernae
were among the first victims. Miss Till-
inghast, Mrs. Clough, Miss Lamb and
Miss Pryor did their part as nurses, until
they themselves contracted the malady.
Mrs. Bjorlee, Miss Macdonald, Miss Deem
and Miss Gay were in constant attend-
ance upon the sick or convalescent; and
fortunately were able to ward off the dis-
ease, as did also Mr. Benson and Mr.
Wriede. Miss Warfield was absent, ren-
dering aid to relatives who were ill. Miss
Kelly acted as Matron, and Mr. Gale was
excused during the prevalence of the
Epidemic, lest the disease might be car-
ried home to the members of his family.

As previously stated, the situation with
reference to nurses was most critical but,
through the instrumentality of the Red
Cross and other loyal friends, relief was
finally secured. It was a great comfort
to note the degree of confidence in the
Institution exhibited by the parents, for,
while being prevented because of the
quarantine from visiting their children,
the note of reliance expressed by tele-
phone and letters, was indeed cheering.

Could they have seen the spirit of disregard for self, which prevailed among the young ladies, who without a moment's notice, with not even sufficient time to improvise disinfectant masks, were carrying out the Doctor's orders to the letter, they would understand, in a measure, how it is that we are enabled to report every life spared. A few expressions of friends outside the Institution, who rendered aid, may prove encouraging to parents. I take the liberty of quoting Mrs. D. Princeton Buckey, in part, as follows:—

"After spending several nights at the Institution, I have become a more loyal supporter than ever before. I was profoundly impressed by the spirit of devotion manifested by those to whose care the children were entrusted,"

Mrs. John F. Gonso writes:—

"I received the check for which I thank you; but as it did not take any of my work time the nights being my rest time, and the Sabbath God's time so the very little that I did I want to do in Jesus' name for the children. I am returning the check, and ask you to use it in any way you see fit."

Mrs. A. P. Marsh,— "I have two sons in the service, and a son and a daughter overseas. Perhaps some mother will do for one of mine what I have tried to do for some of yours."

"Dear Mr. Bjorlee:—

Please accept our sincere thanks for your generous donation to our community. Permit us to congratulate you and your assistants at the Institution, in having so successfully combated the epidemic among the pupils. We take this opportunity of assuring you that the fidelity to duty of those connected with the Institution was a source of great edification to the sisters. Trusting that all the pupils have fully recovered, and that the school is again in running order, we are,

Respectfully,

Sisters of Notre Dame.

"America, My Country."

The song, America, My Country, printed on the cover page of this issue, is doubtless one of the best patriotic song-poems of the war. It was quoted by Hon. Isaac Siegel of New York, in his stirring appeal to Congress on the day war was declared. It is one of the few war productions that may be expected to

survive, for it could have been read with equal significance on Peace Day. The poem was written by Mr. Jens K. Grondahl, editor of the Red Wing, Minn., *Daily Republican*, to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint.

Miss Groves Resigns.

We regret the necessity of reporting that, due to ill health, Miss Emma Groves, for four years matron of the Institution, has been forced to resign. She had conducted the affairs of her department with a spirit of cheerfulness and devotion to duty. Her many friends join with us in the hope that her recovery to normal health may be speedy and complete.

Our new matron, Mrs. Florence M. Bramble, comes highly recommended. She has had a number of years experience in this line of work and it is indeed fortunate that her services could be secured. During the period of vacancy Miss Emma Kelly, of the teaching staff, has acted as matron. This period, covering as it did the entire time during which the Epidemic was with us, was most trying, but so ably was the work carried on that the members of the household were scarcely aware that a change had been made.

Instruction in Poultry Raising.

Recent requests from the Government urging that every family, having the facilities for so doing, should keep a few chickens, has proven an impetus to instruction in poultry raising. A few months of practical observation work should swing the yearly balance, for a small household flock, from the debit to the credit side of the ledger. In cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the Maryland State College of Agriculture our plan of work is—"To formulate a sound practical policy, looking to the stimulation of poultry and egg production, which shall secure to the producer fair remuneration for his efforts," and "To educate the children as to the food value of poultry and eggs and their proper use as every day foods."

Mr. Bernac has been placed in charge of the poultry department. A new building to house the select birds for laying purposes has just been completed and there is a fine flock of Rhode Island Reds from which to make the selection. Some day we hope to further systematize the work and shall adopt the plan inaugurated by Supt. Argo of the Colorado School, although on a reduced scale.

LOCAL AND ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Hayes, of Baltimore, was an interested visitor at the school on Sunday the tenth.

Rev. O. J. Whildin of Baltimore delivered a sermon in the Institution Chapel on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 24th.

Monday the eleventh, shortly before the noon hour, schoolroom work was suspended and all of us assembled in chapel where peace services were held.

Mrs. Marsh, who so kindly stood by us during the "Flu" epidemic and helped nurse us back to health, has our warmest thanks for the labor spent in collecting magazines from city people, sending them to school, for distribution among us and thereby lessening the pang of loneliness.

The Principal and a number of the teachers were visitors at Hood College on the 20th; that being the date of the 25th Anniversary of our neighbor educational Institution. Exercises appropriate to the dedication of Strawn Cottage were held. Chief among the addresses were those of Dr. J. H. Apple, President of the College, and U. S. Commissioner of Education, P. P. Claxton.

Several basketball teams were organized among the boys, at a recent meeting in the Boys' Reading room. Abe Stern was elected captain of the Senior team. Manager Harry G. Benson announced the booking of three games with strong outside quintets. More will be secured of course. The boys anticipate a successful season.

Out of proportion to his size little John Barthlow has a big heart, as one is spoken of who is so generous. His mother recently sent him two bushels of apples and every evening until the fruit was exhausted he went around offering them to the boys and girls. Hardly were they all given away when two more bushels of this delicious fruit arrived, this time from his grandmother, Mrs. Brightwell. Then he went around and repeated his kindness.

The boys are certainly to be congratulated upon the excellent showing they made while marching in the monster peace parade which was pulled off in Frederick on the 18th, when five thousand people participated. They were cheered and applauded all along the line

of march by people who looked on.

Military training is proving to be of great benefit to the boys. Major Wriede is enthusiastic over the progress they are daily making.

November seventh the town was electrified with news of the signing of the armistice terms by German envoys. So the war was over we thought. Here at the school we had prayer service at supper time. The evening was given over to hilarity. Instead of study the pupils had a masquerade party in chapel. Every one who was present was dressed up to represent characters, etc. Games were played, prizes were given, and refreshments were served. Needless to say the boys and girls reported a very nice time.

At the Ely Literary Society meeting on the evening of November 23rd, Mrs. C. Will Font, Chairman of the Junior Red Cross of Frederick, delivered a most interesting and entertaining lecture which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all the pupils in attendance.

Miss Gay, of our Red Cross Auxiliary, read a letter of appreciation from Capt. H. W. Johnson, of the U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 2, Fort McHenry, Maryland, expressing his thanks and appreciation for the scrap books made by the pupils. These were made for the entertainment of wounded soldiers at the hospitals. A business meeting of the Literary Society was held immediately following the exercises.

United War Workers.

On Saturday evening, November 16th, the United War Workers Committee of Frederick, through the instrumentality of Mrs. R. S. J. Dutrow, provided a treat for the teachers, officers, and pupils of the School. Stirring speeches were made by Miss Anna Brunner Kemp, Dr. Charles E. Wehler, and Miss Bertha Trail. They related some of the interesting episodes which they had encountered during their volunteer services in this great cause, and clearly outlined the aims, needs, and methods of procedure. The addresses were interpreted by the Principal for the benefit of the deaf members of the audience.

A short illustration of Musical Rhythm

work as used with deaf children was given in the parlor, at the close of the addresses, which was much appreciated by the visitors.

As a result of the evening's campaign, a contribution amounting to \$100.47 was raised for that worthy cause.

Miss Veitch Passes Away.

Miss Florence H. Veitch passed away on the third of October in Centreville, Md. When this school was in its infancy she came here and taught a class in articulation. This was from 1874 to 1883.

Miss Veitch was a very highly educated woman. She displayed great interest in her work and when she left, the school felt keenly the loss of a valued member of the teaching corps.

Rat Becomes a Star.

We note with much pride the part Noah Downes, one of our representatives at Gallaudet College, takes in athletics this fall. He is a regular player—a left half back—on the Varsity football team and only entered college last September.

In the game with the Pennsylvania Military College of Chester Pa., on the 16th, which Gallaudet won, Downes made two touchdowns. It is a wonder he is rated as a star for, while here, he had no training in the art of football playing.

Married.

Mr. Oliver Watkins, of Baltimore, made a trip to North Carolina recently and on his return he was accompanied by a bride! Congratulations.

Miss Janet Peebles, of Lonaconing, Md., and Mr. Harry Longenberger, of Nisbet, Pa., were united in marriage at Baltimore on August 24. The couple to whom we wish many years of wedded bliss are at present residing somewhere in Delaware. Miss Peebles was a pupil here in the nineties.

Births.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Forsythe, of Hagerstown, a baby girl, some time in October. This makes the third child in the family.

To Mr. and Mrs. Holton Stiltz, of Baltimore, a baby boy, on November 10.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Faupel, of Frederick, a boy, November 15. He has been given the name of Murray.

Deaths.

So far as we know that dread disease—"Flu"—which swept over the country taking so many lives, claimed five former pupils of this school: Victor Schwartz, McKinley Watkins, Mrs. William Nicol, nee Susie Sterner, Carl Burkett, and Mrs. Herman Thom, nee Edna Elliott.

Mrs. Gehb in Accident.

As we go to press word comes to us that Mrs. Philip Gehb was struck down and rendered unconscious by a trolley car in Baltimore, several days ago. She is lying in that state at Mercy Hospital and the doctors are in doubt as to whether she will live. Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mr. Gehb.

A Correction.

In the Jubilee Number of the BULLETIN, in connection with the June graduates who are now in Gallaudet College; Miss Rosalie Dorsey's name was mentioned when it should have been Miss Ruth Leitch.

The Kaiser of New York has abdicated in favor of Kent.

A Deaf Parent's Contribution.

All of Dr. Smith's four sons are now in France. Sydney was the last one to be sent over and he arrived there about the middle of July. Elwyn has had his experience of what war means. During a German attack in April he was one of the victims of mustard gas. He was temporarily blinded and badly blistered and more or less injured internally. He spent nearly three month in the hospital. At last accounts he had entirely recovered and he has been reassigned to active service. He and Sydney are with Gen. Pershings' army. James is in the engineer service, just where it is not known. Arthur is in the headquarters office at Tours, doing clerical work.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Boys' Items.

I had a sore throat. Mrs. Jane sprayed it for me.—Leonard Downes.

Some one cracked Miss Young's fish bowl. It leaked.—John Barthlow.

I saw my father and two brothers when I was in the parade. My father brought me some apples.—Arthur Winebrener.

We are very glad to hear that the basketball season will open. I hope we will play better than we did last year.—Abe Omansky.

Our rifles came yesterday. We shall learn to drill with them. We are proud because we march well.—Cyril Collver.

My father brought me a toy cannon. It has wooden balls. I saw a cannon in the parade. It shot confetti.—Wallace Weeks.

Every day I sing at the piano. I sing Old Black Joe. I like to sing very much. Mr. Bjorlee told me that singing would make us talk well.—Carroll Ruhl.

My mother told me that my sister was going to knit me a sweater. I shall be glad to get it when it is finished. I shall wear it in cold weather.—Walter Swope.

Mr. Bjorlee informed the boys that they must cancel the foot-ball game with the F. H. School team tomorrow afternoon because they had no suits, shin-guards, etc.—Clifton Beckner.

We received our drill guns last Monday. We were going to carry them in the parade, but we could not handle them well, so Mr. Bjorlee decided not to let us carry them.—Alan Cramer.

Last Friday I received a box from my aunt in Waynesboro. I did not ask her to send me a box of fruit. I knew who sent the box. I was in Waynesboro three days last summer.—Leo Deluca.

Yesterday evening Mr. Wriede informed the boys that Mr. Bjorlee let them go to the movies. They didn't study their lessons because they went to witness the movies in the Empire. They saw "To Hell With the Kaiser"—John Urbanski.

Last Friday Mr. Bjorlee gave Mr. Wriede a note to put on the Bulletin board in the gymnasium about playing basket ball in the attic. He declared they must have rubber shoes on account of leather soled shoes ruining the floor.—Walter Miller.

Last Saturday morning Metty and I succeeded in getting a job for the day. We shocked corn and got \$2.62 each for it. We worked hard and were rather stiff and pretty well played out when the day was done.—Uriah Shockley.

The boys of the Maryland School for the Deaf marched in the victory parade. We went to the Fair grounds to see two army airplanes flying. We were very

much interested in them.—Jay Shunk.

Oh, the 'flu' is knocked out here! I am glad, as I could return to school. I came back on Friday. Frederick city is not under the ban now, but it was for nearly a month.—Alonzo Phillips.

This morning at 9.15, Mrs. Jane and I went to Dr. Long. The latter told her that I must keep still because he was going to operate on my head. When it was finished, Dr. Long told her that I was a brave boy because I didn't cry. I feel better now.—Stanislaus Ternuski.

Last Sunday night after supper, Miss Tillinghast and Miss Gay came in the gymnasium and announced that they would take the money, which we had collected for the United War Work. We turned it over to them. We, older boys, raised \$16.21. They said that we are patriotic. After awhile Mr. Bjorlee came in and told us that the girls and boys had done very well and are very patriotic in doing "our bit" for Uncle Sam.—Charles Smick.

Last Saturday evening four persons lectured to us about War Work and the War Drive. Last Sunday night the boys collected money for the War Drive and Red Cross Fund. When Miss Deem came in she told the boys that the girls had \$14.81 for War Fund. The boys had collected \$14.75. After a while some boys gave more money, and raised their subscription to \$16.26. We were enthusiastic about the War Fund.—Rozelle McCall.

Last Monday our boys marched in the Victory parade. After the parade we went to the Fair Grounds to watch the aeroplanes. There were two aeroplanes, but something was wrong with the motor of one. The other one flew over our heads. After the motor had been fixed the other one went up, but again the motor stopped and it had to come down in a field near our school. It stayed there all night. The next morning it was repaired and both aeroplanes went back to Washington.—Earl Metty.

Girls' Items.

I am trying to learn how to knit. After awhile I shall knit a doll's sweater.—Alice Matthews.

My baby brother has two teeth. Hazel and I were very much surprised to hear it.—Elsie Speelman.

I saw some of my friends from Middletown and Boonsboro, while we were looking at the parade.—Annie Haupt.

We saw many funny floats in the parade. We laughed at them. The people made fun of the Kaiser.—Ethel Everett.

Our boys marched fine in the Peace parade. The people clapped their hands when our boys passed.—Pearl Blubaugh.

We saw two airplanes yesterday, flying in the air over the fair grounds. They dived, looped the loops and made a spiral curve. One fell near the school. We can see it from the window.—Anna Metzger.

Last Saturday night we all went to the chapel. A Y. M. C. A. war secretary lectured. Then three ladies lectured to us about the soldiers. We were very much interested in their lectures.—Sophia Schmuff.

Yesterday two little girls came back to school. They had been home for a while. They came back with their mother. Mr. Bjorlee asked them if they wanted to come to the parlor to hear the pupils sing. When we sang, they said we did well.—Frieda Vest.

A week ago last Monday morning I accompanied Miss Nannie to Dr. Long's for him to examine my eyes. He fitted my eyes with glasses and now I have a new pair, but I hate to wear them. Some boys and girls are calling me Grandma. Aren't they mean?—Helen P. Skinner.

Yesterday after dinner we went to the City to see the Victory parade. Our dear boys marched in it. They marched splendidly. We went to the fair ground to hear a Y. M. C. A. War Secretary speak. He came from France and he showed us a gas mask and a helmet.—Louise McClain.

Monday after the parade Miss Warfield took Freida and me to the Fair Grounds. We saw two airplanes. One flew almost over our heads. I bent low because I thought it was going to fall. After we came home we saw one airplane in a field near our school. I think the motor was broken.—Marie Dietz.

Last Saturday evening Mrs. Fout came here. She lectured to us about the Junior Red Cross. She showed us articles of clothing she had made for the poor children of Belgium. We are very anxious to make clothes for the suffering

children of Europe. We hope to begin at once.—Margaret Roberts.

I enjoyed myself very much with my parents when I was at home. Last Monday the people in Baltimore celebrated because of victory and peace for the allies. Many people bought flags and waved them. Many men threw papers at us and there were many parades. My mother, father, aunt and I went into the Hotel Rennert and had a big dinner. Every body looked very happy.—Helen Leitner.

Yesterday afternoon we saw an airplane on the ground near our school. The machine was broken. At night the aviators turned on the search-light. I think they slept in the airplane because they could not fly. This morning we went up stairs to see if it had gone but it was still on the ground. The aviators made a fire. Afterawhile the men fixed the machine. After they finished fixing it the aviators flew up into the sky over our school. We ran into Miss Macdonald's school room and saw the airplane flying.—Florence Mason.

We had the afternoon off yesterday to see the parade and aeroplanes. The two planes flew, but after being up a few minutes, one of them suddenly came down in a field near our school. Something about it broke or got out of order. So there was no sham battle as advertised. The aeroplane remained in the field all night. It was in plain sight just southeast of our grounds. This forenoon about eleven o'clock it left for Washington. Helen and I were lucky. We went up stairs to see if it had gone and just as we were looking, it started up in the air. It circled about a few times, then it flew off directly south toward Washington. I never saw an airplane start before, but I have seen them up in the air several times.—Margaret Peebles.

Victory! Peace was declared on the 11th inst. All over the world people are rejoicing over the good news. Now I will tell one of the best things I saw in the parade as I remember it. An artificial Kaiser was lying on the top of one wagon and Uncle Sam was standing over him with one foot on his chest. I think it was the best thing I saw. People swarmed to the fair grounds and we went too. We paid no admission, of course. We walked across the field and waited for several moments. We then saw an aeroplane fly up and perform fancy and wonderful stunts. Another airship soon flew up too and intended to give an exhibition, but it soon came down as it was disabled in some way. We had an enjoyable time.—Bernice Pritchett.

Thanksgiving.

Another year has passed away,
And once again Thanksgiving Day
November kindly brings around,
So let us all with joyful sound
From mountain heights and ocean bank
Unite in praise and render thanks
Unto "the Giver of all good."

The hay is cut, the vineyard stripped,
The fruit and snowy cotton picked,
Grain in the bin, and corn in shock
And pumpkins round complete our stock
Of products harvested this year.
So thanks for these we render here
Unto "the Giver of all good."

The Pilgrims in their land so cold
Set apart in days of old
A holiday of thanks and praise,
And unto God did anthems raise,
In which their gratitude they told,
For their blessings manifold
Unto "the Giver of all good."

Now let's compare the blessings there
With all of those we daily share,
And note how few the Pilgrims had,
But even these, content and glad
They were to share with Indian friend,
And gratefully at altar bend
Before "the Giver of all good."

Let us from them a lesson learn,
And from the busy mart return
On this the glad Thanksgiving Day
To sing to God our sweetest lay,
And in His temple humbly seek,
Health and comfort for the weak,
Before "the Giver of all good."

Even though for special thanks this day
Was set apart, yet should we pay
Tribute and daily praise for life,
And strength to battle in the strife;
And not give thanks today alone
For all the blessings that we own
Unto "the Giver of all good."—*Selected.*

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Teacher of Household Art

WANITA GAY, B. Sc.

Teacher of Manual Training

GEORGE H. FAUPEL, B. A.

Military Instructor

AUGUST WRIEDE.

Principal's Secretary

EDITH MARKEY.

Physician

WILLIAM C. JOHNSON, M. D.

Oculist and Aurist

JAS. A. LONG, M. D.

Housekeeper and Matron

MRS. F. M. BRAMBLE.

Assistant Matrons

NANNIE C. GONSO,

JANE REDMOND.

Supervisor of Boys

AUGUST WRIEDE.

Supervisor of Girls

BEATRICE PRYOR.

Teacher of Printing

HARRY G. BENSON.

Teacher of Carpentry

HORACE CUTSAIL.

Teacher of Shoe-Making

HENRY BERNAC.

Engineer

SAMUEL ABRECHT.

Baker

FRED. SCHMIDT.

Gardener

GIDEON HEDGES.

Night Watchman

JAMES CASE.

AMERICA, MY COUNTRY

— BY JENS K. GRONDAHL. —

AMERICA, my country, I come at thy call;
I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all;
In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal---
I'll carry thy flag thru the fire and the steel.
Unsullied it floats o'er our peace-loving race,
On sea nor on land shall it suffer disgrace;
In rev'rence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine;
America, my country, command, I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth---
They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth;
And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled,
There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
Thy milk and thy honey flow freely for all---
Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call;
Who quaffs of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
America, my country, command, I obey!

America, my country, now come is thy hour---
The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and power;
Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might,
Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall---
America, my country, I come at thy call!

Chorus:

*America, my country, I answer thy call,
That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall;
I owe thee my all and my all will I give---
I do and I die that America may live.*

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